

God of Milfs 351

Chapter 351: Hunter Becomes The Hunted

"Just kill me, Kafka~...Just kill me~...I don't think that I can keep living in this world after realising how much of a pervert I actually am~" Nina quietly sobbed into Kafka's chest at her current dilemma and seemed like she was wondering what to do with her life after coming to know about such a naughty truth about herself.

"To think that my body would have such a reaction after hearing such lewd words from you...I really don't know what to do with myself."

Nina was absolutely ashamed of the way she acted, as she had lived her entire life as an innocent spirit who had no blemish whatsoever.

So the fact that she behaved in such an uncouth manner that she herself couldn't recognise made her doubt her own existence and wonder if she really grew up to be the honest girl her parents raised her to be.

Even more devastating than that, she was scared that Kafka would be appalled by her vulgar nature, as no normal man would ever desire a woman as perverted as her, who opened her forbidden hole wide enough for a carrot to fit in just because a few words were uttered.

But fortunately, Kafka wasn't really a normal person and was a deviant known as the 'Incarnation of Lust' by even the Gods above, so his response to her perverted act was completely different from what reaction Nina thought he was going to have.

"So, you're admitting to be a pervert, Nina, and are even ashamed of it after realising it yourself."

Kafka said as he slowly caressed her head that has sunken even further into his chest, thinking that he was berating her for how she acted. He then let out a smile out of nowhere and continued saying,

"But what if I said that I liked perverted women, Nina?...What if I said that I like women who are outgoing and free with their desires, then those who stay in their shells since they're afraid of how others might look at them after seeing their true selves?"

"...Would you still be ashamed of yourself after what you had done?"

Nina slowly lifted her head from Kafka's chest, not expecting to hear such a response. She then looked up to see Kafka looking at her with kind eyes and not a look of despise like she thought.

"I-Is that really true, Kafka?...Do you really like naughty and perverted women?" Nina asked with a faint glimmer of hope in her eyes, to which Kafka nodded his head in elation.

She wanted to let out a big sigh of relief after realising that Kafka didn't look at her any different.

But she decided to take a step further to see just how accepting Kafka actually was and continued saying, with a coy look on her face,

"Really?...E-Even if it's a naughty woman like me who actually spreads her b-bumhole open for a kid like you, just at the mention of you kissing that dirty place where you have both your fingers in right now."

"...Would you really like someone as perverted as me?"

Nina nervously asked as she felt her asshole get a lot tighter after having another one of Kafka's fingers slip in.

But even though she thought that it would hurt if something that large were to get into such a tight place, which was normally only used to pushing things out from the inside and not the other way around, she was surprised to find out that she didn't really mind the feeling of the two thick fingers squirming inside of her bum and felt that it felt rather tantalising to have her inner walls explored by the two invaders.

Wriggle~ Feel~ Stroke~

Even now the soft rim inside of her butt was puckering up like it was trying to push Kafka's two fingers out and were wrapping around his finger like a monster who was trying to spit him out.

But only she knew that wasn't because her body was trying to reject the invaders, but it was actually welcoming them in excitement at the sensational feeling they gave her, which made her lower body tremble.

And her body's way of welcoming them was by pulling them into her hole so that his two fingers could explore more of her anal cavity and feel up all the walls inside, since just touching the inner rims wasn't enough for her.

Suck~ Suck~

Like a guest who normally checks out the house of the person they were visiting, her body craved for his fingers to come deeper inside and treat it like their own home.

She was a little doubtful about it before whether she really was a pervert, as she thought that it may be a one-time thing.

But after realising the thoughts she had as she felt Kafka's fingers caressing her wet insides and feeling how her body trembled as he pulled apart his fingers and spread her hole on his own, she confirmed how much of a lecher she actually was and hoped that Kafka would be abnormal enough to accept someone like her, as his opinion was the only one that mattered to her among anyone else's.

"What are you even asking, Nina?!...Not only do I like someone as dirty as you, I love the perverted girl you actually are!"

Kafka scoffed at Nina's question and acknowledged her lewd desires just like Nina hoped, which made her entire body loosen up and, of course, her asshole as well. He then continued saying as he embraced Nina around her waist and looked into her pretty eyes that captured the essence of nature into two verdant orbs,

"...In fact, I probably love you even more than I already do, after realising how much of a lecherous girl you actually are."

"Oh really...Then what's the difference between how you loved me before and how much you love me now after realising just how much of a dirty girl I am, Kafka?" Nina decided to get a little cheeky and bold by wrapping her hands around Kafka's neck and asked something rather suggestive with a playful smile on her face. "Can you tell me or even show me the difference?"

"A difference?...Well, before I only really thought about kissing your lips since I couldn't bear to think of doing anything else to you that would taint your innocent and pure self." Kafka said as he eyed up her lips, which looked like fresh cherries that were begging to be bit into under Nina's shy gaze.

"But after realising that you have a naughty side hidden inside of you that you yourself didn't know about, I can't help but want to kiss your mouth hidden behind you instead and feel how soft your anus is with my own lips."

Kafka wriggled his finger inside of her body like he was trying to show how eager he was to have a taste of her softest flesh, and he made sure to look deep into Nina's flustered eyes while he did, so she knew exactly what he wanted.

"B-But didn't you say that you wanted to keep that until the very end, K-Kafka?...Hnnn!~" Nina whimper as she felt her ass get fingered and played around with like a toy. "D-Did you actually change your mind and want to kiss me there now?"

Nina looked like she was ready to strip off her pants if Kafka said the word, since her ass really was aching for that kiss she had heard so much about. It was as if there was a raging fire near her bum that only his lips could satiate by giving her kiss on the spot that was burning the most.

She didn't know how long she could hold back before she pounced on him and smushed her soft butt into his face and forcefully made her kiss her twitching anus, like the ferocious and feisty animal she originally was.

Kafka could also see the look of longing and desire forming in her eyes, almost as if her verdant irises were becoming even more brighter than they already were. He also knew that Nina was really desperate to receive what she wanted from him, like a female cat in heat, who needed a strong male to satiate her desires with.

This honestly scared him, as even though his mother and Camila have gotten dominant and aggressive with him before after getting into the mood, he easily quelled them as that wasn't who they truly were.

But Nina, on the other hand, was a wild one who did what she wanted without caring about the consequences, like a mighty tiger that belonged in the jungle.

And even though he seemed to have tamed her for now looking at how she was purring in his lap, one small mistake or one tiny inconvenience in the way he was treating her was enough for the Tigeress to go wild again and maul him right on the sofa because of her desires that were building up because of his actions...

"N-No, Nina. I'm still going to keep that part to the very end since I don't want to rush the way I'm going to explore each and every colour on your body, as I really want to slowly make my way to the finale." Kafka said with a nervous look on his face as he was scared that Nina might really jump on him and take his innocence at any moment.

He also really couldn't skip ahead like Nina wanted him to do because the main objective of all this was to put on a show that the Gods could enjoy. If he were to suddenly go from the middle of the play to the very finale, he would surely dissatisfy the Gods and bring about his punishment just like what his mother up above seemingly wanted.

"B-But I am going to give you an indirect kiss like I said earlier to prove that I really don't find any blemish on your body and also to satisfy your whims before the very end, so you don't have to worry at all."

Kafka said in a hurry as he saw the green flame in Nina's eyes blazing and also felt her rather sharp nails digging into his neck when she heard that he wasn't going to accommodate her desires.

"Huh?...A indirect kiss?...How does that work?"

Nina's ears that were bent down as if they were in a hostile mood perked up when they heard that they were going to get a kiss, and her eyes also became clearer, happy and excited that she was going to get what she wanted one way or another.

"It's actually quite simple, Nina." Kafka calmed down when he saw that Nina wasn't in heat anymore and immediately took control of the situation so that she didn't go back to that state.

He then pulled out his hand that was holding onto her heavy asscheek and placed his pointer and middle finger together onto her soft lips, to Nina's surprise.

Squish~

"First you have to use two fingers to touch the lips of the person you love the most, almost as if you are taking a stamp of their lips onto your fingers..." Kafka said as he gently pushed his fingers into Nina's pink lips while Nina looked down with a blush on her cheeks, as the moistness of her lips left an imprint on his fingers.

"...And then you have to take off your fingers after you know that you have caught the sweetness of your partner's lips onto your fingers and then place them on your own to taste that very sweetness."

Kafka did just like he was explaining and put his fingers onto his own lips, taking in the aroma of her lips that smelt like a garden full of flowers and most importantly tasted like the honey seeping down a bee hive hanging on a tall tree.

"So, how do you like that, Nina?...Do you think that an indirect kiss feels as good as a normal one?"

Kafka asked while Nina couldn't help but stare at his lips in a daze, almost as if she were the one who gave him a kiss right now, which made her blush profusely.

She thought that an indirect kiss was something that Kafka made up in the moment and was just an excuse to avoid kissing her in her most secret place.

But who would've thought that from the very moment he touched his lips all the way until she saw him give his fingers a lick like he was having a taste of her essence, she would go through so many vivid emotions that not only warmed her body up like a hot packet but also made her lips quiver like she was the one who kissed him herself.

"I-I like it, Kafka...I really do." Nina honestly said, but she wasn't honest enough to say that she also wanted to do the same with him, having a taste of his lips on her own. "But this is only an indirect kiss between two lips."

"...H-How are you going to do the same with a place that's much more hidden than where my lips are?"

Nina reminded Kafka of what she actually wanted while looking at him with her ravishing face and swaying breasts, even though she really enjoyed what she just experienced.

"What do you mean, how? Didn't you just see what I did?...That's exactly how I'm going to indirectly kiss your asshole as well."

Kafka said rather boldly while licking off all the remnant saliva off his finger, which made Nina's lower hole twitch when she heard of his outrageous idea. He then looked at her with a devious smile on his face and asked,

"Why else do you think I put in so much effort to drill all the way into your ass and painstakingly stuff two of my fingers into your hole?...This is exactly why!"

"B-But Kafka, if you do that, you wouldn't simply be kissing that place, but you'd also be kissing the inside of my b-butt as well since you've put your fingers in so deep."

Nina said in a fluster, as she knew from the squelching sounds she heard when Kafka wriggled his finger inside of her that his finger was rather wet and covered in the fluids she let out from inside of her anus.

She found out from her friends that a vagina could get wet if it were to really be stimulated, and she herself was experiencing it now, as she could feel how sopping wet her underwear was at the moment even though Kafka hadn't even laid his hands on her lower lips.

But no one had informed her that her butt could do the same as well, and she was panicking at the thought of Kafka putting her fluid-covered fingers onto his lips.

Honestly, even Kafka didn't know about this fact, and it was only after his anal experience with his own mother did he realise that the women in this world had a different anatomy compared to back on Earth.

After doing some research, he found that not only do the women in the world have vaginal canals that go all the way to the womb, which was the reason he could penetrate his mother so deeply.

But also that the girls here were almost made specially for anal play, seeing as to how their body released a viscous substance in their butt when they were excited, which not only acts as a type of lubricant to slide certain 'objects' in more smoothly but also a natural disinfectant that keeps their insides perfectly clean.

Kafka was honestly shocked beyond belief when he came to the truth about such matters and thought that the females of this world were made as the perfect creations for one to unleash their lust upon.

But at the same time he pitied the men of this world who couldn't fully appreciate the gift they were given and how they were unable to tap the true potential of their partners because of a 'tiny' little

problem all the men in the world had, which was honestly laughable when he thought about it and actually made it clear as to why every man was so insecure in this world...

Chapter 353: Indirect Kiss

"Kissing your own finger that's been inside of such a place...Isn't that something that's really dirty and vulgar to do, Kafka?" Nina asked again, since, as horny as she might be, she didn't want to force Kafka to do something that might disgust him.

"Like I said earlier, Nina, there's not a part of your body that I actually despise, no matter how crude it may be." Kafka said with a convincing look on his face as if Nina's body was the pinnacle of purity and knew no imperfection. His lips then curled up as he continued saying, "If you still don't believe me, watch me prove it right in front of you."

To prove his words were true and also show that he was much more of a pervert than Nina could ever dream of being, he slowly pulled his fingers out of Nina's hole.

Pull~

Nina's tight anus was holding onto his fingers with quite the grip after hearing about what he was going to do, and her lower ring bit onto his fingers even more when it felt him pulling out, like it didn't want him to leave it alone.

Suck~ Pull~

But no matter how much it sucked onto his fingers with its delicate flesh, there was no way it could overpower Kafka, who was trying his best to carefully pull out his fingers.

In the end, along with his fingers that were slowly coming into the light, her anus also grabbed onto them really tight and was pulled along until her rims were stretched out as much as possible.

Pull~ Stretch~

The suction of her asshole was so much that along with how her rims were being stretched outwards, the inner walls that were bright pink in colour were also starting to reveal themselves from the insides.

Stretch~ Pull~ Stretch~

Nina could feel her anus getting pulled out into the open as Kafka pulled his fingers out.

But she couldn't do anything to stop it, as her body seemed to have a mind of its own and refused to let go of Kafka to her deep embarrassment that dyed her face a shade of red.

It also made her nipples turn extra perky from all the intense stimulation her ass was going through, which was a rather amusing sight that Kafka noticed.

Pop~

Finally, after an arduous battle between finger and anus, Kafka finally pulled his hand out of her round butt, and just as he did, a popping sound was heard, almost as if someone popped open a bottle of champagne.

With nothing else to hold onto, Nina's darkest hole also sunk back into her butt and waited quietly to receive the kiss it was promised in the eternal darkness underneath.

After pulling his hand out of Nina's firm ass, Kafka revealed his two fingers that had a thorough time fingering her tight hole right in front of Nina, letting her witness his fingers that were covered by a glimmering fluid, which almost seemed translucent when light hit its shining surface.

From the very tip of his fingernail all the way to the bottom of his finger, his fingers were smeared in a viscous fluid that created tiny threads when he put his fingers together and pulled them apart. Having his entire finger drenched meant that so much of his fingers were inside of her body a moment ago, which she couldn't believe because of how preposterous it sounded.

Nina then witnessed Kafka bringing his fingers closer to his lips with a carefree expression on his face, like this was nothing in his everyday life, and under her watchful gaze, he held his fingers like he was holding a cigarette and gave them a kiss.

Kiss~

After seeing how her fluids still stuck onto his lips after he pulled his hand away and how he licked the aftermath off his lips like it was nectar, Nina resolutely concluded that Kafka was a man of his word and did what he said no matter how outrageous it may seem.

She also knew that Kafka wasn't lying when he said that there wasn't a part of her that could make him look away. This and the way he always looked at her like he was looking past her appearance and was staring straight into her heart gave her the belief that Kafka would still be by her side, even if her entire face were to be ruined in its entirety.

Even if she was caught in a fire and had horrible burns all over her body, she was confident that Kafka would be right next to her, nursing her back to health with a smile on his face, unlike the rest of the men in this world who would run away at the sight of such a monster.

This realisation lit a spark in her heart that made her want to devote herself to such a person who cared for her more than she could ever care for herself in her lifetime.

Even though she couldn't leave her relationship for him because of the deep complications behind it that were holding her back from removing the silver ring on her finger, she would do anything else for him even if she had to dig her heart and give it to him, as at the day of it was him that made her feel like she was truly alive and not her heart, which had slowly been growing cold as the years passed by.

But right now, she wasn't in the mood to sacrifice her own life as she was on cloud nine with Kafka around, and by chance she wasn't going to let anyone get in the way, even if it were the reaper himself who was calling her to the underworld.

Rather, she was more interested in Kafka's fingers, not because she wanted to know how her own secretions tasted but because she knew that they had just touched Kafka's lips.

Why?...Well, that's because that mark of his lips on his fingers was the only way she was going to have a chance of tasting his lips without actually kissing him, and she was by no means going to let that opportunity go.

"How was that, Nina? Didn't I say that you're a pure existence with no flaws whatsoever? You should trust what I say more or else...W-Wait?! What are you doing?!"

Kafka was casually speaking when all of a sudden Nina caught him off guard by using both her hands to grab his wet hand, which he was going to wipe with a handkerchief, and pulled his hand towards her.

He thought that she was curious about what was inside of her body and was going to take a closer look at the fluids that were starting to drip down his finger.

But who would've thought that instead of observing his fingers after bringing them closer to her face, Nina would actually bring her pink lips right to the top of his fingers, which she was firmly holding onto so that he didn't escape and actually gave his fingers a kiss.

Chu~

Right on the spot where Kafka had left a mark earlier, Nina puckered her lips and gave a quick peck. Kafka's fingers were already feeling warm from being covered in a hot fluid that came from her bum, and they only turned even more warmer when Nina's soft lips left their own mark on his fingers.

And just when he thought that Nina's moment of heat was over, Nina decided to take her desperate horniness, like a cat at the peak of oestrus, to the next level, and under Kafka's petrified gaze, she took the tip of his finger into her mouth in one go and started sucking on it like it was a piece of candy covered in the sweetest nectar...

Chapter 354: Mark Of Ownership

Suck~ Suck~ Suck~

"Woah! Hold on now, Nina!...Don't you know exactly where my hands have gone?"

Kafka warned Nina about the hole that his fingers had just entered while still being shocked at what was happening and tried to pull his hand away for Nina's sake.

But when he tried to do so, he found that Nina wouldn't budge at all, and she firmly held onto his hand with both of her hands wrapped around his wrists, having no intention of stopping sucking on his fingers like it was a lollipop.

Suck~ Lick~ Slurp~

She even looked up at him with a dangerous glint in her eyes when he tried to disturb her, almost like a cat when someone tried to steal its food, and he could even almost hear her purring viciously, like she would scratch his face if he tried to pull his hand away again.

Kafka didn't want to risk the chance of getting his face all scratched up by Nina's abnormally sharp nails and let her suck on her fingers as much as she wanted to.

Lick~ Slurp~ Lick~

Nina used this opportunity to roll her tongue over every part of her finger like she was trying her best to take in all the fluids that her body had let out. She also felt that his finger tasted rather sour, most probably from the viscous liquid covering his fingers rather than his hands themselves.

She didn't mind the sourness as it also had a sweet aftertaste to it, which was surprising since that taste came from her own body's dirtiest place, and she continued to pull his finger in and out of her mouth, even using her teeth to scrape off whatever was on her finger.

"Damn, Nina.

I knew that you were quite horny seeing as to how you opened up your butt for me at a simple call...But who would've known that you would actually take your lewdness even further and actually want to have a taste of the juice you produced on your own?" Kakfa let out a wry smile as he felt her tiny tongue wrap around his finger like a snake and lick off any remnant of the fluid on it, replacing it with her saliva that felt like hot oil.

"Well, like I said earlier, I'm into perverted women like you, even someone like you who enjoys anal play a little too much, so I'm a happy man at the end of the day since I have more opportunities to explore now."

Nina didn't know what he meant by mentioning opportunities, but she guessed that it had something to do with this 'anal play' he mentioned, which honestly excited her a bit since having a finger stuck up her ass wasn't a bad feeling at all.

Especially with how Kafka knew just how to caress her insides to bring her the maximum pleasure and did it in such a way that she never felt an ounce of pain, she really wouldn't mind if he stuck his finger back inside of her to her embarrassment at how naughty she had become.

But what she did know was that Kafka had misunderstood her intention as to why she was licking her fingers, and he thought that she was doing so to have taste of her inside like the pervert he thought she was.

But even though what he thought was wrong, Nina was by no chance going to correct what he said.

Even though it was extremely shameful for him to have such a thought about her, it was better than telling him that she was sucking on his fingers because she wanted to experience kissing him on his lips one way or another, since it would be the same as telling him that she wanted his love.

That would end up leading him on and making him think that he had a chance with her by breaking the relationship she was already in, which was something that she never saw happening because of how her marriage was structured.

Hence, she decided to let him think about what he wanted and let herself finish sucking his finger off.

"I guess you finally finished licking my finger clean, Nina...You really savoured the moment, didn't you, seeing as to how you took your time with it."

Kafka said when he felt Nina let go of his hand and pulled his hand out of Nina's wet mouth, which looked rather erotic with how her plump lips wrapped around his finger as they slid out.

Slick~

What went inside of her mouth was a finger covered in a viscous fluid that was sticky to touch. But what came out and was revealed in front of Kafka was a pair of fingers that were still covered in a transparent fluid but were much more thinner and more clear to see through.

"Well, I understand you had a great time licking my hand like it was covered in catnip, Nina." Kafka said as he observed his fingers that had gone into two holes of Nina today.

He then looked at Nina, who was licking her lips to clean off the remnants off her lips like a cat who was keeping herself clean, and continued saying, "But did you really have to bite fingers all over and give me bite marks all over my fingers?"

"...It looks like I just fought with a feral cat and came back alive with a bunch of scratches and bite marks on my hand."

Kafka showed his hand to Nina, where both his middle and pointer finger were covered in small bite marks indented in skin and had red marks from all the bites passing through his pale white skin, looking like a small animal had his way with his fingers.

Kafka looked at Nina with narrowed eyes as if he were asking her to explain her actions and also if she had rabies, just in case he had to visit the hospital later.

Nina didn't dare to look straight at his sharp gaze and looked away with a guilty look on her face.

She had every right to be guilty, as she didn't accidentally bite his hand like one would think but actually purposely left some bite marks on his fingers.

While licking Kafka's fingers, some kind of animalistic urge crept out from the deepest part of her body, and it made her want to mark Kafka as her own.

She didn't know if it was because of the horny mood she was in right now that made her have such delirious thoughts or if it was because she was scared that someone else would steal her Kafka away if she didn't leave some kind of remnant of herself on him.

But no matter what reason it was, she ended up biting his finger all over in her mouth to mark him as her own.

Kafka had also put an ownership on her ears and told her that no one else was allowed to touch it other than himself, which made her think that she was allowed to do the same, and she ended up biting his fingers to show that these fingers were the same fingers that they shared their indirect kiss and were her's, and her's alone, to anyone who had their eyes on Kafka.

Nina had thought that Kafka wouldn't notice since she was biting him rather gently and tried to make it seem like her teeth were simply in the way of her licking his finger off. But Kafka's deathly pale skin gave her secret away, as even the tiniest bite in his skin was illuminated in bright red.

She also didn't know what to say to Kafka, who was demanding to know why she was gnawing on his hand, and decided to throw him off instead of giving a proper answer to him.

"D-Don't ask why I bit your fingers, Kafka, since it's really embarrassing for me to say it out loud, and if you force me to reveal why I did so, I just might bite the rest of your fingers, so don't tempt me!"

Nina exclaimed in a frantic manner and acted out like an animal that had gone rabid, baring her fangs at anyone that got too close.

Nina had no other way to act out like this since she knew that Kafka was someone who could see through any lie she were to tell. She also didn't want to reveal the real reason, as it made it seem like she wanted to keep Kafka for herself, which only a proper partner could wish to do, so in the end she decided to be honest and threaten him at the same time.

"B-But at the same time, I know that I'm in the wrong for biting you, which probably would've been quite painful for you and also left some ugly marks on your body that won't go away for a while...S-So as compensation, I'll let you bite me back and let you leave your mark on me."

Nina hesitantly said with a shy look in her eyes, as she wasn't cruel enough to threaten Kafka and unjustly wrong him, and instead she came up with a solution that was rather barbaric in nature but at the same time fit her personality perfectly.

"Oh, I was simply going to leave you alone, seeing as to how you weren't comfortable with revealing the reason you turned into a dog...But after hearing your proposition, I'm suddenly interested in receiving compensation for the pain you have caused me." Kafka said with a sly smile on his face, even though he couldn't even feel it when Nina bit him.

"So, where exactly do you want me to bite you...Your hand just like you did mine?"

"N-No, Kafka...I was thinking of somewhere else where you were going to lay your lips on anyway."

Nina said with an endearing look in her eyes as she pushed her naked breasts up towards Kafka.

"You mean?"

Kafka said as he eyed up her green globes that had been jiggling around for a while, already having a faint idea as to what she was going to say.

"My breasts, Kafka. I want you to leave your mark on my breasts...Or around my n-nipples to be exact." Nina said in a fluster whilst she fiddled with her fingers, not believing that she was asking something so bold.

She then continued saying, "...You were going to kiss the one part on my breasts that had a unique colour from the rest of my body anyway, s-so I thought it would be more convenient for you to sink your teeth there and leave a mark just like I did."

Even though Nina said that she was asking him to bite him in that sensitive place out of convenience and she had an honest face that looked like she could utter no lie, Kafka knew that she was lying about her intentions.

Nina also knew that he had found out about her false reason after looking at how he was currently giving her a knowing smile, which made her slowly bow her head in shame and regret asking such a dirty method of compensation because of the urges she couldn't help but control...

Chapter 355: Bear My Children

"Now Nina, we both know that the reason you're asking me to bite you right on your nips is not a matter of inconvenience and because of something else." Kafka said as he looked at the guilty Nina with a scrutinising gaze. "So, you better tell me the exact reason why you want me to bite onto your breasts, or the only thing I'll be biting into is my mom's dinner when I get back home."

Just like how Nina threatened Kafka, Kafka did the same in a rather bizarre way that would make anyone else raise a brow in confusion and wonder if both Nina and Kafka were rabid animals biting one another.

But Nina, on the other hand, truly felt how threatening Kafka's words were to her, as after telling her true desires to Kafka, there was no way she could back off without actually making it happen, or else she wouldn't be able to make up for the degrees of humiliation she felt when she asked a school boy to bite onto her breasts and leave a mark.

"F-Fine, Kafka...I'll tell you why, but you better not tease me for it." Nina finally came to a compromise in a reluctant manner and looked like she would bite Kafka back if he were to make fun of her.

She then used her arms to push them into her buxom breasts, which made her green milkers get pushed out into Kafka's view, and she said in a fluster, "I-It's just that for a while my n-nipples have been really hard now, and I-I feel like they're almost made of stone."

Kafka stared at her dark purple nipples that looked like little blueberries sticking onto the edge of her breasts and hanging onto dear life.

He found that what Nina was saying with a flushed expression on her face was absolutely true, as her nipples really did look bigger than when he first saw them, almost as if they were growing out of her breasts. They looked so hard and sharp that he could probably even cut paper with them.

"Even though I didn't know why they became this way since they really only get this hard when I feel really cold, I thought that they would eventually settle down after a while like they always do..." Nina said as she stared at her areolas, which also seemed to have become wider and lighter colour after expanding in size along with her nipples.

"...But who would've thought that they would not only stay like this, but they'd also grow harder by the minute to the extent that it actually feels a little painful for me like someone is poking those two points with needles?"

Kafka nodded his head as it was natural to feel a tingling sensation that was at the borderline of pain and pleasure when one's nipples were as hard as Nina's right now, where they were so stiff and worked up that he could actually see her purple grapes quivering like they were begging for some excitement.

"And I don't really know why I thought of this idea, as it's simply an absurd thought that popped up in my head when I saw you...But for some reason when I looked at you, my body, or my n-nipples to be exact, were screaming at me to have you bite onto them and suck on them if I wanted them to calm down, as embarrassing as it is to admit."

Nina said in a low tone, as she really couldn't believe the absurd ways her body was behaving in front of Kafka, almost as if her hormones that she had gotten used to over the years were going all over the place after meeting him.

Nina then looked at Kafka, who was still staring at her nipples that had grown to the size of small cherries, and said in a rather demure manner,

"This is why I asked you to bite such a sensitive part of my body for the sake of calming my body that's been acting crazily lately."

"...And even though it may sound absurd to hear, this is really the reason as to why I told you such an embarrassing way of compensation for what I did, and I promise I'm not lying, Kafka...I really am not!"

Nina emphasised that she really wasn't lying, no matter how ridiculous her reason seemed to be, and looked at Kafka with crystal clear eyes to tell him that there wasn't a single bit of falsehood in her words.

Of course she didn't need to do such things to prove her innocence to Kafka, as unlike Nina, who had no idea why she had an urge to have Kafka bite onto the tip of her breasts, Kafka actually knew why, which was actually quite self-explanatory.

The reason she felt that way and wanted Kafka to sink his teeth into her flesh was simply because she was really horny and turned on at the moment. And like any woman out there who had stiff nipples from being turned on, she wanted someone to play with them and satiate the tingling sensation she felt there.

Just like how a lady would want her partner to finger the hell out of her pussy to relieve herself if she were to feel hot and stuffy down there, Nina also wanted Kafka to relieve the feelings that were being pent up in her indigo-coloured nipples, which was rather obvious to Kafka and anyone else with some basic knowledge regarding sexual activities.

But either because of Nina's overwhelming innocence or because of her strange inexperience when it came to the matters in the bed, even though she was already so old and also a married woman, Nina was confused as to why she was feeling such a way and thought she was slowly turning into a pervert for having such vulgar thoughts, which were actually quite normal for anyone to have.

Kafka could have just simply explained to Nina that that's how the female body worked and how everyone wanted their partners to pleasure them when they get all worked up, and that she wasn't the only one that felt that way.

But a sly smile appeared on his face when he thought of using Nina's ignorance and confusion regarding these matters, which even middle schoolers knew about these days, to his advantage and playing with Nina's heart, which was already unstable from trying to ignore the temptation of leaving her husband and eloping to Kafka's side.

Kafka also knew that Nina was currently a little lamb that followed him around and trusted whatever a hungry wolf like him said to her, so he thought that it would be rather fun playing with her for a while, knowing that she was gullible enough to not even doubt a word he said.

"Nina, I think I actually know why you have those strange feelings towards me and why exactly you want me to suck on your breasts."

Kafka said as he started the process of planting a seed in her heart that would be impossible to erase and will slowly help in turning her over to his side, no matter how reluctant she was to do so.

"What?! Really, Kafka?!...You know why I'm having such strange thoughts towards you?!"

Nina asked with a bright look in her eyes, as she didn't want to be considered a pervert because of the weird urges she had when she was in Kafka's presence and was willing to consider any other reason other than that she was a lecher.

She also couldn't help admire Kafka, as he always seemed to have the answer to everything she asked for and seemed so knowledgeable, which gave her a sense of safety, like there was nothing that could go wrong with Kafka by her side.

She also wanted to use Kafka as her weapon and make him ask her best friend, Camila some really difficult questions with that smart brain of his, which she will never be able to answer as revenge for how Camila always teased her for being rather slow and make her feel like the slow one for the first time in her life.

"I do, Nina...But I don't think you will accept this reason that easily, as much as it's true." Kafka said with a wry smile on his face, like he was warning her about how ridiculous his reasoning sounded and that she had to be rather open-minded to accept it.

"It's fine, Kafka! No matter how absurd it may be, I'm willing to accept it, as long as I'm not considered a pervert who not only likes b-butt stuff but also wants a child to bite onto my breasts!" Nina exclaimed in a desperate manner, like she was fine with having one kink for Kafka's satisfaction, but no more than that. "So don't hesitate and tell me about it!...I'm all ears!"

"Sigh...Then what if I were to tell you that the reason you wanted me to suck on your breasts wasn't because you are a pervert who has a biting kink, but simply because you want to bear my children in your womb...Are you still willing to hear me out?"

Kafka said with a slight smile on his face, like he were asking her if she was still up for the task after hearing his ridiculous reason, to which Nina simply stared at him with wide eyes and her pink

lips parted, flabbergasted to the extent that she started to wonder if her hearing was damaged after Kafka played with her long ears.

She didn't even know where to begin questioning Kafka about the shocking reason he announced and first wanted some time to process what he just said...

Chapter 356: Absurd Parenting

"What are you talking about, Kafka?...There's no way that makes any sense."

Nina didn't have an exaggerated reaction like Kafka thought she would, and she calmly stated while looking at him as if she were asking him if he were crazy.

It's not that she didn't want to scream or shout at what he said, but because the proportion of absurdity in the statement he had just uttered was too much, her mind simply short-circuited whilst she stared at Kafka with a look of confusion written all over her face.

"I mean, to say that I want to have your children, just because I said that I want you to do something rather dirty to me...Isn't that a bit too nonsensical to believe and a simple attempt at a joke from you?"

Nina chuckled, hoping Kafka would also laugh with her and say it's a joke.

But Kafka's expressions didn't change at all, and he continued to stare at her with a pityful gaze, like he was looking at someone who was struggling to accept the reality they were in.

"K-Kafka, you are joking, right?...Right?"

Nina hesitantly asked once again with a nervous look on her face, as even though she knew that Kafka was quite playful and liked to have some fun with her at her expense, the sombre way he was looking at her right now, with his eyes that had turned gloomy once again told her that he wasn't playing around this time and was completely serious.

She was never really intimidated by anyone else, no matter how scary they looked. But for some reason, whenever Kafka looked at her with a calm look on his face and wasn't really showing a smile like he always did, she struggled to look at him directly and found it hard to even breathe in his presence.

"No, Nina, I'm not joking around, and as confused as you are, I can explain my reasoning as to why I think you want to have little combinations of me and you running around our house."

Kafka calmly said to Nina, who blushed at the thought of having children with Kafka and even wondered how their children would look since they would both have normal human and variant human blood flowing through them.

"Fine then! I'll listen to what you have to say, Kafka!...But know that I'm rather suspicious of your words, and I'm on guard against any tricks you may pull."

Nina said in a wary manner, like he was telling her that he needed to work hard if he was going to convince her, when in actuality she was already starting to wonder if his words were true even before Kafka spun his weave of lies because of all the fantasies that were going through her head of Kafka's imaginary kids that he had with her.

"Well, I don't know if I'll be able to make you believe me, as at the end of the day, it's your interpretation of what I say that actually matters...But I'll do my best to convey what I'm trying to say."

Kafka said, which made Nina believe in his words even more and think that he wasn't lying at all, since he wasn't forcing his thoughts on her like she thought he would and let her decide on her own about what she thought about the matter.

"First, we'll start off with how you wanted me to suck on your breasts." Kafka said like he was presenting a case study. "If a lady were to ask some man to suck and bite on her nipples, it would be considered a strange and borderline kinky hobby...There's no way anyone would consider that as normal and would think that the lady has a certain fetish."

"But there are a group of entities that are around the same age who can suck on breasts however much they want to, and no one would even bat an eye...Heck, the lady would even be condemned if she didn't let that entity suck on her breasts." Kafka said as if not letting that group of beings suck on breasts was actually illegal, which was rather strange to hear.

He then looked at Nina and asked with an expectant gaze, "...Do you know who those beings I'm talking about, Nina? The little things that can't survive without sucking on some breasts."

"You better be talking about babies, Kafka, since I can't really think of anyone else out there who needs to suck on some breasts to live."

Nina hoped that what she said was correct, as she didn't want to live in the same world where such deranged people who needed breasts to live existed.

"Yep, Nina, I'm talking about babies alright...Babies that can't survive without a tit stuffed in their mouth all the time." Kafka patted her head for answering his question, which made her lips curl up in elation at being praised and also made her long ears do a happy dance by fluttering around.

He then continued saying, "...And if you think about it, Nina mammary organs were created by God for the sole purpose of feeding breasts. This would also mean that the breasts of a lady and the milk inside of it primarily belong to the baby that person gave birth to."

Even though Nina thought that she was having a really bizarre conversation with Kafka that was really stretching her mind out, she still nodded her head as she innocently thought that the bosom was only made to feed children, even though another scientific purpose of it was to attract strong men with their seductive curves, which man could never resist even from the prehistoric times.

"But even after saying that and telling you that babies have sole ownership over their mother's breasts, what if I said that there was one other person who also had some ownership over a mother's milk jugs?" Kafka smiled, which made Nina raise her brows in confusion. "What if I said that very person as permission to suck on or bite on that mother's breasts however much they wanted?"

"...Who would you think that person would be?"

"Of course it would be me, Kafka!"

Nina didn't hesitate to give her answer, which made a peculiar look appear on Kafka's face as that wasn't the answer he was looking for. Nina then realised that she misspoke and corrected herself by saying,

"I mean, for example, if I were a mother who had children, I would have priority over my breasts since they belong to me and no one else...And without me, the baby wouldn't even have milk to drink, so I better have some rights to the products I produce."

Nina took what Kafka said seriously, seeing as to how she had an indignant look on her face and she looked like she was going to fight with her own baby in the future over the ownership of her milkers, which was rather silly to hear and made Kafka chuckle.

"Don't laugh, Kafka! I'm not joking here!" Nina exclaimed and gave Kafka a little punch for making fun of her.

She then continued saying, "My mother raised me to be someone who remained grateful to the people who helped them out, even if they're their own parents...So, there's no way I'm allowing my own children to be ungrateful little brats that don't even share their milk with their own mother, even though I have no intention of drinking my own breast milk and am only saying as an example."

"It may start with not sharing their milk with their mother, but as they grow up, they'll turn into selfish little punks who won't care about anyone other than themselves, which I will never let happen as long as I'm alive!"

Nina boldly exclaimed like she was going to start teaching her children morals from the very moment they're born so they become honest and justice-willed people just like Nina, their mother herself.

While Nina was talking about the strict way she was going to raise her children, Kafka was trying his best to hold in his laughter that was leaking out.

Her reasoning was childish beyond relief that it was making him crack up like crazy and made him wonder about the thoughts that were going through that pure mind of Nina's, who was actually thinking of starting beef with her own babies over some spilt milk...

Chapter 357: The Father Of My Children

"Fine, Nina. Even though that's not the answer I was looking for, I get what your saying." Kafka conceded as he knew that if he didn't agree with what she said, she would most definitely argue back over the rights of her own breasts.

"Hmm?...That wasn't the answer you were looking for?...Then does that mean that there's another person who's allowed to do such dirty things to my chest, other than my own babies and myself?"

Nina asked with a puzzled look on her face, to which Kafka nodded his head.

He also couldn't help but imagine Nina letting her baby suck on one of her milkers, while she herself drank from the other one so that she didn't lose out to her own baby, which was rather comical to think about.

"If your confused about who I'm talking about, then just get a good look at me and you'll surely figure it out, Nina."

Kafka gave Nina a hint, and a very good one at that, as Nina, who was struggling to find the answer, immediately guessed it when she saw Kafka's handsome face smiling at her.

"Y-You mean the father of the baby, Kakfa?...Is that who you're referring to?"

Nina said, embarrassed that the 'father of her child' was the first thing that came up when she associated the thought of 'Kafka' and 'babies', even though that title was supposed to be reserved for her husband.

"That's right, Nina! That's exactly who I'm talking about!" Kafka also got excited when he heard her find the answer on her own, knowing that she was starting to slowly imagine himself as the father of her children.

He then continued saying, "Just like you, the one who produces the milk, and this person owns the facilities to make the milk itself, I also have a certain level of ownership over the milk-making factory, as without my 'initial investment' at the start, the company would be hollow with no production at all, and there would be no 'customer' at all to feed."

"....That is, speaking as the father of your children in a hypotheticalal sense."

Kakfa self-inserted himself into the explanation, and even though Nina was quite innocent, she could still understand that this little 'investment' he was talking about was simply knocking her up and getting her belly to swell.

Her face blushed when she thought of that possibility, but she quickly shook her head to wipe those thoughts away while rubbing the ring on her finger.

"I do understand that I only contributed a little part at the start of the company and the rest is all your hard work, but an investment is an investment at the end of the day, and just like any massive company that wouldn't have been able to start without that little funding it received at the start, I think what I did is rather significant and rightfully requires some rights over the milk factory in exchange."

Kafka the debate about the ownership over Nina's breasts that was currently split between him, Nina, and their future children.

"Okay, Kafka...As weird of an analogy it is, I still understand what you're trying to say." Nina said with a look of confusion in her eyes. "But what does that have to do with me wanting your children just because I wanted you to bite me on my breasts?"

"You literally said the answer yourself, Nina, just now!"

Kafka suddenly said, which made Nina recollect the words she just uttered, but she still couldn't understand where he was getting at. Seeing this, Kafka continued to explain, saying,

"You just said that you asked me to bite you...Not just anywhere, but a specific part of your body that was tingling so much in my presence that you had no choice but to ask me to help you alleviate that sensation...You asked me to bite and leave my mark on your nipples."

Nina blushed and looked at Kafka with a shy gaze, like she was asking him to stop bringing that topic up so directly.

"Now, while remembering what I just said to you, ask yourself this, Nina...Have you ever felt your nipples getting so hard in front of anyone else like they did before me?"

Kafka asked, to which Nina thought about it for a second, as embarrassing as it was, and quickly shook her head, as there was no such person in her life that made her body act out in such a way.

"What about the thought of wanting to have someone else bite and suck on your teats?...Have you ever felt that way towards anyone other than me?"

Kafka asked another question to which Nina reminisced of her life from the very moment she entered school all the way to her current life, and she shook her head once again, not even considering her husband, whom she didn't have such feelings for because of their stagnant relationship.

"I see...Then let me ask you, Why do you think that is, Nina?...Why is that out of everyone else out there in the world, including your husband, you only want me to suck on your breasts and bite them so hard that they leave a mark?" Kafka asked as he moved his hands towards her bulging breasts and pinched Nina's nipples that were firm as dates.

"Why is it that you want to give that opportunity only to me and not anyone else?"

"...As a clue, let me just tell you that it has something to do with ownership that I was talking with you earlier and how only certain people have rights over these enormous milk bags you have."

Kafka smiled and twisted her nipples, which were flexible enough to spin all the way around.

As simple-minded as Nina thought she was she was actually way more softer then she thought, so it didn't take too long to connect all the pieces together and come to a final answer to the detrimental question Kafka was asking her.

"I-Is it because I consider you as the father of my children, Kafka?...Mmm!~" Nina whimpered as she honestly answered the question, even though it was rather embarrassing to admit. "I-Is that why I want no one else other than you to lay your hands on my breasts...Ahhh!~....s-since you will eventually get rights over my breasts anyway, when we have children in the future."

"...H-Have I actually been unconsciously thinking of you as the father of my children, and is also the very reason I've been acting in such a strange way in front of you?"

Nina muttered to herself with a look of slow realisation settling on her mesmerising face, whilst her eyes widened in shock at what she was coming to acknowledge about herself.

"That's right, Nina! That's exactly what I'm trying to say!...I knew that my little Nina would find it out herself with how freaking smart she is!"

Kafka gave Nina a massive hug out of excitement that his plan to lure the gullible Nina to his side was working out, and he ended up plastering her puffy green cheeks with kisses for perfectly following along with what he said.

Chapter 358: Seed Of Doubt

Kiss~ Kiss~ Kiss~

The kisses she received on her cheeks that made her body feel so much lighter and the acknowledgement she got in return for figuring out Kafka's thoughts made Nina feel that she was even more right and confident about what she thought of and made her think that she really wanted to bear his child.

"And Nina, not only do you unconsciously want me to fill you up and put a turkey in your oven..." Nina blushed profusely when she heard Kafka's crude terminology. "...But your body is also craving for you to make me your partner since it knows that I'm the ideal father of your children, seeing as to how it's reacting in my presence, like how your nipples got rock hard with me around."

"Your body may also show so many other symptoms that I don't know about in an attempt to make you understand that you have to make the boy before you yours if you want to build your ideal family..." Kafka continued his rant as he didn't want to simply leave her with some ideas to think about but wanted to make her confident in her heart that he was the bearer of her children, whom she was destined to build a family with.

"...But there is one part of your body that I'm sure has changed in my presence, since it's quite normal for women to feel that change in their body when they're nearby a person that they can't help but want to bear their child."

"W-What part of my body is that, Kafka?"

Nina asked, wondering what exactly he found out since her body had been going all over the place, like how fast she was breathing, how quickly her heart was racing, and how warm her body became in Kafka's presence, which she thought could all be the symptoms of wanting a child that Kafka was talking about.

"The part of your body that probably looks the most unrecognisable right with how wet it is, Nina."

Kafka said with a sly smile on his face, which made Nina's ears perk up like antennas out of embarrassment, figuring out exactly what he was talking about. He then continued saying, as he looked into Nina's bashful eyes that were trembling at the moment,

"I'm talking about your pussy, Nina...That is, your vagina that's probably sopping wet right now."

"...With how flooded your lower lips are at the moment, I can confirm that you most definitely want my child in your womb."

Kafka proclaimed with a confident look on his face, like he had already figured out how to twist this statement of his to his favour.

"H-How did you know that, Kafka?...How in the world did you figure out that I'm actually really w-wet down there?"

Nina immediately accepted Kafka's accusations, as she knew that lying to him was absolutely useless, and she just looked at him shock and wonder, wondering if there was anything out there that he couldn't figure out.

She then continued saying, as she looked at Kafka like she was looking at some kind of omniscient being,

"It's understandable that I myself know how wet I am, since I can feel how cold it feels under there...But how the hell did you figure it out without even looking at my vagina or laying your hands on it?"

"...D-Don't tell me that you actually smelt the wetness I secreted under there since we're sitting so close!?"

Nina said in a panic, and she looked like she was ready to jump off his lap if what she thought came to be true.

"No, Nina...As much as I would like to have a whiff of your love juices, I don't have the nose of a dog that's that powerful enough to do so."

Kafka said with a wry smile on his face, which made Nina let out a sigh of relief, even though he actually did have a really good sense of smell because of the half-mortal body he possessed, and he could probably even smell Nina's wet pussy all the way from the park nearby if he wanted to.

"It's just that I know that the reason the human body naturally gets wet is to allow easier passage into their insides and so that whatever is thrusting inside can go in as deep as possible for a better chance of pregnancy." Kafka explained, which was actually the truth if taken from a scientific perspective.

"So when I found out about your desire to have children with me or at least your body's urge to mate with, which you are just starting to realise, I also guessed that you would be soaking wet because of the reason I just told."

"B-But I've been told by others that a woman can get wet if she's aroused or stimulated, so how can you say that I got wet because I wanted to be pregnant with your child, Kafka?"

Nina unintentionally revealed that she had never gotten a little 'sticky' down there even once in her life until today, seeing as to how she was referring others for her statement, which made Kafka wonder just how inexperienced she could be when she's already married.

"I know that because of how wet you actually are, Nina...Because of how slippery your panties are right now." Kafka stated as he stared at Nina's crotch like he could see through her clothes and look at how wet her underwear actually was to the extent that it was dripping down her buttocks.

He then looked at Nina and said, "Your friends probably told you that they get a little wet to the extent that a few drops leak out of their lower lips...But did anyone ever tell you that they've ever gotten so wet that it looks like a flood down there?"

Nina's cheeks and ears blushed profusely, which proved that what Kafka said was true. Her pussy was actually so wet right that it looked like it had been splashed by a bucket of water.

"And embarrassing as it may be to talk about your friends private lives, I'm pretty sure they would've told you that they only ever got wet when they, let's say, 'fiddled with their own beans', and never because of their partners."

Kafka said, already knowing how the women in this world were never truly satisfied in bed because of the 'little' problem the men of this world had and also because of how uncaring they were of the opposite sex under the sheets.

Hilariously, this was one of the reasons that 'lady toys' in this world was a booming business that expanded far beyond the market in Kafka's previous world.

"So, I think all things put together, the reason you're so wet right now isn't simply because you're turned on right now, but also because of my very presence."

Kafka said it in a rather narcissistic manner, which Nina readily accepted, as if there's any man out in this world who could make such a forward statement, then it was most definitely Kafka and no one else.

Especially since she didn't think that there was anyone else in the world who could make a woman as wet as she was now, judging by the poor performances the husbands of her friends and acquaintances showed, which she heard about during gossip.

Thoughts that she was actually unconsciously craving Kafka's seed without even knowing about it herself were going through her mind after hearing everything Kafka had to say.

It also made sense when she thought about how Kafka would be the ideal partner to make a family with, with how caring and compassionate he was and how he made her feel like she was at the top of the world.

If he already treats the love of his life like she were the queen of a land, one could only wonder how he would treat his own children, which was something that every girl wanted in her life, even Nina, who was only stopping herself from throwing herself into Kafka's embrace because of the complicated marriage she was bound by.

If she was never married in the first place, she was sure that she wouldn't be playing with Kafka at the moment and would straight up go to the bedroom upstairs to do unspeakable things with him, making her heart race when she thought about those dirty fantasies.

Kafka also knew that Nina was already starting to believe in the story he was telling, which was mixed with twisted truths and blatant lies, and knew that he only needed one final blow to ingrain the seed he was trying to plant into her heart..

Chapter 359: Who Did You See?

"Nina, listen to me for a second...Forget what I said earlier and listen to what I have to say now if you want to gain clarity over the dilemma you are facing in your heart."

Kafka held Nina by the shoulders and told her to focus for a second since she looked like she was struggling to come to a conclusion over this issue, seeing as to how her eyes were going all over the place.

After making sure she was looking at him right in the eyes while having a nervous look on her face, he continued saying,

"I know that you're confused about what I told you just now and that you don't know what to think of the matter, since it's quite absurd for anyone to accept that they unconsciously want to bear someone's child."

Nina nodded her frantically, heavily agreeing to what Kafka was saying, and she even looked at him sharply like she was blaming him for making her think so hard when she spent most of her life living a carefree lifestyle.

"That's why, as a simple solution to your worries, I'm asking you to imagine this situation I'm about to portray."

Kafka said with a solemn look on his face, like what he was about to say was going to bring down the hammer and close this whole case once and for all. He then continued painting a beautiful picture by saying,

"Imagine a scenario where it's a pleasant morning outside...The sun's out high up over the verdant mountains, the blue sky looks like the ocean has been inverted onto the sky, and the white clouds look like a bunch of snow angels."

"...And while the scenery outside is breathtaking, the scene inside of your kitchen, where you and your future children are in the midst of making pancakes for breakfast, is heartwarming as well."

Nina thought of the scene Kafka was trying to visualise.

She let out a smile when the lovely image of her children helping her make the batter for the pancakes, her holding them up so that they could flip the pancakes over, and the sight of them pouring a load of syrup on top of the layers of pancakes they made formed in her mind, which literally seemed like a dream scenario that she could only fantasise about.

Kafka realised, after looking at the gentle gaze that Nina was showing, that she had already developed her own ideal scenario in her head, so he didn't try to elaborate the scene he was trying to create even further.

Instead, he skipped all the details and went straight to the main point.

"Now, the reason your children are helping you out in the kitchen is because they want to make breakfast for their father, since it's his birthday today...They know that their father loves delicious food, so they try their best with their mother to make the sweetest pancakes ever, that will hopefully blow their father's mind away."

Nina couldn't help but feel all giddy when she thought of the scenario, like she was living in that moment herself, and she wiggled her body around in excitement. Kafka smiled at how Nina's ears were moving back and forth like leaves in the wind and continued saying the ending of the scene he was trying to build,

"Finally, after spending so much time in the kitchen and putting in so much effort to make a plate of pancakes, your children hear their father coming down the stairs...Out of pure excitement, they run towards him to be the first to be the first to wish him happy birthday, leaving their helpless mother behind."

"...Now this is the important part, Nina."

Kafka suddenly alarmed Nina, who was giving a silly smile after getting too engrossed in the story, and told her to focus to make her final decision.

"After your children throw themselves onto their father to say happy birthday, and he picks them both up to give them cuddles for the lovely greeting he got that made his entire week, he walks into the kitchen since he smells something really good and knows that it was his beautiful wife's cooking after eating the same from the same hands for several years."

Nina blushed in embarrassment, as she actually wasn't the best at cooking and could only make a few simple dishes. Anything more complex, she would have to ask Camila to come over and help her out.

"Now tell me, Nina..." Kafka snapped Nina back into reality and made her face the dilemma in front of her.

"...Be honest and tell me who you thought of when I told you that the father of your children was entering the kitchen...Or to make it easier for you to imagine, who's face did you see along with your children's cute little faces when their father entered the kitchen with his children in hand to have a lovely breakfast?"

"My face or your husband's?...Just tell the answer to that question, and I'm pretty damn sure that you'll find the truth on your own."

Kafka concluded and looked at Nina with a eager look in his dark eyes, expectantly waiting for her response.

"I-I...I saw...I saw that-..."

Nina had a look of struggle on her face as she stammered to tell what she thought.

One would think that she was straining her mind to think of the person she saw coming into the kitchen and was doing her best to come up with the image.

But it actually wasn't like that at all, as Nina had already formed an image of the person who entered the kitchen who had his usual smile on his face, which was similar to the visages of adorable children he was holding in his arms, even before Kafka told her to do so.

And it most definitely wasn't her actual husband since he wasn't as young as the boy she saw in the fantasy, so it was obviously the other option in question who looked very similar to the boy she was sitting on top of right now, which made her entire face turn as red as a tomato.

She felt even more embarrassed when she had confirmed that what Kafka had been saying from the start had been the truth all along—that she was really craving to have him as the father of her children, since she really couldn't possibly think of starting a family with anyone else other than him after meeting him.

Even her husband, who she thought she would make a family with eventually after their relationship warmed up, paled in comparison. She couldn't even imagine forming a half-hearted family with that person anymore, after Kafka had shown her such a bright future that the women of this world could only normally dream of.

To see such a cheerful scene every morning with a husband who loved her dearly and a bunch of her beautiful, lively children hanging off his strong shoulders...What else could a woman her age possibly ask for in life?

Of course there was no way in hell that Nina was going to say this to Kafka.

He was already so crazy about her even after she repeated to him that an actual relationship between him and her was impossible.

One could only imagine how he would act if he were to find that she wanted his child in her womb.

The funniest part was that she didn't just one or two of them, but a bunch of kids, until there wasn't a moment of silence in her house because of all her children playing around with one another.

This was even more shameful to admit since it was the same as telling Kafka that she wanted his cock up in her pussy all the time, until she kept on popping out little babies from that very same hole...

Chapter 360: An Unfaithful Woman

"I wanted to ask you who you thought of in your fantasy...But seeing as to how much you're hesitating to tell me who it was and how red your face is, almost as if you've turned into a different type of variant human with red skin, I think I already know the answer."

Kafka said with a knowing smile on his face, satisfied that his plan had gone through smoothly.

"There's also how you keep on looking away when our eyes meet, just like how you did now, so I think it's unnecessary to say any more as I already know more than enough."

It's not like Kafka didn't want to hear Nina say that she wanted a family with him in her own words, as she was more than welcome to do so.

But Kafka knew that there was no chance that someone like her, who was trying to do her best to keep a safe distance from him, was going to say something like wanting to bear a child with him.

That would be completely going against her agenda to push Kafka away from a proper relationship and ruin any sort of foundation she had built up now.

That's why he didn't give her a chance to answer and settled the debate on his own, which caught Nina off guard while she was thinking of an excuse to not tell Kafka what she was thinking of.

"What?! Who said that I want to bear your children, Kafka?!"

Nina exclaimed with an exasperated look on her face when she heard Kafka claim what she wanted on his own and steal away the chance to divert him from the topic. She then glared at him with her green eyes that looked brighter than usual because of how worked up she was and said,

"Don't put words in my mouth, Kafka!...I never said such a nonsensical thing!"

"Then why were you hesitating so much, Nina?"

Kafka asked back with an unconvinced look on his face and even smirked at Nina's horrible attempt at lying, which was obvious with how flustered she was at the moment.

"If it was your husband that you saw, then you wouldn't have hesitated to tell me about it, as it would be a great way to deter me from you and let me know that you already have a future planned with someone else."

"...But you clearly haven't done such a thing, so does that mean you saw the only other option available...The boy you're talking to right now?"

Kafka read Nina like a book, which made Nina want to grab her hair in frustration for being so easy to read. This also reminded her how weak she was against smart people like Kafka and Camila and how it was always best to stand on guard against them, unless she wanted to be robbed until she was left standing naked.

Nina knew that she would have to come up with a quick excuse to get out of the current situation, or else she was sure that Kafka would put her in a corner and nail her down until she admitted the truth.

She wanted to create a diversion no matter how ridiculous or desperate it seemed to throw Kafka off guard, so she ended up saying something that she saw in a drama that seemed like it would work out in this situation.

"Only option left?...Did you just say that you're the only option I have left, Kafka, other than my husband?...What a joke!~"

Nina suddenly said in a rather haughty manner while looking down on Kafka with clear disdain in her eyes, imitating the actress she saw in that drama, which made Kafka raise a brow in intrigue at what excuse she was going to make now.

"Oh, then does that mean you have someone else other than me or your husband in your mind, Nina?"

Kafka said in a rather calm manner that was borderline eerie and also lost the usual smile on his face, which Nina didn't notice at all since she was simply too excited that Kafka was going along with her lie.

"Of course, Kafka~...A woman of my level has to have a couple of dogs around for her satisfaction, or else it would be a blemish to my status...So it really isn't that surprising that I have a few men on my leash, who I like to call over to talk about the greatness of hotsprings with."

Nina recited the lines she heard in the drama she watched, which didn't suit her image at all and would probably be much better if someone as regal as Camila uttered them.

But she was desperate, and she didn't know how to maintain this persona without some extra help, so she ended up saying exactly what she heard to Kafka.

Well, not exactly to the very word, as in the drama the prideful lady actually says that she calls men over to her bedroom.

But there was no way the innocent Nina could say such a dirty line, which disgusted her to the very core, and she ended up changing it to 'talking about hotsprings', which showcased her wholesome nature even in desperate times.

She was also going to say that she was simply lying later on, when Kafka wouldn't be so persistent to know the answer, as she didn't want him to think that she was such a revolting woman and that she was simply joking around.

But little did she know that even though Kafka knew that she was lying and knew she was the innocent soul she had always been, he wasn't very happy with how she brought up other men in front of him even as a joke.

"Oh, really, Nina?...So not only do you have one more person other than me and your husband, but you have a couple of them as well...What a surprise to see from you."

Kafka's cold voice was heard that even managed to frighten Nina, who was on an acting high, because of how different it sounded to his usual tone of speaking that was so warm and refreshing, compared to how unnerving and menacing it sounded now.

When she slowly turned to look at Kafka's face that she had been ignoring for a while so that she didn't feel guilty for lying to him, her eyes shrank and her throat went dry at the petrifying sight she saw before her.

There Kafka was, staring at her with a gloomy look in his eyes that made his dark pupils look like two turbid pools that went as deep as the never-ending ocean.

Even though he was simply staring at her with an expressionless look on his face, which looked paler than it already was, like he was some kind of bloodless ghoul, the abysmal gaze in his eyes felt like it was enough to swallow Nina whole and made it difficult for her to even breathe.

Nina had seen Kafka's serious face before, and she had to admit that she got scared whenever she saw it for some reason, since it was way too different from how he normally looked.

But now she knew that he wasn't simply in a solemn mood, but he was actually really angry about something, judging by the way he was looking at her like he could see all the way into her soul and was judging all the sins she had committed in her life, like the grim reaper himself.

And just when she was about to drop the whole act as she felt that the reason Kafka was acting so strangely was because of the way she acted now and was going to apologise to him for whatever she did, and even make up for what she did by giving him a bunch of kisses, Kafka finally broke the silence.

"A woman who's unfaithful to her husband that she's bound to by an oath and not only has one lover on the outside, but several of them..." Kafka uttered in a low voice as a smile slowly crept up on his face as he gazed at Nina, who gulped at the chilling sight of Kafka looking at her like she was little lamb that he was going to sink his fangs in at any moment.

"...Don't you think that such a woman should be 'punished' for what she did, Nina?"

"Don't you think that she needs a 'lesson' so that she will never repeat the same mistake ever again in her entire life?"

Nina shuddered as she knew that with the way Kafka was right now, there was no amount of apologies that could stop what was coming for her, and she hoped that the people bathing inside would come out quickly, before the beast before her tore her apart...