

God of Milfs 491

Chapter 491: Slipping The Balls In...

The room seemed to contract around them, the quiet amplifying every breath, every faint shift of her body. Kafka's hand, warm and steady, rested on her back as he leaned closer, his voice a low whisper of command.

"Don't speak and ask what I'm about to do, Nina." He said, the weight of his words an anchor to her swirling thoughts. "Just let yourself feel."

Her heart pounded in her chest, a wild rhythm of anticipation and trepidation. The cool steel sphere glinted in his hand as he held it with deliberate care, its smooth surface almost too stark against the heat radiating from her.

And then, to her utter shock, he slowly placed it against her skin, just above the sensitive ring of anal muscle, and she shivered at the sudden chill.

"Ahhh!~ Mnn!~"

Her body reacted instinctively, the muscles there tightening reflexively, rejecting the intrusion. The resistance was immediate, her body's natural defence rising like a barrier, even as her mind and heart urged surrender.

"It's okay, Nina." He murmured in response when he saw her abrupt reaction, his voice a soothing current against the tension in her. "Breathe for me and let yourself be taken in by the sensation."

His free hand began to trace slow, comforting circles over her lower back, the gentleness of his touch coaxing her muscles to relax. With his other hand, he guided the sphere back to her entrance, the smooth metal pressing lightly against the tightly clenched ring.

"Nnnn!~ Hmmm!~"

Nina's breathing hitched, the resistance still firm, her body struggling to accept something so foreign.

Knowing she was struggling, he didn't rush. Instead, he teased her with soft, deliberate movements, the sphere pressing gently and retreating, again and again, each motion coaxing her to yield just a little more.

"Ahhh!~ Hnnn!~ Mmm!~"

His fingers joined the effort, their warmth a contrast to the chill of the steel.

He circled her delicate purple anus with light, teasing strokes, easing the tension and drawing soft, involuntary shivers from her. Her muscles fluttered under his touch, wavering between resistance and submission as he murmured quiet reassurances.

"Ahhh!~ Haughhh!~ Hnn!~"

"Good, Nina...You're such a good girl." He praised, his tone rich and encouraging. "Just like that. Let me in."

Slowly, her body began to respond, the tight ring of muscle relaxing by fractions as his persistent touch wore away the resistance. The steel sphere pressed more insistently now, the steady pressure accompanied by his soothing voice and the careful movements of his fingers.

"Ahhhhh!~"

And then finally, when the first bit of the sphere slipped past her anal barrier, she gasped sharply, the stretch of her asshole unexpected yet strangely exhilarating. The sensation was intense—a mix of discomfort and pleasure that sent a jolt through her core.

"Ahhh!~ Hmmm!~"

"There we go. Just like that." He murmured, his tone filled with quiet satisfaction. "You're doing so well."

He paused, letting her adjust, his hand never leaving her, his fingers tracing lazy, comforting patterns along her spine. As the tension ebbed and her muscles softened further, he began again, pressing the sphere in with the same careful precision.

"Mmmm!~ Hmmm!~"

Her body gave more readily now, the once-impervious resistance yielding to the slow, deliberate invasion. The sphere slid deeper with each gentle push, her sphincter muscles stretching around it in a way that sent ripples of heat through her entire body.

"Ahhh!~ Ahh!~ Haa!~"

When the last of the cool steel finally disappeared within her, a soft, involuntary sound escaped her lips—a mix of relief, surprise, and unfiltered sensation.

The fullness was undeniable, grounding her in the moment, even as her body trembled under the intensity of it all.

He rested his hand on her supple butt, grounding her further, his thumb brushing soothingly over her skin.

"That's it, Nina...That exactly what I wanted to see, baby girl." He whispered, his voice tinged with pride. "You took it in beautifully."

Nina's body quivered when she heard his words, adjusting to the foreign weight and the sheer intimacy of what had just transpired. She felt exposed yet deeply connected, the unspoken bond between them stronger than ever.

The air felt thicker around her, the silence between them vibrating with a tension that mirrored the sensations coursing through her body.

Her breath came in shallow, uneven waves, her hands trembling as they gripped the counter. The steel ball rested deep within her, its weight an undeniable presence that made her hyper-aware of every movement, every flutter of her muscles.

She could feel it, a foreign, cool pressure nestled inside her ass, a contrast to the heat radiating from her skin. The sensation was unlike anything she had experienced before, and her mind struggled to process it.

There was a fullness, a weight that shifted subtly inside of her anal canal with each tiny adjustment of her posture, the movement stirring something deep and visceral within her.

Her body was alive, every nerve heightened, the sensation of the sphere pressing against her sensitive walls sending ripples of awareness through her.

It was both overwhelming and strangely grounding, as if the steel tethered her to the moment, forcing her to exist in this new, intimate reality.

"I-I can feel it, Kafka." She whispered finally, breaking the silence, her voice shaky yet laced with wonder. "It's...strange, but..." She trailed off, unable to find the words to describe the complex tangle of emotions swirling inside her.

Kafka stepped closer, his hand sliding to rest gently on her firm butt, his touch a steadying force against the storm of sensations.

"But?..." He prompted, his voice soft yet commanding, urging her to articulate what she was feeling.

Her cheeks burnt, her vulnerability raw and exposed as she searched for the words. "But... it feels good." She finally admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. "So good that I didn't think I'd feel like this even though it's so dirty."

His lips curved into a small, knowing smile, his hand tracing lines on her smooth skin. "You're more open than you realise, Nina." He murmured. "Your body, your mind—they're willing to explore, to experience, which basically means you're more of a pervert than you think you are."

Her heart pounded at his words, the truth of them resonating deeply within her. She shifted slightly, and the sphere responded, its subtle movement igniting a fresh wave of awareness.

A soft gasp escaped her lips as the ball pressed against new, unfamiliar spots, the sensation both strange and electrifying.

"It moves...I can feel it moving inside of me...Touching my walls...Sliding past my canals...Making me feel things in my body that I never knew existed before." She said, her tone a mix of surprise and shy excitement.

Her muscles fluttered involuntarily, reacting to the shifting weight within her, the smooth steel gliding slightly against her inner walls. Each motion sent a ripple of sensation radiating outward, her body attuned to every subtle shift.

"Yes, Nina." Kafka replied, his tone dark and filled with quiet satisfaction. "It moves with you, responds to you. It's a part of you now, a reminder of this moment, of what you've allowed yourself to feel."

The weight of his words settled over her, and she felt a strange pride blooming alongside the vulnerability. The sphere wasn't just an object—it was a symbol of trust, of surrender, of her willingness to embrace the unknown.

Her body trembled as she shifted again, the motion deliberate this time, testing the sensations as the ball shifted within her.

"Mmmm!~"

A soft, involuntary moan escaped her lips, her body reacting instinctively to the strange yet intoxicating feeling.

"It's so...raw." She murmured, her voice breathy. "I-I can feel it with every little move."

Kafka's hand slid higher, resting between her shoulder blades, grounding her as her body continued to adjust.

"That's the beauty of it." He said, his tone laced with a quiet reverence. "It makes you aware of yourself in ways you've never been before. Every sensation, every reaction, every feeling you have as that metal ball slides through your fleshy insides—it's yours to explore."

She nodded, her breathing still uneven as her body slowly began to accept the new reality.

The initial strangeness of the steel's presence was giving way to a growing sense of connection, a heightened awareness of her body and the sensations it was capable of experiencing.

"It feels so good, Kafka...To feel something inside of me like this." She admitted, her voice soft and filled with wonder. "I never thought I'd feel this way."

Kafka's fingers brushed against her skin, his touch a silent affirmation. "And there's so much more to discover." He said, his tone a quiet promise. "This is just the beginning."

Her heart swelled at his words, the vulnerability in her chest mingling with a deep, burgeoning excitement for what was to come. Her breath hastened at the speed of a racing car, her fingers gripping the counter as the cool weight of the steel sphere inside her shifted with every subtle movement of her body. The sensation was overwhelming—foreign, yet deeply intimate, sending sparks of awareness through her core.

Kafka leaned forward, his fervent gaze locked on her with an intensity that made her knees weak.

"Show me..." He suddenly murmured to her shock, his voice low and edged with desire. He then looked up at her flustered face that was turning back to look at him with trembling eyes and continued saying with a smirk on his face. "After I slid the ball inside of you, I kind of forgot what it looks like."

"...So Nina, can you be a dear and push it out a little bit and remind me how shiny that ball actually was?"

Chapter 492: Peeking Out To Say Hello

Nina's cheeks burnt, the vulnerability of his request making her heart race. "That's so...Embarrassing and v-vulgar, Kafka." She whispered, her voice trembling as her fleshy insides instinctively tightened around the sphere. "I can't believe you want me to do this."

"But I really do want to see that sight, Nina." Kafka replied softly, his hand warm and steady on her lower back. His voice was like molten honey, rich and calming. "The sight that you're showing me right now is simply too captivating for me to not witness more of it...And trust me when I say that not a single part of you is vulgar, Nina, as a woman who is meant to be the Goddess of the Forest because of how beautiful you are, simply has no impurity whatsoever."

His exaggerated words sent a ripple of heat through her, quieting the nervous flutter in her chest. She exhaled shakily, her eyes fluttering closed as she focused inward, deciding to go forth with what he said even though her body was burning because of how shameless of an act it was.

Nina's body tensed instinctively at the thought of what she was about to do, the tightness of her anus resisting her mind's command.

The cool steel inside her felt impossibly vivid, its weight pressing against her sensitive inner walls. She concentrated, willing herself to relax, her breath catching as she started to push.

"Mmm!~"

At first, her body resisted entirely, the tight ring of muscle clenching protectively around the sphere. The resistance was a stark reminder of the foreignness of the sensation, but she didn't stop.

"Hnnn!~ Hmm!~"

With deliberate effort, she exhaled deeply and bore down slightly, the tension in her flesh loosening by fractions. The steel ball shifted just the tiniest bit, a whisper of movement that sent a jolt of sensation through her. Her nerves sparked, and she let out a soft gasp, her cheeks flushing deeper as the intensity built.

"Ahhh!~ Shhh!~"

"It's okay." Kafka murmured behind her, his voice steady and encouraging. "You're doing so well. Take your time and let your body guide you."

His reassurance was grounding, his calm presence a tether to hold onto as she tried again. She adjusted her stance slightly, her toes curling against the floor as she pressed forward with more determination.

The ball began to move more noticeably, sliding closer to the edge, her body stretching around it in a way that was both foreign and electrifying.

"Ahhh!~ Ah!~ Nnn!~"

A shudder ran through her as she felt the cool steel press against the tight inner rims of her asshole, her body's resistance faltering as she willed it to yield. And then finally, the first glimpse of silver peeked out, catching the light and standing stark against the deep purple of her sensitive entrance.

"Haagh!~ Ah!~ Haah!~"

Her thighs trembled, the stretch sending a flood of sensations through her—heat, tension, and an undeniable pulse of pleasure that made her legs quake. Her breathing turned ragged, every nerve attuned to the sphere's slow emergence.

"It's...So intense." She managed to whisper, her voice shaky as her body responded in ways she hadn't anticipated.

"You're doing so well, Nina...Just like that." Kafka said, his hand brushing soothingly along her spine. His tone was laced with admiration, his gaze fixed on her with unwavering focus. "This sight, it's so beautiful to look at. Every moment of this—it's mesmerising."

Her chest heaved as the ball moved further, the weight of it creating a subtle pressure that pushed her senses to their limits. She could feel every stretch, every flutter of her muscles as they adjusted around the sphere's smooth surface.

"Mmmm!~ Hnnn!~"

Her mind was a swirl of sensation—part embarrassment, part exhilaration, and an overwhelming awareness of how deeply she trusted Kafka to such a thing.

And then finally, after what seemed like an eternity to her, the steel ball stopped just at the edge, her moist rims holding it in place, the taut ring of muscle trembling slightly as it stretched to accommodate the sphere. The contrast between the dusky purple of her sensitive skin and the glinting silver of the ball was stark, an image that burnt itself into her mind and hers alone.

"Look at you, Nina." Kafka said softly, his voice tinged with reverence. "You're perfect like this. So open, so vulnerable...It's breathtaking."

Her cheeks burnt at his praise, but she couldn't deny the thrill that his words brought her. She held herself there, the sphere teasingly visible, her body trembling from the effort yet alive with sensation.

Each pulse, each subtle shift of the ball, sent a ripple of heat through her, grounding her in the moment and the connection they shared.

"Stay just like that." He said, his tone low and commanding yet filled with warmth. "Let me savour this beautiful sight that makes me want to stare at it for aeons to come."

Her body obeyed instinctively, her juicy anus holding the sphere in place as she felt the tension and intimacy radiating between them.

The sensation of being so open, so completely bare, was overwhelming. But Kafka's gaze, his words, and his touch reminded her that she was safe, cherished, and utterly captivating in his eyes.

But just as she thought she could relax, Nina's breath hastened, her body trembling as, to her utter shock, Kafka's fingertip brushed against the steel sphere resting deep within her.

"Nnn!~"

The touch was barely there, a whisper of sensation, but it sent a ripple through her, lighting every nerve like a spark to dry leaves. The ball shifted ever so slightly under his teasing nudge, the weight pressing deeper before her fleshy ring instinctively tightened, halting its descent.

"Haaa!~ Hnnn!~"

A soft gasp escaped her lips, hot and raw, as the cool steel's presence became all the more vivid. The sphere seemed to pulse within her, responding to every tiny flutter of her body, its smooth surface an unyielding counterpoint to her softness.

She gripped the counter tighter, her fingers white-knuckled as she tried to steady herself against the flood of sensation coming from the insides of her supple ass.

Kafka then leaned in closer, his presence a steadying force, the heat of his body a sharp contrast to the coolness inside her.

His voice, low and rich with fascination, cut through the quiet. "Fascinating." He murmured, the word laced with awe and a hint of amusement. His gaze didn't waver, his eyes fixed on the ball popping out her asshole like it was trying to say hello with an intensity that left her feeling both exposed and cherished.

Her breath stuttered, and she turned her head slightly, her face flushed. "What's so fascinating?" She managed, her voice trembling but carrying a thread of curiosity that surprised even her.

His lips quirked into a small, knowing smile. "You, Nina...You." He said simply, his tone reverent. "The way your body reacts, how beautifully you allow yourself to feel...Every motion, every breath—it's captivating to look at."

His words sent a surge of warmth through her, chasing away some of the lingering embarrassment. She could feel the sphere shift again as she adjusted her stance, the faint movement sparking another wave of heat that pooled low in her belly.

Emboldened by his steady gaze and the deep sincerity in his voice, she allowed herself to smile faintly, a flicker of playfulness breaking through her shyness.

"T-Then, if you like it so much, I suppose I could...show you again." She murmured, the words both a challenge and an offering.

Kafka's smile widened, his approval shining in his dark eyes. "I'd like that, Nina...I'd absolutely love that." He said, his voice low and inviting, every syllable a pull she couldn't resist.

Taking a steadying breath, Nina focused inward, her body responding to her intent as she willed her muscles to relax. The initial resistance was sharp, her body instinctively gripping the ball, but she exhaled slowly, letting the tension melt away.

The sphere shifted, the smooth steel moving in response to her effort, its cool surface glinting as it began to peek out.

The sensation was overwhelming—a stretch, a pull, and an undeniable awareness that left her gasping softly.

"Ahhh!~ Haa!~ Nnnn!~"

Her skin flushed a deeper green, and her thighs trembled as she held the sphere at the edge, teasingly visible but not fully released. The purple of her sensitive ring framed the gleaming silver, a stark and intimate contrast against her verdant skin.

Kafka's eyes darkened as he leaned closer, his gaze locked on her with an almost magnetic intensity. "You're stunning, Nina." He said, his voice husky and filled with admiration. "Absolutely stunning."

Her heart hitched at his words, her chest heaving as she began to push again, letting the ball slide further out.

It emerged slowly, the deliberate pace drawing every sensation to the forefront. The cool steel shifted against her, the movement sending a pulse of awareness through her core that left her toes curling.

She paused, holding it just at the edge, the weight balanced perfectly between staying and retreating. Kafka's lips curved into a faint smile, a flicker of amusement dancing in his eyes. "You're teasing me, Nina...I can't believe you're actually giving me a tease show right now." He said softly, the warmth in his tone undercut by an edge of hunger.

Nina bit her lip, emboldened by his reaction as she began to pull the ball back in, her muscles tightening around it in a slow, deliberate motion. The sphere disappeared bit by bit, the stretch giving way to a comforting fullness that left her trembling.

"God, that's freaking hot." Kafka murmured, his voice thick with lust, as he reached out, his fingers brushing against the curve of her back, grounding her as she trembled under the weight of the moment.

Nina then shifted again, repeating the motion with careful precision, the rhythm slow and controlled.

Each time she pushed the ball out, she let it hover just on the edge, teasingly visible, before drawing it back inside. The cycle of movement was intoxicating, a dance of tension and release that left her breathless.

"T-This incredible, Nina." Kafka stammered, his tone low and filled with admiration. His hand traced a slow, soothing path along her spine and onto the ravine between her cheeks, his touch as grounding as his words. "I could watch you forever."

Her body trembled, her breathing ragged as the weight of his words settled over her. She let the ball retreat fully inside one last time, her muscles closing around it with a soft, instinctive pull. Exhaling deeply, she turned her head to meet his gaze, her vulnerability tempered by a growing sense of pride.

"Thank you, Nina." Kafka whispered, his voice filled with warmth. "For letting me see all of you."

Her lips curved into a faint, genuine smile, her heart swelling at the quiet intimacy in his words. The connection between them was palpable, every moment shared deepening the bond that tethered them together in ways words could never fully capture.

Chapter 493: Five Balls In One Hole

Nina's breath slowed as she let the sphere settle deeply within her once more, her body trembling but steady. The warmth of Kafka's hand on her back satiated her, his presence a quiet reassurance that she wasn't alone in this vulnerable, intimate moment.

"You're remarkable, Nina...You truly are for what you just showed me." He said softly, his voice carrying a weight that made her heart flutter. "But I think we can go a little further, don't you?"

She turned her head slightly, her gaze meeting his, her cheeks flushed with a mix of nervousness and excitement. The steel ball inside her felt impossibly vivid—a constant reminder of how deeply she trusted him—but the idea of going further sent a flicker of anticipation through her chest.

"More?" She whispered, her voice trembling with equal parts hesitation and curiosity.

Kafka smiled, the expression warm and inviting, his eyes holding hers with an intensity that sent a shiver down her spine. "Only if you're ready." He murmured, his thumb tracing a soothing circle on her skin. "This isn't about rushing. It's about letting yourself feel—completely."

She swallowed hard, the vulnerability of the moment weighing on her chest. But there was something in his voice, in the quiet tenderness with which he spoke, that made her feel safe, cherished. "I trust you." She said finally, the words carrying all the courage she could muster.

His smile deepened, a flicker of pride glinting in his eyes. "Good, Nina...I'll make sure to turn it into a moment that you'll never forget." He said, his voice rich and steady.

And then, from the counter beside him, he retrieved another steel sphere, the cool surface glinting faintly in the dim light. Nina's breath quickened as she watched him hold it, his fingers cradling it with the same deliberate care that defined every one of his actions.

"I'll go slow." He promised, his voice a soothing balm against her nerves. "Just breathe in and out and relax yourself."

She nodded, her body tensing slightly as she felt his hand on her butt, his touch an anchor that was pulling her down.

Finally, the cool surface of the second ball pressed gently against her entrance, the sensation stark and vivid against the warmth of her skin. Her breath caught as he applied a soft, steady pressure, coaxing her body to yield.

"Ahhh!~ Haughh!~"

At first, her anus resisted, the tension sharp and instinctive. But Kafka's voice was there, low and calming, guiding her through the moment. "Relax, Nina." He murmured, his tone soft but firm. "You're in control...Let it happen."

"Nnn!~ Haaa!~"

She exhaled shakily, focusing inward, willing her body to soften. The sphere began to slide in slowly, the stretch of her purple asshole gradual but undeniable, sending waves of sensation rippling through her. Her toes curled as she felt the second ball settle just behind the first inside of her butt, the weight of them pressing together in a way that left her trembling her inner walls quaking.

"That's it, Nina." Kafka said softly, his voice laced with admiration. "You're doing beautifully." Nina's breath hitched as she adjusted to the new fullness, the sensation both overwhelming and grounding.

The two spheres shifted subtly against each other with every small movement of her body, the cool steel rubbing together in a way that sent a pulse of heat through her.

"I can feel them, K-Kafka." She whispered, her voice shaky but tinged with wonder. "Moving together... it's so-"

"Wonderful." Kafka finished for her, his smile softening as his hand traced a comforting line along her spine. "You're extraordinary, Nina."

Nina shuddered under his praise, the deep warmth of his words wrapping around her like a balm. The fullness inside her already felt overwhelming, each shift of the spheres pressing into her sensitized walls. She took a steadying breath, her chest rising and falling as she adjusted to the sensations, her body trembling but yielding.

Kafka groped her soft ass, a reassuring presence as he reached for the next ball. The glint of steel in his hand caught her eye, and her heart raced, anticipation coiling tightly in her chest.

"We'll go slow." He murmured, his voice low and soothing. "Tell me if it's too much."

She nodded, her lips parting slightly as she exhaled, grounding herself in the steady rhythm of her breath. The coolness of the next sphere brushed against her anal hole. She bit her lip as she felt the gentle pressure, her muscles fluttering as Kafka coaxed her body to open for him.

"Ahhhh!~ Nnn!~ Mmm!~"

Her breath came in shaky waves as she focused on his words, willing her muscles to soften. Slowly, the sphere began to slide in, its smooth surface gliding over the sensitive ring of muscle before nestling into place beside the others.

The weight of the new addition was immediate, pressing against the first two spheres, and Nina gasped softly as she felt them shift together. The cool steel rubbed faintly, the sound of their contact—a soft, metallic chime—reaching her ears. Her chest heaved, the sound strangely intimate, a reminder of the connection they were creating in this vulnerable moment.

"Perfect, Nina." Kafka said, his hand tracing slow, deliberate patterns on her lower back. "You're doing so well."

The new fullness left her breathless, her inner walls stretching to accommodate the chain of spheres. Every tiny movement she made caused them to shift and rub against one another, sending subtle vibrations through her core.

She could feel the cool steel brushing against her inner heat, the sensation sharp and electrifying, heightening her awareness of every inch of herself.

"They...They move together...Together inside of me." She said softly, her voice trembling with wonder.

Kafka chuckled lightly, his tone warm and full of admiration. "I guess they do, Nina, not that I would know." He said, his fingers brushing her skin in a soothing gesture. "And they're a part of you now, an extension of this moment we're sharing."

Her cheeks flushed deeper at his words, the intimacy of the act sinking into her with every passing second. He reached for the fourth sphere, the cool steel gleaming in his hand as he held it with jubilation.

"Ready?" He asked, his tone gentle but threaded with anticipation.

Nina nodded, her body trembling as she braced herself for the next step. The fourth ball pressed against her asshole, the cool sensation stark and vivid against her heated skin. She exhaled shakily, focusing on the slow, deliberate pace Kafka maintained.

"Haughh!~ Mmm!~ Shhh!~"

The stretch was deeper now, more intense, and her body protested for a brief moment before yielding. She gasped as the fourth sphere slid into place, pushing the others further inside her. The sensation was indescribable—a symphony of cool, smooth steel brushing against her inner walls, each sphere pressing into the next.

"Ah!~ Ahhh!~ Ahhhh!~"

She shifted slightly, and the chain of spheres responded, their gentle friction creating soft, metallic whispers that filled the space around them. The sound, combined with the fullness, sent a ripple of sensation through her body, grounding her in the moment.

"Damn, Nina...That's amazing." Kafka said, his voice filled with quiet awe. "The way you adjust, the way you let the balls sink inside of such a tight space—it's breathtaking, Nina...Absolutely fascinating."

Her heart raced at his praise, her body trembling as she felt the weight of his words and the spheres within her. The fullness left her wide, stretched in a way that was both humbling and empowering.

The sensation of the cool steel against her inner walls heightened every flicker of movement, every subtle shift a reminder of how deeply she trusted him.

When the fifth and final sphere was introduced, it was with the same deliberate care, Kafka's voice a soothing constant as he guided her through the process. By the time it nestled into place, the chain of spheres felt like an extension of herself, a tangible representation of her willingness to explore and share this intimate connection.

Her chest heaved as she adjusted to the final addition, the cool steel pressing together in a rhythmic dance with every small movement she made. She could feel the weight of them, the way they brushed and shifted, creating a symphony of sensations that left her trembling.

"Look at you." Kafka said softly, his voice filled with admiration as he spread her anus open to see the silver balls inside. "Just look at all these balls inside of this little pink cave of yours...I don't think I've seen such a lewd sight that's just as beautiful at the same time."

Nina's lips parted as she exhaled deeply, her body trembling but steady as she let herself feel everything—the fullness, the weight, the connection. Her heart swelled at the intimacy between them, the bond they had created in this moment unlike anything she had ever experienced.

Kafka then brushed a hand gently against the slit of her pussy, curious about how wet she was at the moment. "You've done so well, Nina." He said, his voice low and filled with warmth. "But I'd like to try something, if you'll let me."

Her eyes fluttered at his words, a mix of curiosity and nervous excitement coiling in her chest. "What do you want to do?" She asked softly, her voice trembling but threaded with trust.

Kafka's hand lingered on her hip, his thumb brushing soothing lines against her skin. "I want to feel them...Feel them inside of you." He said, his tone steady and full of quiet anticipation like he couldn't wait to stick his fingers inside of her pull on the metal balls inside of her.

"To feel how your body holds them, how they move within you...Will you let me?"

Chapter 494: Softness And Hardness

Nina's cheeks flushed deeper at the intimacy of his request, but the sincerity in his gaze, the way he treated her with such care and admiration, made it impossible to refuse.

Finally, she nodded, her lips parting slightly as she whispered, "O-Okay...But make sure that you don't do anything crazy, Kafka; I-I'm quite inexperienced when it comes to such dirty things unlike a deviant like you are."

Kafka's smile in return was soft, reassuring, as he guided her into a more comfortable position, his hand never leaving her, his touch a steady force. "Relax." He said gently, his voice like an anchor, pulling her back to him. "I'll make the experience so comfortable that you'll be begging me to put a couple of fingers inside of you from time to time."

Nina's long ears twitched when she heard his shameless words, and then she took a deep breath, her muscles trembling as she tried to let go of the tension that still lingered. The spheres inside of her rectal cavity shifted slightly with the motion, sending a ripple of awareness through her body. And since the insides of her butt were submerged in a viscous fluid because of all the intense stimulation, the steel balls were ships sailing through the ocean of love juice at the moment.

But just as Nina was thinking that she could literally hear the liquids inside of her slosh around whenever the balls moved inside of her and changed places with one another, she suddenly felt Kafka's fingers against her pulpy anus that was a bright purple in colour compared to her rich verdant skin—a warm and firm, a sharp contrast to the cool steel inside her.

"Hnnnn!~"

The sensation of his touch was vivid, electrifying, as his fingertip pressed gently against the ring of juicy muscle that was glistening at the moment from all the fluids that had leaked out, testing her body's readiness. She inhaled sharply, her muscles fluttering instinctively before she exhaled, forcing her anus to relax itself under his guidance and grip onto his finger like it was trying to eat him alive.

"Ahhh!~ Mmm!~"

"That's it, Nina." He said, his voice soothing as his finger slipped past the taut ring of muscle, the stretch subtle but undeniable. The warmth of his touch was startling against the cool steel of the spheres, the contrast heightening every sensation.

"Ahhhh!~ Haughh!~"

Her breath stopped, and her heart pumped vigorously as his finger moved deeper into her forbidden hole, the sensation foreign yet oddly grounding. She could feel him exploring the insides of his rim with deliberate care, his fingertip brushing against the first sphere.

"Hnnn!~"

The first contact sent a soft, muffled chime through her, the sound faint but intimate, a reminder of the connection they were creating.

"Oh, wow...So that's how it feels inside of you." Kafka murmured, his voice laced with awe as he felt the cool sphere that covered in a thick, hot fluid.

His finger pressed gently against the sphere, shifting it slightly within her. The movement was subtle but intense pushing the balls against her supple insides, sending a wave of sensation rippling through her body.

"Mmm!~ Nnn!~ Haughh!~"

Nina gasped softly, her fingers curling against the counter as she adjusted to the feeling. The pressure of his finger, the weight of the spheres, the way they moved together—it was overwhelming in the best way.

"I-It's so...different." She whispered, her voice trembling with emotion. "So...very strange."

"Does it feel okay?" He asked, his tone filled with quiet concern.

She nodded, her breath quickening as she felt his finger trace the edge of the sphere, the motion slow and deliberate as he circled the insides of her anal cavity as well.

"Yes..." She managed, her voice barely above a whisper. "It's fine...A-And in all honesty, it feels really good." She ended up saying as her ears fluttered around in a fluster.

Kafka's lips curved into a faint smile, his gaze steady as he continued. His finger moved with careful precision, pressing lightly against each sphere in turn, testing their weight, the way they pressed into one another.

Each small movement sent a ripple of sensation through her, the spheres shifting and rubbing together in a way that left her trembling like ball bearings in motor oil.

"Haaa!~ Hah!~ Haugh!~"

Her heart raced as she felt his finger wiggle slightly around in the inside of her anus, the motion subtle but electrifying as it nudged the spheres deeper, then eased them back. The sensations built in layers, a symphony of pressure and movement that left her gasping softly, her body caught between the foreignness of the act and the intimacy of sharing it with him.

"You're amazing, Nina." He said softly, his voice thick with admiration. "The way your body holds them in one chain, the way they make a subtle sound when they rubbing against one another, the way your body's natural fluids make them impossible to hold because of how slippery they are...I honestly have no words to describe what I'm feeling at the moment."

Tears pricked at the corners of her eyes, the depth of his words sinking into her heart. She felt vulnerable yet empowered, her body trembling but steady as she let herself be fully present in the moment. Every breath, every sensation, every whispered word was a testament to the passion and connection between them.

"Ha!~ Haa!~ Haaa!~"

Her breaths came in soft, shallow waves, her body trembling as she adjusted to the fullness inside her. The weight of the spheres, the way they shifted with every tiny motion, was a constant reminder of her vulnerability and trust.

Her cheeks burnt, but her heart was steady, her confidence growing under Kafka's reassuring gaze.

Kafka then brushed a hand along her smooth but strong back, his touch light and reassuring. "You're holding them so beautifully..." he murmured, his voice rich with admiration. "...But it must feel a little...crowded in there, don't you think?"

She blinked, her cheeks flushing deeper at his observation, and nodded hesitantly. "I-I guess it's a lot to take in when that p-part of my body was never meant to take in anything from the very start." She coyly admitted in a fluster, her voice barely above a whisper, though there was no hesitation in the words.

Kafka smiled, the warmth in his expression melting away the last of her nerves. "Then why don't I make a little more room for you, Nina?" He said gently. "I'll just take one out myself, and there will most definitely be some space for you."

Chapter 495: Push It Out Yourself

Nina's heart raced at the thought, a mix of anticipation and curiosity coursing through her. But quickly she nodded, her trust in him absolute as she steadied herself against the counter.

"Okay, Kafka...Just don't move around too much as I'm scared that part of my body might get too loose." She whispered, her voice trembling because of her own worries.

Kafka simply smiled as his hand remained on supple that he couldn't resist groping from time to time, his thumb brushing soothing circles against her skin as his other hand moved with careful precision. The cool steel of the spheres shifted slightly as he pressed his fingers against her entrance, testing her readiness.

"Relax for me, Nina." He murmured, his voice low and steady. "You're doing perfectly."

Nina exhaled shakily, her body trembling as she felt the gentle pressure of his fingers. They slipped past the right ring of muscle with deliberate care, the stretch subtle but undeniable. Her breath hitched, the warmth of his two fingers a stark contrast to the harness inside her, the dual sensations heightening her awareness.

"Hmmm!~ Hnnn!~ Ha!~"

The first sphere shifted slightly as his fingers brushed against it, sending a soft, muffled sound of metal rubbing against one another through her. The sound was intimate, a delicate echo of their shared moment, and it sent a shiver down her spine.

"Just like that, Nina...Just like that. You're doing so well." Kafka said, his voice filled with quiet admiration.

His fingers then wiggled slightly, nudging the sphere into position. The movement was slow and deliberate, each shift creating a gentle friction that left her trembling until finally, he pushed both his fingers deep enough inside of her to grab onto the first ball to the extent that her anus was left gaping and her fleshy, pink insides could be clearly seen.

"Haaa!~"

She gasped softly as she felt the first sphere begin to move, her body responding instinctively as it started to slide toward her anus. The sensation was vivid—a mix of pressure and release, of tension and surrender.

"It's coming." He whispered, his tone soothing as he guided her through the moment.

The sphere edged closer to her entrance, the cool steel pressing against the purple glazed donut. Her breath quickened, her chest heaving and her nipples turning hard as the stretch deepened, the sensations intensifying with every subtle movement.

"Hnnn!~ Haugh!~ Ahh!~"

"Breathe, Nina." Kafka reminded her, his voice steady and calm.

She obeyed, exhaling shakily as the sphere began to emerge. The cool surface slid slowly, her body adjusting around it with each passing moment. The stretch was intense but controlled, her muscles yielding under his careful guidance.

And finally, the first glint of silver appeared, peeking through her entrance, and Kafka's gaze darkened with admiration. "Beautiful..It looks like a pearl coming out of an oyster." He murmured, his voice low and filled with awe as he saw the silver ball emerge out of the purple ring that was twitching all over.

And then finally, as Nina was gasping for air as she felt such a large and heavy object be pulled out of her, the sphere continued its slow descent, little by little, until it finally slipped free, resting in his palm in a gloop of love juice alongside it.

"Ah!~ Ahhh!~ Ahhhhhh!~"

Nina let out a soft, shuddering breath, her body trembling with the mixture of relief and heightened awareness.

"You did so well, Nina." Kafka said softly, his voice filled with pride as he held the sphere up for her to see. The steel gleamed in the soft light, a tangible reminder of the fate she had in them and the liquids dripping off it, a showcase of the erotic incident that had just occurred.

Nina turned around, and her cheeks burnt as she met Kafka's gaze, her heart swelling at the quiet reverence in his expression.

"How do you feel?" He asked gently, his hand brushing against her back in a soothing gesture like he was satiating a baby.

"L-Lighter." She admitted, a faint, breathless laugh escaping her lips. "But still...so full."

His smile deepened, his hand lingering on her back as he leaned closer to kiss the area around her collarbone to show how good of a job she had done, which made Nina let out a satisfied whimper, feeling the warmth from every kiss he was giving and even pushing her ass out for more.

The moment hung between them, the bond they shared deepening with every breath, every passionate kiss, every deliberate motion. It wasn't just about what they were doing; it was about the connection, the trust, the unspoken understanding that wove them together in ways words could never capture.

Nina's breathing steadied as she adjusted to the sensation of one less sphere inside her, the shift leaving her feeling both relieved and acutely aware of the remaining weight within her. Each small movement sent a whisper of steel brushing together, her body alive with sensation. She stole a glance at Kafka, his calm, admiring gaze steady and grounding, filling her with quiet confidence.

He rested his face on her cheeks while his thumb traced small, soothing circles on her thighs below. "You've done so well, Nina." He said his voice rich and reassuring. But then his tone turned conclusive as he said, "But I think it's time we wrapped this up."

She blinked, her heart quickening at the implication of his words. "Wrapped it up?" She asked softly, her cheeks warming with a mix of curiosity and nervousness.

Kafka smiled, a faint curve of his lips that was both playful and knowing. "It's just that I don't want the balls to go too deep into you, Nina, or else I'll have to send my entire hand inside your tight hole." He explained, his tone calm but threaded with quiet amusement, which made Nina jerk up in fright at the thought of an entire fist up her asshole.

"But this time, I won't be doing anything and..." He paused, leaning closer, his voice dipping into a teasing murmur. "...you'll have to take care of the rest yourself."

Her cheeks flushed deeply, the heat spreading to the tips of her ears as his words sank in. She opened her mouth to respond, but no words came, the vulnerability of his request making her heart race. "You're not going to help?" She finally managed, her voice trembling with a mix of shyness and disbelief.

"Nope." Kafka said simply, his smile deepening as he leaned back, his posture relaxed but his gaze unwavering. "This is all you, Nina. I want to see how you do it yourself."

Her ears burnt, the flush spreading down her neck as she tried to process his words. She bit her lip, glancing away, the sheer intimacy of the moment leaving her breathless.

And then, without a word, Kafka reached for his phone, his movements unhurried and deliberate. Her eyes widened as she saw him unlock it, angling the camera toward her. The soft click of the phone adjusting filled the space, the sound drawing her attention back to him.

"Don't mind me." He said, his tone light but edged with quiet intensity. "I just want to capture this moment...It's something I don't want to forget."

Chapter 496: Snooker Table

Nina's face burnt brighter, her body trembling as she shifted slightly, the spheres inside her responding with the faintest of movements. Her vulnerability felt sharper than ever, the weight of his gaze—and now the lens—amplifying every sensation coursing through her.

She turned her head, her lips parting as though to protest, but the look in his eyes silenced her. There was no judgement there, no demand, only quiet encouragement and an unspoken reverence that made her feel seen in a way that transcended words.

Her breaths were shallow, her body tingling with anticipation as she gripped the counter more firmly. The cool steel inside her was a vivid presence, shifting gently as her body adjusted. The remaining weight was a constant reminder of how open she was, how vulnerable she had allowed herself to be in Kafka's care.

"You don't need to rush, Nina." Kafka said, his voice soft yet steady, wrapping around her like a warm blanket. "Just take your time, Nina, and go forth whenever you want."

Her cheeks flushed deeply at his words, but his encouragement gave her the strength to focus inward. She took a steadying breath, letting her muscles relax as she prepared to push again. The remaining spheres shifted slightly, their cool surfaces pressing together, creating a quiet rhythm of sensation deep inside her.

The first sphere began to move, her anus stretching in response as she bore down gently. The sensation was intense—a combination of pressure and release, tension and surrender. The smooth steel brushed against her inner walls, cool and unyielding, as it made its slow descent.

"Haughh!~ Nnn!~ Hnnn!~"

Her heart raced as the sphere pressed against her entrance, her tender walls fluttering instinctively before yielding to the deliberate motion. The stretch was undeniable, a vivid sensation that sent ripples of awareness through her body.

Kafka's voice came softly, filled with warmth. "That's it, Nina." He said, his tone rich with quiet awe. "Just like that...It's coming out."

She gasped softly as the first sphere slipped free, the sound of its release faint but distinct, a metallic whisper that seemed to echo in the space between them. The absence of its weight left her trembling, her body adjusting to the change as she exhaled shakily.

"Perfect." Kafka said when he saw the wet silver ball, which had just popped out of her body, rolling in his hands.

Her body quivered, the remaining spheres settling slightly as she braced herself for the next one. The cool steel moved in response to her effort, its weight shifting as she focused inward. The second sphere began its descent, her body yielding once again as the sensation built.

The stretch of her lower cave deepened, her breath quickening as the sphere pressed against her entrance. The smooth surface caught the light as it emerged, glinting silver against her flushed skin. She paused, her body trembling as the tension peaked before giving way to release.

"Hnnn!~"

The sphere slipped free with a soft, satisfying sound, its absence leaving her breathless yet lighter. Kafka's gaze was steady, his admiration clear as he captured every moment, his quiet presence a constant reminder that she wasn't alone.

"And that's the third one, Nina." He said softly, his tone filled with pride. "Two more to go."

Nina's face turned red, her heart pounding as she prepared for the third sphere. The rhythm of her breaths matched the deliberate pace of her movements, her body responding instinctively as she pushed again. The cool steel shifted within her, the remaining spheres brushing together, their gentle friction sending a faint vibration through her core.

Each release brought a new wave of sensations—a stretch, a pull, and then the lightness that followed.

Her body trembled with each sphere, the absence of their weight leaving her feeling both relieved and strangely bereft. The sounds they made, soft metallic plops as they touched his hand, seemed to echo her fragility.

Her insides felt less full now, the tension easing with every release. But the intimacy of the moment remained, growing stronger with every breath, every whispered word of encouragement.

When the final sphere began to move, Nina's body was trembling, her purple asshole stretched and was highly sensitive. The cool steel pressed insistently, the last stretch the most vivid of all. She gasped softly, her hands tightening their grip as she bore down one last time.

"Hmmm!~"

And finally, the sphere slipped free, leaving her trembling and breathless. Kafka's gaze was steady as he caught it and he didn't even say a word as he was too caught up in admiring the five wet balls swirling in his palm.

Nina's body also ached, but her heart was full. The vulnerability, the connection, the shared intimacy—it was all woven into this moment, a tapestry of trust and affection that bound them closer than ever before.

And then finally, her legs trembled as she tried to stand, the tension in her muscles giving way to a weakness born of exertion and the overwhelming sensations she'd just experienced. Before she

could steady herself, her knees buckled, and she dropped, her body instinctively seeking Kafka's comforting presence.

Of course, he caught her effortlessly, guiding her onto his lap with a steady hand and a gentle touch. His arms wrapped around her, warm and reassuring, cradling her trembling body as she leaned into him, her chest heaving with shallow breaths.

"There we go." Kafka said, his voice low and soothing as he stroked her hair, his fingers threading through the soft strands. He then continued saying in a soothing tone, "You did so well, Nina. I couldn't be prouder of you."

His words sent a flush of warmth through her, her long ears burning as her body melted into his embrace. The praise, the tenderness in his tone—it was more than she could handle after the moment she had just shared with him.

She then lifted her head slightly, only for her gaze to catch on the glint of silver in his hand. The spheres, still slick from their time within her, rested in his palm, their cool surface catching the light.

"These were inside you." Kafka said softly, his voice laced with a mix of lust and playfulness. His gaze flicked to hers, a faint smile tugging at his lips as he added, "Every single one."

Her cheeks flushed a tint of pink, her hands flying up to cover her cheeks as she let out a groan of embarrassment. "Why would you say it like that?" She protested, her voice muffled behind her hands.

Kafka's smile widened, a soft chuckle escaping him as he tilted his head to study her. "Because it's the truth." he said simply. "And I think that the truth is rather hot to think off...I mean five balls in one hole; even a snooker table wouldn't be able to handle that much."

Her shoulders shook with a mix of laughter and mortification, and she peeked out from behind her hands, her voice small but teasing. "You're terrible."

"Am I?" He asked, raising an eyebrow. His tone was light, but the glint in his eyes made her heart skip a beat.

She then hesitated for a moment, her gaze dropping to the phone still resting on the counter. A coy smile curved her lips as she glanced back at him and asked, "So...What are you going to do with that video you took?"

Kafka's smile deepened, his eyes darkening with a flicker of something that sent a shiver through her. "There will be nights..." He said softly, his voice a low murmur. "...when I'll miss you. So, when I want to remember every little detail about you, I'll just 'use' that video then."

Her blush deepened, her ears fluttering around like a butterfly. "Kafka!" She exclaimed, her voice filled with equal parts embarrassment and disbelief.

He leaned closer, his tone dipping into a teasing tone. "What?" He asked, his expression innocent despite the knowing glint in his eyes. "I'll just be...appreciating the memory."

"You're such a pervert!" She huffed, peeking at him through her fingers, her voice trembling with laughter.

Kafka shrugged, his smile unrepentant. "If I'm a pervert, then you're a pervert too." He said smoothly, his gaze locking with hers. "After all, you indulged me so willingly."

She opened her mouth to protest, but the truth in his words left her speechless. A moment later, her lips curved into a soft, genuine smile.

"I guess we're both perverts, then." She said softly, her voice filled with warmth. "Two perverts who are perfectly matched for one another."

Kafka's smile mirrored hers, and he leaned in, his forehead brushing gently against hers. "A perfect match." He echoed, his voice a soft murmur.

Their eyes met, the laughter fading as the warmth between them deepened.

"Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Mwah!~ Kiss!~ Nibble!~"

The kiss came naturally, a slow, passionate meeting of lips that spoke of shared trust and unspoken promises. The kiss deepened, his hand cradling her cheek as they lost themselves in the moment.

"Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Kiss!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~"

It wasn't just passion—it was something deeper, a bond forged through vulnerability, trust, and the quiet understanding that they were each other's in ways words could never fully capture.

Their eyes locked, the air between them thick with unspoken emotions. Nina's breath caught as Kafka leaned in, the space between them dissolving in slow, deliberate inches.

"Peck!~ Peck!~ Mmm!~ Peck!~ Lick!~"

The first touch of his lips was soft, tentative, like the beginning of a melody waiting to unfold. The warmth of his breath mingled with hers, and she felt a shiver run down her spine, her body instinctively leaning closer to him.

As the kiss deepened, his other hand slid to her lower back, pulling her more firmly against him. Her hands found their way to his shoulders, her fingers curling into the fabric of his shirt as if anchoring herself. The world around them seemed to fade, leaving only the warmth of his lips and the gentle pressure that sent ripples of sensation through her.

"Pucker!~ Pucker!~ Smooch!~ Pucker!~ Suck!~"

His lips moved against hers with a deliberate rhythm—slow, patient, yet filled with an intensity that left her breathless. She could feel the subtle curve of his smile against her mouth, the quiet confidence in his movements making her heart race.

"Mwah!~ Mwah!~ Smack!~ Mwah!~ Sip!~"

When she parted her lips slightly, he followed, the kiss becoming deeper, more intimate. The faint taste of him lingered on her tongue, rich and intoxicating, and she felt her cheeks flush even warmer. His fingers traced a path along her jawline, the touch feather-light, sending sparks of warmth through her.

"Peck!~ Peck!~ Mmm!~ Peck!~ Lick!~"

Nina tilted her head instinctively, allowing him to explore further, her own lips moving in response, mirroring his pace. The kiss was unhurried, each moment savoured, as if they were writing a story with every touch, every breath.

As they pulled back slightly, their foreheads rested together, their breaths mingling in the quiet. Kafka's thumb traced slow circles on her cheek, his gaze soft yet filled with a depth that made her chest tighten.

"I love you, Nina...I love you with all my heart and so much more." He whispered, his voice barely audible, but the sincerity in his tone wrapped around her like a warm embrace.

Her lips curved into a small, shy smile, her fingers still resting on his shoulders as she whispered back, "So do I, Kafka...More than you can ever know."

The moment lingered, their connection palpable in the silence. The kiss wasn't just a kiss—it was a culmination of everything they had shared, a physical manifestation of the trust, passion, and affection that bound them together. And it left her feeling cherished, seen, and wholly his in a way she had never experienced before...

Chapter 497: Caught In The Act

Nina sat on Kafka's lap, her arms wrapped loosely around his neck as her lips moved softly against his. The world around them faded into a blissful haze, the warmth of her touch making every other thought vanish. Her breathing was shallow, her verdant cheeks glowing with embarrassment and excitement.

But then—

"NINA!"

The warm, intimate atmosphere behind the counter shattered like glass at the sharp, grating sound of someone yelling.

Nina froze mid-kiss, her eyes snapping open in panic. Her face, once flushed with the warmth of the moment, drained of all color.

Kafka blinked, his expression shifting from mild confusion to irritation as he turned toward the source of the interruption.

A skinny man with glasses stormed into view, his movements sharp and awkward, his face twisted in a mix of anger and self-righteous indignation. The slight figure barreled toward them with a determination that made his wiry frame seem almost threatening. His eyes locked on Kafka and Nina, his fists clenched so tightly his knuckles looked like they were going to snap.

Nina slid off Kafka's lap, trembling slightly, her verdant cheeks now pale. Her lips parted, but no sound came out as she stared at the approaching figure in a mix of fear and dread.

Kafka's voice cut through the tension like a knife. "Who's this clown?" His tone was calm, almost amused, though a flicker of annoyance lingered in his eyes.

Nina finally found her voice, though it came out as a weak whisper.

"That's... That's my husband."

Kafka blinked, then let out a low, almost imperceptible chuckle, leaning back in his chair and holding Nina even tighter with an air of casual defiance.

"Your husband, huh?" His lips curled into a sly smile as he cast a glance at the trembling Nina. "Don't worry, Nina." He said smoothly, his tone calm but confident. "I'll handle this."

His words seemed to soothe Nina instantly, her trembling subsiding as she clung to his steady presence. Her wide, frightened eyes softened slightly as she looked at him, realising just how much she depended on Kafka in moments like this.

The contrast struck her deeply—she was the older one, the one who should have been composed, yet here she was, relying on his confidence to shield her.

Meanwhile, the bespectacled man closed the distance, his glare locked on Kafka with an intensity that suggested he might try to throw a punch. But Kafka didn't flinch. If anything, his relaxed demeanour seemed to irritate the man further.

"What the hell do you think you're doing with my wife?" The man stopped a few feet away, his voice sharp and trembling.

Nina, startled, scrambled to her feet, her lips parting to speak. Her hands shook slightly, but before she could utter a word, Kafka glanced at her, his eyes calm but commanding.

It was a look that said: Sit down...I've got this.

Nina froze, her resolve melting under his steady gaze. Slowly, almost like an obedient lamb, she sank back onto the chair, her fingers curling into the fabric of her skirt. Her gaze dropped, and she bit her lip, unsure of what would happen next.

Seeing that Nina was following his words, Kafka turned his attention back to the man, a low chuckle escaping him as he tapped his fingers against the counter. "Your wife?" He asked, his tone light, almost mocking. "Funny. Nina's never mentioned having a husband...Not to mention one who looks like a baboon."

The man's face twisted in irritation. "What are you even saying?" He snapped, his fists trembling at his sides, while Nina was caught off guard by his comment and was trying her best to hold her laugh in.

Kafka shrugged casually, the picture of calm in the face of fury.

"I mean, how am I supposed to know you're really her husband and not some crazy person off the street?...People say all sorts of things." He smirked, his words deliberately poking at the man's fragile confidence. "Couldn't you just be making it up?"

The bespectacled man's mouth opened and closed for a moment, like a fish gasping for air, before he managed to stammer out, "You can—You can just ask her!"

He turned to Nina, pointing a shaky finger at her.

"Nina! Tell him! Tell him I'm your husband!"

All eyes turned to Nina. She sat rigidly in her chair, her head bowed low as her fingers twisted together in her lap. Her lips pressed into a thin line, and her chest rose and fell unevenly.

For a moment, the silence was deafening.

But when she finally lifted her gaze, there was no fire, no defiance—only sadness. Her voice was a whisper, but it carried enough weight to still the air around them as she slowly uttered,

"This is... This is the first time in years you've called me your wife."

The man froze, his accusatory hand dropping to his side. His expression faltered, his face shifting from anger to confusion and something that almost resembled guilt.

Kafka tilted his head, his smirk softening as he crossed his arms. "Huh." He muttered, his voice low but sharp. "You know, for a guy claiming her as his wife, you sure don't seem to act like it."

Nina's eyes remained on her lap, her voice quiet but steady as she added, "You've never... introduced me that way to anyone before."

The man took a step back, his composure visibly cracking. "I... I just didn't think it was necessary, since you know everyone else already knows you are." He muttered defensively, his earlier bravado slipping.

Kafka leaned forward slightly, his sharp gaze locking onto the man like a predator sizing up its prey. "Necessary?" He repeated, his tone dripping with disbelief. "You're married to a wonderful woman like Nina, who's like a rare treasure in this filthy world, and you don't think it's necessary to let the world know?" He shook his head, a low chuckle escaping him. "Man, you've got some priorities."

Nina's cheeks flushed, but this time it wasn't just embarrassment—it was something deeper, a flicker of pride at Kafka's words. For once, someone was standing up for her, making her feel like she mattered.

It was a feeling she hadn't had in years.

Nina glanced at Kafka again, her heart tightening as she watched him. Despite the growing tension in the air, he remained calm and composed, a faint smile playing on his lips as though none of this could faze him.

It struck her deeply how unshakeable he was, how safe he made her feel in a situation that would have otherwise been unbearable. It made her realise just how much she leaned on him—how much he had become her anchor in a storm she'd been weathering alone.

Kafka's sharp eyes shifted to the man's hand, and he tilted his head slightly. "You know..." He said casually, his voice carrying an air of playful curiosity. "I really can't blame myself for thinking you're not her husband."

The man blinked, caught off guard. "What are you talking about?"

Kafka gestured toward his left hand with a smirk and said, "I mean, you call Nina your wife, but you don't even have a wedding ring on, which is supposed to be the material bond of your marriage."

The man stiffened, his face twisting in sudden realization. His right hand shot up to cover his left, hiding the glaring absence of a ring. But it was too late—Nina had already seen it.

Her eyes flicked down to her own hand, where her wedding ring sat coldly against her skin. She rubbed it absently, a pang of sadness settling in her chest.

'What use is it when my own husband doesn't even care to wear his?' She thought bitterly.

Kafka then started playing with Nina's thighs under the counter to Nina's shock, his smirk widening. "And it's not just the ring." He continued, his tone light but biting. "Do you have any evidence that you're actually married to her? A photo? A video? Maybe some cute couple texts? Anything that proves you've spent time together and actually, you know...like her?"

The man's mouth opened, but no sound came out. His eyes darted to the floor, then back to Kafka, his irritation now replaced with a flicker of panic. "I don't need to prove anything?" He exclaimed defensively.

"Oh?" Kafka raised an eyebrow, clearly unimpressed. "Because from where I'm sitting, the only evidence you've got is Nina saying you're her husband...And I don't know, man. That's not looking too good right now."

Nina's breath hitched as Kafka's words settled over the room. She stole a glance at her husband, whose face had turned a pale shade of red as he scrambled for an answer. But the truth was painfully clear—he didn't have anything.

No photos. No videos. No loving texts...Nothing that showed any sign of a bond between them.

The realisation stung more than she thought it would. 'How did it get this bad?' She wondered, her thumb brushing over her wedding ring.

She couldn't remember the last time he'd taken a picture with her or even asked how her day was. The only messages they exchanged were about money or logistics—cold, distant exchanges that made her stomach churn.

Her mind involuntarily drifted to Kafka. The contrast was glaring.

In just a short time, she'd shared more laughs, more conversations, and more meaningful moments with him than she ever had with her husband. Her phone was filled with hundreds of messages from Kafka—playful banter, thoughtful check-ins, silly photos he'd sent just to make her smile.

Her gallery had more pictures of Kafka than of herself. And now, sitting here in this tense moment, she couldn't shake the thought that Kafka felt more like her partner than her husband ever had.

Her cheeks flushed at the realisation, and she quickly looked down, trying to steady her breathing. Kafka, still stroking her plump thighs secretly with his signature smirk, glanced at her and gave her a subtle, reassuring nod, as if to remind her he was there.

But the moment was shattered when her husband's voice cut through the air like a whip, sharp and trembling with frustration when he noticed the situation going out of his control, when he was clearly in the right here after catching his wife cuddling with another man.

"Listen here, you little shit!" He spat, his fists clenching at his sides. "This has nothing to do with you. You've got no business interfering in what happens between me and my wife, so scamper off to whatever hole you crawled out from!"

Nina's head snapped, her eyes narrowing. The audacity of her husband's words sent a wave of indignation through her.

As much as she liked to scold Kafka herself, hearing someone else insult him—especially her husband—made her blood boil.

Chapter 498: Don't Call Her Your Wife

"What did you just call him?" She hissed, her voice laced with disbelief. Her hands trembled, but her anger pushed her forward.

Her anger even affected her husband who was shocked when he saw his wife who was always silent and easy going with him no matter how much he ignored her or how much money he asked from her.

He thought that she would always be like that in front of me even though he knew that she had a reputation of beating up people who disrespect her. But to his surprise she was currently looking like some kind of hooligan she wanted to beat and that to, for the sake of some boy she was having some 'fun' with.

"If you've got a problem, you can take it up with me! Leave Kafka out of—"

But before Nina could go on a full rant and maybe even lift her husband up by his collar because of her mean temper, she stopped mid-sentence because something in the air changed.

The warmth of the lobby seemed to drain away in an instant, replaced by an oppressive chill that made her shiver. The atmosphere grew heavy, thick with a tension she couldn't explain. It was as though the room itself was holding its breath.

Nina's heart thudded against her chest as she turned her head slowly toward Kafka, drawn by the ominous weight that seemed to radiate from his direction.

He hadn't moved from his relaxed position, but the change in him was undeniable.

The teasing smile that had always been a hallmark of his expression was gone, replaced by something cold and unyielding. His eyes, which were usually warm and playful, were now dark—abysmal pools of shadow that seemed to swallow all the light in the room. His expression was calm, but it carried the weight of something ancient, something terrifying.

It was as if death itself had taken form, staring down her husband with an intensity that sent shivers up Nina's spine. Her breath caught, and her hands gripped the chair she was sitting on for support.

Her husband also visibly flinched, taking an involuntary step back. The colour drained from his face, his earlier bravado faltering under Kafka's unrelenting gaze. His lips parted to speak, but no sound came out.

The silence in the room stretched out, heavy and oppressive. Nina held her breath, unsure of what Kafka would do next. He remained seated, still leaning casually against the counter, but there was something about the look in his eyes—calm yet chilling, like a predator deciding whether to strike.

Finally, he spoke, his voice low and even, but carrying an edge sharp enough to cut through steel.

"First of all." He began, his dark gaze fixed on the trembling man in front of him. "I'm not a big fan of being looked down upon or being cursed out." He paused for effect, his words hanging in the air like a loaded threat. "In fact, usually, if someone does that, I make it a point to scrape their face across the floor."

The man visibly paled, his eyes widening in shock as he instinctively took a step back. The confidence and anger he had displayed moments earlier were rapidly dissolving into fear.

"But," Kafka continued, his tone softening slightly, though his eyes remained cold, "since Nina is here, I'll let it slide. Just this once." His gaze flickered briefly toward Nina, his expression warming ever so slightly. The gesture, subtle as it was, made her chest tighten. Her lips parted in surprise, her heart skipping a beat at the thought that he was reigning himself in—for her.

Kafka's focus shifted back to the man, his voice growing harder again. "Secondly." He said, leaning forward slightly, "I don't like hearing you call Nina, your wife."

The man blinked, his confusion mingling with fear as he exclaimed in frustration, "What are you talking about? She is my wife!"

Kafka's eyes narrowed, his voice taking on a sharper edge. "No, she's Nina." He said firmly. "If you want to refer to her, call her by her name. Not 'my wife.' Because let's be honest—you haven't done a damn thing that a husband is supposed to do."

The man's lips twitched as though he wanted to argue, but the weight of Kafka's words and the cold intensity of his stare seemed to paralyse him. He glanced at Nina briefly, as though searching for some support, but her gaze was fixed on the floor, her expression unreadable.

"I mean it." Kafka continued, his voice calm but unyielding. "From now on, it's Nina. Not 'my wife.'...Do you understand?"

Nina's breath hitched as she looked up, her heart racing. There was no way her husband would agree to such a demand. No matter how distant their relationship was, he would surely draw the line here—surely, he would fight back.

But to her shock, he said nothing. His shoulders slumped slightly, and he simply averted his gaze, his lips pressing into a thin line. It wasn't an agreement, but it wasn't a refusal either.

It was silence—cowardice.

Her heart sank. She had expected anger, defiance, something to show that he cared enough to fight for her, even if it was misguided. But this...This was worse. This was resignation. Fear...A complete lack of effort.

She swallowed hard, her fingers curling into fists in her lap. The realisation hit her like a punch to the gut—he wasn't even willing to stand up for her. Not even to challenge Kafka's words.

A pang of guilt twisted in her chest. She had wanted her husband to fight for her, to show her she mattered, even if only a little. But instead, the man she had spent years with stood there, silent and defeated, while another man—the one she wasn't supposed to lean on—spoke and acted as if he were her true protector.

Kafka tilted his head in an amused manner, his smile returning as though the confrontation had been nothing more than a minor inconvenience.

"Glad we're on the same page." He said casually, even though the dark gleam in his eyes hadn't entirely disappeared.

Nina looked at him, her heart heavy with conflicting emotions.

Gratitude, guilt, frustration, and a deep, growing admiration for Kafka all tangled together, leaving her unsure of what to say. All she knew was that in this moment, she felt more valued by the man sitting calmly beside her than she had ever felt with the one standing before her.

But the man's silence wasn't just surprising to Nina—it was baffling to Kafka as well.

Kafka tilted his head slightly, narrowing his eyes as he studied the trembling figure before him. To be honest, he had expected some resistance, maybe even a half-hearted attempt at bravado.

After all, even under the weight of his aura as the 'Incarnate of Lust', most men managed to summon at least a token effort to fight back.

Sure, they were wary of him—Kafka had long since learnt that his presence made other men instinctively uncomfortable, a primal fear of something they couldn't quite place—but not to the point of complete submission.

Yet here he was, watching as the man lowered his head, his shoulders slumping in defeat. It wasn't just fear—though Kafka could see that clearly in the way his hands trembled at his sides—it was apathy.

A complete unwillingness to even attempt to stand his ground for his wife.

Nina's husband wasn't scared for her. He wasn't even scared because of her. He was scared for himself, unwilling to put himself in harm's way, even if it meant defending her.

Kafka's eyes darkened, a quiet chuckle escaping his lips. 'So that's how it is.' He thought, a mixture of disdain and amusement curling in his chest. 'You can't even be bothered to fight for her, can you?'

The realisation only made his desire to steal her away burn brighter.

If this man couldn't value Nina—couldn't even muster the effort to claim her properly—then why should he get to keep her?

Kafka's calm smile returned, slow and deliberate. He relaxed himself against the chair, his gaze shifting momentarily to Nina, who was staring at the floor with a mix of sadness and disbelief. Her usual fierce demeanour replaced by a quiet, vulnerable stillness.

The sight tugged at something deep within Kafka, a possessive edge sharpening in his chest.

'She deserves better than this' He thought, his jaw tightening slightly. 'And if he won't fight for her, then I will.'

He turned his attention back to the man, his voice breaking the heavy silence. "That's it, then?" He asked, his tone calm but carrying an undertone of mockery. "You're just going to stand there, bow your head, and give up?"

The man flinched but said nothing, his gaze firmly fixed on the ground.

Kafka chuckled again, though there was no humour in the sound. "You know..." He continued, his voice smooth and deliberate. "I expected at least a little fight from you. A spark of something—pride, anger, anything. But I guess I was giving you too much credit."

The man's jaw tightened, but he still didn't look up. The sight only deepened Kafka's disdain.

"Pathetic." Kafka muttered under his breath, the word more for himself than anyone else. Then, louder, he added, "If you can't even stand up for her, what makes you think you deserve to call her your wife?"

The man's silence was damning, and Kafka could see Nina shift slightly in his peripheral vision, her shoulders tensing as the weight of Kafka's words hit her.

He softened his gaze slightly, glancing at her as if to remind her he was still there for her. And in that moment, Kafka made a silent decision: he wouldn't just protect Nina—he'd make sure she never had to feel this kind of neglect or insignificance again and would make her feel like the most cherished woman to ever exist...

Chapter 499: I'm Basically Her Little Brother

Kafka let out a soft sigh, shaking his head as if the entire exchange had bored him. He rocked himself on the chair, crossing his arms lazily.

"You know." He began, his tone lighter but still laced with an undercurrent of authority. "I really can't be bothered to keep talking about this." He paused, letting his words linger before continuing with a sly grin. "But in case you misunderstood what you walked in on..."

Nina's husband stiffened, his eyes narrowing in wary anticipation.

"I was simply blowing something out of Nina's eye and not anything else." Kafka said casually, his expression completely composed as though the explanation were the most natural thing in the world.

Nina's head whipped toward him, her eyes wide with disbelief. She hated lying—it was against every fiber of her being. She had always been someone who would rather face the consequences of the truth than resort to deceit. But Kafka's calm, confident tone and the subtle glance he gave her made her pause. He wasn't asking her to lie for the sake of lying—he was protecting her, diffusing the situation in a way only he could.

She bit her lips as her gaze darted between Kafka and her husband, who was staring at them both with a mixture of suspicion and fear.

Finally, after swallowing her pride, Nina gave a frantic nod, her cheeks burning as she reluctantly went along with Kafka's explanation. "Y-Yeah." She stammered, her voice trembling slightly. "Something got in my eye. And Kafka here was just helping me get it out."

Her husband's expression twisted, his lips parting as though he wanted to argue. But his gaze kept flickering back to Kafka, and the fear that lingered in his eyes was palpable. He hesitated, his hand twitching at his side.

"Then...Then why was she sitting on your lap?" He finally asked, his voice thin and uncertain.

Kafka didn't miss a beat. "Better position." He said calmly, as if the answer were obvious. He shrugged nonchalantly, a faint smirk playing on his lips. "I needed to get close enough to see what was in her eye. And this seemed like the most efficient way."

Nina's breath stopped for a second, her heart pounding as she resisted the urge to bury her face in her hands. The sheer audacity of his words left her speechless, but what baffled her more was how easily he said them, as though there wasn't a single flaw in his reasoning.

Her husband blinked, his suspicion wavering. He opened his mouth to speak again but faltered, the weight of Kafka's presence bearing down on him. He looked between Kafka and Nina, his expression conflicted.

At first, he had been so certain of what he'd seen, but now...Now he wasn't so sure. Kafka's calm confidence and Nina's uncharacteristic nod of agreement had planted seeds of doubt in his mind, and his fear of Kafka's imposing aura didn't help matters.

"I-I." He stammered, his fists clenching and unclenching at his sides. "That's...I mean..."

Kafka raised an eyebrow, his smirk widening slightly. "You mean to say you're doubting her?" His tone was deceptively light, but the sharp edge beneath it was unmistakable.

The man flinched, taking a small step back. "N-No, I'm not saying that." He muttered defensively, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Good." Kafka said, his smile taking on a colder edge. "Because if there's one thing you should know by now, it's that Nina doesn't lie. So if she says that's what happened, then that's exactly what happened."

Nina's eyes darted to Kafka, her chest tightening at his words. She wasn't sure if he was praising her or setting her up for more flustered embarrassment, but either way, he was making her feel more guilty for going against her principles.

Her husband, on the other hand, looked utterly defeated. His shoulders slumped, and he cast his gaze to the floor.

"Fine." He muttered, his tone laced with reluctance. "If...If that's what happened."

Nina's husband then hesitated, his brows furrowing as he glanced between Nina and Kafka. His earlier anger was now tempered by something else entirely: confusion.

He couldn't understand why someone as young as Kafka—practically a kid in his eyes—could radiate such an unnerving presence. There was something about him, something intangible yet suffocating, that made him wary, even terrified, to speak out of line again. He swallowed hard, his gaze dropping briefly before flickering back up to Kafka, like he couldn't decide whether to challenge or avoid him.

Kafka, ever perceptive, caught the hesitation and smirked. Leaning casually against the counter, he broke the silence with a tone so light it almost felt dismissive. "If you're wondering who I am, I'm someone Nina here once proclaimed as her little brother."

"Little brother?" The man blinked, visibly caught off guard.

"That's right." Kafka said smoothly, his smirk deepening. "The same little brother who's been helping his dear older sister run this hot spring. Things got a little hectic for her today. So naturally, I stepped in to make her life easier." He turned his gaze toward Nina, his expression unreadable but his tone laced with playful mischief. "Isn't that right, Nina?"

Nina froze, her entire body stiffening. Her cheeks flushed a deep red, and she felt her heart stutter in her chest. Little brother.

At one time, it wasn't far from the truth. When Kafka had first entered her life, his playful energy and youthful charisma had felt reminiscent of a younger sibling. She had even thought of him that way, scolding him and teasing him like an older sister would. But after everything they'd been through—the way he made her feel safe, the way her heart raced when he smiled at her, the way his mere presence turned her world upside down and the spicy moments they had with one another—it felt impossible to think of him as a "little brother" anymore.

And yet, with her husband and Kafka both staring at her, she felt trapped. The weight of Kafka's teasing gaze, the silent urging in his expression, made her even more flustered. She swallowed hard, her fingers nervously twisting the edge of her pants.

"Y-Yeah." She finally stammered, her voice barely audible. "That's...That's right."

Kafka's smirk widened slightly, his expression softening ever so subtly. "See?" He said, his voice carrying a casual air of triumph. "I'm just the helpful little brother, doing what I can to support my sister. Nothing more, nothing less."

The man's frown deepened, his confusion growing. He looked between Nina, who was avoiding his gaze, and Kafka, who looked completely at ease, and felt the pit in his stomach tighten. His instincts told him there was more to this situation than met the eye, but the unspoken fear Kafka instilled in him kept him from digging deeper.

Nina, meanwhile, sat frozen, her cheeks burning with a mix of embarrassment and something she couldn't quite place. 'Little brother.' She thought again, her heart sinking as the words rang hollow.

It wasn't that simple anymore, and the knot tightening in her chest reminded her of just how complicated it had all become.

Kafka's smirk widened as he played with silver balls that had gone on one hell of a adventure, his sharp eyes fixed on the man in front of him. "Alright." He said, his voice calm but tinged with playful mockery. "I think I've answered enough of your questions...Now it's your turn, Mr Husband. Why exactly are you here?"

The man opened his mouth, but Kafka didn't give him a chance to respond. "I mean, you've interrupted—" He paused, catching himself mid-sentence, and his smirk faltered for just a split second. 'Interrupted what? My private time with Nina, your his wife I was going to start kissing again?' That sounded all wrong, even in his head. He quickly adjusted, his expression smooth once again as he continued, "—a very busy day for her. So what's so important that you couldn't wait?"

The man's brows furrowed, irritation flashing in his eyes. He grit his teeth, and for a moment, he looked like he was going to snap back.

But then his gaze met Kafka's—those sharp, unrelenting eyes—and his bravado crumbled. He shifted uncomfortably, his fingers twitching at his sides.

'Why does this kid make me feel like I'm staring down a predator?'

And finally after realising he didn't dare to retaliate, his shoulders tensed, and with a faint huff of frustration, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a small stack of papers along with a pen.

"I need her to sign these." He said, his tone curt. He glanced at Nina, avoiding Kafka's gaze entirely. "Some accounting documents. It's important, and I don't have much time, so just sign it quickly."

Seeing the papers that were handed to her, Nina reached for them, her expression calm, almost indifferent, as she took the pen from her husband's outstretched hand.

Kafka watched as the papers were passed, his sharp eyes narrowing slightly as he wondered what exactly they were about. He was also expecting Nina to at least glance at the documents, maybe ask a question or two.

After all, Nina was the kind of person who cared about her reputation and business, someone who cared about what she put her name on. Surely, she'll read it first, he thought.

But to his disbelief, she didn't.

Nina simply nodded at her husband's vague explanation, positioning the papers neatly in front of her without a second glance. Her pen hovered over the page, poised to sign as if it were a mere formality.

Kafka's smirk faded, replaced by a flicker of confusion and something else—disbelief. 'What is she doing?' He thought, his mind racing.

Even her husband, standing across from her, looked visibly relieved, his earlier tension melting away. He practically leaned forward, eager to snatch the signed papers back as soon as the ink touched the page.

Chapter 500: I Don't Want To Disappoint You

But just as Nina's pen began to descend, a voice—low, cold, and razor-sharp—sliced through the air.

"Stop it, Nina...What exactly do you think you're doing right now?"

The word was quiet, but it carried a weight that froze both Nina and her husband in place. The pen in her hand faltered, hovering just above the paper.

Slowly, hesitantly, she turned her head, as did her husband. Their gazes landed on Kafka, who was no longer casually sitting on the chair.

He stood straight, looking like he was towering over them, his expression dark and unyielding. The playful smirk that usually adorned his face was gone, replaced by something much more menacing.

And suprisingly his eyes, sharp and piercing, were locked onto Nina...Not her husband this time, but her. There was no trace of warmth in his gaze, only a cold intensity that made her breath hasten.

"K-Kafka?" Nina stammered, her voice trembling slightly.

She had seen him intimidating others before—seen the way he reduced her husband to a quivering mess just moments ago—but she had never felt that sharp, suffocating focus directed at herself.

Her husband took a step back, his earlier relief evaporating as he looked between Kafka and Nina. The fear he had felt before returned, stronger than ever. He wanted to say something, to demand an explanation, but the sheer presence Kafka exuded made his voice catch in his throat.

Kafka's tone was calm, but there was an icy edge to it that sent shivers down Nina's spine.

"Nina, are you just going to sign it? Just like that? Without reading a single word?"

Nina blinked, her cheeks flushing in embarrassment. "I-I mean, yes, s-since he said it's just accounting documents." She said softly, as if that were explanation enough. "It's not—"

"It's not what?" Kafka interrupted, his voice in a tone that resembled her father berating her when she got into needless fights when she was young. "Not worth looking over? Not worth questioning?" He tilted his head slightly, his gaze unwavering. "Do you trust the man who couldn't bother to think of you for a second that much, Nina?...Enough to sign something without knowing what it is, when you hold you have your mother's single inheritance in your name?"

Her husband opened his mouth to protest, but Kafka's sharp gaze snapped to him, silencing him instantly. The man's lips pressed into a thin line, his hands clenching at his sides. He didn't dare speak, too rattled by the sudden shift in Kafka's demeanor.

Nina's grip on the pen tightened, her confidence wavering under Kafka's intense scrutiny. "I just...I didn't think—"

"That's the problem." Kafka said, his voice soft but filled with disappointment. "You didn't think."

The weight of his words hit her like a punch to the gut. She looked down at the papers, her earlier certainty dissolving into doubt. The ease with which she had been about to sign now felt reckless, foolish even.

She had been so used to taking her husband's requests at face value, so used to avoiding confrontation, that she hadn't even considered questioning him.

"Give them to me." Kafka said, his hand extending toward her. It wasn't a request—it was a command.

Nina hesitated, glancing at her husband, who looked like he wanted to protest but didn't dare to. Slowly, she slid the papers toward Kafka, her hand trembling slightly.

Kafka took them, his movements deliberate and precise, and began to scan the pages. The room was silent, the tension thick enough to cut with a knife.

Nina watched him nervously, her heart pounding in her chest as her earlier embarrassment gave way to a gnawing sense of guilt.

Her husband shifted uncomfortably, his eyes darting between Kafka and the papers. For the first time, he looked genuinely uneasy, as though the act of having someone else scrutinize the documents was a risk he hadn't anticipated.

Finally, as Kafka finished the last page, he slowly lowered the papers, his dark eyes locking onto the man in front of him. The look he gave wasn't just cold—it was utterly terrifying, like he was peeling back every layer of pretense to see straight into the man's soul. It was the kind of look that made people squirm, and sure enough, Nina's husband took a step back, his face pale.

"You know." Kafka said to the man, his tone deceptively calm. "I almost didn't believe you had the guts to try something like this."

The man froze, his breath hitching. "I-I don't know what you're talking about." He stammered, his voice trembling.

Kafka didn't respond. He just held that icy gaze for a moment longer before turning to Nina.

The coldness in his expression shifted slightly. But it wasn't enough to hide the disappointment etched into his features.

Nina flinched as their eyes met. Her chest tightened. She had never seen Kafka look at her like this...Not with teasing...Not with amusement.

But with a sternness that made her heart ache.

Her heart beated in her chest as she looked down since she was unable to meet his gaze any longer.

She wasn't upset because of what he had said before...No. It was something far worse.

She hated herself for disappointing him. The thought of Kafka looking down on her. Of him losing faith in her. It made her stomach twist painfully.

'How could I be so careless?' She berated herself. Biting her lip hard enough to sting. 'How could I make him look at me like that?'

When ears pricked at the corners of her eyes, she blinked rapidly...She willed them away.

But the lump in her throat only grew as the silence stretched on. She was so consumed by her own guilt that she didn't notice Kafka's expression softening.

He had been about to speak. His words were poised to scold her again.

But the moment he saw the glimmer of unshed tears in her eyes. His resolve faltered....Nina.

It hit him then. How harsh he had been. He hadn't meant to hurt her. Not like this. He was just so frustrated by the situation. By her husband's audacity. By the thought of her being taken advantage of. But seeing her like this. So vulnerable. It made his chest tighten in a completely different way.

"Hey." His voice softened. But Nina didn't look up.

She was too busy berating herself internally. She tried to summon the courage to apologize...To own up to her mistake. And to beg him not to hate her.

But before she could say a word. She felt it.

A warm, gentle hand stroking the top of her head. The motion was so unexpected. So tender. It froze her in place. Her nose was runny as she slowly looked up. Her teary eyes met Kafka's.

He wasn't scowling anymore. The gloominess in his gaze had melted into something softer. Something warmer. His lips curved into a small, lopsided smile as he continued to stroke her head. His touch was careful and reassuring.

And then finally he let out a soft chuckle. He tilted his head to the side as he looked at Nina. "Why do you look like you're about to cry, Nina?" He teased. His voice was light and playful. Though his eyes carried a flicker of concern. "Come on, Nina. It'd be so embarrassing if one of the neighborhood aunties saw the fierce Nina tearing up behind the counter, so you better wipe those tears off your face."

Nina sniffed. Her hands brushed against her cheeks as if to prove she wasn't crying. Though her watery eyes betrayed her. "I'm not crying." She stammered. Her voice trembled slightly. "I-It's just...I don't like the idea of letting you down." She said to Kafka's confusion.

Her voice grew quieter as she continued to explain. Her gaze dropped to the floor. "I know I'm not perfect, Kafka. I make mistakes. I do things without thinking sometimes...And, well, I know no one really wants someone like me, which was the reason I got an arranged marriage and not one where I actually fell in love with someone before marrying them." She hesitated. Her fingers nervously twisted into her thighs. She then looked up at Kafka with hopeful eyes and continued saying, "But...B-But you...You're willing to stay by my side. Even when you don't have to. Even when it's not easy and when you have so many better options out there waiting for you."

Kafka's teasing smirk faded. Replaced by a softer, more thoughtful expression. He stayed quiet. Letting her speak. His posture shifting slightly to lean closer.

"And because of that..." Nina went on. Her voice cracking slightly. "I...I wanted to be better. I want to be the best version of myself for you. But then I go and do something stupid like this. And..." She swallowed hard. Blinking back the tears that threatened to fall. "...And I can't help but feel like I've disappointed you."

Her words came out in a rush now. Pouring from her as if a dam had broken. "I don't care what anyone else thinks of me. Not my husband. Not the aunties. No one. But you...You've been there for me. Protecting me. Believing in me. And if I let you down, Kafka, I—" Her voice hitched. And she stopped herself taking a shaky breath.

She turned her head slightly. Not even glancing at her husband. Who stood frozen. His expression caught between disbelief and anger.

For Nina, in this moment. Kafka was the only person who mattered. Her husband's presence was nothing more than background noise...A shadow at the edge of her awareness.