

## God of Milfs 561

### Chapter 561: I'll Suck Them Dry

Camila stood there, her usually cool, composed demeanor shattered. A vivid flush crept up her neck and bloomed across her cheeks, painting her face in a shade of red she couldn't hide.

Her lips parted, but no sharp comeback, no biting retort slipped out. Instead, she stammered—a rare, faltering sound from someone who always had the upper hand.

"W-What are you talking about, Kafka?" she managed, her voice cracking slightly as she tried to regain her footing. "What...What babies?"

Kafka, sensing her unraveling, didn't miss a beat. He leaned in closer, his breath warm against her ear, that infuriating smirk still plastered across his face.

"Of course..." He murmured. "The babies we'll have in the future. Obviously."

Camila's eyes widened, her breath catching in her throat. She tried to step back, to put some distance between them, but her legs felt oddly unsteady, as she could feel the heat rising in her body.

"And you know..." Kafka continued, his tone light but laced with that same taunting edge. "Once I knock you up, Camila, those already big plump and fat breasts of yours?...They're gonna get even bigger." He paused for effect, letting the words hang in the air as her flush deepened. "They'll swell up so much, Camila—practically bursting until your nipples leak milk and drench your entire bra. You won't even know what to do with yourself."

Camila's breath hitched, her eyes wide with a mixture of disbelief and a strange, unwelcome flutter in her stomach. Kafka, sensing her disarray, pressed his advantage, his voice a low, seductive hum.

"But you don't have to feel ashamed about overlactating and making a mess of yourself." He murmured, his fingers tracing the delicate curve of her collarbone, sending shivers down her spine. "It's only natural that your body would want to provide an abundance of food for our babies."

His hand moved lower, his fingers lightly brushing against the swell of her breast. Camila gasped, her body tensing, a wave of heat washing over her. His touch was feather-light, yet it sent a jolt of electricity through her, making her breath catch in her throat.

"And those beautiful breasts..." He continued, his voice dropping to a husky whisper, his thumb tracing a slow, tantalizing circle against the place where her areola was. "...They'll be bursting with milk, so full and ripe..." He cupped her breasts, gently testing the weight, his touch sending a tremor through her. "...Perfect for our little ones."

Kafka then leaned closer, his breath warm against her ear, his words a seductive caress.

"And you also don't have to worry about leaking all the time." He whispered, his voice laced with a playful, almost possessive tone. "I'll do my duties as a proper husband. I'll suckle you whenever you need it, decrease the volume, keep everything...manageable."

He paused, his lips brushing against her earlobe, sending another wave of shivers through her. "Just think of it as...a delicious chore." He murmured, his voice a low, suggestive rumble. "A way for me to connect with my children and share something special with them." His hand tightened slightly, his thumb tracing a slow, deliberate path across her nipple, sending a jolt of pure, unadulterated sensation through her.

Camila's heart raced, her eyes fluttering closed for a brief, disoriented moment. She felt a strange mix of emotions swirling within her—shock, embarrassment, a flicker of something dangerously close to desire.

She knew she should push him away, tell him to stop, but her body seemed to have a mind of its own, responding to his touch with an alarming eagerness. She was trapped, caught between her pride and the undeniable pull of his presence, his touch, his words.

Kafka's grin widened as he pulled back just enough to meet her gaze, his eyes glinting with triumph and something darker. "And wherever you need help, Camila..." He said, his voice smooth and assured. "I'll be there to help you out. No matter the time, no matter the place." He tilted his head, his fingers still lingering near her chest, brushing lightly as if to remind her of their earlier contact. "You won't have to worry about a thing."

Camila swallowed hard, her throat dry, her mind scrambling for a retort but finding none. "W-What do you mean, 'wherever'?" She managed, her voice shaky and breathless, a weak attempt to claw back some control.

Kafka's smirk turned downright wicked, his eyes gleaming as he leaned in again, his voice dropping into a filthy, elaborate drawl that made her pulse race.

"Oh, I mean everywhere, Camila. Imagine it say you're in the kitchen, cooking something sweet, and you feel that ache, that heaviness building up." His hand ghosted over her breast again, a teasing mimicry of his words. "I'll just come up behind you, slip my hands under your apron, and take care of it right there—sucking slow and deep while you try to focus on stirring whatever's on the stove, your nipples dripping into my mouth until you're trembling."

Her breath stopped again, louder this time, her cheeks burning as the vivid image flooded her mind against her will. She opened her mouth to protest, but he pressed on, relentless.

"Or maybe..." He continued, his voice a low growl now. "We're out in public—some boring little outing—and you start leaking through that pretty blouse of yours. I'll pull you into the nearest alley, pin you against the wall, and bury my face in your chest, sucking hard until you're biting your lip to keep quiet, your thighs squeezing together because you can't help how good it feels." He chuckled, the sound dark and rich, as his fingers brushed her neck, trailing down just enough to make her shiver. "I'll lick every drop, Camila, make sure you're not wasting a single bit."

Her knees felt weak, her body traitorously warm as his words painted scene after filthy scene. She tried to glare at him, to muster some shred of defiance, but all that came out was a faint. "T-That's so naughty, Kafka..."

He ignored her feeble protest, his grin widening as he leaned closer still, his lips hovering near her neck.

"Oh, and don't get me started on the bedroom." He purred, his voice thick with promise. "Late at night, you're lying there, all swollen and needy, milk soaking the sheets because you can't hold it in anymore. I'll climb over you, take those gorgeous tits in my hands, and suck them dry—slow and thorough, my tongue swirling around your nipples until you're moaning my name, begging me not to stop." He pulled back just enough to meet her eyes, his gaze smoldering. "And I won't stop, Camila. Not until you're empty and panting, completely satisfied."

Camila's breath came in shallow, ragged bursts, her body humming with a heat she couldn't deny. She was hornier than she'd ever admit, her thighs pressing together instinctively as her mind spun with the dirty, vivid pictures he'd painted.

"S-Stop it." She stammered, her voice barely above a whisper, lacking the conviction she so desperately wanted. "Just...stop talking."

Kafka tilted his head, his grin softening into something almost tender, though the mischief never left his eyes. "Why?" He teased, his voice low and knowing. "You don't look like you want me to stop. You look like you're imagining it right now—all those places, all those ways I'd take care of you." He reached out, brushing a strand of hair from her flushed face, his touch gentle but electrifying. "Tell me I'm wrong."

She couldn't. Her lips parted, but no words came, only a soft, involuntary whimper that made his smirk widen. She was a mess—hot, flustered, and teetering on the edge of something she couldn't name, all because of him and his filthy, relentless mouth.

Kafka, having successfully diverted Camila's potential volcanic eruption into a simmering, flustered heat, placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

He'd managed to turn her from a woman on the verge of unleashing her full fury into a picture of blushing, bewildered acquiescence. He'd always enjoyed pushing her buttons, but this time, he'd walked a particularly fine line, and the thrill of it was undeniable.

His attention then shifted to Nina, who stood slightly apart, her cheeks ablaze. She was a study in stunned disbelief, her eyes wide as she tried to reconcile the image of the ever-composed Camila with the stammering, flustered woman before her.

It was a sight Nina had never witnessed, and it was playing havoc with her usual perception of her best friend. Usually, Camila was the one delivering the sharp retorts and teasing barbs, not the one on the receiving end. And the explicit, vivid scenarios Kafka had painted were playing on a loop in Nina's mind, sending a strange mix of heat and nervous excitement through her.

"Nina." Kafka called out, his voice laced with playful mischief. "Come here, you're missing all the fun."

Nina hesitated, her eyes darting between Kafka and Camila, a flicker of apprehension mixed with undeniable curiosity. She'd been a silent observer, but now she was being drawn into the spotlight.

With a hesitant step, she approached, her gaze fixed on Kafka, who immediately placed a hand on her shoulder, drawing her into the fold. "Don't think you'll be left out." He murmured, his voice low and suggestive, his fingers tracing the line of her collarbone. "You'll be filled with milk soon, too."

Nina's blush deepened, her breath catching in her throat. "W-What?" She stammered, her eyes wide with a mixture of shock and anticipation. "Kafka, what are you even saying? S-Something as shameful as that will never happen!"

Kafka looked momentarily surprised, a flicker of genuine bewilderment crossing his features.

"Oh." He said, his voice laced with a playful, almost teasing tone. "I thought...I thought you'd want a bunch of children with me in the future, Nina. You know, a family...That's why I mentioned you producing milk, too since that's what new mothers do." He paused, his gaze shifting to her, a hint of mock disappointment in his eyes. "But, if you don't really have any desire to have kids, then...well, you can simply tend to the babies Camila and I will have. Become their auntie or something. Spoil them rotten, you know, the fun aunt...I won't force you."

The casual dismissal hit Nina like a physical blow. It was as if a cold hand had gripped her heart. A chaotic whirlwind of thoughts erupted in her mind.

There were countless times, especially when she was alone, tending to the hot springs, when she'd daydreamed about the children she and Kafka would have. She'd pictured them running around, their laughter echoing through the air, their tiny hands tugging at her skirts, and she'd always found herself grinning like an idiot.

So, the idea of being relegated to the role of a distant aunt, watching Camila raise his children, was unbearable. It was a future she couldn't even contemplate.

Panic flared within her, a wildfire of emotion that consumed her usual composure. She couldn't let him think she didn't want his children. The very notion, the idea of him fathering children with another, especially Camila, ignited a primal, possessive fear within her.

She wanted his children, their children, a living proof to their bond, a future forged together. The thought of a life without that possibility was a barren wasteland.

So, ignoring the heat that flushed her cheeks, and the frantic drumbeat of her heart against her ribs, she blurted out, "You're wrong, Kafka! You're wrong! I—I want your children more than anything in the world!"

Her voice, a raw, unguarded plea, echoed through the room, a desperate confession hanging in the charged air.

"M-More than anything." She repeated, her voice softer, yet laced with an intensity that made her eyes gleam. "I dream about it—daydreams woven with the scent of hot springs and the sound of tiny laughter. I picture us, a chaotic, loving tangle of family, our children inheriting your smile and...and my stubbornness."

She stumbled over her words, her hands twisting nervously, as if trying to physically grasp the feelings that threatened to overwhelm her.

"I-I want to carry your children, Kafka. I want to build a world with you, brick by brick, filled with warmth and laughter and the messy, beautiful chaos of family. I want...I want a future where 'us' means more than just us." She paused, her breath catching in her throat as she looked up at him with wide eyes and continued saying, "I want...I want a legacy, a living, breathing testament to the love we share."

She could feel her cheeks burning, her heart pounding against her ribs. Then, with a nervous laugh, she added, her voice barely above a whisper.

"I've even...I've even thought of names. A few, at least." She tried to play it off as a joke, but the blush on her face betrayed her.

A rather intrigued smile spread across Kafka's face. "Oh?" He asked, his voice laced with amusement. "Names, you say? Do tell." He leaned in, his eyes sparkling with curiosity, a playful glint in their depths. "I'm all ears. Don't be shy, Nina. I'm genuinely interested."

Nina's long, pointy ears flushed a delicate shade of pink. She hesitated for a moment, then, with a shy glance at Kafka, she began.

"Well..." She murmured, her voice barely above a whisper. "Don't laugh, okay? I put a lot of thought into them." She took a deep breath, steeling herself. "Lyra..." She began, the name rolling off her tongue with a soft, melodic lilt. "Elara, Seraphina, Aeliana, Isolde, and...Zephyra."

Each traditional name that came from her own tribe, a blend of ethereal beauty and feminine strength, was carefully chosen, a reflection of the dreams she held close to her heart. She then looked up at Kafka, her eyes wide and pleading as she asked,

"...Do you...Do you like them?"

Kafka's expression softened, a warm smile spreading across his face.

"They're beautiful names, Nina." He said sincerely, his voice laced with genuine admiration. "Truly beautiful. They sound like they belong in a fairy tale."

Nina's heart fluttered, a wave of warmth washing over her. She'd been so nervous, so afraid of his reaction, but his words were like a balm to her soul.

Camila, who had been observing the exchange with a mixture of amusement and a strange, unexpected pang of...something akin to wistfulness, found herself thinking, 'Perhaps I should start thinking of names, too. Though, I doubt I'll be picking tree fairy names like Nina and something more...normal.'

"But..." Kafka continued, his brow furrowed slightly, a hint of playful confusion in his voice. "Out of the all the names, which one will you choose? Or like which one is your favorite?"

Nina blinked, startled. She'd been so caught up in the moment, in the sheer act of revealing her secret dreams, that she hadn't considered the practicalities. A flicker of realization dawned on her.

Kafka had misinterpreted her words. He thought she was choosing one name.

That's why to clear the misunderstanding, she gathered her courage, her cheeks flushing a deeper shade of red. "I...I won't have to choose." She said coyly, her voice laced with a newfound confidence. "I'll keep all of them."

Kafka's eyebrows shot up, a look of amused surprise on his face. "All of them?" He repeated.

"Yes." Nina said firmly, her eyes sparkling with determination. "I don't just want one or two children, Kafka. I want...at least six. And even more, if I can handle it." She paused, then added with a mischievous grin. "I've always wanted a big family. A beautiful, wonderful, noisy family." She gave him a pointed look. "And I'm hoping you'll be up to the challenge as well."

Chapter 562: Baby Fever

Kafka's smile widened, a playful glint in his eyes when he heard Nina's requirements.

"Six of them, huh?" He mused, his voice laced with a mixture of amusement and admiration.

"You're really going to make me work that hard?" He reached out, playfully tugging a strand of her hair. "I might need to start training, you know. Get in shape for all that...'work'."

Nina playfully punched his arm, a mock frown on her face.

"Hey!" She protested, her voice laced with playful indignation. "Why are you acting as if you'll be doing all the heavy lifting. I'll be the one doing all the work, carrying your children in my belly for nine months! You'll just have to..." She paused, her cheeks flushing a deeper shade of red. "Move your hips a little and...and let out something from within. Then roll over and go back to sleep." She huffed, crossing her arms. "After that, it's my responsibility to take care of the baby for nine whole months, carrying them around wherever I go, while you can simply laze back and relax."

And before Kafka could get in a word in about the accusations raised against him that were completely needless and protest his case, Nina went on as if she finally had a outlet to vent about all the worries she had about the future.

"Oh, and it's far more than just 'carrying them around' you know." Nina declared, launching into a detailed and theatrical account of the trials and tribulations of pregnancy, her voice rising and falling with dramatic flair. "First, there's the morning sickness. Imagine me, throwing up every day, while you're happily munching on your breakfast, completely oblivious to my suffering."

She shuddered dramatically, her face contorting in mock disgust.

"Then there's the constant fatigue. I'll be exhausted all the time, napping at the drop of a hat, while you're full of energy, bouncing around like a...a hyperactive puppy!"

She then gestured to her stomach, her voice taking on a mock-serious tone.

"And don't forget about this. It's going to grow and grow and grow, until I can barely see my own feet! I'll have to buy a whole new wardrobe, special clothes for pregnant ladies. And don't even get me started on the stretch marks! I'll be covered in them, like a...a tiger!"

She paused for dramatic effect, then continued, her voice rising in pitch.



"And then there's the actual birth! Hours and hours of labor, pushing and screaming, while you're just pacing outside, waiting for it to be over. And don't think you can just waltz in and hold the baby right away. Oh no, first I have to recover, feed them, change their diapers...You'll just be there, the cool dad, swooping in to play with them when they're all happy and clean."

She narrowed her eyes, a mischievous glint morphing into a mock-stern glare.

"I can already see the future." She declared, her voice taking on a theatrical, almost prophetic tone. "You'll be the cool dad. The one they adore. The one who sneaks them extra desserts under the table, lets them stay up past their bedtime to watch cartoons, and builds them elaborate pillow forts in the living room."

"...And I'll be the strict, scary mom. The one who enforces the rules, makes them eat their vegetables, and says 'no' to everything they want, even the cutest puppy dog eyes."

She gestured dramatically, her voice laced with mock resentment.

"And when I reject something they'll go running to you for backup, knowing you'll cave. You'll be their best friend, their confidante, the one they run to with scraped knees and broken toys. And I'll be the...the bad cop, the scary parent."

She let out a dramatic sigh, her shoulders slumping slightly, before her eyes flashed, a sudden intensity replacing the playful teasing.

"I-I'll be the bad parent even though I'm the one who carried them for nine months, who endured the sleepless nights, the swollen ankles, and the cravings for pickled onions at 3 AM."

"I'm the one who will change countless diapers, soothe their fevers, and teach them how to ride a bike. I'm the one who will raise them, shape them, and mold them into decent human beings."

"...And yet, you'll just swoop in, be the fun parent, the hero, and steal all the affection, leaving me to deal with the tantrums and the teenage angst."

As if the scene was playing out before her eyes, her gaze hardened into a furious glare, directed squarely at Kafka.

"You'll be the one they love..." She said, her voice laced with betrayal. "...a-and I'll be the one they blame for everything." She glared at him, like he had already stolen her future children from her and turned them against her.

Kafka, seeing the whirlwind of anxieties swirling within Nina, looked at her with confusion and genuine concern as he really didn't understand why that playful rant of hers turned to her looking like she was about to have a breakdown at any moment.

He then glanced at Camila to see if she she had any clue. But she also looked utterly flabbergasted with the way Nina was acting and looked back at him with the same question on her mind.

He couldn't help but think something had triggered Nina to think of her future with her children in the most abysmal way possible to the extent that she believed that her children would abandon her for their father.

It was as if she was already living a decade into the future, complete with all the potential pitfalls and imagined injustices which Kafka couldn't really understand since Nina was usually so positive and vibrant. But what he did know was that he couldn't allow her to go with having such brooding thoughts.

So, just as Nina seemed about to launch into another crazy hypothetical scenario—perhaps involving sleep deprivation and the proper way to fold baby clothes—Kafka immediately to her surprise wrapped his arm around her, pulling her close.

His touch was warm and reassuring, a solid anchor in the sea of her anxieties. "Calm down, Nina...Calm down." He said softly, his voice a low rumble against her ear. "It's alright. Nothing bad is going to happen in the future...I just think that you're getting ahead of yourself with this whole baby raising thing."

Nina, who had been on the verge of a full-blown panic attack, her breath coming in short, shallow gasps, immediately began to relax at the sound of his voice. The steady, rhythmic beating of his heart against her cheek had a surprisingly calming effect, like a gentle lullaby. She hugged him back, burying her face in his chest, her frantic breaths slowing to a more manageable pace.

"You don't have to worry about any of that." Kafka continued, his voice soothing and reassuring. "We'll figure it out together. We'll be a team." He paused, then explained, his voice laced with a

gentle promise. "From the moment we decide to start a family, I'll be there. I'll make sure you're comfortable, that you're getting enough rest, that you're eating properly."

"...I'll even make sure to cook those weird cravings you're bound to have, like a fried artichoke or sour ice cream at 3 AM."

He tightened his embrace slightly, his hand gently stroking her hair.

"During the birth, I'll be right beside you, holding your hand, wiping your brow, whispering words of encouragement. I'll be your rock, your support system, your...your personal cheerleader." He paused, then added with a chuckle. "I'll even learn some breathing techniques, just in case."

"And after the babies are born." He continued, his voice filled with a quiet determination. "I won't just be the 'cool dad' who swoops in for playtime. I'll be a hands-on father. I'll change diapers, handle night feedings, soothe them when they cry."

"We'll be a partnership, Nina. We'll raise our children together, as equals. There's no good cop, bad cop here...Just two parents, doing their best." He gave her a gentle squeeze as he looked down at her with a gentle gaze.

"...I promise, we'll make it work. We'll be an amazing family."

Nina looked up at him, her eyes glistening with unshed tears, a mix of hope, disbelief, and a profound sense of relief.

"R-Really?" She asked, her voice trembling slightly, a soft tremor of vulnerability. "You'll really...help me? All the way? Through everything? Even the...the messy parts?"

Kafka gave her a tender kiss on the forehead, his eyes filled with warmth and sincerity.

"Of course, I will." He murmured, his voice a low, reassuring rumble. "If I don't help my beautiful wife, the woman who's bringing my children into the world, then what kind of husband would I be? A useless one, a coward, someone unworthy of your love, that's what." He gave her a gentle squeeze, his hand stroking her hair.

"...We're in this together, Nina. Always."

Nina's lips curved into a soft, genuine smile, a wave of assurance and safety washing over her. The knot of anxiety in her stomach began to loosen, replaced by a warm, comforting feeling.

"Thank you." She whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "I needed to hear that. More than you know."

He then added, a playful glint in his eyes. "And I'll also make sure that the kids know just how much their mother loves them, and all the effort she put into raising them. I'll tell them stories of your strength, your kindness, your unwavering love."

"...And if they don't appreciate you, if they dare to take you for granted, I'll spank their little bottoms until they do. And then I'll tell them more stories about their wonderful mother."

Nina giggled, the tension finally dissipating, replaced by a surge of lighthearted amusement.

"Oh, you'll end up being the scary parent that way." She teased, her voice light and playful. "Not that I'd mind." She added, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "I'd get to have the kids all to myself, while you'd be banished to the 'naughty corner' of parenthood."

Just as Nina was about to launch into another playful jab, a well-timed interruption came from Camila, who had been observing her friend's emotional rollercoaster with a mixture of amusement and concern.

"Nina, you...Are you possibly already pregnant?"

She suddenly asked, her voice laced with teasing amusement, a playful glint in her eyes which caught Nina off guard.

"Because your hormones are all over the place...One minute you're tearing up like a sentimental sap, the next you're giggling like a schoolgirl who just discovered boys."

"...It's quite the spectacle, Nina. You're giving a one woman show."

Nina's cheeks flushed a vibrant shade of crimson.

"Shut up, Camila!" She retorted, though her voice lacked its usual sharp edge. "And there's no way I could be pregnant. I haven't even had my first—" She stopped abruptly, her eyes widening in realization as she nearly revealed a rather intimate detail.

A knowing, almost conspiratorial glance passed between her and Kafka, a silent acknowledgment of the unspoken possibilities that hung in the air. She shook her head, trying to regain her composure and brushed off the near slip.

"Anyway..." She continued, turning back to Camila with a glare. "You shouldn't be talking, Camila. You're the one who started all this and made me act all crazy!"

Camila's eyebrows shot up, a look of genuine confusion on her face.

"Me?...What did I do?"

She asked, her voice laced with innocent bewilderment, though a hint of playful suspicion lurked beneath the surface of what she had done, which also brought along a bag full of unpleasant memories of the distant past...

#### Chapter 563: Mothers Of One Another's Children

Nina, too caught up in her own reminiscing, didn't notice the shift in Camila's expression—the way her teasing smirk faded just a fraction, the way her hands tensed ever so slightly at her sides. She just kept talking, too wrapped up in the past to realize that Camila had gone quiet.

"You used to call me all the time back then." Nina went on, her voice softer now, more thoughtful. "You'd tell me how hard it was, how you were struggling to take care of everything all by yourself while that bastard husband of yours was off doing...whatever the hell he thought was more important than his pregnant wife."

Her fingers curled slightly, the old anger bubbling up as if no time had passed at all. "You told me how he barely helped. How he'd leave for work early, come home late, and act like nothing had changed."

"...Meanwhile, you were stuck alone, sick as hell, craving god-knows-what at god-knows-what-hour, dealing with swollen feet, back pain, and a baby kicking you from the inside out."

Nina let out a sharp breath, shaking her head.

"And every time I heard it, I got so damn mad. I wanted to punch him. No—punching wouldn't have been enough. I wanted to grab him by the collar, drag him to your doorstep, and make him see what you were going through."

She crossed her arms, her lips pressing together.

"I even thought about coming to stay with you, y'know? Just packing my bags and moving in for the whole pregnancy. I didn't care if I had to take to close the hotspring, didn't care if it messed up my own life—I just wanted to be there for you. To make sure you weren't alone."

She sighed, the fire in her voice fading just a little.

"But you wouldn't let me." She murmured, casting Camila a side glance. "You told me to stay put because my parents were sick. That I had my own responsibilities, and you'd manage on your own."

There was a pause—a beat of silence heavy with unspoken words. Nina looked down for a moment, before forcing a small, regretful smile.

"I listened to you. But I always hated myself for it. Even now, I still wonder if I should've ignored you and just shown up anyway."

Camila exhaled slowly, but still didn't speak.

Nina didn't take the hint. She pressed on, unaware of the memories she was stirring.

"After hearing everything you went through, I couldn't help but think—what if I ended up in the same situation?" She admitted. "What if I married someone who just...didn't care? Who left me to handle everything alone while he carried on like my suffering was just background noise?"

She let out a dry, humorless chuckle.

"I think that's part of why I ranted so much earlier. I was terrified of being treated the way you were. I didn't even realize it until now, but...yeah. That's probably it."

But Nina's chuckle died on her lips as she finally took in Camila's expression—really took it in. The usual sharpness in her best friend's eyes had dulled, replaced by something distant, something...heavy.

A pang of guilt struck her chest.

Ah.

She had overstepped.

Her throat tightened slightly as she quickly backtracked. "Shit. Camila, I—I didn't mean to bring up all that." She said, her voice lower now, laced with quiet regret. "I wasn't thinking. I probably dug up a lot of bad memories for you, didn't I?"

Camila blinked, as if coming back to the present. Then, to Nina's mild surprise, she let out a low chuckle, her lips curling into a small, wry smile.

"No need to feel bad, Nina." She murmured, shaking her head. "Everything you said was true."

Still, her voice was soft—too soft. And when she glanced down at her hands, Nina knew she was sinking into the past.

"For a long time...I really was alone." Camila admitted, her tone casual, like she was recounting something from another life, something that no longer belonged to her. "Pregnancy wasn't just tiring—it was miserable. I felt sick almost every day, my body ached constantly, I couldn't sleep well...And through it all, I barely saw my husband. He was always gone. Always working, always...somewhere else."

Her eyes lowered slightly, her fingers tracing idle patterns against the table's surface. "I remember the nights the most. The quiet. How I'd lie in bed, staring at the ceiling, feeling Bella moving inside me, knowing I was the only one who cared. The only one who was waiting for her."

Nina swallowed, her hands tightening into fists at her sides.

Camila's voice was still so steady. So calm. But that was the thing with Camila—she always spoke like that, no matter what she was feeling inside.

But Nina knew.

She knew how much her best friend had suffered.

And it made her stomach twist with anger all over again.

"Honestly..." Camila continued. "The only thing that got me through all of that was the thought of seeing her. I used to place my hands on my belly and talk to her when no one else was around. I'd tell her, 'Just a little longer, baby. Just a little more, and we'll meet each other.'"

A wistful smile crossed her lips. "I kept telling myself that once she was here, it wouldn't matter anymore. That I wouldn't be alone anymore."

Nina clenched her teeth, her nails digging into her palms.

Damn it.

Damn it.

If only she had ignored Camila's protests and forced her way into her house back then. If only she had been there.

She opened her mouth, about to say something—anything—to make it up to her. But before she could, Camila's expression suddenly shifted.

The sadness faded. The distant look in her eyes disappeared, replaced by something much softer.

Peace.

"...But that was the past." She said simply, exhaling as if letting the memory drift away. "And I know for a fact that something like that will never happen again."



Nina blinked.

Camila turned to her then, her lips curling into something more teasing, more alive.

"I mean, really." She quipped. "Out of all the men in the world, do you honestly think Kafka would ever let his wife be stranded like that?"

Nina's sadness evaporated instantly.

She immediately shook her head—frantically, without hesitation, as if the very idea was absurd.

"No chance in hell!" She declared with absolute confidence.

Camila raised a brow, amused. "Oh? That certain, are we?"

Nina scoffed. "Of course! If anything, he'd do the exact opposite. He'd probably—"

She paused, tilting her head as she thought. Then she snapped her fingers.

"Oh! He'd probably pamper me so much that I wouldn't even have to lift a finger." She said, her voice turning dramatic. "Like, imagine me just trying to stand up, and he'd immediately swoop in like, 'No, no! Sit down! You're pregnant! You mustn't move a single muscle!'"

Camila giggled, shaking her head. "Or..." She added, joining in. "He'd probably try to hand-feed you every single meal, making sure you eat 'nutritious' food while you're carrying his child."

Nina gasped, as if she could see it happening. "Oh god, he totally would."

"Here, my dear, eat this soup made of rare herbs and organic vegetables, imported from a country that doesn't even exist yet." Camila mocked in a deep, exaggerated voice.

Nina burst into laughter. "And if I dare to refuse, he'd probably get all serious and be like, 'You don't care about our baby's health?!'"

"Or worse." Camila continued. "He'd make sure you never walk anywhere. You'd be carried everywhere like a fragile porcelain doll."

"Like some spoiled princess!" Nina gasped.

Camila smirked. "Oh, definitely. And if you so much as tried to walk down a single flight of stairs —"

"He'd come running in with an entire army of pillows just in case I trip and fall!" Nina finished, laughing so hard she had to clutch her stomach.

The two of them were in full hysterics now, their giggles filling the room as they threw ridiculous scenario after ridiculous scenario at each other.

Camila, still grinning from their ridiculous predictions about Kafka's overprotectiveness, then turned to Nina with a more serious but reassuring expression.

Her eyes, steady and warm, held the kind of certainty that could calm even the stormiest of hearts.

"Nina..." She said softly, yet firmly. "You don't need to worry about how your future with Kafka will be."

Nina blinked at her, her laughter slowly dying down as she listened.

"You and I both know." Camila continued. "That we fell for an amazing man. He's younger than us, sure, but that doesn't mean a damn thing."

"...We know his heart. We know his loyalty. There's not a single chance in hell that he'll ever make us regret falling for him."

Something in her tone—so sure, so full of unwavering faith—washed over Nina like a comforting wave.

The last traces of worry, of uncertainty, melted away as a bright smile broke out across her face.

"You're right." She nodded, eyes shining. "I really don't have to worry about anything, do I?"

Camila smirked, reaching over to pat Nina's head. "Nope. Not a thing."

The atmosphere, once serious, lightened once again, and Camila added with a teasing smile.

"And besides, even if by some miracle Kafka does turn into a deadbeat husband—which, let's be honest, is impossible—you still won't be alone."

Nina arched a brow. "Oh?"

"Of course." Camila grinned. "Because I'll be right there with you, taking care of your kids as if they were my own."

Nina's eyes widened slightly before a delighted laugh bubbled out of her. "Wait—does that mean...?"

Camila nodded eagerly, her own excitement growing. "That's right! Technically, I'd also be their mother since I'd also be his wife as well, along with you. Just like you'd be the mother of mine."

The idea settled between them, and for a moment, they just stared at each other, before realization fully hit.

"So—so wait!" Nina gasped, grabbing Camila's hands. "That means your kids will be my kids too! And mine will be yours!"

Camila nodded again, her own excitement matching Nina's. "Exactly! We'll be each other's kids' moms!"

Nina practically squealed, bouncing slightly in place. "Oh my god! That means we're going to have so many children running around! I mean, if we're already planning to have six, and then adding yours, and—"

Camila clapped her hands together, eyes gleaming.

"Imagine the mess! A house full of little troublemakers, running up and down the halls, fighting over toys, sneaking cookies from the kitchen—"

Nina gasped dramatically. "They'll form little teams! Your kids versus mine, fighting epic battles with pillows and building fortresses out of couch cushions!"

Camila smirked. "And then, when we finally catch them, they'll all blame each other."

Nina groaned, already feeling the future headache. "Ugh, that means we'll have to deal with the whining. 'It was him, Mom!' 'No, she started it!'"

Camila laughed. "And we'll have to play detective every time someone cries."

"Oh god, and the pranks!" Nina said, her eyes widening. "They'll be little devils! If they're anything like Kafka, they're going to be pulling tricks on us left and right!"

Camila sighed dramatically. "We'll never have peace."

The two women erupted into excited chatter, imagining their home filled with the laughter of many children, running around, playing together, growing up as one big family.

It was a future that neither of them had ever truly considered before, but now that the idea had been planted, it was taking root fast. The sheer joy of the thought was intoxicating.

Then, just as Nina was about to exclaim something else, her words caught in her throat.

Because she finally noticed Abigail.

And she was crying.

Not just misty-eyed or slightly emotional.

She was outright sobbing.

Silently, but uncontrollably, her hands covering her face as she tried to wipe away the tears that kept falling.

The sight instantly erased all excitement from both Nina and Camila, who were wondering if all the members of the Vanitas family were having a really emotional day, seeing as to how both mother and son started crying out of nowhere with no reason whatsoever...

#### Chapter 564: Dual Roles

Both Nina and Camila's eyes widened in alarm when they saw Abigail crying, and without hesitation, they both rushed toward her, leaving Kafka, who they didn't notice had a rather gloomy look in his eyes behind.

"Abi!" Nina exclaimed, grabbing her by the shoulders. "What's wrong?! Did we say something bad?!"

"Abi, please, talk to us! Why are you crying?" Camila, just as concerned, reached for her hand.

But to their surprise, Abigail didn't continue crying like they thought she would and instead she let out a shaky laugh in between snuffles, her hands still wiping at the tears that wouldn't stop falling as she shook her head firmly.

"No, no, you didn't say anything wrong, you two." She reassured them, though her voice was thick with emotion. "And I'm not crying because I'm sad or anything..." She sniffled again, pressing a hand against her chest as if trying to contain the overwhelming emotions inside her.

Nina and Camila still looked uncertain, their hands gripping her shoulders and hands tightly.

"Then why—?" Camila started, only for Abigail to let out a soft, breathless laugh between her tears.

"I'm crying because I'm happy." She finally admitted, her lips trembling as she smiled. "So, so happy that I can't help but sob."

That completely caught both of them off guard.

Nina blinked rapidly. "Wait—so you're crying because...you're happy?"

Abigaille nodded vigorously, sniffing again as she tried to wipe at her cheeks. "Yes! I know it's ridiculous, but I just—" She let out a watery chuckle. "I wasn't expecting to feel this much all at once, and now I can't stop."

Nina and Camila exchanged bewildered looks before Nina hesitantly ventured. "Uh...is it because you'll also get to raise so many kids as your own?"

At that, Abigaille's expression softened even more, her gaze turning impossibly tender as she looked at them. It was the kind of gaze that could melt even the toughest of hearts, and it made something in Nina and Camila's chests ache.

"That's definitely part of it." She admitted, her voice brimming with warmth. "Being a mother to such a big, loving family...It's more than I could have ever wished for. And I'm so glad I get to share those dreams with you both."

Nina felt something lodge in her throat at the sheer love in her voice, and Camila let out a quiet breath, looking just as moved.

But then, Abigaille shook her head with another small laugh. "But that's not the only reason I'm crying."

Nina furrowed her brows. "It's not?"

Abigaille let out a soft hum before her lips curled into a radiant, tearful smile.

"No." She said, voice thick with happiness. "It's because I'm not just gaining children..." She let out another snuffle, eyes shimmering with joy. "I'm also gaining grandkids."

Silence.

For a second, Nina just stared at her, utterly blank. "...Huh?"

Camila also frowned slightly, trying to piece it together. "Wait—what?"

Abigaille chuckled at their dumbfounded expressions, a sound that was both amused and affectionate.

But Nina, determined to understand, started thinking, her mind racing through the possibilities.

Grandkids?...How can she be a mother and a grandma at the same time?

She wracked her brain, trying to find a logical explanation.

She's going to raise our children, but she is also going to be a grandma? How does that work?

Then it hit her, a sudden jolt of realization that made her eyes widen. Wait...She thought back to the initial relationship between Kafka and Abigaille, the fact that she wasn't simply a lover like herself and Camila were.

"Oh!" Nina blurted out, her eyes widening in realization, her voice laced with a mixture of comprehension and dawning amusement.

"Because you're Kafka's mother!"

She pointed at Abigaille, her voice laced with a mixture of comprehension and dawning amusement.

"That's why! You're not just going to be a mother to our kids, you're also going to be their grandmother!"

Beside her, Camila, who had still been frowning in thought, suddenly froze. Her breath hitched slightly. Then, very, very slowly, she turned to Nina.

"...Oh." Her voice was quiet, almost dazed. Then, in a stunned whisper, she repeated. "Oh."

It hit her all at once.

How had she not realized this earlier?! It was so obvious. She had been so focused on their current dynamic—on Kafka as her husband, her lover, her partner—that she had completely overlooked the fact that he had been Abigaille's son first.

Abigaille had always been a mother to him.

Which meant, by extension, she would be a mother and grandmother to their future children.

Camila blinked.

Then blinked again.

Then she looked at Abigaille, who was now beaming at them, her hands on her hips, practically radiating with pride.

"That's right!" She said, her voice filled with excitement. "I'm not just going to be a mother—I'll be a grandmother at the same time! Double the joy, double the love, double the spoiling"

She lifted her chin slightly, smug. Almost like she was sitting on a status above them.

Nina and Camila stared at her in disbelief, while Abigaille proudly grinned.

"I mean, think about it." She pressed a hand to her chest, looking so utterly pleased with herself. "While the two of you are just mothers, I get to experience the joy of being a grandmother at the same time!"

"...It's such a special position, don't you think?"

"I...I don't even know how to respond to that." Nina's eye twitched.

"I think I need to sit down." Camila, still processing, muttered.

Abigaille simply glowed, clearly enjoying every second of their reactions. She then tilted her head, looking at them with mock confusion.



"Why are you two looking at me like that?" She asked, amusement laced in her voice. "Is it really so strange?"

Camila gave her a flat stare. "You just casually dropped the fact that you'll be our kids mother and grandmother like it's the most normal thing in the world."

Nina groaned, rubbing her temples. "Abi, it's not just strange—it's insane."

Abigaille simply beamed at them, completely unbothered.

"Oh, come now! It's just a different family dynamic! That doesn't mean it'll be bad." She waved a hand, as if dismissing their concerns. "In fact, I think it'll be absolutely wonderful!"

Nina and Camila stared at her, still struggling to process the absolute absurdity of it all.

But Abigaille? She was thriving.

"In fact..." She continued in glee, already getting swept up in her own excitement. "This arrangement is actually perfect! Just think about it! You two will be amazing mothers—you'll get to raise our children, teach them, love them, watch them grow." She clasped her hands together. "You'll be the ones who handle their daily lessons, help them with their homework, scold them when they misbehave, and guide them as they navigate life."

She grinned wider. "And I? Well, I get to do all of that too. But on top of that, I also get to do all the fun things that only grandmothers get to do!"

"Wait—what?" Nina blinked.

"What do you mean by 'fun things'?" Camila narrowed her eyes suspiciously.

Abigaille giggled, practically glowing with excitement. "Oh, you know! Like sneaking them extra sweets behind your backs—"

"Absolutely not!" Nina and Camila chorused at the same time.

Abigaille laughed, waving them off. "Oh, hush, that's a grandmother's privilege! Besides, it's not just that! I'll also get to spoil them rotten and shower them with gifts, tell them stories about the 'good old days,' and—oh! Teach them all sorts of mischief!"

"Mischief?! Abi, no!" Nina's wailed like she could already imagine the chaos she would create.

"Great. Just what we need—another bad influence in the family." Camila groaned.

Abigaille only giggled more, clearly enjoying their distress. "Oh, relax! It'll be harmless fun. Just little things—like helping them come up with creative pranks or teaching them how to get away with sneaking cookies from the kitchen."

"But you're supposed to be the sweet and responsible one!" Nina gasped dramatically.

Abigaille shrugged, still smiling. "I am responsible! But I'm also a grandmother. And grandmothers are supposed to be fun."

Camila gave her an exasperated look. "I don't think that's how it works."

But Abigaille wasn't finished. She clasped her hands together, her eyes shimmering with joy. "And just imagine it! I'll get to take them on little secret outings, bake them treats, let them stay up past bedtime when they stay over at my place—"

Nina threw her hands up. "Your place is our place!"

Abigaille ignored her, continuing on. "—and when they get into trouble with you two, they'll run to me for protection! I'll be their safe haven when they think their mothers are being too strict!"

Camila groaned. "This is going to be a nightmare."

Abigaille, completely unaffected, sighed dreamily.

"And let's not forget about storytelling! I'll tell them all sorts of tales—some true, some exaggerated—just to keep them entertained. They'll adore me!"

Nina buried her face in her hands. "I can already see it. You're going to be their absolute favorite, and we'll be the 'mean moms' who have to actually discipline them while you sneak them candy and tell them how 'harsh' we are."

Abigaille placed a hand over her chest, looking proud. "That is exactly how it should be."

Nina groaned, while Camila shook her head with an amused sigh.

Still, despite all their protests, neither of them could completely deny the warmth in their chests at the sheer love radiating from Abigaille.

Because as ridiculous as it all sounded, there was no doubt in their minds that she would love their children more than anything in the world.

And, well...maybe having a mother-grandmother wouldn't be so bad after all.

Chapter 565: You'll Be A Grandma Too

Nina and Camila exchanged perturbed looks, still trying to wrap their heads around the absolute mess that their future family tree was going to be.

Nina, who had been rubbing her temples this entire time, finally let out an exhausted sigh. "Okay. Just so we're clear...our children—our children—will be the nieces and nephews of your future kids..." She paused, her face twisting. "While also being their siblings."

Camila cringed, tilting her head as she stared at the ground like she was doing mental gymnastics. "And they'll call you 'Mom'...but also 'Grandma.'"

Nina let out a dry laugh. "Oh, that's not even the worst of it. You do realize, Camila, that your kids and my kids will be wondering why their father has kids with their grandmother?"

Camila groaned. "Oh, god. They're going to be so confused."

Nina threw her hands up. "Confused? I'm confused! Imagine how it's gonna sound when we explain this to them one day!" She mocked a future conversation, putting on a falsely cheerful voice. "'Oh yes, sweetheart! Your Uncle is also your Big Brother! And your Grandma is also your Mom!'"

"Yeah...That's gonna be a nightmare to explain." Camila winced.

Meanwhile, Abigail simply beamed at them, completely unfazed by the absurdity of the situation.

"Oh, don't be so dramatic!" She chimed in, waving them off like their concerns were nothing. "It's just a little different from the usual family structure. That doesn't mean it won't work out!"

"A little different?!" Nina repeated, staring at her like she had just lost her mind.

Camila groaned again, running a hand through her hair. "This is so messed up."

Nina huffed, crossing her arms. "And let's not forget about Kafka. Do you think he's realized this yet? That his own kids will be calling his wife both 'Mom' and 'Grandma'?"

Camila shook her head. "Oh, there's no way he's thought about it." She paused before adding. "Actually, considering Kafka...he might just roll with it."

Nina stared at her for a moment, then let out a long, suffering sigh. "...Yeah. Yeah, he would."

Abigail, on the other hand, still looked delighted by the entire thing.

"Oh, come on you two, stop looking so horrified!" She teased, smiling so brightly that it was almost blinding. "Think about it—this means we'll have such a lively family!"

Camila and Nina turned to her slowly, their exhausted expressions in stark contrast to her pure, radiant joy.

"A lively family." Nina repeated flatly.

Abigail nodded eagerly. "Yes! Just picture it! Our home will be filled with laughter, love, and the sounds of little feet running everywhere! There'll never be a dull moment!"

Camila blinked at her. "I think you're underestimating just how much chaos we're talking about."

Abigaille giggled. "Oh, I know exactly how chaotic it'll be! And I can't wait!"

"Nothing's gonna stop you from being happy about this, huh?" Nina stared.

Abigaille simply clasped her hands together, smiling warmly. "Not a thing."

Camila and Nina both sighed, exchanging another weary glance.

It was official.

There was no stopping her.

She was so excited about this that nothing—absolutely nothing—could ruin her mood.

And that was how they knew: no matter how bizarre, no matter how ridiculously convoluted their family structure was...Abigaille was going to love every second of it.

But just as she was getting giddy about the future, she suddenly gasped, her eyes widening as if she had just stumbled upon the greatest revelation of all time. She then slowly turned toward Camila, her face practically glowing with excitement.

Camila, who had just started recovering from the previous ridiculousness, immediately tensed when she noticed the way Abigaille was looking at her.

"...What?" She asked warily.

Abigaille's smile grew wider.

"Camila." She said, her voice full of awe.

Camila narrowed her eyes. "W-What?"

And then, to Camila's absolute horror, Abigail declared with pure joy—

"I just realised that I won't be the only grandma in the family. You'll be one too!"

Silence.

A long, stunned silence.

Camila just stared at her, completely floored.

Then, in an exasperated huff, she snapped. "Excuse me?!"

Nina, who had just been spectating, immediately let out a bark of laughter.

Camila, still reeling, placed a hand on her hip and gave Abigail a sharp look. "Abi, I get why you can call yourself a grandma—your relationship with Kafka is completely different from ours."

"...But why are you dragging me into this?!"

Abigail giggled, tilting her head innocently. "Oh, I'm not dragging you into anything, Camila. I'm just stating the facts."

Camila scoffed. "Oh, please. This isn't one of your clever little insights. Are you sure this isn't just your way of teasing me because I'm the oldest in this group?"

She then gave a deep sigh, dramatically placing a hand over her heart. "Oh, how cruel! The sweet, innocent Abi I once knew...how could she have changed into such a mean-spirited woman?"

Abigail simply giggled, completely unfazed.

"Of course not!" she said brightly. Then, with an almost angelic smile, she added. "Besides, how could I ever tease you about age when you literally look like so young that you look like you just walked out of college and are searching for job in the big city?"

That—

That caught Camila completely off guard. Her breath hitched, her face heating up before she could stop it.

Damn it...Both mother and son were particularly good at making another person's heart race.

Nina smirked, raising an eyebrow. "Oh? Blushing now, are we?"

Camila immediately scowled, turning away. "Shut up."

Abigaille laughed, delighted by the reaction, before she continued, her voice brimming with excitement.

"But back to my point! Camila, your situation is actually quite similar to mine!"

Camila, still trying to recover, raised a skeptical brow. "Oh? And how exactly is that?"

Abigaille's smile turned mischievous. "Well, let's think about it. If I'm a grandmother because of my relationship with Kafka, then doesn't that mean you're also one?"

Camila, catching onto the obvious setup, smirked. "Oh, sure. What are you gonna say next? That I'm Kafka's mother, too?"

Abigaille immediately panicked.

"Never!" She cried, flailing her arms as if the very idea offended her soul. "That position belongs only to me and Olivia!"

Nina snorted, while Camila laughed smugly. "Just checking."

Abigaille huffed, pouting slightly before regaining her excitement.

"But that's not what I meant!" She quickly corrected. "What I meant is that you have Bella, don't you?"

Camila blinked. "Yes?"

"And Bella is one of Kafka's women, isn't she?" Abigail continued.

At that exact moment, both Nina and Camila froze. Their eyes widened in unison as their brains connected the dots.

And then—

"OH MY GOD!" Nina shouted in shock.

Camila's face drained of all color.

Nina turned to her, pointing wildly. "Bella is Kafka's woman. And she's also your daughter!"

Camila's stomach dropped. "No—"

Nina grabbed her by the shoulders, shaking her dramatically. "That means when she has kids in the future...YOU'LL BE A GRANDMA TOO!"

Camila sputtered. "Wait—no—hold on—"

"GRANDMA CAMILA!" Nina declared, throwing her arms up.

Camila paled, looking at Abigail in absolute horror.

Abigail beamed. "See? Now you understand!"

Camila took a step back, shaking her head. "No. No, no, no! I refuse to accept this reality!"

Nina, laughing her ass off, patted her on the back. "Too bad, Grandma. It's already set in stone!"



Camila let out a long, suffering groan, placing her face in her hands. "This family tree is going to give me a headache."

Abigaille, still glowing with joy, clasped her hands together. "Oh, don't be sad, Camila! Just think about it—we'll be grandmothers together!"

Camila let out a strangled noise.

Nina grinned wickedly. "So, what do you think, Grandma? Ready for your new role?"

Camila turned to her slowly, her eyes dark with murderous intent.

"...I will end you."

Nina just cackled and then while still wiping away tears of laughter from Camila's grandma revelation, suddenly had an idea.

"Oh my god, I have to see what Kafka thinks about this." She said, still snickering. "I mean, we've been going on and on about our messed-up family dynamics, but he's been oddly silent this whole time."

She turned to look at him, expecting either confusion or maybe even amusement at the ridiculous conversation they had just had.

But the moment her eyes landed on him—

Her heart stopped.

Her laughter died immediately.

Her eyes widened in absolute horror, and before she even realized it, she took a slow step back, as if she had just seen a ghost.

Camila and Abigaille, noticing her reaction, frowned in confusion.

"What?" Camila asked, raising an eyebrow. "Why are you looking like that?"

Abigaille tilted her head. "Nina?"

But when they followed her gaze and turned to look at Kafka—

Their breath caught in their throats because Kafka—who had been perfectly normal just a few moments ago—

Was no longer normal.

His eyes had turned into a void of abyssal darkness.

There was no light in them. No warmth.

Just a deep, suffocating void, like he was staring into nothingness, yet drowning in something far darker.

Camila and Abigaille immediately reacted the same way Nina had—stiffening on instinct, their bodies recognizing the dangerous shift in the atmosphere. And then, Abigaille, in a slightly panicked voice, blurted out—

"Oh no, he's entered that weird mood of his again!"

Nina, still recovering from her initial shock, snapped her head toward her.

"Again?!" She repeated in disbelief. "You've seen this before?!"

Abigaille looked just as surprised as she turned to Nina. "You've seen it too?!"

Nina nodded frantically. "Yes! And it scared the hell out of me the first time!"

Abigaille frowned. "Wait—then..." She turned to Camila. "Camila! Have you ever seen him like this?"

Camila, still staring at Kafka's unnervingly dark expression, let out a wry chuckle.

"...I want to say no." She muttered. "But I've seen those gloomy-ass eyes of his so much that they sometimes even show up in my nightmares."

Abigaille winced. "That bad?"

Nina immediately nodded. "No, seriously. When he gets like this, he looks like he's about to drag someone straight into the underworld."

Camila sighed, shaking her head. "Yeah...But we all know he's not looking at us like that."

Abigaille let out a small hum, crossing her arms. "That's true. As terrifying as he looks, I've never actually been scared of him."

Nina snorted. "That's because whenever he looks like this, it's never because of us."

Camila smirked slightly. "It's usually because of some other reason."

"Like when some random bastard gives me a lewd gaze." Camila muttered.

"Or when I have a really annoying customer who won't stop bothering me." Nina added.

Abigaille giggled. "Oh! Or when someone disrespects one of us in any way."

They all nodded in agreement.

But then, Nina paused and then furrowed her brows, a small frown forming on her lips.

"Wait...I just realized something."

Camila and Abigaille turned to her.

Nina crossed her arms, thinking aloud. "Kafka always gets like this when I bring up how bad my relationship with my husband was."

She glanced at Kafka again—his dark, abyssal gaze unchanging.

"...But I didn't mention him today, nor did we bring up anything that bothered us today so why her staring at us like that."

A heavy silence fell.

Then, Camila's eyes suddenly widened and she let out a quiet, understanding breath.

"...Oh no." She muttered, her face slightly paling as she remembered what happened the last time this happened.

Abigaille and Nina snapped their heads toward her.

"What?!" Nina asked.

Camila slowly turned back to Kafka, her expression shifting into realization.

"...It's because you brought up my husband just now."

Nina froze while Abigaille blinked.

Camila exhaled sharply. "You talked about how he didn't take care of me during my pregnancy."

The realization hit all three of them at once.

Nina gasped. "Oh, shit."

Abigaille let out a small sigh. "Well...That explains why he's like this."

"Yeah...he doesn't handle things like this well." Camila grimaced and let out a small sigh. But then, much to Nina and Abigaille's surprise, she smiled.

"Well...at least it's reassuring to know that he's only like this because of how protective he is over us." She admitted, her voice softer now. "It feels...rather nice to know that someone's looking out for us like this."

Nina hesitated for a moment before she sighed, her fingers fidgeting slightly.

"...Yeah." She mumbled, a little shyly. "I mean, I like to handle everything on my own, you know? I don't really need anyone to protect me—I can fend off anything myself."

Camila gave her an amused glance. "That's true."

Nina huffed. "But still..." She glanced at Kafka's brooding, abyss-like stare and let out a small, almost bashful chuckle. "It's...comforting. Cozy, even. Knowing that I've got a literal hellhound watching over me. Someone who'd go to any extent to make sure I'm safe."

Camila nodded. "Yeah...I feel that."

Abigaille smiled warmly. "It's nice, isn't it?"

Both Nina and Camila gave small, genuine nods.

But then—

Much to their absolute shock—

Abigaille suddenly sighed dreamily and said out of nowhere, while looking at her son with an enchanted gaze,

"...And he also looks rather hot and steamy when he gives that gaze, doesn't he?"

Chapter 566: Delutional Fantasies

Silence.

A long, painful, stunned silence.

Camila and Nina slowly turned to her, horrified.

"...Abi." Nina gave her a deeply disturbed look. "Did you just say that out loud?"

Camila blinked several times, as if trying to clear her ears. "No, no—there's no way I just heard that from you."

Abigaille, realizing their strange gazes, immediately fought back.

"Oh, come on!" She huffed, crossing her arms. "You both should understand his appeal by now!"

Camila and Nina still looked at her like she had just grown three heads.

Abigaille, undeterred, continued, "You know how handsome he already is! I mean, just look at him!"

Both of them refused to turn back toward Kafka, but Abigaille went on anyway.

"And because of the smile he always has on his face, he's usually so warm and comforting. But at the same time..."

Her voice grew shyer, almost bashful.

"...When he shows this face of his..." She bit her lip slightly, glancing at Kafka's brooding, abyssal expression.

"I...I can't help but keep glancing at it."

Camila and Nina stiffened, while Abigaille pressed a hand over her chest, her cheeks flushing slightly.

"Because when he looks so cold like that...I-I actually get kind of..."

She hesitated—then, in a small, breathy confession:

"...I get quite excited."

Camila and Nina both recoiled instantly.

"ABI!" Nina shouted, looking personally betrayed.

Camila's face twisted. "What the hell did you just say?!"

Abigaille's blush deepened, but she still stood her ground.

"It's true!" She insisted. "It's almost like...like I've lost all my rights and belong to him entirely!"

Camila and Nina were horrified.

Nina slapped her hands over her ears. "I refuse to hear any more of this!"

Camila groaned, running a hand down her face. "Oh my god. Even my innocent Abi has been corrupted."

Abigaille, flustered but still genuinely serious, peeked up at them. "S-So...neither of you feel that way when he looks at you like that?"

Camila and Nina opened their mouths to deny it. To say "No, of course not!"

But then, they paused.

Because when they really thought about it—

When they let themselves linger on the image of Kafka's abyssal stare, his suffocating presence, the way his gaze felt like chains locking around their very souls—

A horrifying, terrifying, absolutely perverse realization hit them both at once.

They couldn't actually deny it.

The silence between them grew heavy, thick with something unnamed.

Then, Camila coughed, shifting slightly.

"...Well." She murmured, tilting her head just a bit. "I mean...I guess he does have some appeal when he looks like this."

Nina, after a brief internal struggle, let out a small, reluctant sigh before nodding along far too quickly.

"Yeah, yeah." She said, a little too casual. "I mean, we'd have to be blind not to see it, right?"

Abigail's eyes sparkled immediately. "Oh? So you do see it!"

Camila scoffed, crossing her arms. "Alright, calm down. It's not like we're throwing ourselves at him."

But then—something dark, something deep and buried cracked open inside her.

She let herself think about it.

Her eyes flickered toward Kafka's abyss-like glare, his terrifyingly calm demeanor—



"...You know." She murmured, her voice dropping slightly. "I think it's the way he looks at you like you're the only thing in his world."

Nina exhaled slowly, her fingers twitching. "Yeah. It's that unyielding stare. Like he's already made up his mind, and there's no escaping it."

Camila let out a small breath. "Exactly. It's unrelenting. Like he's waiting for you to realize there's nothing else you can do."

Nina sighed dreamily. "And it's that feeling. That horrible, thrilling feeling of knowing you're completely at his mercy."

Abigaille was blinking rapidly now, but neither of them paid her any attention.

Camila, already leaning into the thought, tilted her head slightly.

"...It's actually really hot when he backs you into a corner."

Nina groaned. "God, yes."

Camila smirked, voice dropping lower. "That way he leans in—so close, like he's giving you a chance to run, but he knows you won't."

Nina's fingers twitched. "Like he's already decided you're his."

Camila sighed. "And if you push back, just a little, he gets that serious voice."

Nina's breath hitched. "The one where he just barely raises it? When he says something like, 'Do I need to repeat myself?'"

Camila's cheeks warmed. "And you feel it—that drop in your stomach."

Nina let out a shaky breath. "And that moment you realize, you're completely, utterly..."

Camila licked her lips. "Fucked."

Abigaille choked. But they weren't stopping now.

Nina suddenly leaned forward, her eyes dark. "Okay, but imagine this—"

Camila raised an eyebrow. "I'm listening."

Nina's voice turned low, almost sinful. "You try to walk past him, pretend like you're not paying attention, and then—"

Camila tilted her head. "He grabs your wrist."

Nina nodded slowly. "And pulls you back."

Camila exhaled. "And forces you against the wall."

Nina shuddered. "And pins you there, so effortlessly."

Camila bit her lip. "Like he's not even using half his strength."

Nina's thighs pressed together. "And then he just—stares."

Camila groaned. "That stare. The 'Are you going to behave?' stare."

Nina sighed. "And when you don't..."

Camila smirked. "He tilts his head, and—lowers his voice even more."

Nina's breath hitched. "And says something like, 'You're testing my patience.'"

Camila shivered, while Abigaille looked mortified at the things they were saying about her own son.

"You guys... You don't have to be so open with your desires." She whispered, but they were too far gone.

Camila grinned wickedly. "And then, if you're still being difficult—"

Nina interrupted. "He grabs your chin."

Camila hummed. "And tilts it up. Forces you to look at him."

Nina whispered. "And then—finally—"

They both exhaled, deep, longing sighs.

The air was dangerously thick.

It felt hot. Stifling. Overwhelming.

And then, as if struck by lightning, both Camila and Nina snapped back to reality.

They froze.

They stared at each other.

Then—

"Oh my god."

They slapped their hands over their faces at the same time.

"W-What did we just admit too?" Camila muttered at the words that has just left her mouth.

"What the hell is wrong with us?!" Nina groaned, unable to believe that she was acting in such a shameless manner.

Abigaille, who had been watching in absolute horror, sat there, her face completely red.

Then—shyly, in a small, breathy voice, she murmured—

"...And you two scolded me for what I said?"

Camila and Nina whipped their heads toward her, horrified.

Abigaille, despite looking deeply flustered, gave them a small, teasing pout.

"You both made fun of me." She mumbled, playing with her fingers. "But what you just said was so much worse...So much worse like both of you are perverts lusting after my poor son."

Hearing the sweet Abigaille scold them, Camila and Nina burned in shame.

Camila cleared her throat. "A-Anyway—"

Nina jumped up. "Okay! Time to change the subject!"

"Oh, I hope they don't do anything to my helpless Kafi." Abigaille whispered to herself, praying that both of these cougars didn't jump him and put them under their mercy.

Nina then finally pulled her hands away from her burning face, taking a deep breath before glancing toward Kafka again. His dark gaze remained locked on nothing, his entire being exuding an unnerving, suffocating aura, completely unaware of the absolute filth happening right behind him.

She sighed, placing her hands on her hips. "Okay, but seriously...What the hell do we do about him?"

Camila, still recovering from the absolute depravity she and Nina had just spilled, finally forced herself to look at Kafka again.

"...Yeah." She muttered, rubbing the back of her neck. "We can't just leave him like that."

Nina nodded firmly. "I'm scared he might actually just kill someone if we don't snap him out of it."

They both turned toward Abigaille, expecting an answer.

And, to their mild surprise, she actually stepped forward confidently, placing a hand over her chest with a knowing smile.

"Oh, don't worry." She said proudly. "I already know exactly how to fix this."

Camila and Nina blinked. "You do?"

Abigaille nodded enthusiastically. "Of course! Unlike you two, who only see that scary face when you're being wronged..."

She turned back to Kafka, her expression softening just a little.

"I see it more often than you think back home." She murmured.

Nina frowned. "What do you mean?"

Abigaille sighed, tilting her head. "I mean, sometimes he just...looks like that. All on his own."

Camila's brows furrowed. "Wait...you're saying he just randomly starts brooding like that?"

Abigaille nodded. "Yes. It happens when he's alone or lost in thought. It's like he's thinking about something from the past...or maybe even the future."

Nina and Camila both exchanged a glance.

"...What the hell is he thinking about that makes him look like that?" Nina muttered, glancing at Kafka's void-like expression again.

Camila exhaled through her nose. "No clue...but whatever it is, it must be serious."

Abigaille placed a finger on her lips, thoughtful. "I didn't like that he always looked so sad sometimes. It didn't feel right. So, I wanted to cheer him up, and I tried so many different methods to see what would snap him out of that state."

Camila raised an eyebrow. "And?"

Abigaille clasped her hands together, looking far too smug.

"And after some experimentation, I found the best way to do it."

Both Nina and Camila leaned in slightly, waiting for the answer.

But before she could reveal it, Camila raised an eyebrow out of curiosity. "Wait—experimentation?"

Nina nodded, suspicious. "What kind of experimentation are we talking about here?"

Abigaille giggled, looking a little too pleased with herself. "Oh, you know. I tried a lot of things."

Nina and Camila just stared, waiting.

Abigaille tapped her chin, thinking back. "Let's see...first, I tried bringing him sweets. I thought maybe if I fed him something nice, he'd snap out of it."

Camila's brow twitched. "Did it work?"

Abigaille pouted. "No. He just ate the pastry like a sad prince in a tragic novel and kept brooding."

"Okay, that's something I want to see." Nina snorted, imagining the comedical scene of Kafka stuffing his face with that scary look in his face.

Abigaille waved her hand dismissively. "Then, I tried playing music and even singing to him."

Camila and Nina both blinked.

"...You sang to him?" Camila repeated.

Abigaille nodded seriously. "Yes! I sat next to him and sang something soft and sweet to see if it would bring him back."

Nina tilted her head. "And?"

Abigaille sighed dramatically. "He just closed his eyes like a sorrowful poet and kept brooding."

Camila held back laughter. "Oh my god."

Abigaille huffed. "I even tried tickling him once."

Nina choked. "Wait—what?!"

Abigaille nodded firmly. "I thought, maybe if I got him to react, he'd snap out of it. So, I sat on his lap and tried tickling his sides."

Camila covered her mouth, shocked. "And? Did it work?"

Abigaille groaned. "No! He just let it happen while staring into the wall! He didn't even budge! It was so frustrating!"

Nina was howling with laughter. "Abi, that's so embarrassing."

Abigail sighed, looking genuinely distraught. "It was! I even tried dragging him around the house, making him do small tasks, throwing a pillow at his face—but nothing worked!"

Camila wiped away a tear from laughing. "That's...actually adorable."

Abigail crossed her arms. "But, after all that trial and error, I finally found the solution."

She paused for dramatic effect before saying—

"Kisses."

A brief pause.

Then, both Nina and Camila blinked.

"...Kisses?" They repeated at the same time.

Abigail nodded enthusiastically. "Mhm!"

Nina furrowed her brows. "Wait, wait. You're saying kissing him brings him back to reality?"

Abigail clasped her hands together, looking far too smug. "It does! One time, he was like this, and...well, I couldn't resist since he looked so handsome at that moment."

Camila and Nina both stared.

Abigail tilted her head coyly, her voice dropping slightly. "So, I took advantage of him."

Camila's eye twitched. "Abi. What."

Abigail giggled mischievously. "I just...started kissing him all over his face."



Nina's mouth fell open. "Wait—what?!"

Camila narrowed her eyes. "And? What happened?"

Abigaille smiled, looking a little too pleased with herself. "To my surprise, he actually woke up from his daze! Normally, it takes him a long time to come out of it no matter what I do, but that time...?"

She pressed a finger to her lips, looking smug. "He snapped out of it almost immediately."

Nina and Camila sat there, processing.

Then, Camila huffed, crossing her arms. "Well. That's useful information."

Nina nodded, grinning slightly. "Yeah. So, the next time he gets like this with us..."

Camila smirked. "We'll know exactly what to do."

They both glanced at Kafka's unmoving gaze almost like they were almost looking forward to testing this out...

Chapter 567: It's Not Like I Hate It...

Abigaille, still smug and pleased with herself, suddenly tilted her head, her expression turning curious.

"But..." she murmured, glancing between Camila and Nina.

The two of them, who had just started mentally preparing themselves to use this newfound information the next time Kafka slipped into one of his terrifying brooding moods, looked back at her in confusion.

"...But why would you wait until he looks scary again?" She asked, genuinely puzzled.

Nina furrowed her brows. "Huh?"

"...I mean. Why don't we just kiss him together now?" Abigaille blinked innocently.

Nina and Camila both froze at the absurd statement they had just heard.

Nina's face immediately began to burn, her mind stumbling over itself. "W-Wait. What do you mean by that?"

Abigaille's lips curled into a small, coy smile. "Well..." She mused, pressing a finger to her cheek. "When I kissed him alone, he snapped out of it real quick."

Her eyes gleamed as she turned toward them. "So, wouldn't he come back even faster if all three of us kissed him at the same time?"

Nina's entire body stiffened.

The intimate thought of kissing Kafka already made her heart race—his lips, his skin, the warmth of his breath—but to think of doing it with both Abigaille and Camila by her side as well...

Her mind immediately short-circuited.

Camila raised an eyebrow, looking only mildly surprised. "So you're saying if we all gang up on him with kisses, he'll come back even faster?"

Abigaille nodded enthusiastically. "Exactly!"

Nina opened her mouth, then closed it.

Then, after hesitating, she turned toward Abigaille, her cheeks still flushed.

"...But if we all do it at the same time." She mumbled, her voice dropping. "Won't it be inevitable that we, um...kiss the same spots each other already kissed?"

She swallowed. "That's basically like...u-um..."

Her face burnt even hotter.

"...Like we're...Kissing each other.."

Camila, who had been watching quietly up until this point, suddenly scoffed.

"Oh, please." She huffed, rolling her eyes. "Don't you dare complain over kisses with one another when Kafka here has made me do so many shared acts of intimacy with my own daughter."

Both Nina and Abigaille immediately perked up.

Nina, still flustered, blinked rapidly and turned toward her. "Wait—what?"

Camila's entire body stiffened just a little, as if realising she had just overspoken.

"...F-Forget I said anything." She muttered, suddenly avoiding their gazes.

That, of course, was the wrong thing to say. Because now, Nina was too curious to let it go.

She stepped forward immediately, eyes glinting with mischievous interest.

"Oh no." She grinned. "You can't just leave me in suspense like that!"

Camila groaned. "Nina—"

"No, no, no, you said something weird, and now I need to know."

Abigaille, also curious now, stepped closer, clasping her hands together. "Yes, Camila! What do you mean by that?"

Camila sighed heavily, realising she had just dug her own grave.

"...I walked right into this one, didn't I?" She muttered.

Camila then let out a deep, suffering sigh, rubbing her temples like she was mentally preparing herself for what she was about to say.

Then, she glanced toward Kafka—still standing there, completely unaware of the absolute mess they were discussing behind his back.

She narrowed her eyes at him, as if blaming him for all of this.

"...Well, you two should already know by now." She muttered, turning back to Nina and Abigaille.  
"...that as nice and easygoing as Kafka is..."

She crossed her arms, her voice dry.

"He has one major flaw."

Nina and Abigaille both blinked, waiting.

Camila sighed again.

"His overflowing lust."

Silence.

Nina's face froze.

Abigaille tilted her head. "Huh?"

Camila groaned. "I mean his ridiculous horniness!"

Both Nina and Abigaille stiffened.

Camila rolled her eyes. "You two should know exactly what I'm talking about. The man literally cannot let us go without turning every single moment we're alone into something...intimate."

Another heavy silence. Then, slowly, both Nina's and Abigail's faces turned red.

Nina opened her mouth like she wanted to deny it—but stopped herself.

Because...Because she knew it was true.

"...Well." She muttered, clearing her throat awkwardly.

Abigail, already flustered, clutched her hands together. "I-I mean...that's just how he is, right?"

Camila raised an eyebrow. "So you agree?"

Abigail hesitated. Then, very, very softly, she murmured,

"...He really can't keep his hands off us, can he?"

Nina groaned, covering her burning face. "Ugh, don't say it like that!"

Camila smirked. "Why not? It's the truth."

Nina groaned harder, but then, as if she couldn't stop herself, her mind immediately started recounting all the times Kafka had taken advantage of their alone time.

Her face burnt.

"...Okay, but like. Every time we cook together." She muttered, hiding behind her hands, her face flushed. "He always...comes up behind me, presses against my back, and just...starts playing with my breasts." She peeked through her fingers, her voice a flustered whisper. "He'll just...cup them or gently squeeze while I'm trying to chop vegetables or stir a sauce. He pretends he's reaching for something, but he's not. It's so distracting! I can't concentrate on anything when he's doing that."

He'll whisper little things, like how soft they are, and I try to tell him to stop, but he just laughs and keeps doing it. I swear, I can't get any cooking done!"

Camila rolled her eyes. "Classic."

Abigaille's face flushed deeper. "T-That happens to me too..."

Nina sighed. "And don't get me started on whenever we're reading together. I sit on the couch for two seconds and suddenly he's in my lap, resting his head against my chest and just...sighing like he's been deprived."

Camila chuckled. "Oh yeah, he does that a lot."

Abigaille fidgeted. "W-Well...My Kafi does that to me too, but..."

Camila and Nina both looked at her.

Abigaille's voice dropped.

"...He doesn't just stop at resting his head..."

Silence.

Camila's and Nina's eyes widened.

Nina stared. "Abi."

Abigaille's cheeks turned a fiery crimson. She hesitated, her eyes darting nervously around the room, as if the walls themselves had ears. Finally, in a hushed, trembling voice, she confessed,

"I-I mean! Sometimes he just...he pulls up my top, just a little, and then...then he starts licking and sucking my navel." Her breath hitched, her face burning. "He says it's...it's like honey or warm caramel. He says it's the sweetest thing he's ever tasted." Her voice dropped to a whisper. "And then...then he just keeps going, his tongue swirling and teasing, his lips pressing against my skin."

He murmurs things...things about how much he loves the taste of me, how he could just stay like that forever. And his hands...they wander, tracing the curve of my hip, the line of my waist, sometimes even slipping beneath my skirt. All while I'm trying to read! It's so...intense. So distracting. I feel all...hot and flustered, and my heart races, and I can't concentrate on a single word!"

She buried her face in her hands.

Camila snorted. "Oh, poor thing. Must be so hard."

Nina huffed. "Okay, well, at least you're usually indoors. The other day I was just leaning against a railing outside, enjoying the damn breeze, and this man—this man—just wrapped his arms around me from behind! He started kissing my shoulder, but that wasn't even the worst part!"

She shuddered, her cheeks flushing.

"He put his hands...down my pants. Right there, while I could see a bunch of people passing by on the street! And he started groping me, squeezing my ass like it was some kind of...of ripe fruit!" Her voice dropped to a horrified whisper. "People were walking by! I could feel their eyes on us, and I was so embarrassed! I even had to bite my lip to stop myself from moaning. I mean, it was completely inappropriate, and I was furious, but...the way he was grabbing me, and the things he was whispering in my ear...It was just..." She trailed off, a shiver running down her spine, while Abigail let out a small squeak.

Camila shook her head. "Oh, that's nothing. Try getting work done with him around."

Nina turned to her. "What do you mean?"

Camila sighed. "I was trying to go through some paperwork the other day, and I swear to god, he just...stared at me for a while."

She crossed her arms. "And when I asked him what his problem was, he just smiled and said, 'You're ignoring me, so I have no choice.'"

Nina's eye twitched. "No choice to do what?"

Camila's lips curled slightly. "To pin me against my desk and...well, let's just say he seems intent on ensuring there's a rather...damp mess underneath it." She blushed, lowering her voice. "He...He fingered me. Right there, against the desk, while I'm supposed to be working. He pushed my skirt up, and...and he just...went at it. And then...well, there's usually a bit of a clean-up afterwards."

Abigaille let out a small, flustered whimper, while Nina felt hot just from hearing what happened.

Camila, completely unbothered, just sighed dramatically. "It's constant. He never stops."

Nina groaned. "He's such a menace."

Abigaille nodded rapidly. "A-A very loving menace..."

Camila chuckled. "Exactly."

Nina hesitated, her voice softening as she shifted in her seat, her earlier embarrassment giving way to a shy confession. "Okay, fine...it's not like I don't love how he makes me feel." She murmured, her fingers twisting nervously. "I mean...he's so good at it, it's almost unreal."

Camila raised an eyebrow, leaning forward with a faint, intrigued smile, while Abigaille's cheeks flushed anew, her eyes darting to Nina with quiet curiosity.

Nina took a breath, her voice dropping as she continued. "Like...there was this one time we were just lying in bed, when I was showing my bedroom for the first time, and I thought we were going to sleep. But then he rolled over, pulled me against him, and started kissing my back-slow, deep kisses down my spine. And his hands...God, his hands slid down my thighs, teasing me so lightly I could barely breathe."

Camila's smile widened, her tone encouraging. "Go on."

Nina swallowed, her face heating up. "He didn't rush it. He just kept kissing, lower and lower, until he was...well, you know. And the way he used his mouth—his lips sucking just right, his tongue flicking in ways I didn't even know I liked—it was like he was unravelling me piece by piece. I couldn't stop shaking."



Abigaille let out a small, flustered gasp, her hands clasping together tightly. "I-I know what you mean." She whispered, her voice trembling with shy excitement. "There was this time...we were in the shower together, just washing up, and he suddenly pressed me against the tiles. The water was pouring over us, and he...he knelt down, lifted my leg over his shoulder, and started licking me there."

"...It was so hot, and the way he looked up at me while he did it, like he was daring me to fall apart—I couldn't even stand up straight after."

Camila chuckled, her eyes glinting with a mix of amusement and memory. "Oh, he's got a knack for that, doesn't he? For me, it was this one afternoon in the living room. I was just stretching out on the rug, minding my own business, when he came over, straddled me, and pinned my hips down."

"He didn't say a word, just pulled my pants off and buried his face between my legs. The way he sucked, the way he growled against me like he couldn't get enough it was so intense I saw stars."

Nina's jaw dropped slightly, and she let out a shaky laugh. "He's...he's ridiculous. I mean, there was another time we were out on a hike, just the two of us, and we stopped by this secluded spot. He pushed me against a tree, yanked my shorts down, and went at me like he'd been starving for it."

"His tongue was everywhere, and his fingers—God, the way he curled them inside me while he licked, I was screaming his name before I even realized it."

Abigaille's face was now a deep crimson, but she nodded, her voice barely audible. "H-He did something like that to me too...in the garden once. I was picking flowers, and he just...came up behind me, spun me around, and lifted my skirt."

"He went down on me right there in the dirt, his mouth so warm and relentless, and his hands holding me up so I wouldn't collapse. I couldn't even think—just felt everything."

Camila leaned back, her expression a mix of smugness and awe. "And it's not just his mouth, either. The way he fucks—it's like he knows exactly how deep, how fast, how hard you need it."

"...That time on the rug? After he was done with his tongue, he flipped me over, pulled my hips up, and took me so slow at first, letting me feel every inch, then pounded me until the room spun. He's got this...this rhythm that makes you lose yourself."

Abigaille bit her lip, her voice soft but earnest. "In the shower too, after he...you know...he stood up, pressed me harder against the wall, and slid into me. The water made everything slick, and he moved so perfectly, hitting every spot inside me until I was sobbing his name. He knows how to make you feel so...so wanted."

Nina, however, remained unusually quiet. While Camila and Abigaille could readily recount their passionate encounters with Kafka, she found herself unable to contribute. A blush crept up her neck, and she nervously fidgeted with the hem of her dress. The truth was, she hadn't yet experienced the full extent of Kafka's intimacy.

She was still a virgin, and every time the moment approached, she would succumb to a wave of shyness, her courage faltering. She yearned for the experiences her companions described, but the fear of the unknown, the vulnerability of the act, always held her back. And all she could do stay silent and listen to both of their stories, while hoping that a time would come where she would get the guts to throw herself on Kafka and lose her innocence herself.

A collective sigh of contentment filled the room.

And for a moment, they simply basked in the shared memory, a soft smile playing on each of their lips.

It was a strange sort of camaraderie, a bond forged in shared experiences, a silent acknowledgment of the intense pleasure they had all received. They were like sisters, finally finding solace in each other's company, understanding the unspoken language of shared joy and struggle.

It was a relief, a release, to finally voice these intimate moments, to find others who understood the intoxicating blend of vulnerability and power that came with his touch.

Then, a slow realization dawned. They looked at each other, their smiles faltering slightly. They were middle-aged women, recounting tales of a ger man's passionate encounters, right here, younger in the middle of a lobby. The sheer brazenness of their conversation struck them, a wave of sheepishness washing over them.

Camila cleared her throat, a faint blush creeping up her neck. "Well..." She said, her voice a little shaky. "I suppose we've...shared quite a bit."

Nina chuckled, a nervous edge to her laughter. "Yes, we certainly have. I...I don't think I've ever been this...candid."

Abigaille's eyes widened, her face turning a deeper shade of crimson. "We're...We're being rather shameless, aren't we?" She whispered, her voice laced with a mix of embarrassment and amusement.

A moment of awkward silence followed, punctuated by nervous giggles. They glanced around, half-expecting someone to have overheard their explicit conversation. The lobby, however, remained blissfully unaware, the usual hum of conversation and activity continuing undisturbed.

Camila leaned forward, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well..." She said, a mischievous grin spreading across her face. "If we're going to be shameless, we might as well embrace it, right?"

Nina and Abigaille exchanged a look, a shared understanding passing between them. They couldn't deny the thrill of their shared confessions, the release of finally speaking their truths.

A wave of laughter erupted from them, a mix of embarrassment and pure, unadulterated joy.

They had crossed a line, ventured into uncharted territory, and found a strange sort of freedom in their shared audacity.

#### Chapter 568: Sharing One In Bed

Camila coughed, a delicate sound, drawing the others back from their shared reverie. "Right..." She said, her voice regaining its composure, though a faint blush still lingered on her cheeks. "As we were saying, Kafka is...undeniably lustful. And, frankly..." She added, her eyes narrowing slightly. "...I find it highly unlikely he would 'take turns,' as you put it, when both my daughter and I are under the same roof." Nina's eyes widened, a dawning realization spreading across her face. "You mean...that...?" She stammered, her cheeks flushing a deep crimson. Camila nodded, her own cheeks tinted a delicate pink. "Yes." She confirmed, her voice barely above a whisper. "He...usually takes us both at the same time." Nina's jaw dropped. She stared at Camila, her mind reeling. Bella, the sweet, innocent little girl she remembered, now a woman sharing such intimate moments with her own mother. It was a revelation that sent a strange mix of shock and fascination through her. "I...I never imagined." She murmured, her voice laced with disbelief. "Bella...she's grown up so much." Abigaille, meanwhile, looked utterly bewildered. "Wait..." She said, her brow furrowed in confusion. "Kafi...Kafi does that? With both of you? At the same time?" She paused, her eyes widening in sudden understanding. "Is that what he's been doing every time he's gone next door?" A look of stunned surprise washed over her face. "I always thought he was just...borrowing sugar or something." Camila, seemingly unfazed by their reactions, shifted slightly, a soft, almost dreamy expression settling on her face. "And well..." She began, her voice low and intimate. "When you share such...moments with someone, it's only natural that other intimacies follow." She blushed slightly, her gaze drifting away. "There are some shared moments...Moments of connection." Nina, her curiosity piqued, leaned forward. "Shared moments? What do you mean?" She asked, her voice

laced with a mixture of intrigue and apprehension. Camila hesitated, her cheeks flushing a deeper shade of pink. "It's...rather embarrassing." She murmured, her voice barely audible. "Even for me. I don't want to go into too much detail." She paused, then, with a sigh, continued. "But...sometimes, after he...finishes inside me, he asks me to...clean him up." She looked away, her embarrassment palpable. "...With my mouth." A collective gasp filled the air. Nina and Abigail exchanged shocked glances, their own faces now mirroring Camila's blush. "Oh." Nina breathed, her voice barely a whisper. "That...that's happened to me too." Abigail nodded, her eyes wide. "Me too." She admitted, her voice trembling slightly. "I thought...I thought it was just me." Camila, emboldened by their shared experience, continued. "Well, he does the same when he's with both Bella and me." She paused, then added, her voice dropping to a near whisper. "Only...when he finishes inside me, he doesn't ask me to clean him up." A moment of stunned silence followed. Nina's eyes widened, and a slow, horrified realization dawned on her face. "He...He asks Bella?" She whispered, her voice laced with disbelief. Camila nodded, her cheeks burning. "Yes." She confirmed, her voice barely audible. "And...and when he finishes inside Bella, he asks me." The air crackled with unspoken emotions: shock, embarrassment, and a strange, almost morbid curiosity. Nina and Abigail stared at Camila, their minds reeling from the revelation. The intimacy of the act, the sheer audacity of it, was almost overwhelming. "That's..." Nina stammered, her voice trailing off. "That's...quite something." Abigail, her eyes wide with a mix of horror and fascination at what her son was doing, simply nodded, unable to find the words to express her shock. "I...I don't know what to say." She murmured, her voice barely a whisper. "I never imagined..." Camila sighed, a mix of resignation and acceptance in her expression. "He has his...preferences." She said, her voice laced with a hint of exasperation, though a faint blush still lingered on her cheeks. "And we...accommodate them." And then suddenly, she seemed to realize the intensity of their gazes, the unspoken questions hanging in the air, the way they were both processing the sheer, unadulterated absurdness of it all. A wave of embarrassment washed over her, and she quickly added, "Look, that's what I'm saying that a few kisses here and there are really nothing compared to...well, you know." She gestured vaguely, her cheeks flushing a deeper shade of crimson, her eyes darting nervously around the room. "...to what I've already said, shall we say, 'sampled the wares' of my own daughter." "...So, a little shared saliva is hardly a shock." Nina, still reeling from the previous revelations, could only nod in silent, stunned agreement. There was no arguing with that logic, however bizarre it was. Camila, regaining a semblance of her usual composure, shifted slightly, her gaze drifting towards an unseen point in the distance, a thoughtful frown creasing her brow. "Thinking about the future..." She began, her voice hesitant, a touch of apprehension creeping in. "When we all live together...there's no way he's going to take us one by one. He'll be like a...a ravenous beast, devouring us all at once. We should be prepared to be...one with one another at that time." Nina, her face still flushed, remained silent for a moment, contemplating the implications of Camila's words, the sheer logistics of it all. "I-I've already thought about that." She finally admitted, her voice barely a whisper, a nervous tremor running through it. "And...I-I wouldn't mind having Abigail by my side. She has a...soothing presence. I think she'd be a great support when dealing with Kafka's...onslaught." A small, nervous smile played on her lips, a hint of desperation in her eyes. Abigail, a warm smile gracing her features, reached out and gently squeezed Nina's hand, her touch reassuring. "I'd be happy to." She reassured her, her voice filled with genuine affection, a hint of understanding in her eyes. However, Nina's gaze then shifted towards Camila, a hint of wariness, of a deep-seated, almost primal awkwardness, in her eyes. "But you." She said, her voice laced with a touch of hesitation, a nervous laugh escaping her lips. "You're going to be...difficult." Camila raised an eyebrow, a playful smirk tugging at the corner of her lips, a hint of wounded pride

in her eyes. "Difficult? Why?...And why does Abi get special treatment?" Nina sighed, trying to articulate her complicated feelings, the tangled web of emotions that made this whole situation so...uniquely challenging. "It's not special treatment." She clarified, her voice laced with a hint of awkwardness, a desperate attempt to explain the unexplainable. "It's just...different. With Abigaille, it's...well, it's a bizarre situation, but it's new." "We met under...extraordinary circumstances, through Kafka. So, sharing a bed with her, with him...it's just another layer of the bizarreness. It somehow makes sense, in a twisted way. It's like adding another surreal element to an already surreal painting." She paused, searching for the right words, her fingers fidgeting nervously. "But with you, Camila...we've known each other for years. We're friends. Close friends. Best friends. And the thought of...sharing such an intimate moment with you...it feels...awkward. Like one day I'm sharing secrets over tea, and the next I'm sharing...well, you know. It's like suddenly finding out your favorite childhood teddy bear has a secret, surprisingly sensual life." Nina tilted her head, her brow furrowing as she studied Camila's unflappable demeanor. "Okay, but what about you?" She asked, her voice tinged with incredulity. "How in the world are you not awkward about all this? I mean, you're just sitting here, casually dropping these bombs like it's nothing!" Camila rolled her eyes, a faint smirk tugging at her lips as she leaned back, exuding an air of seasoned nonchalance. "Nina, when you've seen your own daughter getting fucked like a beast by the same man you love, trust me—there's really nothing left that can faze you. Awkward doesn't even register anymore." Nina opened her mouth to respond, but the sheer weight of Camila's words left her speechless, her mind grappling with the blunt reality of it. She had no counter, no witty retort—just a stunned silence. Camila's smirk softened into a knowing smile as she leaned forward slightly, her tone teasing now. "Besides, why are you getting so hot and bothered about this? It's not like you haven't seen me completely naked before." Nina's eyes widened, a look of dismay flashing across her face as she sputtered. "There's an obvious difference between seeing you naked and then watching that very naked body being toyed with by someone! It's—It's not the same thing at all!" Camila chuckled, clearly enjoying Nina's flustered reaction, and opened her mouth to fire back another quip. But just as their bickering was about to escalate, a sudden sound cut through the air—soft, wet, unmistakable smacks of lips against skin. "Peck!~ Peck!~ Mmm!~ Peck!~ Lick!~" Both women froze, their heads snapping toward the source of the noise in unison. And to their utter shock, there was Abigaille, pressed up against Kafka, kissing him with a fervor that left no room for misinterpretation. "Pucker!~ Pucker!~ Smooch!~ Pucker!~ Suck!~" Her lips danced across his face—his cheeks, his jaw, the corner of his mouth—each kiss landing with a hungry little sound that echoed in the otherwise quiet room, while Kafka simply stood staring into nowhere as if he was stuck in his own thoughts. Nina's jaw dropped, her earlier embarrassment forgotten in the face of this new spectacle. "W-What the-Abigaille?!" Camila blinked, then let out a low, amused hum. "Well, looks like someone couldn't wait to test her own theory." Abigaille, her lips still pressed against her son's cheek, finally noticed their stunned gazes. She pulled back, her cheeks flushed a delightful shade of pink, her eyes wide with a mixture of guilt and a desperate attempt to explain. "I-It's not what you think!" She stammered, her voice a breathless whisper. "Well, it is, but not in the way you think!" "...I just—I noticed his gaze getting gloomier, and he started muttering things under his breath, all dark and brooding. It scared me, so I...I started on my own!" She turned to them, her wide eyes pleading as she gestured toward Kafka, who indeed had a shadow creeping over his features, his lips moving faintly with unintelligible murmurs. "Please, come over and help me out!" Abigaille urged, her tone growing more desperate. "He looks particularly vengeful tonight—like he's about to commit murder later if we don't snap him out of it!" Nina hesitated, her feet rooted to the spot as she glanced at Kafka, the intensity in his demeanor sending a shiver down her

spine. But then she felt a gentle pat on her shoulder, and she turned to see Camila beside her, a reassuring smile softening her face. "I don't know about you, Nina." Camila said, her voice steady and warm. "But if I had to choose who I'd share Kafka with, I wouldn't hesitate to pick you every single time." "...There's no one else I'd want by my side in my most vulnerable moments." Nina's eyes widened, a wave of warmth washing over her. She was taken aback by the sincerity of Camila's words, the unwavering trust and affection that shone in her eyes. It made her realize that, despite the awkwardness, she wouldn't want anyone else but Camila by her side either. "Camila..." She murmured, her voice filled with a mixture of surprise and gratitude. And then a tender gaze appeared in Nina's eyes, a silent acknowledgment of their deep bond. She nodded slowly, her earlier hesitation melting away like ice in the sun. "Okay..." She whispered, her voice filled with newfound resolve. "But if he gets a particular taste for all three of us kissing him at the same time and drags us over just to enact his desires, I'm blaming you." Camila's smile widened into a grin, her eyes sparkling with a mix of mischief and resolve as she gave Nina's shoulder a firm, reassuring squeeze. "Deal..." She said, her voice dripping with satisfaction, though there was an undercurrent of determination beneath it as she looked back at Kafka who still looked like a stone mountain even in the face of all the kisses he was getting from his mother. "Now, let's go help Abigaille before Kafka broods us all into a collective existential crisis—or worse, starts plotting something diabolical in that head of his."

#### Chapter 569: Lovely Daughter-In-Laws

Nina let out a nervous laugh, her earlier hesitation still lingering, but Camila's confidence was infectious. They turned together, their steps quickening as they approached the scene unfolding before them. Abigaille was already locked in her task, her focus entirely on Kafka's lips, and the sight stopped them both in their tracks for a moment. Her kisses were sensual, deliberate—a slow, tantalizing dance of lips against his. "Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Kiss!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~" She pressed her mouth to his with a soft, wet sound, her lips parting slightly to tease his lower lip with a gentle suck, then pulling back only to dive in again, deeper, hungrier. Her head tilted just so, her breath mingling with his, and the faint moan that escaped her added a layer of raw dirtiness to the act. "Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Mwah!~ Kiss!~ Nibble!~" Nina's cheeks flared red, her breath catching as she watched. She still couldn't fully wrap her mind around it—Abigaille, Kafka's mother, kissing him like that, with such unabashed passion. It was a sight that felt forbidden, thrillingly so, and it made her stomach twist with a strange mix of embarrassment and fascination. "God, I'll never get used to this." She muttered under her breath, her voice barely audible, her eyes darting away for a split second before snapping back. But then she noticed it—Kafka's eyes, darkening with that familiar gloom, the kind that signaled he was slipping into one of his dangerous moods. The sight jolted her out of her flustered reverie, and she shook her head, muttering, "Okay, focus, Nina. He needs us." And then with a determined breath, she moved to his left side, while Camila, ever the steady presence, took his right. Without another word, they dove in, their lips meeting his cheeks in a flurry of kisses that were both desperate and sensual. "Smooch!~ Smooch!~ Kiss!~ Smooch!~ Sip!~" Camila's kisses were firm, confident, each one landing with a soft smack against his skin, her lips lingering just long enough to leave a warm imprint before moving to the next spot. "Peck!~ Peck!~ Kiss!~ Peck!~ Taste!~" Nina, on the other hand, started more slowly, her lips brushing his cheek lightly at first, the faintest tremble in her touch. But as she pressed closer, her kisses grew bolder, deeper, her mouth opening slightly to let her breath fan across his skin, a soft hum escaping her as she found her rhythm. "Mwah!~ Mwah!~ Pucker!~ Mwah!~ Suck!~" Abigaille, still locked on Kafka's lips, caught Nina's presence out of the corner of her eye. She tilted her head slightly, mid-kiss, her lips

still pressed to her son's, and their gazes met—an odd, electric moment that made Nina's pulse spike. Their cheeks brushed together, the warmth of Abigaille's skin against hers sending a shiver down her spine. She could feel Abigaille's breath, hot and quick, mingling with her own, and the sounds of their kisses—the wet, rhythmic smacks, the faint gasps—were so close, so vivid, right by her ear. It was overwhelming, intimate in a way she hadn't anticipated. Nina's mind raced. 'This is...this is insane.' She thought, her lips still moving against Kafka's cheek. 'Abi's right there, and I can feel her kissing him, hear every little sound she's making it's like we're...Oh God, what am I even doing?' But even as her thoughts spun, something else stirred within her. The sheer closeness, the shared heat, the audacity of it all—it was exciting, dangerously so. Her hesitation began to melt, replaced by a growing heat low in her belly, a thrill that made her press her kisses harder, her lips now sucking gently at Kafka's skin, leaving faint red marks in her wake. "Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Smack! ~ Mmm!~ Lick!~" Camila, catching the shift in Nina's energy, let out a low chuckle against Kafka's cheek. "Look at you, getting into it." She teased, her voice husky as she planted another firm kiss near his jawline. "Didn't think you had it in you to enjoy this so much." Nina flushed, pulling back just enough to shoot Camila a flustered glare across Kafka's face. "Oh, shut up." She huffed, her breath warm against his skin. "It's not like I planned this—it's just...happening, okay?" "...And you're one to talk, you're practically eating his face off over there!" Camila grinned, undeterred, her lips brushing Kafka's cheek again as she murmured. "Can you blame me? He's too delicious to resist when he's like this. Besides, you're keeping up just fine—look at those little love bites you're leaving." "...Didn't know you were so possessive." Abigaille, hearing their banter, pulled back from Kafka's lips for a moment, her own cheeks flushed as she caught her breath. "You two are so loud." She said with a small, breathless laugh, her voice tinged with playful reproach. "But...it's working, isn't it? He's not muttering anymore." Her lips were still glistening, her eyes darting between them before she leaned back in, this time kissing the corner of Kafka's mouth with a slow, deliberate swipe of her tongue. "Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Mwah!~ Kiss!~ Sip!~" Nina's heart pounded, the sight of Abigaille's tongue against Kafka's lips sending another jolt of heat through her. "She's right." She whispered to herself, her voice barely audible over the sound of their collective kisses. "It's working...and it's...oh God, it's hot." She pressed herself closer, her cheek brushing Abigaille's again, the contact electric, and she let her lips trail lower, sucking gently at the edge of Kafka's jaw, her breath hastening as she felt the rhythm of their shared effort sync up. "Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Kiss!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~" Camila, her lips wrapped around Kafka's earlobe, sucked gently, the soft flesh yielding under her teasing nibbles. Her breath was hot against his skin, her excitement building as she caught sight of Nina out of the corner of her eye—her best friend, her face ablaze with passion, leaving a trail of red marks across Kafka's cheek with fervent kisses. "Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Mwah!~ Kiss! ~ Nibble!~" The sight sent a shiver of heat through Camila, her pulse quickening as she watched Nina's lips press and suck with such unrestrained desire. And then a fervent gleam sparked in her eyes, and she pulled back just enough to murmur, her voice low and thick with intent. "Nina, switch sides with me." Nina, still caught up in her rhythm of kisses along Kafka's jaw, paused mid-motion, her lips hovering over his skin as she glanced at Camila with a mix of confusion and breathless curiosity. "Why?" She asked, her voice slightly shaky, tinged with the remnants of her earlier embarrassment. "It's all the same, isn't it? Left, right—what's the difference?" Camila's smile was slow and wicked, her eyes glinting with a hunger that made Nina's breath catch. "Oh, it's not the same at all." She purred, leaning closer, her gaze locked on Nina's flushed face. "I don't just want to kiss Kafka—I want to taste the places you've kissed him. Your marks, your heat, your taste...I want it all on my tongue." Nina's eyes widened, a flush creeping up her neck as she sputtered. "W-Wait, what? Camila, that's you're talking like some kind of pervert!" Her voice was a flustered mess, her

hands flailing slightly as she tried to process the brazenness of Camila's words. But before she could fully protest, Camila moved with a fluid grace, stepping over to Nina's side. Her hands gently but firmly grasped Nina's shoulders, pulling her away from Kafka with a soft tug, her touch both commanding and tender. Nina stumbled back a step, her lips still tingling from where they'd been pressed against Kafka, but her attention snapped to Camila as her best friend leaned in close. Right before her eyes, Camila dragged her tongue across Kafka's cheek, a long, slow lick that traced the path Nina had just kissed. "Smooch!~ Smooch!~ Kiss!~ Smooch!~ Sip!~" The wet, deliberate slide of her tongue collected the faint sheen of saliva Nina had left behind, and all the while, Camila's eyes never left Nina's, bold and unapologetic, a challenge shimmering in their depths. She chuckled a low, throaty sound that vibrated through the air—before continuing, her tongue swirling over the red love marks Nina had left, tasting the warmth of Kafka's skin mingled with Nina's essence. "Mwah!~ Mwah!~ Pucker!~ Mwah!~ Suck!~" Nina should've been thrown off-repulsed, even-by the sight of her best friend so eagerly seeking out the places she'd kissed, licking up her traces like it was some forbidden delicacy. But instead, to her utter shock, a wave of heat surged through her, pooling low in her belly. The sight of Camila's tongue gliding over Kafka's cheek, the way her lips parted slightly as she savored the mingled flavors of Kafka and herself—it was intoxicating. Her nipples hardened beneath her top, pressing against the fabric, a visceral reaction she couldn't hide or deny. The thought of Camila taking both her taste and Kafka's into her mouth, blending them in such an intimate, shameless way, sent a thrill racing down her spine. "Peck!~ Peck!~ Kiss!~ Peck!~ Taste!~" In a daze, her breath shallow and quick, Nina drifted back to the side Camila had abandoned—Kafka's right cheek, still warm from Camila's earlier kisses. She hesitated for only a heartbeat before leaning in, her lips brushing against his skin, then parting as she mirrored Camila's actions. Her tongue flicked out, tasting the faint saltiness Camila had left behind, the subtle heat of her best friend's kiss lingering there. "Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Smack!~ Mmm!~ Lick!~" It was bold, reckless, and oh-so-exciting, the act of tasting Camila on Kafka's skin igniting a fire she hadn't expected. Camila caught her in the act, her eyes flicking to Nina mid-lick, a teasing, knowing glint dancing in them. "Oh, look at you." She murmured, her voice husky as she pulled back slightly, her tongue still glistening with the remnants of Nina's kiss. "Getting all bold now, aren't you?" Nina's face burned, her cheeks a vivid red as she faltered for a moment, her tongue still pressed against Kafka's skin. "I wasn't...I mean, I didn't mean to—" She stammered, her flustered words tumbling over each other. But then she caught the amusement in Camila's gaze, the way her lips curved into a smug, delighted smile, and she huffed, her embarrassment morphing into defiance. "Oh, shut up." She muttered, her voice trembling with a mix of shame and arousal. "You started it, so don't act all superior now!" With that, she dove back in, her tongue tracing a slow, sensual circle over one of Camila's lingering marks, tasting the warmth and the faint sweetness of her friend's lips. Camila laughed softly, a sound that was both playful and provocative, her own tongue returning to Kafka's cheek to lap at another of Nina's love bites. "Mmm, I did start it, didn't I?" She mused, her voice dripping with satisfaction as she licked again, slower this time, savoring every second. "And I'm not complaining—you taste divine mixed with him. I could get used to this, you know." Nina's breath hitched, her body trembling slightly as she pressed herself closer to Kafka, her lips and tongue working in tandem with Camila's across his face. What had started as a mission to pull Kafka back from his gloom had spiraled into something far more primal, a sensual exchange that blurred the lines between them all, leaving Nina both flustered and exhilarated by the unexpected intimacy she now craved. While Camila and Nina were lost in their sensual, almost perverse exchange, tongues tracing each other's lingering kisses on Kafka's skin, Abigail stood apart, her perspective softer, sweeter, untouched by the raw heat that consumed the other two. Her heart swelled as she watched



them, a tender warmth blooming in her chest. To her, this wasn't just an perverted display—it was a testament to the depth of love these two remarkable women, Camila and Nina, held for her son, Kafka. The way they kissed him, the passion in their movements, the possessive little marks they left behind it all spoke of a devotion so fierce they were willing to share this intimate, tangled moment for his sake. Her gaze softened, her lips curving into a deep, appreciative smile. "Such amazing daughters-in-law." She thought, her eyes tracing the scene before her. "Even if we're all around the same age, they love him so much...they're willing to go this far to pull him back." "...How lucky he is. How lucky I am." Every kiss, every heated glance they cast his way, was a declaration of their adoration, and it filled her with a quiet pride...

## Chapter 570: Fight For His Love

But then, a sudden realization hit Abigaille—she'd been the one monopolizing Kafka's lips this whole time, her kisses steady and unrelenting from the start. A flush crept up her neck, and she pulled back slightly, her voice trembling with a nervous fluster as she spoke up. "Um...I-I've been kissing Kafi's lips this whole time." She stammered, her hands fidgeting as she glanced between Camila and Nina. "Does...does anyone want to switch places with me? I feel like I've been hogging him a bit, and, well, his lips are...they're right here if you want them!" Camila, mid-lick along Kafka's cheek, paused, her tongue still pressed against his skin as she turned her head to look at Abigaille. A teasing smile spread across her face, slow and deliberate, her eyes glinting with mischief. "Oh, Abi." She drawled, her voice low and sultry. "You don't need to offer his lips up to us like some kind of prize on a platter." "...If I want them, I'll fight for them myself it's the only way to show how much I love him." And before Abigaille could blink, Camila moved with a predator's grace, pushing her face against Abigaille's, their bodies brushing together in a sudden, electric clash. The heat of Camila's skin pressed against hers, their curves rubbing in a fleeting moment as Camila angled her head and claimed one side of Kafka's lips. "Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Mwah!~ Kiss!~ Sip!~" Her kiss was fierce, her lips sucking at the corner of his mouth with a wet, possessive sound, her breath hot and ragged as she staked her territory. Abigaille's eyes widened, caught off guard by the brazenness of it—Camila wasn't just kissing her son; she was fighting for him, her body jostling against Abigaille's in a way that sent a jolt of heat through her. Nina, witnessing the bold move, felt a spark of competitive fire ignite within her. "Oh, no you don't." She muttered under her breath, her voice trembling with a mix of arousal and determination. "If it's a fight for who loves him more, I'm not losing." She then surged forward, pushing against Abigaille from the other side, her body pressing into the older woman's as she claimed the opposite corner of Kafka's lips. "Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Mwah!~ Kiss!~ Nibble!~" Her kiss was just as intense, her lips parting to lick along his mouth, tasting him with a hungry edge, her breath mingling with Camila's in the tight space. "Smooch!~ Smooch!~ Kiss!~ Smooch!~ Sip!~" Caught between them, Abigaille was sandwiched, her body jostled slightly as the two women fought for dominance over Kafka's lips. She stumbled back a step, her hands hovering uncertainly, and found herself watching in stunned awe as Camila and Nina turned it into a sensual battle. Their lips clashed against Kafka's, licking and sucking with wild abandon, each trying to outdo the other. Camila's tongue darted out, tracing the curve of his lower lip, leaving a glistening trail as she growled softly, "He's mine to taste." Her eyes locking onto Nina's with a challenging glare. Nina countered with a bite-her teeth grazing Kafka's upper lip before she sucked it into her mouth, her voice a breathy taunt as she shot back. "Not if I claim him first." Her tongue flicked out, overlapping Camila's path, marking her own territory as she pressed her body harder against Abigaille, the friction of their closeness adding to the heat. "Mwah!~ Mwah!~ Pucker!~ Mwah!~ Suck!~" Their cheeks brushed, their breaths hot and panting against

each other's skin, and the wet, smacking sounds of their kisses filled the air—a primal orchestra of desire and rivalry. "Peck!~ Peck!~ Kiss!~ Peck!~ Taste!~" Abigaille's heart raced, her body growing hot and wet as she watched them fight over her son's lips like two lionesses vying for a prized piece of meat. Camila's tongue swirled over Kafka's mouth, licking up Nina's traces with a brazen smirk, while Nina bit down again, tugging his lip gently before licking it soothingly, her eyes narrowed at Camila in a fierce, animalistic stare. "Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Smack!~ Mmm!~ Lick!~" The sight was overwhelming—raw, erotic, and utterly intoxicating. Abigaille's heart raced, her skin prickling with a flush that spread from her chest downward, a damp heat forming between her thighs as she whispered to herself. "Oh...Oh my, they're...They're so wild for my son." Camila caught Abigaille's stunned expression and chuckled, her voice husky as she pulled back just enough to speak, her lips still brushing Kafka's. "What's wrong, Abi? Too much for you? Or are you just enjoying the show?" She dove back in, her tongue dragging along the side of Kafka's mouth, tasting Nina's lingering kiss with a moan of satisfaction. Nina, not to be outdone, pressed closer, her body rubbing against Abigaille's again as she murmured. "Don't just stand there—join us if you dare." Her lips sucked at Kafka's again, her tongue flicking against Camila's in a brazen clash before she pulled back to bite his lip once more, her eyes blazing with competitive lust. "Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Mwah!~ Kiss!~ Sip!~" Abigaille's hands trembled, her body alight with a confusing mix of sweetness and arousal as she watched them—two women she adored, fighting so fiercely, so sensually, for her son. She stood there, her heart torn between the sweet desire to step back and let Camila and Nina have their fierce, passionate moment with Kafka, and the undeniable truth that pulsed within her—she, too, was one of his lovers. She loved him with every fiber of her being, her son, her heart, and the thought of not showing that love, of not fighting for him in her own way, felt like a betrayal of her own feelings. So, in the end, her resolve hardened, and a determined glint sparked in her eyes. She clenched her fists, pumping them up and down in an adorably fierce little gesture, as if psyching herself up for battle, and with a tiny, resolute huff, she dove right back into the fray, wedging herself between Camila and Nina to reclaim her place at Kafka's lips. "Smooch!~ Smooch!~ Kiss!~ Smooch!~ Sip!~" Camila, mid-suck on the corner of Kafka's mouth, caught Abigaille's sudden return out of the corner of her eye and let out a husky chuckle, her lips still glistening with Nina's traces. "Well, well, look who's finally back in the game." She teased, her voice dripping with mischief as she pulled back just enough to flash Abigaille a wicked grin. "Fighting so cutely for him, like a little bunny hopping in between a wolf and a tiger to snatch her piece of the prize. Adorable, Abi—Absolutely adorable." Nina, her tongue tracing a wet path along Kafka's upper lip, glanced over and grinned, her breath hot and ragged. "That's the spirit, Abil" She encouraged, her voice a mix of excitement and challenge. "Come on, show us what you've got—don't let us have all the fun!" But as soon as the words left her mouth, she dove back in, her lips pressing harder against Kafka's, unwilling to cede an inch. "Mwah!~ Mwah!~ Pucker!~ Mwah!~ Suck!~" The space around Kafka's lips was now impossibly tight, a chaotic tangle of three determined women vying for dominance. There was no room left to maneuver cleanly, and that lack of space turned their kisses into something wilder, lewder, hotter than before. Abigaille pushed her way in, her lips brushing against Kafka's with a soft, needy sound, only to find Camila's tongue already there, swirling against his lower lip. "Peck!~ Peck!~ Kiss!~ Peck!~ Taste!~" Their mouths collided, Camila's tongue grazing Abigaille's in a fleeting, slick exchange of heat and saliva that made Abigaille's breath hitch. Nina, on the other side, sucked at Kafka's upper lip, her cheek pressing against Abigaille's, the warmth of their skin melding together as their breaths mingled in short, desperate gasps. The air was thick with the wet, smacking sounds of their kisses, a sticky mess of lips and tongues clashing in a messy, sensual dance. "Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Smack!~ Mmm!~ Lick!~" Camila's tongue darted out again, licking along

Kafka's mouth, only to slide against Nina's in a brazen, deliberate swipe, their spit blending in a way that was impossible to ignore. "Mmm, I can taste you both." Camila murmured, her voice low and sultry as she locked eyes with Nina, her gaze crazed and intense. "Kafka's delicious, but you two...you're making this so much better." Nina's cheeks flushed, but she didn't back down, her own tongue flicking out to meet Camila's challenge, tasting the mix of Kafka's skin and Abigail's lingering sweetness. "Oh, you think you're the only one enjoying this?" She shot back, her voice trembling with arousal as she sucked harder at Kafka's lip, her eyes burning into Camila's. "I can taste your taste too, and it's driving me insane." Abigail, caught between them, felt the heat of their exchange in every brush of their lips, every accidental graze of their tongues against hers. She could also distinguish their flavors now—Camila's bold, slightly salty tang, Nina's softer, sweeter essence—all mingling with Kafka's familiar taste on her tongue. "Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Mwah!~ Kiss!~ Sip!~" Her lips parted wider, kissing him with a newfound ferocity, only to bump against Camila's cheek, then Nina's, their faces so close that their breaths became one shared, ragged rhythm. The sensation of their tongues touching hers, sliding past each other in the tight space, sent a shiver of pure, unadulterated heat through her body, her skin prickling with goosebumps. Camila chuckled again, her voice a throaty purr as she nipped at Kafka's lip, her tongue brushing Abigail's in the process. "Look at you, Abi, keeping up with us." She teased, her eyes flicking to Abigail's with a playful, predatory gleam. "Didn't think you had it in you to get this dirty—tasting us both like this." "...How does it feel, hmm? Knowing you're licking up everything we've left behind?" Abigail's face burned, but she didn't shy away, her own tongue swirling against Kafka's lips, catching Nina's in a slick, fleeting dance. "I-I love him too." She managed to gasp out, her voice trembling with a mix of nerves and desire. "And...And no matter how dirty or overwhelming this feels, I'm not backing down since I too love him as a mother and man just like you too as well." Nina let out a shaky laugh, her lips sucking at Kafka's again, her tongue brushing Camila's in a bold, possessive swipe. "Overwhelming's right." She breathed, her eyes locked on Camila's with an intensity that bordered on feral. "I didn't think I'd be this into it—tasting you, tasting Abi, all while we're fighting over him. It's like...like I can't get enough." Their kisses grew messier, more desperate, their lips and tongues overlapping in a chaotic, erotic tangle. Camila bit gently at Kafka's lower lip, her tongue sliding against Nina's in a wet, deliberate clash, their spit mingling so thoroughly that it dripped down Kafka's chin. "Mwah!~ Mwah!~ Pucker!~ Mwah!~ Suck!~" Abigail, caught in the middle, kissed him with a hungry edge, her tongue darting out to taste the blend of fluids—Kafka's, Camila's, Nina's—all merging into a heady cocktail that made her head spin. "Peck!~ Peck!~ Kiss!~ Peck!~ Taste!~" Their cheeks pressed together, their breaths hot and uneven, and the sounds—the wet sucks, the soft moans, the faint growls of possession—filled the air with a primal, intoxicating heat. Camila's eyes burned into Nina's, then Abigail's, her gaze crazed and unyielding as she murmured. "This is what loving him looks like, isn't it? All of us, tasting each other, fighting for him—it's filthy and perfect." She licked Kafka's lip again, her tongue brushing Abigail's in a slow, sensual swipe, savoring every second. Nina nodded, her own tongue tracing the same path, meeting Camila's in another slick exchange. "Filthy, perfect, and ours." She whispered, her voice thick with lust as she bit Kafka's lip, her eyes never leaving Camila's. Abigail's body trembled, the heat between her thighs growing unbearable as she pressed herself closer, her lips and tongue joining the fray with a fervor she hadn't known she possessed. The sight before her was a whirlwind of sensation hot, wet, and utterly lewd, their love for Kafka transforming into a shared, visceral experience that left them all breathless and craving more. And just as the three of them were sinking deeper into their frenzied, sensual assault on Kafka's lips—Camila's tongue swirling against Nina's in a heated clash, Abigail's soft moans mingling with the wet sounds of their kisses, all of them

lost in the intoxicating rhythm of their shared passion—a voice suddenly cut through the haze like a splash of cold water. "Uh...Why am I waking up from my daydream only to find my mother and two other beautiful women molesting my face?" "...Seriously, it feels like a pack of dogs just licked me—my whole face is soaking wet." The words hit them like a jolt, and all three women froze mid-motion, their lips still hovering over his skin, their breaths caught in their throats. A collective tremble ran through them—Camila's tongue still pressed against the corner of his mouth, Nina's lips parted in mid-suck, Abigail's cheek brushing against both of theirs. Slowly, almost reluctantly, they pulled back, their heads lifting in unison as if caught in some scandalous act. And just as they did, their eyes met Kafka's, and there he was, staring back at them with a small, lopsided grin, his expression a mix of mischief and genuine bewilderment. His dark but bright eyes glinted with a playful curiosity, as if silently asking, 'What in the world have you three been up to?'