

## God of Milfs 251

### Chapter 251: Soaking Wet

Camila didn't mind the sensual sight of her daughter getting kissed on her soft lips by Kafka while not knowing where to put her hands and awkwardly resting them on her lap, which showed her daughter's inexperience with such levels of intimacy.

She already had plans in mind for both of them, so she genuinely didn't care that they were getting to know each other with their tongues and wouldn't even if they went a little deeper with one another.

She had thought that Kafka would simply give her a deep kiss that her daughter would never forget and pull back since it was her first time. But to her surprise, Kafka was taking his time with his kiss as he pulled her innocent daughter in, who didn't resist since she didn't know what to do and let him handle everything.

He was kissing her until he had to let her take small breaks for her to take a breath because she was getting way too worked up in the moment as sweat dripped down her chest from how steamy it was getting.

She didn't know exactly how to feel about this, as even though she was fine with sharing her man with her daughter, she didn't like the fact that her daughter got to have a much more passionate kiss with him that lasted a longer time than when she was with him.

And slowly, as she watched the two of them lock lips and heard her daughter making obnoxious noises every once in a while, she started getting worked up, as she couldn't help but fiddle around with her fingers and stare at them with a wronged look on her face, like she was telling him that it wasn't fair that her daughter got such treatment.

And after a solid minute of non-stop smothering of lips, Camila pulled on Kafka's sleeve while looking at him with puffed-out cheeks that looked rather adorable, unable to handle the sight any longer.

She was too embarrassed to say anything to them and could only pull on his clothes to get his attention, like a stray puppy on the street asking for some food. But this was more than enough to make Kafka understand that she was asking for her share as well and wanted it right now.

Kafka pulled his lips away from Bella's while she blankly stared at him in an enthralled manner, unable to escape the exciting and heartwarming sensation of being kissed so ardently with how he sucked and nibbled on her lips to give her the best experience ever that left her gasping and wondering why a high school student was so good at kissing, as if his mouth was made for pleasing the lucky women he was interested in.

"What is it, my sweet little Camila?...Are you not satisfied with one kiss and want another one as well?"

Kafka asked Camila with a grin on his face as he caressed her face, and even if she didn't exactly want her daughter to see her pleading to another man for a rather naughty favour, she shyly nodded her head, which made Bella start to doubt just who exactly was the one being led around in this relationship.

"I see. But the thing is, my lips are kind of sore after licking and sucking on your breasts for so long, so I don't know if I have enough energy to give you another kiss..."

Kafka said as he dragged his words out, and it was quite obvious to Bella that he was teasing her mother. But Camila didn't seem to mind at all and started to rub her soft cheeks onto his palms that were on her face and started to whimper with a pityful look in her eyes like she was begging to be kissed, which looked rather sultry with her buxom breasts out in the open.

"Well, seeing you like this also hurts my heart, so I think I can make you an exception and give you a kiss." Kafka said, which made Camila's eyes light up.

"But at the same time, since I'm going out of my way to give you a kiss, I also want to know that you're really desperate for it, so show me something that makes it obvious that you really want something from me and are willing to go to any lengths for it."

Camila was taken aback by Kafka's abrupt request and didn't exactly know how to show just how she wanted a kiss from him, as it wasn't possible for him to see through her heart and understand just how she wanted to be loved by him right now.

But just as she was worrying that she wouldn't be able to get what she wanted because she couldn't think of a way, she got a rather shameless idea that was utterly preposterous, especially in front of her daughter.

But because she couldn't get the image of her daughter getting lovingly smooched out of her mind and wanted to do the exact same with Kafka, she threw her morals aside for once, and while biting her lips with a flushed face to hide her embarrassment, she unbuttoned her pants.

Unbutton~

Once her blue jeans were unbuttoned, which loosened the area around her ass quite a bit because of the sheer volume of her butt that was compressed into her pants, she slowly unzipped her pants all the way down while her pale white hands trembled, until finally the sight of her blue panties were visible to both Kafka and her daughter.

Bella didn't know why her mother started to suddenly undress herself and show her underwear to both of them with a flushed look on her face that looked like it was going to drip water with how red it was, and she wondered if her mother was an exhibitionist who got off to showing her exposed body to others.

But once she got a closer look at her mother's blue flower-patterned underwear, which she didn't expect her mother to wear at her age, she immediately understood what her mother was trying to convey to Kafka, which made her blush in shame as well and want to cover her eyes because of how dirty it was for her innocent heart.

What she saw under Camila's pants and found out was that her mother's panties weren't really a shade of dark blue at first like she thought they were, and they were actually a bright cyan colour, judging by the colour of the waistband of the underwear, which seemed to be the original colour.

The reason she thought it was dark blue at first was embarrassingly because her mother's underwear was currently drenched in some kind of viscous fluid all the way through, until her panties actually changed to a darker shade of their original colour.

And even though she wasn't exactly familiar with the liquid that was leaking out of her mother's underwear, which was actually forming small droplets on the surface of the fabric like morning dew, she more or less understood that it was something that women let out when they were excited, as she too was going through the same dilemma as her mother was and could even feel how sticky her underwear was right now, which she didn't dare to admit like her mother did.

Bella looked at her mother with a profound gaze after clearly witnessing her vulnerable state, like she couldn't believe her proud mother was going so far to show how desperate she was for a kiss.

And then she looked at Kafka, who made her mother into such a vulgar woman who exposed her most shameful parts just because he asked to, and wondered just what charm he put on her to make such a noble woman into such an unsightly and lewd mess.

"Oh, wow~ What a sight~" Kafka said as he gazed at Camila's panties, which were faintly showing an outline of what was hidden beneath and the bean that was poking through the top, since the fabric was stuck right onto her smooth and puffy skin. "This definitely shows just how much you want this kiss from me, Camila."

"...Don't you think too, Bella?"

Kafka turned and looked at Bella, who couldn't take her eyes off her mother's soaked underwear, as it was an irresistible sight for even a person of the same sex as her.

"Y-Yeah, I think this should be more than enough to prove that she really wants it, a-and I also think that it's better for her to cover up now that she's shown what needs to be seen..." Bella timidly answered and helped Camila zip and button her pants up to how they were before, which made Camila gaze at her daughter tenderly, thinking that she was doing so to protect her mother from showing such a shameful sight for so long.

When in actuality, Bella only helped her since she was starting to have rather depraved thoughts like how cold her mother's underwear was right now and wondered if the skin beneath her underwear was glistening as well, like the sides of her thighs, which were quite taboo to think of, but at the same time excited her, which made her wonder if she was a pervert after all, which was exactly what Camila thought to herself when she first had such incestuous thoughts about her own daughter, showing that no matter how different their personalities were, their interests aligned perfectly with one another, and for Kafka as well, who would thoroughly enjoy this perverted mother-daughter pair...

Chapter 252: In Need Of A Father Figure

"Well, since you proved how much you wanted it, come over here and get the kiss you deserved, Camila." Kafka said after he got a good look at her soaked underwear, which made Camila quickly leap into his lap in a gleeful manner, completely ignoring the humiliation she had to go through, and she herself gave him a kiss as she pulled him into her embrace.

Chu!~

Since Camila had scooted onto Kafka's lap to kiss him more comfortably, she was currently sitting on top of his one leg while Bella sat on top of the other, with both their legs touching one another in the middle while their tits were exposed to him.

Bella also didn't mind that her seat, which she was getting used to, got stolen by her mother since now she got to have a better look at the sight of her mother kissing Kafka so brazenly and vividly saw their tongues tangle with one another's, which she had to admit was quite thrilling to watch.

"Mmm!~ Smooch!~ Ahhh!~ Kiss!~ Hmmm!~"

She had thought that she would be satisfied with one single kiss, and that one would be enough to quell her curiosity about how it feels to taste someone's lips.

But just like an irresistible craving that comes after eating something so delicious that you just can't get it out of your mind, she couldn't help but bite her lips and want to feel the moistness that came when two lips touched once again.

The overwhelming desire to taste Kafka's lips once again that came from deep within was only accentuated when she saw her mother rubbing her hands all over the neighbour next door while giving him a deep kiss, like she was trying to suck his soul out of his body.

"Mmm!~ Kiss!~ Ahhh!~ Suck!~ Nnnn!~"

Kafka wasn't also letting her mother have her way with his lips, and he was also busy groping her breasts beneath that were pushing into his body; pinching her nipples whenever she got too carried away and bit his lips a little too hard, which made her back off like a vampire that tasted garlic on his lips.

"Ahh!~ Mmmm!~ Smack!~ Smooch!~ Hmmm!~"

But these little teasings that were both painful and tantalising at the same time weren't enough to stop Camila from going back in for a passionate kiss, while her daughter watched with her body heating up every time she could hear the sloshing of their tongues and the silent whimpers her mother was letting out.

"Ohhh!~ Lick!~ Sigh!~ Nibble!~ Mmm!~"

She knew exactly what she wanted at the moment, which was to be in the position her mother was in and let Kafka smother her lips while playing with her developing chest, which was quite obvious seeing how hard her nipples were turning when she thought of it happening.

But unlike her mother, who was bold enough to ask for what she wanted, throwing any bit of pride and dignity into the mud just to be embraced by the love of her life, she wasn't brave enough to do the same.

She was also afraid Kafka would get angry if she interrupted them like last time, which she did on an accidental whim and regretted, so she simply sat quietly while looking at her mother with an envious look in her eyes.

But Kafka, being the perceptive person, immediately caught onto Bella's longing and stopped kissing Camila, since he had found another target to tease.

"Mwah!~ Slurp!~ Suck!~ Mmm!~"

And even though he stopped what he was doing, Camila had no thought in mind to do the same and continued to peck and suck on his neck while eyeing her daughter at the same time with a rather provocative gaze, which even made Bella, her own daughter, gulp because of how lewd and seductive she looked.

"What's wrong, my adorable little daughter?...Why are you staring at your mother like she just swiped your most prized possession?"

Kafka grinned as he let Camila plant her lips on his neck and kiss him all over, while taking in his manly scent that couldn't be masked by any perfume or deodorant. He also casually addressed himself as Bella's father, which Camila didn't mind at all and even seemed to approve of, like she liked the sound of it, as it made it seem like they were already a family.

"Did seeing your father and mother make out turn you on or something, since that fiery gaze you have in your eyes there makes it seem like you want to push your dear mother away and have your way with me instead?" Kafka gently brushed the hair from her eyes, revealing her wide, pale forehead that highlighted her striking beauty—a trait she had inherited from her mother.

If anyone else had dared to sweep her hair aside and reveal her forehead—a feature that she was a bit insecure about, believing it to be too prominent—she would have likely snapped at their hands with the ferocity of a wild animal, since she wasn't the type of girl who could easily be toyed with.

But when Kafka did it, she found herself unexpectedly at ease. In fact, a blush crept across her cheeks as his fingers gently glided over her smooth skin.

His gaze, warm and tender, reminded her of her mother's loving eyes when she used to comb her hair as a child, making her feel as if she didn't need to hide her insecurities around him and made her feel a peculiar mix of safety and vulnerability, a feeling that simultaneously shielded her and laid her bare to him.

"N-No, it's not quite like that..." Bella's voice wavered, tinged with a hint of shyness, as she felt Kafka delicately tuck the strands of hair away from her face. The gesture brought an unexpected sense of comfort, reminiscent of a father's tender care for his daughter, a sensation she found unfamiliar, given that her own father had been absent for much of her childhood. "I just-..."

She was on the verge of clarifying that he had misunderstood and that her gaze held no deeper meaning, only idle observation. But then, a realisation struck her like a bolt of lightning. She remembered his self-designation, and her ears burned crimson with embarrassment. How could a boy younger than her dare assume the role of her father?

"Y-You, Kafka! How dare you, a mere schoolboy, presume to call yourself my father!?" Bella's voice rose with indignation, her eyes flashing with irritation. Yet, despite her protest, she remained still, not wanting to disrupt Kafka's gentle ministrations as he groomed her hair, an act she found oddly comforting.

"I've severed all ties with the man I once called my father, and here you are, equating yourself to him! Are you doing this just to provoke me?"

"Come on...Are you really going to blame me when you're the one who's been calling me 'Daddy' this whole while?" Kafka argued as he finished grooming her hair, and he had a satisfied look on his face, like he was happy with what he had done.

"And you might as well accept it since things with your actual father don't seem to be going well and you're going to need a new father figure in your life, so I don't mind taking that responsibility because of my relationship with Camila and raising you up to be a splendid woman that takes after her mother."

"That's impossible! There's no way in hell I'll ever consider someone younger than me to be my father!...That's simply not happening!" Bella protested in a fluster while looking around for a mirror since she really wanted to see how she looked right now and what Kafka had done to her hair.

"I see..." Kafka let out a sigh, like he had given up on persuading her. But to her surprise, it wasn't exactly so as he continued saying, "...I thought of giving you another kiss since you looked like you really wanted one if you were to call me Daddy again, since I feel much closer to Camila when her own daughter calls me her father and wouldn't mind you calling me that."

"But since you don't seem to agree with what I said, I guess I'll just go back to having fun with your mother..." Kafka said like it was a loss and turned his head to face Camila, while Camila herself immediately puckered her lips out in an eager manner when she heard his words.

"W-Wait!"

But before Camila could receive the kiss she was looking forward to, her daughter interrupted them, which made Camila look at Bella like she was asking her to hurry up and not be so wishy-washy as she didn't remember raising such an indecisive daughter.

Bella looked quite hesitant at first to continue her words after calling Kafka. But once she saw her mother in Kafka's embrace, she decided to follow her mother's example and build up some much-needed courage. And then, following in her mother's footsteps, she asked with a firm look in her eyes,

"W-Will you really kiss me another time if I were to call you what I called you before?"

"...A-And not just a simple kiss, but the one you're having with my mother right now, where you're t-touching her all over while you do so?" Bella asked with her cheeks flushed while looking at her mother's nipples that were bright red from all the teasing they had gone through and wondered if her's would be the same if Kafka did the same to her as well.

"Listen Bella, a daughter is someone who is meant to be cherished and utterly spoiled in her father's hands...So if you were to call me Daddy from this moment on, I promise you'll get as many kisses as you want whenever you want on your body, no matter how dirty that place may be....And I'll also teach you some special things that other fathers out there won't dare teach their daughters, if you know what I mean..." Kafka said with his lips curled up as he slid his hands into her pants and groped her soft butt that was resting on his legs, which made her let out a whimper.



"Hmm!~...F-Fine Daddy..." Bella accepted Kafka's conditions since his touch on her body was simply irresistible, and she was also curious as to what else he was going to teach her that other fathers could never teach their own daughters. "...But this is only for today and not anywhere else."

"We'll see about that..." Kafka said as he pulled her in while she closed her eyes and gave her the kiss that she was willing to call him something so morally degrading for. "...Whether you stop calling me Daddy or whether you can't stop calling me your father when I'm done with you."

"And trust me when I say that I'm confident with what I say, since when I can even make your own mother call my name so dearly, it shouldn't be too hard for me to make her daughter, my loveable daughter as well, with a little time..." Bella rolled her eyes when she heard Kafka's arrogant words and focused on the kiss she had been craving for a while now, as she wrapped her hands around his neck and let him do whatever he wanted inside her mouth with his tongue.

But at the same time, she also couldn't help but be afraid that his words might come true, as just hearing his very voice made her loins heat up because of the intimidating and irresistible image of him she had built up in her head.

And along with the fear came excitement as well, as even though she was frightened stiff by his gloomy gaze, she also couldn't forget the feeling of getting disciplined by the boy before her, which made her shiver every time he called her name in such a cold tone.

And she secretly felt like doing something bad just so she could feel the wrath of this father of hers that she had just accepted, which she couldn't tell out loud because of how degrading and humiliating it was to accept this perverted hidden desire of hers...

#### Chapter 253: Taking Turns Between Lips

Bella got what she desired, even if she had to sacrifice her pride for it and had to call someone younger than her her father. And she didn't seem to regret her decision for one second, as she was currently relishing having her tongue teased and sucked on while Kafka pulled her tongue into his mouth and continued to torment the poor thing, just like he did with Camila.

"Hmmm!~ Mwah!~ Haa!~ Kiss!~ Mmm!~"

Bella also wasn't as stiff as before and started to run her hands along Kafka's back and even tickled Kafka's neck, which she had learned from watching her mother earlier, which made him much more aggressive with how he sucked and pulled on her lips.

"Mwah!~ Slurp!~ Ohh!~ Suck!~ Mmm!~"

And Kafka reciprocated this by stuffing one hand into her pants and groping her ass so hard, like he was trying to squeeze water out of it like it was a sponge, but only received moans from Bella instead of water in the end.

He also held her breasts in his hands until the entirety of his palm was enveloped in the warm softness, like a freshly risen bun straight out of the oven, and circled her tense nipples with his thumb until he could even feel the small dots on her areola take shape.

"Mmm!~ Smooch!~ Ahhh!~ Kiss!~ Hmmm!~"

Bella was having the time of her life and fully embracing the passionate time she was having with her mother's lover.

While Camila herself, who had been kissing Kafka's neck, was confused and bamboozled since even though Kafka's skin was smooth, transparent, and honestly so flawless that she herself was staring to get jealous of him and wanted to ask about his skincare routine, she was confused as to why she couldn't leave any hickeys on his skin no matter how hard she sucked on his skin.

"Ahh!~ Mmmm!~ Smack!~ Smooch!~ Hmmm!~"

His skin was so pale that she would even believe it if he told her that he was suffering from anaemia, which should've made it easier for her to leave a mark on his body.

But for some reason it wasn't happening even after sucking on his skin for so long while she let her daughter have her time with Kafka's lips, which bamboozled her and even made her frustrated that she couldn't do anything to him when he had left an entire painting on his back yesterday, which mysteriously disappeared to her despair, which also confused her as well.

Little did she know that Kafka's body was different from the average and that trying to make a mark on his unblemished skin would be impossible unless she used a knife to cut his flesh. And even then, the scar would immediately vanish after healing due to his unique physique that was inherited from his mother up above.

After getting angry and vexed that she couldn't do anything to mark him as hers and maybe even get him in trouble with his mother when she sees the love bite for all the bullying she went through his hands, Camila gave up vehemently.

And knowing that there was no way Kafka was going to let her go down and lick his chest since he was quite sensitive there and didn't seem to like such things that put him in the passive position, she decided to move upwards to where her daughter and Kafka were currently locking lips and interrupt them.

"Mmm!~ Smooch!~ Ahhh!~ Kiss!~ Hmmm!~"

Unlike Bella, who was afraid that Kafka might get irritated if she disturbed him, Camila didn't mind at all since she knew that Kafka would never get angry at her for wanting some attention.

And even if he did, she would gladly accept his rage if it meant that she could hear him berating her in the gloomy and distant tone he used on his daughter; that aroused her like a spark igniting a fire in her crotch and made her want him to dominate her body with that very dark look on his eyes, which she was sure that no woman could possibly resist and would naturally spread their legs when gazed under.

Bella was contentedly savouring her kiss with Kafka, completely forgetting all the worries she had brought back to her hometown and smooching his lips with her own with all her heart, that gave her great satisfaction and pleasure, to the point that she was sure that her underwear was just as drenched as her mother's.

This even made her wonder if she should use her mother's power over her boy toy so that she could relieve some stress that she had built up as well, since the past month had been quite hectic for her, and this was the first time in a while that she felt content and felt like she was living in the moment, instead of dreading about past events and worrying about what was to come in the future.

But unexpectedly, as she was thinking of getting Kafka's number later so that she could give him a call and have him comfort her under her mother's orders, even if it was a simple hug, since she found even that even a simple gesture like a hug from him was quite comforting and made her feel safe when it was from the boy in front of her, her mother's face suddenly popped out from the side.

Her mother had been busy working on his neck, which she could clearly hear with how loud her lips were smacking against Kafka's neck, and she thought that she would stay there until she herself was finished. But here she was, not even caring that she was interrupting her daughter's time with her lover, and to her surprise, she even started to give small pecks on both their cheeks.

"Smooch!~ Smooch!~ Kiss!~ Smooch!~ Sip!~"

She would've been fine if she only focused on Kafka and kissed his face from the side. But after leaving a trail of kisses on his sharp jawline and one final wet kiss on his cheek, Camila started kissing Bella as well and was much more gentle with her daughter, unlike how she slid her tongue across Kafka's kiss and left a wet path wherever her lips went.

"Ahh!~ Mmmm!~ Smack!~ Smooch!~ Hmmm!~"

Bella didn't know what to make of it at first since her lips were already occupied with Kafka's while her mother nibbled on her puffy cheeks, and it was way too much stimulation for her.

"Peck!~ Peck!~ Kiss!~ Peck!~ Taste!~"

But the longer Camila spent leaving her wet marks on her daughter's skin, the more she got used to the sensation that brought her back to the warm days when she was a child who was pampered by her mother.

And along with the way Kafka was vigorously biting and sucking on her lips with no mercy, it gave her the best of both worlds of tender care and aggressive passion, which she slowly sunk into, not knowing there was such a pleasure, full of both love and lust out there, and wanted to stay on this sofa forever between her mother and the boy she had just met and melt away in this euphoric experience until the ends of time.

But, unfortunately for her, Kafka understood exactly what Camila wanted now, since it was clear from how she was attempting to grab his attention that she wanted some affection as well. So, to ensure that everyone had a bit of him, he stopped kissing Bella and went on to Camila's lips, which tasted much sweeter after sucking on Bella's lips all along.

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

Bella was first caught off guard, seeing as to how her mother had come in between them and was smooching her lover when it was supposed to be her time. But before she could even get frustrated and start doing exactly what her mother did and kissing Camila's cheeks all over as well to distract her, she felt her lips get enveloped again.

"Kiss!~"

And when she saw who was putting his lips around hers and dragging on her tongue from the inside, she saw it was Kafka, who had stopped kissing Camila and returned to her.

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

Camila was also surprised at the sudden change and wanted to protest that it wasn't fair that her daughter got more time with him, when she was the one who stole him from next door. But before she could, she was also suddenly kissed, and the kiss was much wetter than usual, as if along with his lips, he brought her daughter's fluids as well.

"Kiss!~"

And seeing as to how he was continuing to alter between their lips, it was clear that he was taking turns with both mother and daughter and would alternate whenever he felt it was right, so that he could have a proper taste of both of them at the same time.

"Mwah!~ Slurp!~ Ohh!~ Suck!~ Mmm!~"

Camila was fine with what was going, and she saw this as an intimate bonding session with her daughter and made sure that her kisses were extra wet whenever she kissed Kafka, to the point that her drool started to leak out onto his lips, just so that she made sure her daughter got a taste of her fluids when he went to kiss her, which seemed to set a fire inside of her that couldn't be extinguished.

And this fire only burned more and more in her crotch to the extent that a viscous liquid had to be secreted by her private parts to cool her down when she saw how Kafka made sure to push down her saliva down her daughter's throat with his tongue, like he knew exactly what to do when he felt the abundant drool from Camila inside of his mouth, and she could feel her thighs turn wetter by the moment as she saw her daughter gulping all that she gave her down her throat...

Chapter 254: Could You Please Spit On Your Daughter...

"Hmm!~ Gulp!~ Gulp!~ Swallow!~"

Bella was also fine with Kafka giving both of them kisses at the same time, as she thought that it was quite sweet of him to consider both of their interests when men in this world couldn't care about their one single partner.

And thought that he could actually have the capability of handing both her and her mother in a relationship, which immediately made her shake her head as she couldn't allow her mind to be poisoned by her mother's vulgar ideas of sharing him together.

But once she felt an abundant amount of sweet and salty saliva being pushed down her mouth and into her mouth by Kafka's tongue, which she was defenceless against because of how long and strong it was compared to the little helpless tongue she had that surrendered whenever her mouth was breached, she panicked as she wasn't used to such intimate kisses where she was basically gulping down her partner's fluids when she had just had her first kiss a few minutes ago.

"Quaff!~ Ohhh!~ Quaff!~ Swig!~ Mmm!~"

And the worst part of it was that she knew that it wasn't Kafka's drool that she was taking into her body but someone else's, since she was also familiar with Kafka's taste now and knew that such a sweet essence wasn't his.

Bella then turned to look at the culprit who had given her a surprise gift in the form of her fluids which was her mother, who was smiling at her with a seductive look in her eyes and was mouthing to her daughter the words, 'How does your mother taste, Bella?.'

"Swig!~ Ohhh!~ Swig!~ Sip!~ Mmm!~"

Bella couldn't believe that her mother was acting so unlawfully and as lewdly as a courtesan who had tasted the scent of a thousand men when she was such a graceful lady before who caught the attention of everyone no matter where she went because of her refined and sophisticated nature.

But at the same time, it kind of made sense, as she had been told that love makes a person go crazy.

And after the loveless marriage her mother had been in for a long time, where there wasn't even a single time where she saw her mother and father hug one another, it was inevitable that she would completely let go of herself when she truly found someone who appreciated and cherished her like Kafka did.

"Slosh!~ Ahhh!~ Slosh!~ Sip!~ Mmm!~"

Bella had to accept that she was a pervert with some really bizarre ideas that she had lately found. But she wasn't perverted enough, or at least not at the time, to easily taste her mother's mouth to the point where her own lips gave off her mother's aroma, so she tried to back away from the kiss.

"Slurp!~ Ohhh!~ Slurp!~ Guzzle!~ Yum!~"

But she couldn't do so no matter how she tried since Kafka had an iron grip on her chin and was making sure she was taking all the fluids down her throat, like it was his duty given by his mistress Camila, who was watching from the side with a flushed expression on her face, as she too didn't expect the current scene to be so lewd.

She only wanted her daughter to have a little taste of herself but didn't expect Kafka to take a step further and do so much more, which made her wonder if she was going to taste her daughter's saliva next since Kafka always made sure that nobody was left out.

"Slosh!~ Ahhh!~ Slosh!~ Sip!~ Mmm!~"

But fortunately or unfortunately for her, which she couldn't exactly decide since she did want to have a taste of her daughter but also didn't want her mouth to be full of her saliva since that was simply too much for even her, Kafka stopped kissing Bella.

He left her panting with her lips glistening in drool, which leaked down from the sides, and her eyes exhausted and trembling like she had just run a marathon, and he didn't seem like he was going in for another kiss with either of them since he seemed to have realised that he had forgotten why he was doing all of this in the first place.

"Damn, I got so caught up in both of your whims that I totally forgot that your chests still have toxin on them..."

Kafka sighed as he supported Bella since she was quite weak after that last kiss and looked like she was going to topple over her indigesting so much of her mother's fluids, which made both mother and daughter realise as well that such a problem was going on that they had forgotten as well, since their minds were clouded by sheer pleasure and ecstasy.

"Well, it doesn't really matter anyway since it's a slow-acting toxin that won't do you much harm, so I can even continue now without having to worry about anything..."

Kafka said as he looked like he had enough kissing for now and bent down towards Bella's naked breasts like he was going to take a bite of the tip.

Bella looked down with expectant eyes as well, ready to feel the sensation of a tongue on her teat for the first time in her life.

But just when he was going to swallow her perky nipple whole into his mouth, he stopped, looked like he thought of something, and then looked up at both of them with a contemplative gaze. He then looked at Camila and asked, with a straight look on his face,

"Camila...Could you do me a favour?"

"Of course, Kafka~ Anything for you who helped me mend my relationship with my daughter~" Camila said in a loving manner, as she was currently on a high at the moment, and hugged Kafka into her bosom to show just how ready she was to do anything he said.

"Anything?... Even if I'm asking you to let your drool drip onto your daughter's chest?" Kafka asked with his eyes raised, which made Camila freeze in place while Bella's eyes went wide like she had just heard wrongly and made her almost cough out the drool she just swallowed.

"K-Kafka...Did you just ask me to d-drool onto my daughter's breasts?" Camila asked, knowing she didn't hear anything wrong since she was used to him saying such absurd things.

"Well, you can drool on her or directly spit on her chest, as long as there's some fluid on her chest...But yes, I did ask you to do that." Kafka casually confirmed, which made both of them gulp in fright at what he was trying to do.

"...And the reason why I'm asking is because my mouth is starting to run dry from kissing you both for so long, and I'm in need of some extra 'help' to detoxify the toxin, since I'm not confident the minute amount of saliva in my mouth will be able to degrade the toxin on your chests, and it would be helpful if I got some extra 'detoxifying agent' from the side."

"W-What if you're lying?...What if you're just saying that to make us do something dirty for your satisfaction, Kafk-...No, I mean, D-Daddy?"



Bella stood her ground and asked, as unlike her mother, who believed everything her lover said, she still doubted his every move, knowing that he was as sly as a snake and always needed to be on guard against.

She also called him 'Daddy' to keep her end of the promise, which sounded quite unnatural with how hesitant she was to say it and made it seem like she was asking Kafka if he was her father, which wasn't the effect Kafka was going for when he had requested such a thing.

"Sure, you can take it as you will. But do you really want to risk it thinking that I'm playing around and have some remnant toxin on your chest?" Kafka said with a confident smile on his face, even though he knew what Bella was saying was true and was simply asking for such dirty requests for the fun of it.

And just like he thought, Bella had no way of refuting it, as she didn't want to risk anything that involved her's and her mother's lives and could only be frustrated at how Kafka somehow always had a hold on her and made her feel like she was the ignorant junior here, when he was actually the youngest in the house.

Chapter 255: Our Daughter Has Truly Grown Up, Hasn't She?

"Now, now, Bella...Is that how you treat someone who's trying to help you out?"

Camila patted her daughter's shoulders to console her, as she wasn't really against the idea, since she was also intrigued by the thought of her daughter's pale white chest covered in her fluids, which was surely a sight to galore and admire that would surely fuel her perverted desires.

"And I personally think that we should follow what Kafka said for our safety, especially since we've done much more shameful things today, which makes this look tame in comparison..." Camila said with a teasing look in her eyes as she looked at her daughter's flustered face, which made Bella remember all the vulgar things she did with her mother this past hour and the levels of intimacy both of them reached that no other mother and daughter out there have gone through, no matter how close they may be.

Seeing that her daughter wasn't arguing anymore and was bashfully looking down while thinking of what was to come, Camila decided that her daughter was ready.

And then, without giving any warning to Bella, she leaned forward towards her daughter's chest, pushed her own hair aside, and while her mouth was right above her daughter's white cleavage on top that could hold a porcelain plate, she parted her lips and let her saliva flow down onto her daughter's breasts.

Drip~ Flow~ Drool~

Bella was caught off guard by her mother's spontaneous actions, and she didn't even have enough time to dodge Camila's attack. She could only watch as a stream of saliva that was twinkling in the light like a stream of starlight came out of her mother's mouth and dropped onto her chest, where it slowly flowed down her curves because of how viscous it was.

It almost felt like her mother was pouring hot oil on her chest because of how hot it was, almost as if it could scald her skin if it was on there for too long.

Drip~ Drip~ Drip~

Camila's sweet drool was dripping down her daughter's chest and, in a matter of seconds, was going to down the edge of her globes and onto her lap. But before that could happen, Kafka quickly came in to save the day and swiftly used his tongue to spread the liquid all over her breasts, like he was spreading butter on a slice of bread.

Lick!~ Swish!~ Lick!~

From the patch of skin where Camila's fluids dropped down, he propagated the drool all across Bella's breasts just by using his lips and tongue, and he applied it all over the area where the rashes were forming, like it was some kind of lotion.

He also didn't forget to suck on those red patches on her skin in the name of extracting the toxin, which made Bella cover her mouth to stop herself from whimpering.

"Ahhh!~ D-Daddy!~...Mmm!~ Y-You don't have to suck on my breasts so hard!~"

Bella moaned out and called Kafka her father, which sounded much better when said in a sweet tone that was full of ecstasy from having her breasts teased by her so-called father.

"What else am I supposed to do, Bella, when that's the only way I can cure you of the poison?" Kafka said in a rather fatherly tone, like he was actually treating Bella like his own daughter; he had taken care of her whole life at the moment.

"I also don't want to be sucking on my daughter's breasts like this...But because of the situation, I have no other option other than to do what I'm doing right, when I'm only used to only playing around with your mother's breasts and not the girl she gave birth to."

"Ooooh!~ Mmm!~ Nnn!~ Haaa!~ Argh!~" Bella could only moan out in reluctance at having her breasts played with so aggressively, seeing as to how he wasn't listening to her.

"And speaking of your mother's overwhelming chest, you still haven't reached the sheer size of the ripe melons she has hanging on her chest..." Kafka said as he compared the apples he was sucking on to Camila's cantaloupes, which were hanging by his side and slammed into his face every once in a while whenever Camila made any quick movements.

And remembering the pictures of young Bella he saw earlier, he continued saying, "...But I can see that you're slowly getting there with how I can't even fit each one of your mounds into my hand, when you were flat as a pancake back when you were in middle school where someone could probably even lay a train track on your chest with how smooth it was."

"Isn't that right, Camila?"

Kafka looked at Camila, who was continuing to let down some drool on her daughter's chest wherever it seemed like Kafka was going to suck on next, while having a rather lewd expression on her face from watching her transparent saliva leak down her daughter's curvy chest.

"Don't you think that our daughter has gotten quite big over the years, especially around the chest region?"

"Y-Yes darling..."

Camila's body shook in delight when she heard Kafka call her darling so tenderly, like they were all family, which was exactly what she desired with all her heart. She then caressed her daughter's cheek in a gentle manner while looking at Bella's eyes, which were shimmering in shame from being called flat by Kafka, and said,

"She used to be such a spoiled girl when she was young, who didn't want anything to do with her mother...But look at what she is doing now—letting her father suck on her budding breasts while her mother watches from the side.

"Whether it may be her open breasts that have grown up in the years or her heart that's finally opened up to me, our daughter has truly changed..." Camila said in a soothing tone and gave her daughter a kiss on the forehead, which made Bella's cheeks turn even more red than they already were since it was the first time she had been kissed by her mother in a long time, and she grew to miss the feeling of her mother's soft lips.

"I know, right?...Our Bella really has grown up."

Kafka agreed with Camila and acted as if he were her husband of many years whom she raised her daughter with, while he sucked on Bella's skin, which was slowly turning back to its pale white tone after licking off the spicy juice.

He then continued saying, as he groped both of her breasts in his hand like he was checking out their size,

"And because of her spontaneous growth around her rather private regions that make men go crazy and because of how similar she looks to you, I'm afraid that in a few years time she's going to look just like you, Camila, which I don't want to happen at all costs for the sake of our family."

"Why are you afraid of something like that, darling, almost like it's a life-altering change?" Camila asked as she let out some sweet saliva from her mouth onto her daughter's other breast, since Kafka had already moved on after licking the first one clean. "Isn't it quite normal for a daughter to look like her mother?"

"And wouldn't a pervert like you, who loves his wife a little too much, love the fact that there's another woman in the house that just looks like me?" Camila said with a devilish look on her face as she held onto her own milk bags and squeezed into them until her nipples popped out right in front of Kafka's face and looked like she was asking him to play with her as well.

"That's exactly the problem!"

Kafka said as he bit down onto the perky nipples in front of him and sucked on them like a baby with a pacifier.

"Aughhh!~"

Camila let out a loud moan as she could feel Kafka's sharp teeth grazing against the edge of her stiff nipples, which were as soft as cherries.

"If both of you looked the same to one another and didn't have anything that could notably differentiate both of you apart, I'm afraid that one day I'm going to accidentally take Bella for you, Camila, and do some unspeakable things to her that I actually wanted to with my wife in that moment that can't be taken back no matter and will forever change our relationship..."

Kakfa mentioned a rather immoral scenario that may have been seen as a nightmare for most mothers out there to have their daughters taken advantage of by their own fathers. But to Camila, who was a pervert with devious tendencies of her own, this seemed like an exciting situation that she wanted to see play out while watching and getting off to it in the corner.

Even Bella, who was struggling to keep her velvety voice from leaking out from having her breasts harrassed, perked up when she heard Kafka's words and wondered just what it would be like to be mistaken for her mother and have her body violated by her supposed father in place of Camila.

And when she did imagine the scenario, she shook her head in a fluster at the shameful thoughts she was having....But at the same time, she didn't seem to care about it too much, like she wouldn't really mind if she got ambushed by her stepfather, just to see what it felt like to be in his violent embrace and how he would tear her body apart thinking of her as her mother...

#### Chapter 256: An Obedient Daughter

"U-Unspeakable things?...Hmm!~...W-What unspeakable things would you accidentally do to our daughter?"

Camila held onto Kafka's fluffy hair as he sucked on her perky nipples that sent a tingling sensation throughout her body all the way to her toes that were wriggling around, while Bella looked down at her chest that was covered in her mother's drool and smelled a unique smell coming from it that resembled the taste of her mother's mouth.

"Of course the same things I would do if I saw you alone in the house, tempting me with this fat ass of yours and your massive knockers, Camila..." Kafka said as he pushed his hand into Camila's pants and started groping her juicy butt, with each hand on each juicy bun.

"...I'd probably come up from behind you, grab onto your jiggly butt, and start kneading it like dough without giving you any chance to resist, treating you like the dirty girl you are."

"Ahhh!~ No, Kafka!~" Camila let out a seductive moan as she felt Kafka's cold fingers wriggle inside her asscheeks and felt them scraping her flesh from the inside, like he was trying to dig something that was stuck inside out. "Y-You can't do that to my butt just because you want to, s-since it's really sensitive!~...Mmm!~"

"If I can't grope this fat ass of yours, then what use is it in being so plump?" Kafka picked Camila's juicy, voluptuous bottom that felt like it was purely made out of butter and dropped it down, making it jiggle upon impact with his legs below. "Tell me, Camila, just why do you have such a large behind if you're not even letting your own husband enjoy it?"

"Ahhh!~...I-I don't know, Kafka!~ B-But if you want to grope it or slap it or do whatever you want with my flesh, then just do it with my uselessly fat butt, and not Bella's!~ Hnnn!~" Camila gasped as she tried to fight for her daughter's sake, as even though she herself had certain desires towards her daughter, her motherly instinct to protect her from her devious stepfather came in first.

"J-Just leave our daughter out of this, since she's still an innocent child who doesn't know about any of these l-lewd things we do while she's not around the house!~....Augh!~"

"Is that really so, Bella? Is what your mother is saying true?" Kafka asked as he looked at Bella and stopped sucking on Camila's buds, leaving them covered in a glossy state, which made them look brighter and pinker than they already were. "Is my adorable little daughter really as innocent as her mother says?"

"It's not that I don't trust your mother's words or that I don't trust you, but it's simply hard to believe you're so innocent and pure when your nipples are so hard that they look like they could cut diamonds when you're sitting on your father's lap half naked..." Kafka said as she pinched her nipples, which were smaller and more delicate-looking than Camila's perky nips, like they had more room to grow but had the same shape and colour as her mother's.

"...I mean, is it really normal for a daughter to be so turned on that I could probably see both of these buds of yours poking out even if you wear a bra when you're so exposed and intimate with your father right now?"

"Does that not mean she has other intentions towards me that one should never have towards their own father?" Camila bashfully watched Kafka question her daughter and torture her buds, like he wouldn't stop pulling on them until he got an answer.

"Ahhh!~ D-Daddy, no!~ Aughh!~" Bella whimpered as she felt both her rosy peaks get twisted, like she was getting punished by her father for her misdeeds of the past with Camila. "Y-You can't do that, Daddy!~ It hurts!~ Ohh!~"

"Oh really...Then why is it that whenever I pull on them, you start squirming around like you're enjoying it?" Kafka asked as he felt Bella moving her butt around and smushing all over his legs, where he could feel each individual cheek rub his knees in smooth motions.

"I-I don't know, Daddy!~ M-My body just moves that way whenever you treat my body so violently!~ Aughh!~" Bella exclaimed, completely assimilating to her role as his stepdaughter after getting caught up in the mood.

She then looked at Kafka with limpid eyes that were full of temptation that almost even rivalled her mother's and asked, "I-Is there anything wrong with me, Daddy!?...Even though I'm not supposed to feel anything when my own father is treating my body so harshly, I can't help but want you to tease and abuse my body even more!~"

"Really?..." Kafka grabbed his supposed daughter's milky white tits and stuffed them into his mouth. And while gently chewing on her smooth flesh with his lips, he continued asking, "Even when I'm sucking on your budding chest like this, you're fine with your father doing such things to your delicate body?"

"Yes, Daddy!~ I'm fine with whatever you do!~" Bella exclaimed in a fluster, and even though she knew she was saying some shameful things at the moment, she couldn't help herself since the degrading words she was saying were naturally coming out of her mouth and she couldn't stop herself from uttering them.

She then continued saying, with a hazy look in her eyes and a rather eager tone in her trembling voice, "E-Even if you jumped on me thinking that I was mom, I probably would stay silent and let you do whatever you want, if it feels as good as how your sucking on my breasts right now!~ Hnnn!~"

"See Camila...Can you really call our daughter innocent when she's acting as slutty as you do when you crave something from me?" Kafka said with a grin on his face as he finished sucking both of her mounds clean, while Camila was taken aback by how lewdly her daughter was acting. "And honestly, even though I said that it would be bad if you two looked alike, I actually take that back."

"After hearing how Bella feels about having some special 'bonding' time with her father, I really don't think both of us would mind if I accidentally started playing with her thinking that she was you, Camila, which actually works out for us father and daughter."

"Isn't that right, sweetheart?" Kafka asked as he held Bella by the chin and pinched her lower lips together, bringing her flustered face closer to his. "You'll let Daddy do whatever he wants to do with you, right?...Even if it's me asking you to spread your legs wide so that I can shove my fat cock into your tight little pussy, you'll still obey what your father says, right?"

"Y-Yes Daddy...I'll do whatever you say, e-even if it means I have to spread my legs in front of you and l-let your thick thing go inside of me."

Bella said in a daze as she looked into Kafka's dark eyes, which made Camila gasp at how her daughter was behaving in front of her lover and reminded her of how she acted when Kafka spoke all those sweet words to her yesterday, making her wonder if she also looked so obscene and lascivious at that time.

Actually, Bella didn't want to agree to Kafka's words at first, as they were a bit too much even for her in her worked-up mood.

But when she looked into Kafka's charming eyes, which looked like an abyss that was sucking her soul in and making her heart palpitate like crazy, she had no way to resist his words and could only say what he wanted her to say, like she was under his spell, and it made her feel as if just looking at his charming face was making her lose the ability to breathe.

This was bizzare as even though Kafka was quite the handsome man, she had seen many other better looking men than him even at her university.

But inspite of all that it it was only him who made her feel such a way which made her wonder just what it was about him that was making her thoughts go wild and wondered if her mother felt the same as well when she looked at his irritating but loveable face that you simply can't help but smile when you look at.

"What an obedient little girl you are, Bella, who listens to her father's words..." Kafka said as he pulled her cheeks, which made her blush since he was currently treating her like a child, which she didn't really dislike, even though she didn't usually like people looking down on her.



He then continued saying, as he poked her lips, "And do you know what good girls like you receive after doing something commendable?"

"N-No, Daddy...What do they get?" Bella hesitantly asked with an expectant look in her eyes, already guessing what he was going to as she eyed his lips.

"A kiss, of course, Bella!~ A kiss!~...Chu!~"

Kafka gave Bella a kiss on her forehead when she thought that she was going to kiss her on her lips like before.

But nonetheless, it made her serotonin levels skyrocket and made her give a shy smile that lit up the room because of how cute she looked at the moment, as even though it didn't give her the same tingly sensation she felt when he kissed her on her lips, a kiss on her wide forehead that she was insecure about made her feel warm and cosy, like she was wrapped in a blanket, which she didn't even feel from the kisses she received from her own father when she was a child.

And it made it feel like all the shameful things she unconsciously said out of her volition were worth it if she could get a kiss from Kafka at the end, who always looked at her like she was the most prettiest girl in the world and made her feel like she had absolutely nothing to be ashamed of herself when he gazed at her with his cheeky little face, even though she didn't exactly know how to face her mother after calling her lover her father and bowed her head in shame when she thought of the awkward conversation they were going to have later on.

"And as much as I want to explore my daughter's secret garden that has been left untouched for her father to witness, your mother would probably cry if I told you to spread your legs right now, so we'll keep that moment for later..."

Kakfa said as he gave Camila a soft pat on her head, who looked so sad and pityful when she heard that he was going to have his way with his daughter when she was the one who found him first, like when she heard her daughter was going to take her first kiss away.

This soft consolation made her much more happier and she breathed a sigh of relief, as even though she was more than fine with sharing her daughter with Kakfa and wanted that to happen more than anything else in the world for her daughter's sake, she also didn't want to sacrifice everything for her family like in the past and wanted some special moments for herself that she treated so precious, which was quite sweet to see.

"...And for now, instead of showing off your lower lips, why don't you be a good girl and do what your mother did and let out your spit on her milkers as well, so that I can detoxify the toxin and get this over with."

Kafka said with a smile on his face, which made both mother and daughter, who were much more clear-headed than before, look at each other with shame in one another's pretty blue eyes because of the final act they were going to perform.

Both of them also sighed at the same time, as they didn't know just how twisted their relationships were going to get after this one morning, when it was already so complicated and messy before, and could only wait to find out just how their lives were going to change after Kafka had entered the picture...

Chapter 257: Don't Leave Me Out!

"L-Like this, Daddy?...Is this enough?" Bella asked as she let out some drool from her mouth that dropped onto the only remaining red spot on Camila's breasts, knowing that she had no other option in front of Kafka, who wouldn't take no for an answer.

This overbearing quality of his should've made her disgusted with him, as she hated to be looked down on by the men in this world. But for some reason, she found the way Kafka forced her into certain things that she was against not to be that bad, as he always seemed to know his limits and knew just where the line was for her to actually be offended.

And the things he made her do always led to rather intriguing scenarios that she had never experienced in her rather monotonous life, which even kind of made her look forward to what he was going to say next since there really wasn't a dull moment with her mother's boy toy around, and she thought her mother was lucky to snag such an interesting person to play around with.

"No, a bit more than that, like you mean it." Kafka said as he held up Camila's breasts, like he was telling her where to aim. "...Do it just like your mother did to your tits and cover her chest in your fluids."

"And don't worry about what your mother is thinking while you're doing this, as I'm sure that she's also beyond elated to be covered in her beloved daughter's scent..."

Camila snapped out of her daze while she stared at the transparent dollop of fluid slowly making its way down to her pink tips. She then immediately turned to look at Bella and shook her head to tell her that she didn't have such thoughts about her head.

Bella saw her mother denying her accusations, but she doubted if she was really telling the truth, as she could see Camila's face turn redder by the second as her pool of drool made a trail down her mountains, which was rather suspicious.

Bella then decided to ignore her mother, who she was slowly figuring out was actually a hidden pervert just like her, and tucked her hair behind her to let out more drool on Camila's chest, like Kafka asked for.

Drip~ Flow~ Drip~

She also made sure that she didn't disturb the way Kafka parted her fringe in the front while tucking her hair behind since she still hadn't seen how she looked at the moment and wanted to see just what way Kafka liked her hair to be styled, him being the only man in her life she had cared for an opinion about other than her actual father.

"Ah yes, Bella~ Just like that...Let it all out onto your mother's breasts, until I can see a pool form on top of her cleavage."

Kafka said as he watched a thin stream of fluid slowly make its way down like viscous honey and fall on top of Camila's chest like it was syrup on a pancake. Only this time, the syrup was much more sweeter and had a fragrant taste that was quite addictive once you had a taste of it, and the pancakes weren't pancakes at all and more like overcooked muffins with a cherry on top.

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

He then didn't waste any time and dipped his lips into the river of sweet saliva like it was a paintbrush and stroked it around Camila's chest, like her mounds were a canvas that were meant to be painted on.

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

He held her ample breasts up with his hands, which needed all his fingers to support their weight and volume, and even sank into the gaps between his fingers because of how pudgy her flesh was, while brushed his lips all over her chest, bringing a road of glistening saliva wherever he went.

"Ahh!~ Mmmm!~ Smack!~ Smooch!~ Hmmm!~"

He also didn't forget to suck on her succulent skin to detoxify the toxin, like he said, and he was doing it in a much more passionate and sensual manner, like he was more focused on satisfying his lover than simply curing her of the poison on her curvy body.

"Ahh!~ Yes, Darling!~ That feels so good!~ That feels so good!~...Augh!...Just keep sucking on my breasts like that!~...Mmm!~" Camila moaned out, and she could immediately feel how he was teasing her breasts by sucking on her skin and slashing it with his tongue after pulling her fatty flesh into his mouth.

"Ahhh!~ Ohhh!~...Y-You don't know how much I missed this feeling, dear, as even though you were just playing with my chest right before our daughter came, I was craving your touch all along and wanted to drag you into the kitchen to finish what you started!~"

Bella mentioned her daughter as Kafka shoved her breasts into his mouth like he was trying to choke on them, which made Bella blush when she realised just why her mother's face was so red and why her hair was messed up back when she opened the door to welcome her.

And not only was she embarrassed at the sight of her mother's chest getting molested by the boy next door, she was also getting excited by the sight as she couldn't stop shaking her ass on Kafka's lap while wriggling her fingers around her crotch.

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

She couldn't help it, as the sight of her mother's jugs jiggling around whenever Kafka let go of her breasts with his mouth or the sound of his tongue sliding across her pale skin while she moaned out in ecstasy was too much for her to handle.

"Ohhh!~ Aahhh!~ Yes Kafka!~ Yes!~ Mmmm!~ Unghh!~ Yes!~ Ohhh!~"

Bella knew that her turn was already over as her chest was licked with not even a drop of toxin remaining on her skin, with the way Kafka made sure not to lick her clean without a patch of skin behind.

But she also couldn't resist the urges she was feeling from deep within anymore and wanted to experience what her mother was feeling once again, so she asked Kafka like a puppy, asking for a treat, while pushing out her naked breasts into his face,

"D-Daddy, me too!~ Lick my breasts as well!~"

#### Chapter 258: Fighting For Territory

Bella was scared that Kafka was going to take this opportunity to tease her as he always did, and she was fine with it even if he did, as long as he sucked on her buds once again, showing how desperate she was for some love.

But to her surprise, Kafka simply gave her a glance while his lips enveloped Camila's nips and immediately changed bodies to suck on Bella's pink tips instead, which were throbbing at the moment and looked like they were growing out of her body.

"Oh yes, Daddy!~ Just like that!~ Ahh!~"

Bella moaned out as she threw her head back with wide eyes that were going through euphoria when she felt the tip of her breasts get enveloped in a wet cave.

"Suck me harder, Daddy!~ Suck my nipples harder!~...O-Only you know your daughter's body so well that you came make my body turn hard in places that I didn't know could become stiff!~"

"Hnnn!~...I-It's almost like you've already played with my body a thousand times and know just where to lick me to make my eyes go wide and just how hard you need to bite my nipples to make me wet under!~ Ahhh!~ Aughh!~" Bella hung onto Kafka's neck and could feel his sharp teeth gently pulling on her rosebuds, while his lips were rubbing against her round areolas with every slight movement, which was making her go crazy and her body shiver in sheer pleasure.

"Well, what can I say...It's not that hard to please your daughter when you already know her mother's body so well..." Kafka stopped sucking on Bella tits and gestured towards Camila for her to give him a kiss, who was pouting that her daughter kept on stealing him away and looked like she needed some immediate love as well in the form of kisses.

"Smooch!~ Smooch!~ Kiss!~ Smooch!~ Sip!~"

Camila threw herself on Kafka when she saw him calling for her, almost as if she were desperate for even the slightest bit of attention from him, and quickly gave him a bunch of kisses on his face; from his nose that was bombarded by her smooches, to his eyes that she couldn't stop kissing because of how charming they looked on his handsome face.

"Hmmm!~ Mwah!~ Haa!~ Kiss!~ Mmm!~"

Her pink tongue also slid across his face every once in a while while he had a wry smile on his face that was being covered in her fluids, and she even occasionally went into his mouth but would immediately retreat when she felt the even stronger opponent inside that tried to strangle her own tongue when she went in too far.

"That's not fair!~ Me too!~"

Bella exclaimed as she felt left out when she saw her mother covering his face in her kiss marks and wanted him to have her share of kisses as well and started to kiss his face along with her mother as well.

"Mwah!~ Slurp!~ Ohh!~...How do you like that, darling?...Are you enjoying your wife's tasty lips?  
~...Suck!~ Mmm!~"

Camila kissed Kafka's face all over while trying to ignore her daughter, who was interrupting the joy of kissing the man of her life, who made her feel as if she was the luckiest girl in the world and someone she wanted to keep on kissing until she breathed her last breath in his embrace.

"Hmmm!~ Mwah!~...Do you want more, Daddy?~ Do you want more of your beloved daughter's kisses, since she's ready to give Daddy as many kisses as he wants?~...Haa!~ Kiss!~ Mmm!~"

Bella also pushed her mother's perfect face aside so that she could kiss Kafka's cheeks, which she also wanted to pull so hard because of how cheeky he acted when he was just a junior and her mother's boy toy.

But at the same time, she also wanted him to pull on her own puffy cheeks as well and have him tell her how good of a girl she was and pat her head, as he was the only man who made her doubt if she dressed well enough to make an appearance and always made her want to check a mirror so that she could look the best in his clear eyes, which was enough to tell how she felt about Kafka.

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

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

Both mother and daughter were rubbing their cheeks into one another while bumping heads like female cows that were trying to get the attention of the male bull, which was especially comical since both of them had rather wide foreheads and it looked like two moons banging into one another as they silently fought with one another over territory of Kafka's face.

Kafka himself had to lie all the way back onto the sofa since both of them were basically climbing on top of him to smooch his face and were basically putting their entire weight on his body, while their breasts, which were completely cleaned and toxin-free, were dangling below.

And even though he was in the perfect position to admire the two pairs of milky white cantaloupes that were hanging from the two beauties that were fighting over him, he ignored the same breasts that would make any man in the world go wild at even the sight of the slightest bit of cleavage, and he looked around to see if there was any towel he could use to wipe his face, as he had been kissed by the mother and daughter pair so many times that his face was even wetter and more covered in their sweet saliva than their own breasts.

This only made him wonder if he should've made them suck on one another's breasts, since they seemed to make a much better wet mess than he could ever make with his own lips and thought they themselves would be a much better option in case of a spider bite that actually needed saliva to save themselves, then going in to help them out himself...

#### Chapter 259: Cat Fight

"Would you like to excuse yourself, Bella?...Mwah!~ Kiss!~ Nibble!~...I'm having a moment with 'my' husband, so I would appreciate it if you let us alone for a moment since you're kind of in the way of our private time together...Mwah!~ Slurp!~" Camila emphasised that Kafka was originally her man while biting on his earlobes, side-eyeing her daughter, who was pushing Kafka's hair aside to kiss his forehead.

"W-Well, he's my Daddy as well, so I can kiss how many times I want without anyone else telling me else, even if that person is his wife...Mmm!~ Peck!~ Lick!~" Bella ignored her mother's words and continued on with her business, while her soft, warm breasts were pressed against Kafka's chin as she bent over to kiss him.

"Hmph!

Who's your father?!...You're only calling Kafka that because he forced you to and have no relations to him otherwise, other than through me!" Camila got angry that her daughter was trying to so blatantly try to make her move on Kafka and make him her own, and she pulled him away from Bella and pushed his face into her chest as she gave him a hug, like she was telling her that he was hers first and she had a priority over him.

Hug!~

"Huh?!...W-Who said I'm calling him that because he made me do it?" Bella was caught off guard by her mother calling her out so abruptly and making her drop the act she was putting on, which she was actually getting into and starting to sink into the role as his daughter.

She then continued saying, as her face slowly turned red, so that she wouldn't let her mother win, "...Unlike what you think, I'm actually calling him D-Daddy because I like it when I do so and it makes me feel comfortable when I do, and not for any other reason like you say!"

Hug!~

Bella also hugged Kafka's face and pulled him into her embrace to show her dominance over her mother, while blushing at the fact that she actually did like it when she addressed him as her father, as it just felt right and she wouldn't really mind continuing to call him that if she were being honest, which made her wonder just when she had become such a bizzare woman who had such weird interests when she was quite normal before.

Both Camila and Kafka were currently hugging Kafka at the same time, while Camila had a rather sharp look in her eyes as she gazed at her daughter with a menacing aura, like she was telling her to back off and wait for her turn.

While Bella herself wasn't as confident as her mother since she knew that Kafka wasn't hers in the first place and was actually scared of her mother's icy gaze, which suited her ice-like blue eyes, she only used to see when she did something really bad as a child, which brought back childhood trauma from the past.

But surprising enough, she didn't back off and held onto Kafka tightly, not because she especially wanted him or anything, as her feelings for Kafka hadn't reached the same level as Camila's yet, but because she didn't want to lose to her mother at the moment, as she also had some pride within herself that made her not want to give up in the face of a threat, which she inherited from her dignified mother, who always stood her ground no matter the situation.

Kafka himself, the instigator of the fight between mother and daughter and also the prize they got when whoever won was also watching all this while being sandwiched in between their abundant chests, since they were hugging his head as hard as they could and pushing his face into their meaty knockers until both sides of his face were submerged in their bodies warmth.



Squish~ Submerge~ Squish~

One side of his face felt more cushiony and more mushy than the other, like it was a papaya that was starting to go bad and felt all squishy whenever you touched it, while one side felt like a freshly baked meat bun that was quite elastic and pushed back when his face was shoved inside, and it was quite obvious who's knockers belonged to who.

And as much as he wanted to be drowned in all four of their individual breasts that were all the same colour, including their pink nipples that even almost poked his eye multiple times, he also knew that he had to stop the mother-daughter pair or else they would start a cat fight right in front of him when they had just started to make up with one another.

"Okay, now, break it up, you two..." Kafka said he wriggled his way out of their fluffy pillows and lied back onto the sofa.

And before Camila and Bella could hug him again after seeing that their prize had escaped, he threw his hands around their slender necks that felt as smooth and fragile as porcelain and pulled them into his embrace, while his hand rested over their shoulders and rested on their breasts.

This painted a rather peculiar picture and made him look like a king on his throne, while he had high both his naked queens who were there to please him as they nestled in his arms.

Camila and Bella blushed when they saw each other lying on his strong chest, which made them look like cheap women whom he bought off the streets to give him a night of double pleasure. But they still had a competitive look in their eyes, like they were going to go back to kissing him, even if it was only on his neck or chest, so that they didn't lose out to one another.

"And since both of you are fighting so much to lay your lips on me, I've decided that I've had enough kisses from the two of you for the day...Especially since my face feels like it's been licked by a bunch of puppies who thought of me as a treat after being smothered by you two."

Kafka said as he wiped the wet kiss marks on his face, which made both of them look away in a fluster at what they had done. They also gave a sigh of relief that they didn't wear any lipstick today, or else they were sure that his handsome face would be entirely covered in red and pink now.

"Camila, I said no kissing, didn't I? Don't you understand?...Grope!~"

Kakfa said in a solemn manner as he violently groped Camila's milkers in his hand until his fingers sunk all the way into her flesh when he saw her trying to sneakily kiss his hands to show off to her daughter, who was watching, while Bella immediately lost all the thoughts of doing the same in retaliation after seeing how he was tormenting her mother's breasts like they were balls of dough.

And she confirmed that as nice as Kakfa, he really wasn't to be messed with at certain times unless she wanted her breasts to be molested so aggressively as well, which also strangely piqued her interest as to how it feels in her mother's position right, clearly showing how she was sinking into the realms of debauchery after meeting Kafka, the Incarnation of Lust...

#### Chapter 260: Rude Interruption

Camila whimpered as she gazed up at Kafka with a pitiful look in her eyes, like she was begging for him to let go of her chest that was being played with, not because it hurt, since it actually felt rather tantalising for her as he treated her chest so roughly.

But because she didn't want to see him humiliate her right in front of her daughter, since she still had to keep a strong image in front of her daughter that she could hopefully look up to in this world that was dominated by pathetic men.

Kakfa let go of Camila's chest when he saw her begging him with puppy eyes that looked rather adorable, especially because of her blue eyes that twinkled like the reflection of stars on the blue ocean surface when she wanted them to.

And when he saw his finger marks engraved onto her chest after that groping, he felt bad even though Camila actually enjoyed it, and he said to console her by bribing her by saying,

"Well, even though I said no kissing from you two, I never said that I wouldn't give you any pecks in return, so come over here here if you want a little something from me, Camila..."

Camila was beyond elated when she heard his words, to the point where she started shaking her butt around like she did when she got excited and stuck out her puffy cheeks that had a tint of blush on them for him to kiss, which made them really pinchable like a ball of white mochi.

Kiss!~

Kafka kissed Camila on her cheek just like she wanted to, which made her surrender in happiness and lie on his chest with a satisfied smile on her face that looked so cute right now, as if she had returned to being a carefree little girl at the moment with Kafka by her side.

"What about you, Bella?...Where do you want a kiss?" Kafka asked Bella, who was staring in a daze at her mother, since she had never seen her so laidback and happy before, like she was living in paradise.

And when she first heard Kafka's, she wanted to immediately reject him as she wasn't really caught up in the mood like before, which made her say some rather naughty stuff that made her blush at the thought of it.

And she also wasn't used to such sweet and wholesome moments as she was witnessing in front of her right now and didn't think that she deserved to have those moments with Kafka, when he was basically her mother's man and not hers.

But when she saw how content and fulfilled her mother looked at the moment as she lay in her man's embrace, she was really tempted to take the offer as well.

And what broke the final straw and led her into temptation was when she saw her mother looking at her with gentle eyes and softly nodding her head as she smiled, like she was telling her daughter that it was alright and was telling her to go in for the kiss without hesitating too much.

Seeing that she got the go-ahead sign from her mother, Bella secretly gave a little jump of excitement in her heart and immediately started thinking of where to let Kafka kiss her so that it would give her the highest level of happiness.

After thinking about it for a second, she finally stuck out her forehead for him to kiss, as whenever he kissed her there, she felt all her insecurities about her rather wide forehead go away, making her feel as if there wasn't a part of her body that couldn't be adored.

Kiss!~

Kafka gave Bella a peck as well after he gently pushed back her hair, which made her heart rate increase and slowly sink into his chest as well, and actually made her feel quite safe when she lied on him because of how sturdy he was and looked like she would give anything to feel this sense of safety that Kafka gave her at all times.

This was especially true since there were certain things that were going on in her life at the moment that made her feel threatened at all times and was one of the major reasons she came back home, so that she could be comforted in her mother's warm embrace where she wouldn't feel as scared as she was before.

Kafka, who was being drowned in the warmth of the two beautiful women before him, didn't say a word so that he didn't disturb the peace of this rather heartwarming scenario and just wrapped them both in his hands, which made them snuggle into his embrace even more.

He was especially grateful for this moment, as in his previous world he never got to experience such love, which was so clear with the way Camila was silently listening to his heartbeat with her eyes closed and a small smile on her face, or how even Bella was sneakily rubbing her cheeks against his chest, since she was intrigued by how hard they felt and truly felt thankful for being born as the Child of Vanitas, not because of the non-existent care and love he received from his mother.

But because of the opportunity, he got to meet all these wonderful women in this world that came with the title, which made him understand once again what it felt like to want to protect someone with your life on the line at all costs.

And just as Kafa was about to experience something else for the first time in life, which was the feeling of genuine sleepiness after being enveloped in two warm bodies that made him feel all cosy inside, when he had never felt sleepy before because of his unique physique, he was rudely awakened when the doorbell started ringing non-stop like the person outside was bashing the doorbell with his fists.

DING-DONG!~ DING-DONG!~ DING-DONG!~ DING-DONG!~ DING-DONG!~ DING-DONG!~ DING-DONG!~ DING-DONG!~ DING-DONG!~

And let's just say that he wasn't exactly happy about being interrupted when he was about to genuinely go into a slumber ever since the moment he first gained consciousness, which was quite obvious with how he immediately looked at the knives on the kitchen stand with his turbid eyes that had gone all murky, when he heard the obnoxious ringing in his ear, and he looked like he was going to cut off the fingers of the person that was ringing the doorbell with that very same knife that was polished to perfection and shove them down their throat just for the sake of it...