

God of Milfs 261

Chapter 261: A Casanova Or A Creep?

"Tsk!...Does no one in this town know how to ring a doorbell properly?" Camila complained with a frown on her face as she got up from Kafka's embrace, frustrated that she woke up when she was on the verge of sleeping after a sleepless night yesterday.

"First it was my daughter in the morning that was making a racket, and now it's someone else...Does everyone just forget basic manners when they come to this house?"

Bella had a guilty look on her face, knowing that she was the one who interrupted Kafka and her mother's intimate session earlier with her intense ringing.

But in all honesty, it wasn't her fault, as she wasn't ringing the doorbell so hard because she was getting impatient, but because she wanted to see her mother as soon as possible since she was scared of the things that had been happening in the past month and wanted to be in her comfort place as soon as she could.

Bella knew her mother was beyond frustrated with the obnoxious noise, which was obvious with the cold look she had in her eyes as she glared in the direction of the door. And when she got curious as to how Kafka was reacting since she knew that he wouldn't be too happy as well, she let out a shriek because of what she saw.

"Kyaa!~"

"What is it now, Bella?" Camila turned and asked Bella, not having time to deal with her daughter now. "I've already got a madman ringing my doorbell like crazy, and I don't want you to be making any unnecessary noise as well."

"N-No mom, I didn't mean to scream...I-Its just...just look at Kafka..." Bella whispered with a frightened look on her face, as if she had just seen a bloodthirsty ghost.

And when Camila turned to see just what her daughter was pointing at and was frightened of, she too shivered as well as her daughter did as she saw Kafka with a calm look on his face and a gloomy look in his eyes, turbid eyes like she saw earlier, only this time he looked like he was only seconds away from slamming the head of the person who was ringing the bell into the pavement to

make him stop and looked like he wouldn't mind the bloody mess it would make if he could regain silence again.

She immediately understood why Bella looked so scared, as she was also fearful, but not for herself or her daughter since she knew Kafka would never lay a finger on them, but for the person outside who was basically signing his death wish, judging by the dull look on Kafka's face.

And just when she saw Kafka silently get up from the sofa and he looked like he was going to deal with the person outside, Camila quickly pushed him back onto the sofa in a fright as she got up and said in a hurry,

"You stay here, Kafka!...You don't need to get up!"

"Me and Bella will talk to the person outside since it's a small matter, so you can just sit here and rest while we come back after having a small discussion." Bella frantically nodded her head to what her mother said, as she didn't want any problems occurring in her safe haven when she had just come back from a world of unnecessary stress.

Kafka didn't say anything and just quietly sat back on his seat, which made both of them let out a sigh of relief.

But seeing how he was continuously staring in the direction of the door with an abysmal gaze, they knew that he wouldn't stay like this for too long as the glaring noise was still ringing in their ears, so both of them quickly put on their clothes that were scattered everywhere and rushed to the door to deal with the issue before Kafka himself came.

Camila and Bella didn't even properly fix their hair since they were in such a hurry and were about to open the door and give the person on the other side a piece of their mind. But suddenly Bella got a premonition of who was on the other side of the door, which made her pupils shrink at the thought of it actually happening.

And she was about to stop her mother from opening the door, since the person she thought of was the very reason she came back home and was the last person she wanted to see right now, especially in her own hometown.

But unfortunately for her, Camila had already opened the door with a feisty look on her face before she could stop her, and low and behold, her premonition had come true, as who stood before was

the person she hated the most, almost as much as her father, whom she had recently come to despise.

The man standing in the doorway with an impatient look on his rather handsome face, like his time was too precious to spend waiting, looked to be a college student and was rather well off, judging by his expensive clothes and the fancy car he had parked outside of her Bella's house.

He also had a bouquet in his hand full of roses and looked like he was here to court one of the ladies in the household, which was obviously Bella, seeing as to how she was looking at him with a look of disgust on her face and looked like she knew him as well, while Camila was trying to figure out who this boy was whom she had never seen before.

The reason Bella was so repulsed by the sight of the man who looked like he was blessed with everything in life and looked to be someone that all girls would dream of in their sleep was because for the past month, the same person in front of her had been endlessly pestering her to date him and become his girlfriend.

And even after rejecting him multiple times since she wasn't interested in him in the slightest, he continued to pester her all the time for her acceptance, to the point that she eventually had trouble sleeping at night because of his vile advances and nightmares where he broke into her house at night to court her as well.

Apparently, the guy had seen her at the university in some class and immediately fell for her beautiful looks that she had inherited from her mother. After that, he continued to chase her around the campus, wherever she went, and was basically a cockroach that was around her at all times and wouldn't take no for an answer to his dating request.

Bella had seen many guys that had tried to take her hand by following her relentlessly, but whenever they saw her scary side, who looked like someone who wouldn't mind breaking their fingers if they tried to touch her, which she had inherited from her mother as well, they all got scared and ran away.

But this guy was especially persistent since he was too full of himself and believed that all women were underneath him at the end of the day. He continued to pester her no matter what harsh words Bella said to him, and even when she threatened to call the police on him, he didn't care since he knew that his affluent parents could take care of them as well.

The disgusting stalker, who was in disguise as a Casanova, even took his harrasment a step further by following her to her dorm in Uni, leaving a bunch of gifts at her doorstep, spreading rumours

that they were going out and even instigated the professors at the college using the influence he had to make them convince Bella to get together with him, threatening him with her grades that she worked so hard for

But even after all that endless harassment, Bella stayed firm with her decision since she was a strong-willed girl and continued to go on with her life no matter how stressful and dreary each was becoming due to his very presence.

What broke the final straw and made her immediately want to return home so that she could find solace and have a break from the torture she was going through in another city, was when her friends, whom she thought she could trust at the time, started to support the guy who was pestering her and told her that she was being too stuck up for ignoring his advances when there were many other girls that wanted to be with him, including them.

The moment she heard her friends utter those words, she packed her bags without saying goodbye, knowing that she wouldn't ever speak to those foxes, she called her best friends ever again and made a run for her home where her mother resided, whom she knew was the only person that she could ever trust at all times and didn't have to worry about turning on her like her friends as well as her own father did.

And just when she reached home and thought that she could have a break from that horrendous life and thought that she finally found peace in her mother's lover's embrace, somehow the annoying dude had found his way to her home and looked like he was going to pester her on her doorstep as well.

Normally, she would've been intimidated if a man she despised followed her all the way to her hometown, because it was a bit too creepy and scary even for her to comprehend, especially since she didn't know how he knew where to find her.

But because she knew she now had the home ground advantage unlike before and had her mother by her side, who she knew was someone that was not to be messed with unless they wanted a few broken bones, she didn't mind his presence at all and moved in front of her mother to face him directly with no fear in her heart at all.

There was also another major factor in play that made her feel like she could do anything she wanted now and not think about the consequences that came with it, which was the neighbour next door, who was silently sitting inside and was probably even now staring in this direction with a mundane look in his eyes, like he wanted blood on his hands.

She knew that a little call was all she needed to release the ferocious storm that was brewing inside, so she confidently folded her hands and directly confronted the stalker before her with a fearless look on her face.

She also enjoyed the feeling of knowing that she'd be safe no matter what happened because of the confidence she had in Kafka, who seemed like someone who could solve any problem before him. She also finally understood what her mother meant when she said that there was no need to fear, even if the world was breaking apart, as long as Kafka was watching over you by his side.

This also made her wonder if she should just steal him away from her mother, not because she was into him, even though she wasn't clear about that matter herself.

But because she could use him as a handy bodyguard wherever she went, who she wouldn't mind protecting her for the rest of his life while he stayed by her side at all times, even if it was in her bedroom as well which made her blush at the rather dirty thought.

But she immediately threw this idea in the bin, knowing that her mother would probably disown her if she tried to do so, since it was obvious how much she cared for Kafka.

And she too didn't want to interfere with her mother's happiness, knowing that she was one of the reasons her mother lived an unsatisfactory life for so long, which she regretted ever since she slowly started to realise her mistakes after the incident with her father, where she came to learn her father's true face and his despicable behaviour that disgusted her to the core...

Chapter 262: The Police Would Surely Investigate A Dead Body, Right?

"Oh, Bella! I've finally found you!" The man exclaimed with a bright smile on his rather upstuck face that couldn't hide the arrogance in his eyes when he saw Bella staring at him with a blank look on her face.

"You don't understand how long I've been searching for you, going all over the city to find where you suddenly disappeared to...But it seems like my efforts weren't all for naught, as I've finally found you and another lady who's as beautiful as you as well."

The man gazed at Camila with a sharp gaze, which immediately made Camila disgusted at him and his behaviour, even though he seemed to be Bella's acquaintance, as he wasn't just looking at her face and was staring somewhere else as well, which was quite inappropriate to look at.

Camila was used to getting such gazes from men, so she wasn't bothered by it, but it still made her want to slam the door into the man's face. The only reason she was holding back was because she

thought that he was her daughter's friend, or else she was sure that he would've left with a bloody nose by now.

"Enough with the cheap talk...First, tell me how you found my home?" Bella came forward to hide her mother from his vulgar gaze while looking at him with obvious disdain.

"Of course, it's your friends who told me where you went...When I told them how I spent day and night trying to find you, they sympathised with my efforts and told me that you went back home." He said while making it seem as if he went through an entire desert and swam across an ocean just to find her.

"They also provided me with your address as well, so it didn't take me too long to find this peaceful little place you call your hometown."

"...But as peaceful and quiet as it may be, it's still part of the booneys where the people living here grow crops and milk cows for a living, so I still think that you deserve to live in a much better place back in the city, and I suggest that you go back since I really don't think that there's much to do in this tiny town during the holidays." The man clearly looked down on Bella's hometown and thought of it as a kind of rural village, which infuriated Camila since this was the place she was born in and the place she grew to love over the years.

He then continued, with a smirk on his face, which was irritating to look at, "I also heard that you had a little fight with your friends and don't have a place to stay now, so I recommend you stay at the new apartment I bought near the campus...It would be much better than staying in that tiny dorm you used to live in, and as an added bonus, I can visit you whenever I want to, which is quite exciting to think about."

"Is that all you have to say?" Bella went straight to the point with a deadpan look on her face, not even caring anymore that her friends had sold her out once again. "If it is, then I suggest you leave my house immediately, or else I'll have to call the cops on you."

"Call the cops on me? For what?...Standing at your doorstep to ask you out?" The man chuckled like he wasn't afraid, which made Camila's lips twitch because of his annoying face. And listening to their conversation, she could understand that the boy in front of her was pestering her daughter, which made her hate him even more.

"I don't think that such a complaint will bring the cops here, and it would have to be a much more severe reason if you want the police to get involved."

"...Like for example, if I reached out my hand and touched the body of the pretty lady behind you." He said with a dirty smile on his face as he suddenly reached his hand towards Camila, who was watching behind her daughter and looked like he was going to grope Camila to vent his frustration for chasing Bella for so long and not getting anything in response.

"...Only then would the police come here and check what's going on here."

Both mother and daughter didn't panic when they saw him reach out his hand and stare at it with a cold look in their eyes, like they were checking what part of his hand to break first.

And just when they had silently decided that Camila would twist his wrist while Bella snapped his fingers like her mother had taught her when she was young, they heard a lifeless voice come out from behind them out of nowhere, which made both of them tremble since they didn't even feel or hear anyone approaching them from behind, and it felt like the walls started speaking on their own.

"Then what if they got a call saying that someone found a dead college student lying in the middle of a garden in someone else's house, like the one you're standing in right now?...The police would surely arrive in this spot to investigate your body, right?"

Camila and Bella both turned around at the same time to see who that calm and composed voice belonged to, even though they already knew who it was. But before they could catch sight of him, they saw a faint shadow pass by them that they could barely make out because of how fast it was.

All they could see was that the person who had snuck up behind them had grabbed the hand of the creep who was trying to grope Camila, swiftly pulled him out, and silently closed the door as he left with the scumbag.

"Both of you stay in and don't open the door until I tell you to do so...I'll just talk to this guy and send him back."

Kafka's monotonous voice came from behind the door, and as much as both of them wanted to open the door and check out what's going on, they didn't dare to cross Kafka's words since they already knew the consequences of doing so, especially when he was in a bad mood like he was in right now.

But even though Camila was mature enough to keep her thoughts to herself and wait here like Kafka said, even though she really wanted to hear what they were going to talk about, Bella was

still young and curious, and looked towards the window on the side which had a clear view of the garden, with certain thoughts in mind...

Chapter 263: Thousand Legged Creature Under The Flower Garden

Outside the house, Kafka had already let go of the arrogant creep's hand in a hurry, like he was avoiding the plague, and he silently walked towards the small garden that Camila had made in front of her house with an emotionless look on his pale face, that looked like there wasn't even a single drop of blood flowing through it.

The man himself was scared stiff when he saw a guy pop out of nowhere and grab his hand so hard that it hurt even after letting him go. He also didn't dare to look into his eyes, as for some reason when he looked at Kafka's face, his heart trembled and made him look down in a fright.

But after thinking about it for a second, he thought that Kafka was probably just Bella's little brother who had come out to save her big sister since he looked quite young and wasn't someone that he needed to worry about.

He didn't even consider that Kafka could be Bella's significant other since he believed that no one other than himself was worthy of Bella, and he walked towards Bella's 'little brother' to confront him and teach him a lesson for laying his hands on his soon-to-be brother-in-law.

"Hey, do you think that you're a big guy the moment you try to help your little sister out!?" The scoundrel shouted at Kafka with an irritated look on his face, while Kafka himself ignored him and silently looked at the garden near his feet like he was searching for something. "Do you think you're so great for coming out of nowhere and pushing me out of your house?!"

"Well, listen here, you punk, since I'm going to be the one taking care of your sister in the future, so if you don't give me the respect I deserve right now, there's no knowing just what I might do to your sister when she's in my abode and vent my frustration on her in your place...Hey! I'm talking to you; can't you hear me, I-...Krshh!~"

The man was about to grab a hold of Kafka's shoulders and turn him around in a rage, seeing as he was ignoring his threat and continuing to stare at the ground without moving a muscle. But he froze in his place with a horrified look on his face, like he had just seen a monster, when all of a sudden Kafka folded his hand like it was a knife and bent down to stab it into the ground below.

Krshh!~

It was almost as if his hand was made out of obsidian and the soil was made out of butter, as his hands easily penetrated into the soil until a third of his arm disappeared into the ground below.

The man was already scared beyond relief when he saw such an impossible feat and took a step back in fright when he thought of what would happen if Kafka did the same thing to his chest.

But he was even more petrified when Kafka slowly pulled his hand out from the black soil that looked quite fertile due to Camila's diligent maintenance and saw that he was actually grabbing onto two long centipedes that looked absolutely ferocious with their long bodies, hundreds of legs that were wriggling around, and their massive pinchers that looked like they could poison a human until they started frothing from their mouth.

Wriggle~ Wriggle~ Wriggle~

Kafka wasn't holding onto just one of those terrifying centipedes that looked like they belonged in a horror movie, but two of them that were both wriggling around in his hand and were even biting his hand, which Kafka didn't mind at all, even though he could feel the toxins from their stings scorching his skin.

Kafka simply ignored the pain and the disgusting feeling of all those legs scratching his palms and looked back at the scoundrel with a dull look in his eyes, like he was looking at a dead corpse.

If the sight of the two centipedes wasn't enough to scare the man to the point his legs were shaking, then the sight of Kafka staring at him like he was a ghoul did, and his instincts screamed at him to run away from this place as fast as he could if he wanted to live the rest of his life.

He didn't hesitate to follow his inner thoughts, as he was actually just a coward who put on the mask of a confident man and tried to dart away from this place that started to look like a graveyard in his eyes the moment Kafka entered the picture.

Before he could even think to step back, Kafka vanished in an instant. A sudden, sharp kick to his ankles sent him sprawling, and he crashed backwards onto the unforgiving ground. The impact knocked the breath from his lungs, leaving him stunned and disoriented, staring up at the spot where Kafka had just been.

Despite the searing pain from his back smashing against the jagged rocks, he forced himself to move, driven by the primal instinct to survive. Yet his efforts were futile. Out of nowhere, a pale

white hand clamped over his mouth, its grip ironclad. The hand wrenched his jaw open with a brutal force, prying it wide.

His eyes widened in sheer terror, staring into the void, bracing for the horrors that were about to unfold.

Kafka's face emerged from the shadows beside him, crouching down with an unsettling calm. In his hand, Kafka held the centipedes, dangling them inches above the man's face. The sight of the writhing creatures sent waves of panic through him, and he thrashed wildly, kicking his legs in a desperate attempt to flee.

The sheer repulsiveness of the centipedes made his stomach churn, but Kafka's unyielding grip silenced his cries and stifled any hope of escape. No matter how he struggled, the man's efforts were in vain, held fast by Kafka's overpowering strength.

Terror seized him as Kafka slowly, almost methodically, lowered his hand, clutching the ends of the centipedes towards his gaping mouth. He stared in disbelief at the boy, who seemed far too young to be capable of such malevolence, convincing himself that Kafka was merely trying to scare him with the insects.

But Kafka's intentions were far darker. With unnerving calm, Kafka inched the squirming creatures closer until they brushed against the man's tongue. His body shuddered involuntarily as the chilling reality sank in: this was no mere threat. He was being forced to confront a nightmare far beyond his imagination.

Slowly, Kafka pried the man's mouth wider, and, with precise, deliberate movements, he allowed the centipedes to slide further inside. And as the creatures disappeared past his lips, Kafka swiftly grabbed the man's hand and pressed it against his mouth, holding it tightly in place as if to ensure the centipedes couldn't escape, turning the man's own hand into a prison for his nightmarish ordeal...

Chapter 264: Burrowing Down A Throat

"MMM!~ NNNN! ~ MGHHH!~"

The man's muffled cries echoed through the serene garden like the agonised whispers of a soul in torment. The quaint little house stood as a stark contrast to the macabre scene unfolding outside, where his futile screams, gagged by the ruthless hands of Kafka, sounded more like the groans of a damned spirit than a desperate plea for help.

The man had been cocooned in the lap of luxury all his life, shielded from the trials and tribulations that common folk endured. But now, as the centipedes' countless legs scraped against his teeth and their segmented, armoured bodies slithered across his tongue, he was thrust into a nightmare of his own making.

His eyes, once devoid of any understanding of pain, now bulged in their sockets, blood vessels bursting in a crimson spiderweb across the whites.

His body convulsed, each involuntary spasm a reaction to the horrors within his mouth. It felt as though his tongue was being lacerated by barbed wires, each movement of the centipedes sending shocks of excruciating pain radiating through his skull.

The vile creatures explored every crevice, their tiny, armoured bodies attempting to burrow into his gums, as if seeking escape from their fleshy prison.

Just as he thought he could bear no more, the centipedes retaliated. Their sharp, black pincers began to pierce and tear at the tender flesh inside his mouth.

Each bite was a fresh agony, their venom injecting waves of searing fire into his soft tissue. The poison burned like acid, and the pain was so intense that it felt as if his very soul was being scorched. His tongue, gums, inner cheeks—every surface was a canvas for the centipedes' relentless fury.

Kafka watched with a cold, detached fascination as the man clawed at the ground, his nails tearing and breaking off, leaving streaks of blood on the verdant grass. The garden, once a symbol of peace and beauty, was now a witness to his brutal torment. Blood splattered like obscene petals among the greenery, a macabre testament to the man's suffering.

The venom continued its merciless assault, setting every nerve ablaze. The man's body convulsed violently, and his attempts to scream were reduced to pitiful gurgles as he choked on his own blood and venom.

The man's mind began to fracture under the unrelenting torment, each second stretching into an eternity of pain. His eyes rolled back, the whites now streaked with red, his consciousness flickering like a dying flame. The garden, once a haven, now bore witness to the grotesque and the horrific scene Kafka orchestrated with the precision of a dark symphony conductor.

And just as the man teetered on the brink of blessed unconsciousness, hoping for an end to the excruciating pain that seared through his mouth, a new horror began. The centipedes, having exhausted their vile exploration of his mouth, turned towards the only remaining path: his throat.

The man's eyes widened in renewed terror as he felt the writhing creatures change direction, their countless legs now scrabbling for purchase on the slippery surfaces inside his mouth.

In a grotesque ballet of desperation, the centipedes began their descent, their segmented bodies slithering over his tongue and down his gullet. Each movement was a fresh assault on his senses, their jagged legs raking against the tender lining of his throat, tearing at his flesh as they wriggled deeper.

The sensation was beyond unbearable; it was as if shards of glass were being driven into his oesophagus with every inch they descended.

His body reacted instinctively to a violent urge to retch, to expel the invaders. He gagged and convulsed, his stomach heaving in a futile attempt to vomit the centipedes out. But Kafka's iron grip clamped down harder, forcing his jaw shut and muffling any sound that might escape. The man's silent screams grew louder in his mind, each one a voiceless plea that went unheeded.

Kafka's face remained impassive, almost serene, as he watched the man's suffering with an unnerving calmness. The man's eyes, now bloodshot and wild, begged for mercy, for release, for anything but the agony that was consuming him. He would have offered his entire fortune—every ounce of his privilege and wealth—to be spared from the infernal torment.

But Kafka's gaze held no pity, only a cold, detached interest as he observed the convulsions and contortions of the man's throat.

The venom from the centipedes coursed through his throat, each droplet a new lance of fiery pain. It felt as if molten metal was being poured down his oesophagus, searing his insides with a relentless, burning agony. His throat swelled and tightened around the intruders, the muscles spasming uncontrollably in an attempt to expel the venomous scourge.

The centipedes, driven by their own instinct for survival, continued their horrifying journey downward, burrowing deeper into the man's body. Each movement was a fresh torture, their armoured bodies scraping and puncturing the delicate tissues of his throat. He could feel them wriggling and twisting; with each inch, they travelled an eternity of suffering.

The man's world shrank to a singular, overwhelming focus on the agony within. His consciousness flickered on the edge of darkness, but cruelly, his body refused to surrender to the oblivion he so desperately sought. The fiery venom continued its merciless assault, and the centipedes' relentless progress became a macabre dance of death within him.

Kafka's expressionless face reflected none of the horror of the scene. To him, the man's agony was a mere curiosity, a spectacle to be observed and pondered. He watched with morbid fascination as the bulges in the man's throat moved lower, tracking the path of the centipedes as they ventured deeper into the darkness of his body.

Shhh~

As the man writhed in agonising torment, Kafka's cold demeanour was disrupted by the faint rustle of curtains behind him. His expression shifted ever so slightly, a flicker of curiosity breaking through the mask of indifference. He turned his head towards the window by the main door, where a pair of wide, terrified eyes stared back at him from beneath the curtains.

It was Bella, her face pale and frozen in horror as she witnessed the sadistic scene unfolding in the garden.

Caught off guard, Kafka's lips curled into a sinister smile, as if he had just discovered a hidden playmate in a twisted game of hide and seek. Bella's heart pounded in her chest, her breath hitching as she realised Kafka had noticed her. The cruel amusement in his eyes sent a chill down her spine.

Her immediate impulse was to yank the curtains shut and retreat into the house, praying that she wouldn't be the next victim of Kafka's monstrous whims.

Before she could fully hide, Bella saw Kafka raise a finger to his lips, a silent command for her to keep quiet. His smile deepened, and a knowing gleam in his eyes promised proper punishment if she disobeyed.

Trembling, Bella nodded frantically, her terror palpable. She pulled the curtains closed and bolted to find her mother, seeking the comforting embrace of safety, her mind racing with fear of what she had just seen.

Satisfied that Bella was subdued, Kafka shifted his focus back to the man sprawled on the ground before him. The man's agony was palpable, and the centipedes were now venturing further into the depths of his body. Kafka's grip had kept him pinned, but a decision stirred within him.

He had intended to end the man's life right here, relishing in the slow, excruciating death that his cruel plan had set into motion. Cleaning up the aftermath would have been trivial; Kafka had dealt with the consequences of his deeds many times before.

However, the sight of Bella's horrified face lingered in his mind. The prospect of taking a life in front of her, even inadvertently, seemed to weigh on him. It wasn't remorse or guilt that stayed his hand, but a calculated desire to avoid staining her innocence with the unnecessary bloodshed.

Perhaps, in some twisted way, he sought to protect her from the nightmares that witnessing a murder would surely bring.

With a cold, deliberate motion, Kafka released his grip on the man's mouth. The sudden freedom jolted the man's senses. The overwhelming pain was eclipsed by a desperate, primal urge to survive.

Gasping for breath, he staggered to his feet, adrenaline surging through his veins and overpowering the venomous fire that raged in his throat. The two centipedes, still burrowing deeper, drove him into a frenzy of panic.

Ignoring the searing pain and the slick, nauseating sensation of the creatures crawling down his oesophagus, he broke into a desperate run. His body trembled and his vision blurred, but the need to escape overrode every other instinct. He fled from Kafka like a man pursued by death itself, his legs propelling him towards the only sanctuary he could think of.

Reaching his car, he fumbled with the keys, his shaking hands slick with sweat and blood. He managed to wrench the door open and collapse into the driver's seat. With a frantic turn of the key, the engine roared to life, and he sped away, tyres screeching against the pavement.

The house and the horrors it contained receded into the distance as he drove, with reckless abandon, towards the nearest hospital.

Every second felt like a race against time. The venom coursed through his veins, and the centipedes' relentless progress turned his throat into a living inferno. He didn't dare look back, fearing that any glance over his shoulder might reveal Kafka's malevolent form, ready to drag him back into the abyss.

His only hope was to reach help before the venom claimed his life...

Chapter 265: The Strongest Shield

"What's going on, Kafka? What's all that noise I heard?...Did that vile boy start a fight with you?"

Camila came out of her house in a hurry when she heard the sounds of gagging and dragging, like someone was vomiting and falling over her lawn like a drunk man.

She also looked like she was ready to throw fists with the boy if it was really so, as impressive as Kafka was, she didn't believe he could beat up a grown man alone without needing some assistance, which she was glad to provide for her man.

But to her surprise, she only saw Kafka covering up two holes in her garden with soil that she hadn't seen before, and she didn't see the sight of that arrogant idiot who dared to insult the town of which she was proud of or the extravagant car he was driving just for the sake of showing off.

"Hmm?...Where did that boy go, Kafka? I swear, I just heard his murmurs now, like he was mumbling something to himself." Camila asked with a doubtful look on her face, mistaking the screams of help from his blistered mouth that was bleeding for murmurs.

"Oh, it's nothing you need to worry about...I've already talked to him about Bella's issue and sent him on his way." Kafka casually said as he walked towards Camila with the usual smile on his face that he always had. "He said that he won't be bothering Bella ever again, so you don't have to worry about your daughter getting in trouble with him ever again."

"Oh, is that so..."

Camila said with a sigh on her face, like she thought that he was let off too easily by Kafka, while Bella slowly walked out of the house from behind and immediately hid behind her mother when she saw Kafka.

Bella peeked out from behind her mother's shoulders to see how Kafka reacted upon seeing her, but she didn't dare stare too long, like she was afraid that he would pull out another centipede if she did so, which made Kafka chuckle at her silly antics.

"Even if we didn't have to call the police on that weird stalker who was bothering my daughter, I was thinking of slapping him at least twenty times on his face for harassing Bella and to get back at him for his mischief...But I guess we can't do that now that he's run away."

Camila let out a deep sigh as she looked at her hands, which were ready for a good slapping, like it was a pity that things ended so easily, which made Kafka note himself that he shouldn't bother Camila too much unless he wanted to suffer at her delicate hands.

"I think it's better if all problems are solved in a peaceful manner for the sake of both parties involved and so that no unnecessary troubles come in the future, so I think it's ideal that this dilemma got over so easily." Kafka said as he looked at Bella and asked, "...Isn't that right, Bella? Isn't peace always the best option to take?"

Bella shivered when she saw Kaka gazing at her with his lips curled and immediately nodded her head in a frantic manner, knowing that Kafka was indirectly telling her to keep silent about the matter and follow along with what he said.

"I guess you're also correct to say that..." Camila agreed with Kafka, not expecting him to act so calm and mature in this situation when he looked so bloodthirsty before.

And seeing that Kafka had dealt with the problem himself, she turned around to look at her daughter with a chilly look in her blue eyes, a frown on her face, and asked with her arms folded like she was going to give her daughter a strict lecture,

"And don't you think that I forgot about what you did, young lady! How dare you not inform your own mother that such creeps were following you around while you were in another city?!"

"Do you realise how dangerous it is for a girl like you who's in an unfamiliar place to be in that situation?...Do you not realise how lucky you are to get away from this problem unscathed when there's so many horrible incidents happening out there just because the women affected never told their parents about their own problems just because of their own pride?!"

Camila stepped forward towards her daughter with a furious look on her face, keeping such a big matter to herself.

She also wasn't simply angry at Bella for not informing her, but was also scared that something could've gone wrong with her precious baby and didn't know how to express it other than scolding her daughter, who was looking down with a pityful look on her face, unable to say a word in response.

"I-I wanted to, but-...I-I couldn't since I..."

Bella wanted to say that there were several nights where she wanted to talk to her mother about what was going on in her life. But in the end, she didn't have the guts to call her mother, thinking that Camila wouldn't be bothered by her problems after realising just how horrible of a daughter she was in the past and thinking that no mother would ever care for such an ungrateful daughter.

Now that she had realised that her mother had never stopped loving her, no matter how badly she used to treat her in the past, and even now was looking at her with deep concern and affection that couldn't be hidden by the fury in her eyes, she started tearing up, thinking of how lucky she was to be blessed with such a mother, and swore to herself that she would try to be the best daughter her mother could wish for from now on.

"Now hold up now...Let's not blame it all on Bella, when the real one at fault is the scumbag who doesn't know when to give up and accept rejection." Kafka suddenly intervened and stood in between the two when he saw how Camila wasn't going to let a few little tears from her daughter's eyes fool her and was about to scold her daughter again.

"Bella simply must have had her own concerns for not telling you, and she wouldn't have wanted to bother you over some boy affair, which she must have thought she could handle on her own."

"But still, Kafka! That doesn't excuse her for the mistakes she made!" Camila exclaimed, a little frustrated that he was standing up for her daughter when he was supposed to be by her side.

"If you let her go scot-free now, then there's a high possibility that she may repeat the same mistake twice, like how her father used to let her go unpunished no matter what she did, which allowed her to cause even more problems!"

"Only by giving her a good spanking on the butt until it turns red will she learn from her mistakes..." Camila brought out an old disciplining technique, showing that, as a loving parent, she also knew when to be strict with her children.

Bella jerked up when she heard the word 'spanking' and she immediately hid behind Kafka's back, seeing as to how he was supporting her right now and treating his back like it was the safest shield in the world.

Camila's lips twitched when she saw how her daughter was hanging onto her lover's back, since it almost looked like a daughter seeking protection from her mother by using her father as a shield, which made her feel warm and irritated at the same time, since it made it seem like they were all a

close family, but also at the same time made her frustrated since her daughter was jumping ship the moment she was in danger like a little rat.

"A spanking?...That's only done to little children that have done something wrong and not a grown lady like Bella, who's going to graduate college soon..." Kafka stood in front of Camila and held her hands, seeing that she was angry that he was supporting Bella instead of her and making her out to be the villain right now, while he himself was the hero who was helping Bella out.

And seeing as to how her anger still hadn't simmered down and she was still glaring at him with puffy cheeks as if she had been done wrong, he bent down to her ears and whispered saying, "...Well even though I say that, a tight spanking is also done to a mature woman with a voluptuous body like yours when she's a little too naughty in bed...But I don't think our daughter needs to know about our future nighttime hobbies, does she?"

Camila's face flushed when she heard Kafka's words, and all her furious thoughts were replaced with rather lewd ones, which made her unconsciously wiggle her butt.

Bella, who saw her mother's face turn red and give a shy little smile as she looked down in a coy manner, let out a sigh of relief, seeing that the bomb had been defused.

She then looked at Kafka in a daze, wondering what he said to make her mother calm down, and decided that she would run to his trusty back whenever she got in trouble with her mother from now on, making her act more and more like his daughter, which she hadn't realised yet.

"But Kafka~ If we don't do anything now and let Bella off just like that, she might do the same mistake again~" Camila said with a rather coquettish look in her twinkling blue eyes as she carressed his chest, which shocked Bella at how shameless her mother was acting to bring Kafka to her side.

"I guess you're right about that...Without a little disciplining, nothing can be learned by kids these days."

Kafka turned on Bella without hesitation which made Bella gobsmacked at how easily her shield changed sides, now leaving her completely exposed to her mother's rage.

Chapter 266: Ideal Father Figure

Kafka immediately folded to Camila's temptation and turned around to face Bella, who had been betrayed. Camila also linked her hands with Kafka while having a satisfied look on her face, both of them looking like a couple that were going to berate their poor daughter.

Camila thought that Kafka was going to scold her daughter, and she was quite eager to watch what her husband had never done to her daughter, while she hung back and let him act as the villain this time. And when things got too far, she would swoop in to act as a good cop, which she had never done before and had always been the bad cop to her daughter her whole life.

But unfortunately for her, Kafka didn't start scolding Bella and go on a long rant like every parent did when their children did something, like she thought he would.

Instead, he simply asked Bella to come in front of him, which she obediently did since she had no other choice. And then, as she looked right up at him with trembling eyes that were ready for a scolding, he asked a simple question.

"Bella, do you remember what I was holding in my hands earlier?"

"Y-Yes...Yes I do." Bella shivered at the thought of those two brown centipedes, which were a foot long each, that she feared as much as spiders after the scene she witnessed.

"Well, unless you don't want two of those little critters to be thrown into your bed when you sleep, you better listen to your mother's words without asking any questions back from now and also tell her of any worry you might have in your heart, since Camila is ready to listen to anything you have to say, no matter how embarrassing it may be."

"...Do you understand what I just said?"

Kafka casually threatened Bella, which made her face pale at the thought of those ugly things crawling in her sheets, while Camila thought he was scaring her with the spider they dealt with earlier.

She sighed since she couldn't use spiders to discipline her daughter since she herself was afraid of them, but she wanted to do so since they seemed to be quite effective with how timid and afraid Bella looked right now at the mention of them.

"Y-Yes, I understand...I won't keep such dire matters to myself ever again, a-and I'll tell my mom if something like this ever occurs again." Bella immediately agreed when she thought of the horrid scene earlier, which surprised her mother since she used to always fight back when she was lectured

and made her look at Kafka with a newfound appreciation for his innate disciplining abilities, which made him out to be the ideal father figure Bella needed in her life.

"No, you can talk to your mother about any intimate matter you're going through that involves your feelings or emotions, or if you need someone to talk to about what's going on in your life, since Camila would be a much better help in that aspect..." Kafka corrected her statement.

He then patted her head in a caring manner as she looked up at him with coy eyes and said, "...But if you're going through any issues with boys or anything that can potentially put your dignity as a woman and livelihood at risk, then you are to inform me about it, and I promise you that I'll make it as if the person creating the problem never existed in this world in the blink of an eye "

Camila looked at Kafka with a rather provocative look in her eyes, as when she heard his rather domineering words, she got turned on a bit and hugged his burly hand even more to smell his manly odour that comforted her.

She even got swept into the mood and started to wonder if her children with Kafka would also be as tyrannical as him, and she wondered how she was going to manage those little devils that took after their father.

Bella, on the other hand, knew that he wasn't simply saying some tough words to assure her and knew that he would really wipe out someone who's bothering her if she simply said so after seeing what he had done to the guy earlier.

But even though she was supposed to be frightened knowing that the boy in front of her wasn't afraid to take a few lives if he wanted, which was borderline psychopathic behaviour, she actually felt comforted and safe when he heard his words and made her want to stick to him at times, since it was only with him did she truly feel at peace in this cruel world that was built against women like her.

Her appreciation and dependence towards Kafka increased so much after hearing his promise that she once again said,

"O-Okay, Daddy...I'll make sure to tell you if something like this happens again."

"You really can't stop calling me Daddy, can you?" Kafka asked with a smile on his face, while Camila chuckled like everything was going according to her plan.

Bella didn't even say anything back in response, as by now she too understood that she wasn't simply making mistakes and seemed to really want to address him as her father due to the sense of safety and comfort he provided, which she didn't know what to make of other than to bow her head and blush.

"Well then, now that everything is settled and hopefully you two will talk about everything that's happened in the past after I leave, I think I'll be off now." Kafka said as he broke his hand away from Camila's hold and stopped petting Bella's head to both their disappointment and sadness, like someone had stolen their treasure from them.

"I've got some work to do in the morning, and I can't delay it any longer, so I'll be leaving now."

The work Kafka mentioned was actually just him paying the guy with centipedes in his stomach a visit, as anyone who thought that he had let him slip away was severely wrong.

Kafka wasn't the type of person to show mercy since he knew that leaving potential threats was the worst move possible and was always thorough with what he did, meaning that Bella wasn't ever going to see that scum ever again, nor would anyone else, unless they decided to dig him up from the mountains near by.

"Come one, you two...Don't look at me with such sad faces. It makes me feel guilty for leaving." Kafka said when he saw the mother daughter pair looking all down in the dumps, since they wanted him to stay a bit longer. "Rather, I would appreciate it if you gave me a kiss goodbye; that will surely brighten up my day."

Kafka looked at Camila, gesturing for her to come and give a kiss. Camila blushed when she saw him eagerly looking at her, but that didn't stop her from taking a step forward and giving him a little peck on the lips.

Chu!~

Camila immediately stepped back after giving him a kiss that washed all her sorrowful feelings away and shyly looked around, hoping none of her neighbours saw that.

"What about you, my adorable little daughter? Aren't you going to give your father a kiss as well?" Kafka asked Bella, who was blushing at the sight of her mother looking so shy and embarrassed from a little kiss when she was a mature woman, which was quite wholesome to look at.

Bella didn't say anything to deny what Kafka said, like she used to do before, and quietly walked up to Kafka, stood on her tippy toes, and gave him a kiss on the cheek, just like she wanted to do herself for helping both her and her mother out and acting as a pillar they could rely on in their lives, when they needed support the most.

Chu!~

"Well then, I'll be off now. Make sure you two sort out the past drama you have with one another. Especially you, Bella...You better let out everything you've been holding back to your mother, or else you know the consequences."

Kafka said his goodbyes while casually threatening Bella, which made Bella hide behind her mother's back in a fluster while Camila giggled at the sight, making her feel as if merry times were soon to come with her daughter now by her side as well, which she couldn't wait for...

Chapter 267: Calming Hot Springs

[Request Completed: You have earned the God of Gluttony Calypso's appreciation and satisfaction]

[The God of Stars Noella wanted to see you bite both of their breasts at the same time and is disappointed you didn't do]

'Will do next time, Lady Noella...I'll take a bite from both their meat buns just for you next time.'

[The God of Destiny Hestia wonders how good the curry tastes and wants to have a taste]

'I'll have Camila make you a plate when I bring her up with me after I finish this trial.'

[The God of Darkness Sephora is surprised that Lady Vanitas made her move once again and is confused as to what her true intentions are]

'Hmm?...My mother or more exactly, the woman who gave birth to me, did something again? Don't tell me she tried to sabotage this request or something because of her grudge with me?'

[No...Nothing of that kind happened, as I've already made sure that no God up above, no matter how powerful they might be like your mother, can detrimentally affect your trial] Evangeline, the God of Order, voiced from the Heavens above.

'Then what did she do?...I don't think it can be anything good if it's coming from that woman.'

[Well, it's not something significant and is honestly something that confuses me as well. But Lady Vanitas has taken the portrait you made for Camila off her back and seems to have transported the image you've created all the way up to the Heavenly Axis]

'She's taken it? How did she even take a portrait I've made by sucking on Camila's skin?'

I asked, finally finding out why Camila's back was so clear and without a mark when that painting on her back should've lasted at least a couple of days.

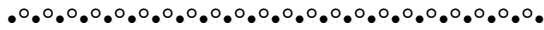
'...And more importantly, why would she do something as useless as that? Isn't this a little too petty of a prank for someone who even you're afraid to talk badly off to do just because she doesn't like me?'

[I don't exactly know why she did so, as Lady Vanitas's thoughts are simply incomprehensible and beyond understanding for anyone other than herself.] Evangeline said as if she were also puzzled at my mother's behaviour.

She then continued saying, like she was trying to figure it out herself, [Especially since the start of her trial...No one in the upper realm can figure out her abnormal behaviour when she used to be so aloof before and stayed away from worldly matters at all times, which is rather strange for a higher being like her to do]

'Well, crazy people do crazy things. And unless we want to become cuckoo ourselves, we better stop dwelling on the stuff they may do.' I said with a smile on my face, but I didn't get a response from Evangeline, who was smart enough to not say anything about my unruly statement towards my birth mother, who seemed to be one of the most powerful Gods up there.

Anyway, now that I've finished my request, I can now take my time and finish off the loose knot that I let go of earlier. I also plan on setting up the security teams for all the women in the family and exploring the world a little, so I'll think I'll be a little busy today and a few days more...



More than a week has passed since I've come to this World of Milfs, and I'd say that so far it's been going quite well.

I've been spending most of my time this past week bonding with my mother through things like watching her favourite show together, showing off my cooking skills to her, going on long walks in the morning, playing board games in the night, making a little garden in the front yard, and a bunch of other things that she's been wanting to do with her son for so long.

And rather than me, who's been enjoying my time, it's probably my mother's who's been having the time of her life these past few days, as there isn't a moment of the day that I don't see her smiling and humming a sweet melody.

But as close as she's been with me this whole week, she's also constantly on guard against me and won't let me do anything else to her, other than a little groping and kissing here and there.

Ever since she had to spend the entire day in bed since her body was so weak after I played with her the entire night and the following days after where her body ached all over, especially her secret garden that felt like it had swollen up after the battering it went through, she's been wary of me and would run away at full speed whenever she sensed her fragile body was about to be put in danger by me like a frightful little rabbit.

I was also guilty of going a little too hard on her when it was only her first time that night, so I've also been holding back and letting things go at a normal pace with a little intimate moments here and there, which she was more than fine with as long as it didn't involve the 'rod' or so she called hanging under me that she still had nightmares about.

As for Camila, I haven't seen her much other than for some cups of tea when I wanted to see her beautiful face.

The reason being that, just like how I was bonding with my mother, Bella was also bonding with Camila as well after their long separation, and they were spending most of their time with one another, which I didn't want to disturb, even though Camila constantly called me over to join them.

I've also learned quite a lot about this world that is quite similar to the previous one I was in, other than a few factors like how women were way more capable than men in this world, the misogynistic mindset and male dominance in society that have been passed down from the Ancient Ages, the variant humans in this world with different skin colours and features, and some other characteristics that set this world apart.

One of the first things I've learned after exploring is that I'm currently in a town called 'Paradis' that was once an agricultural town in the past but has quickly developed into a full fledged modern town that had everything a average city had.

As its name implied, the place was a utopia. The air was crisp and pure, carrying the scent of the surrounding lush forests, and the cool streams flowed gracefully from the northern mountains. It was an ideal retreat, a sanctuary for those weary of the relentless pace of city life.

And this tranquil haven became the perfect refuge for my mothers, who, longing for peace, chose to move here and spend the rest of their days basking in its serene embrace.

Currently, the sun had set over the evergreen mountain range in the distance, and the sky was full of twinkling stars that could never be seen in the busy cities.

My mother was back at home watching the drama she had been waiting for, and I was walking with a bag of bathing amenities in my hand towards a hot spring that I've been wanting to go to for a while but never had the chance since I was so busy with my mother this past week.

It was when I was coming back home after disposing of Bella's stalker and clearing up anything that could track his disappearance back to this town that I spotted the hot spring I was going to, which was just a ten-minute walk away from my house.

It was a small little place that looked quite old and elegant at the same time, almost like a hot spring that you would see back in Japan. I had learned from my mother that it had been in this town for more than a century now, and the ownership had always been passed onto its descendants.

Apparently, the water also had some healing effects that were good for sore joints, relieving headaches, and several other positive effects, which was one of the reasons I was going to check it out.

I wasn't exactly in any kind of pain or anything and just wanted a serene and calm place where I could relax for a while, and an aesthetic hot spring that produced steaming, hot water from the ground beneath that had miraculous effects seemed like the exact place to do so.

After a few minutes of walking while enjoying the cool breeze that was brushing against my face, I arrived at the hot spring.

The hot spring was a small, traditional wooden structure with a gently sloping roof. Its walls were lined with sliding paper doors, and lanterns hung under the eaves, casting a warm glow. A short curtain at the entrance fluttered in the breeze, inviting guests inside.

The surrounding garden was also peaceful, with moss-covered rocks and neatly trimmed plants enhancing the quiet and natural beauty of the place.

It's similarity to a Japanese hot spring was a little too impeccable, but that wasn't because there were any Japanese people in this world, but probably because the owner of this hot spring was a variant human, which I had learned recently.

Variant humans were a little different from normal humans since they had their own culture and traditions as well, and this type of architecture that was different from the normal Western and European structures around was probably due to the heritage they followed.

They were basically the different races in this world that have existed in this world even before records of history were recorded, only that they were much more rarer and were considered a minority group in this world consisting of only ten percent of the world's population.

Chapter 268: Proprietress of Paradise Hot Springs

After some time, I stopped gazing at the beauty and simplicity of the hot spring since I was feeling cold and wanted to dip my feet in some hot water, so I walked towards the entrance that was covered by a red curtain instead of the usual door.

Swish~

I pushed aside the curtain, expecting to see a cosy interior and have a rush of sulphur steam into my nose since this was a natural hot spring. But instead, I was greeted by the scene of a bunch of women gathering around the rather wide and spacious lobby, which was built entirely out of wood.

They all wore traditional Japanese yukatas, showing how much of Earth's culture this world possessed, almost as if it were modelled after it, and they were currently circling around the centre of the lobby while whispering and murmuring to one another with uneasy looks on their faces, almost as if a fight had broken out in the middle of the lobby.

I didn't expect a violent fight to start in such a peaceful and relaxing place, and I wondered if I should back away and come back another day.

But seeing as to how the crowd mostly consisted of middle-aged and elder women that all looked so nervous and scared at the moment, I sighed and went forward to see what the problem was since my conscious couldn't leave a bunch of pretty ladies alone like this, especially since I knew some of the women in the crowd.

"Oh, Kafka!...You're here too!" A rather plump middle-aged lady who was in the crowd called out to me when she noticed me approaching, and she looked a bit relieved to see me, as if my arrival brought her great ease in this high tension situation.

"Mrs Keller! It's lovely meeting with you as well on this lovely night, especially while you're wearing these traditional clothes! They simply look gorgeous on you!" I said in an enthusiastic manner towards the sweet lady in front of me, which made her blush shyly.

I had already met Mrs Keller in the sweet shop she owned a few days ago, and after a little talk with her, we became close acquaintances, who I always had a chat with whenever I visited her shop.

"Oh, you and your wily mouth!~ You just can't stop praising every lady you see, can you?~" Mrs Keller covered her mouth and giggled.

"I'm simply honest with my thoughts, ma'am. There's nothing else to it."

I sincerely said, which made a couple of other eyes peek over to see who was saying such flattering words, some even who I already knew, just like how I knew Mrs Keller. They too seemed to want to greet me but couldn't because of whatever was going on in front.

"If you have a moment, ma'am, could you tell me what exactly is going on here?" I asked Mrs Keller who was also looking towards the crowd, like she was hoping the predicament didn't get out of hand. "I just got here, so I have no clue as to what's going on."

"Oh, it's quite an unfortunate event, you see, for us who just wanted to soak in the hot springs without any worry..." Mrs Keller said as she walked towards the crowd to see if there were any developments in the situation.

"I also just got here, but apparently a bunch of college boys who wanted to visit the hot spring after hearing about it tried to enter the girls area of the building, where all the ladies usually change."

"Luckily, Nina, the owner of this hot spring, whose family has been running this place for years, saw them trying to go in and quickly kicked them out by beating them with a broom in one hand and a mop in another." Mrs Keller gave a sigh of relief, like she thought Nina, the owner of this little joint, to be their saviour.

"She kicked out a bunch of men using a mop and broom?...She's one feisty lady, isn't she?" I said with a look of intrigue on my face, as it looked to be going in a certain direction that the Gods were waiting for.

"Oh, she is! She is known around these parts to be one tough lady that will beat up anyone who tries to cause a problem here, and is the main reason ladies like us feel safe to soak in this hot spring that lays us bare, when we're always surrounded by disgusting men and the vile looks they gaze upon us."

Mrs Keller said with a look of disdain in her eyes, and I couldn't agree with her even more since I've personally seen how the men in the world looked at the women here, which was nothing less than vile and creepy behaviour.

Luckily, as eager as they were to treat women like they were tools for their desire, they were also pathetic cowards who didn't dare make their move on any of them because of their low self-esteem and simply gazed at them from afar most of the time while making horrible comments about them amongst themselves.

"Oh, and I'm not referring to you when I say this, Kafka!" Mrs Keller quickly cleared things up so that I didn't misunderstand. "You're one of the rare few boys out there who actually know how to treat a lady."

"You also seem like someone who would appreciate Nina's bravery, where she doesn't hesitate to fight against men if they are in the wrong, like how she beat up the boys who tried to enter until their entire bodies were covered in bruise marks." Mrs Keller smiled like she was considering me one of her own.

"Wait. She didn't just push them out, but actually beat them until they had welts all over their body?...Damn, that's actually something that I have to appreciate, since you don't see a single girl taking on a bunch of guys in a fight and winning that often." I said while nodding my head in wonder, not expecting the owner to be so brutal.

I then asked when I heard a particular noise in the middle of the crowd, "...Does that mean the weird murmuring I've been hearing for a while now are the groans of pain from the guys that were beat up?"

"Yep...Nina had beaten them up until they were black and blue all over and dragged them right into the middle of the lobby so that she could deal with them in plain sight." Mrs Keller said with a prideful expression on her rotund face, as if she were happy that justice was served.

"Right now she's gone back inside the dressing room to see if all the girls in there are fine, and she'll be back soon to properly deal with those perverts."

"Can I go and see the shape of those boys that have been dealt with by the mighty hands of Mrs Nina?" I asked, wanting to see just how badly she fucked them up, to the extent that I could hear them moaning out in pain like their legs were broken ever since I entered the building.

"Of course!...Nina dragged them to the middle lobby so that they could be scrutinised by us ladies and be ashamed of their actions, so it would be a loss if you didn't take a look." Mrs Keller patted my shoulders and brought me along to take a look at the sorry sight.

She then joked with me as she looked up at me and said, "And don't be scared with how badly she's beaten them up since even though she may have a tough exterior that she's built up to run this business peacefully and protect us women, she's actually a sweetheart who's kind to everyone and treats all her guests to her utmost ability because of the pride she has in her work and in this little spot of hers."

"...Well, that is unless you start peaking at the girls bathing, so I suggest you not do anything of such Kafka unless you want to be made an example of by our guardian angel, Nina."

I gave an awkward smile and nodded my head as Mrs Keller parted the crowd, while at the same time quickly introducing me to the ladies who were looking at me with interest since they were surprised that she was talking so freely to a man they had never seen before.

I gave a quick greeting to them as well and also to the ladies that I had already met this past week with a bright smile on my face, which made them even more interested in me and looked like they wanted to talk to me a bit more. But unfortunately for them, Mrs Keller pulled me up front before they could ask me anything, and here I saw the sight that Mrs Keller was trying to describe to me.

And just like she had mentioned, Mrs Nina seemed to have some skill with the art of the mop and broom, as she had beaten the three colleges in front of me to a pulp, to the extent that they couldn't even get up and were crying for their mother while rolling around the floor in misery.

I almost felt pity for them after seeing the state they were in since their bodies were covered in bruises all over, with some of the wounds even bleeding, and their yukatas were also torn all over like they had just come back after wrestling with a tiger.

But knowing what they did, rather than pity, I wanted to put them out of their misery by breaking the broom in half and stabbing it through their necks.

And just as I was wondering what sort of fierce woman could've torn open these boys until they looked like they had just survived a war and what she might look like, as I don't expect her to look all petite and cute after seeing how capable she is, I got a message from the Gods showing that they were just as interested as I was as well.

Ding~

[The Gods are interested in the Proprietress of Paradise Hot Springs, Nina Valeria]

Chapter 269: Nina Valeria

"Ahh, help me out, bro!~ Call the police or something before that crazy woman comes back!" One of the guys on the floor reached out to me and cried out to help them out, thinking that I would take their side just because I was a man as well who would understand their situation.

"I swear to God that gorilla will break our bones if she comes back, so quickly help a brother out and take me to the car outside...I'll even pay you if I have to if you can bring me out of this wretched place!"

The man slowly got up while clutching his stomach, which looked like it was severely bruised and looked like he was asking me to support him outside.

I wanted nothing to do with the man, and I was about to kick him right back so that they could get the judgement they deserved. But before I could do anything, I heard a majestic shout from a lady who sounded like a proud lioness from the side.

"Just who are you calling a gorilla, you thieving bastard!?"

And along with the authoritative shout that couldn't really hide how melodious the voice of the person was, a heavy bath scrubber flew in out of nowhere at full speed and smacked the guy who got up right in the face.

Whack!~

"Ahhhh!!~"

The moment the scrubber that was probably used to clean the indoor baths hit the man right in the face, he toppled down from the impact and started screaming out in pain while holding his cheek that was swollen from the attack.

The other guys who were also trying to get up immediately stopped their attempts when they saw the state of their friend, fearing that they might get struck by cleaning supplies next.

They, as well as me and everyone else in the lobby, then looked in the direction the scrubber was thrown and found that there was a rather tall woman standing near the entrance of the bathing area wearing light blue jeans and baggy white t-shirt, who seemed to have arrived after hearing the commotion and was currently glaring at the guys below like they were trash on the road.

The moment I gazed at her mesmerising visage, I immediately knew that she was the next trial candidate because of her overwhelmingly beautiful looks that were so very blatant to the eye that she'd probably stand out like the moon in a sea of stars. But at the same time, she would be hidden in a lush green forest and would be impossible to find at a glance because of her special characteristic.

She had dark silken hair that cascaded around her face in soft waves, half tied back with intricate braids that hinted at both her heritage and her skill. Sharp green eyes that gazed at everything with a piercing intensity but were also quite expressive and bold, like she was never afraid to voice her thoughts to anyone. Lucious pink lips that added a softness to her formidable appearance.

A small nose that added a subtle, gentle touch to her otherwise intense and mystical visage. And finally, a towering, voluptuous figure reminiscent of an Amazonian goddess.

Her lithe yet curvaceous form drew attention to her firm, bouncy rear, a slender waist that cinched perfectly, and a compact chest with enticingly perfect globes, all highlighting her alluring presence.

And of course, the characteristics that stood out the most were her pointy, long ears and her smooth skin, which was a deep shade of verdant green, which clearly showed that she was a variant human and the owner of this traditional hot spring.

The combination of her striking complexion, deep, expressive eyes, and those alluring lips makes her both a fierce and mesmerising figure, embodying a blend of strength and ethereal beauty that was simply otherworldly, and there was no way that anyone other than a trial candidate could possess such ethereal looks.

She currently had a mean look on her face as if she were someone that wasn't meant to be messed around with and held a broom in her hand, looking ready to go for another round of beating, which made the guys below shiver.

But just when I thought that she was going to slam that thick broom of hers onto the scumbags below, which I was looking forward to seeing since I had a thing for feisty women like her, Nina, the proprietress of this place, suddenly glared at me as she pointed her broom in my direction and said with her eyes furrowed like she had a grudge with me,

"And you!...I thought that I had already dealt with all of you imbeciles, but it seems like I left one behind."

She then continued saying with her lips curled up as she walked towards me while smacking the broom against her palm.

"...But I've really got to give it to you. I thought for sure that you would've run away given the chance...But it seems like you're actually brave enough to come back for your friends."

"But sadly, that bravery of yours is going to end today, since I'm going to make an example of you just like what I did with your friends and show everyone what will happen if you disturb the peace of this town's hot spring." Nina gave a commendable smile and looked like she was coming to thrash me next to my shock.

"W-Wait, what did I do?...Why are you associating me with these bastards below?" I chuckled to myself about this situation and took a step back, as Nina looked a little too intimidating right now. "I have nothing to do with these guys below, so if you're going to beat anyone up, it should be them."

"Hmph! I had just praised you for your courage, and now, the moment you see danger, you don't hesitate to abandon your friends. I take all that I said about you!" Nina looked at me with even more disdain than the guys below, and it looked like she hated someone like me who looked like a backstabber in her eyes the most.

"N-No, I'm serious when I say that I know nothing about this." I said as I waved my hands and tried explaining that I really didn't know them. "Why would you even assume that I know them in the first place? It's not like we acted buddy-buddy with each other."

"But didn't he just ask you to help him out right now?" Nina stopped herself from approaching since she felt something was wrong and raised her eyebrow to ask some questions. "Would he ask some stranger to help him out when he knows that he's in the wrong?"

"Yes, he would. Shameless bastards like them would definitely ask for help no matter the situation they are in, since they have no sense of morality in their pea-sized brain." My rude comments provoked the guys below and made them glare at me in fury, which I ignored.

Nina also found it strange that I could badmouth my friends so easily and wondered if she was wrong with her assumption.

"Then why did you come here?...What's your purpose for going out of your way to come to this hot spring?" Nina folded her hands and decided to ask a few more questions in an inquisitive manner, since she was still a bit suspicious of me.

Chapter 270: I Believe I Can Fly

"Why did I come here?" I asked with a peculiar look on my face. "Of course it's to soak in the hot springs here...Why else would I come to a place that's known for its rejuvenating effects when you dip your body into its steaming hot water?"

I thought that was the obvious answer to her question, but somehow it only seemed to have provoked her more, as if I were telling her a blatant lie.

"Bullshit!" Nina exclaimed and looked at me like she had caught me lying in court. "There's no way a young man like you would willingly use your time to come to this hot spring that's mostly occupied by women and older men and is considered a boring place among you youngins!"

"And even if you do come here, you kids always cause some kind of problem that I have to deal with, like the one I'm cleaning up right now!" Nina looked at me like she was certain that I was lying and looked to be wondering where she should start swinging at me first.

"I don't know about the rest of the guys my age who come here, but I definitely came here just to take a bath...You can even check my pouch and see all the bathing goods I have inside." I said as I tossed the pouch I had in to Nina, which she caught and checked to find that there were really a bunch of different soaps and shampoos that my mother gave to me when she heard I was going to a hot spring.

"And I also know that you're still suspicious and want to ask me some more questions...But instead of doing that and wasting your time, I'll simply prove to you myself that I have nothing to do with them and wouldn't even be bothered if they rot in hell." I said while loosening up my leg and walking a step forward towards the guy in front of me who was trying to get up again.

"Oh...How are you going to prove that?" Nina said with a small frown on her face, ready to smack me in the face the moment I try to grab the guy I was walking towards and escape with him in hand.

"Like this..."

SMACK!~

Before Nina could even finish hearing what I said, she heard the sound of something hard slamming against something even harder that resembled a bag of meat. And when she blinked and opened her eyes, she saw the guy who was trying to get up sent flying all the way to the sofa she had had on the side.

Crash!~

The dude's body spiralled around the air, which made it look like he was dancing in the air, and he smashed into the sofa, where he lied down without making any movements. But he was definitely not dead since he was groaning louder than before after being kicked right in the face by me and sounded like he just got hit by a freight train and was on his last dying breath.

The crowd surrounding me was also in utter shock that I acted so violently and kicked a man like he was a football when I behaved so decently towards them before and was an ideal gentleman in their eyes.

Nina herself also looked puzzled as to what happened and couldn't believe that a single kick from me sent a man flying a couple of feet into the air. She even looked at my legs with an absurd look on her face, like she was wondering if they were made of steel or some other indestructible metal.

"How is that? Is that enough to say that I really don't know them and despise them as much as you do?" I asked Nina with a straight look on my face as I brought my foot back down.

"...Or is it that I have to smash another one in the face to prove my innocence?" I said while eyeing another guy on the ground who was in a daze after watching his friend fly away.

When he felt my gaze and saw me walking towards him, his face paled and his legs trembled. Not wanting to be used to prove my innocence, just like what I did to his friend, he immediately turned to look at Nina, who was still confused as to what was going on, and exclaimed in a frantic manner,

"We don't know him! We don't know this guy at all! He just appeared out of nowhere when all of this was happening and has nothing to do with us! I can swear this on my mother's life!"

The third dude in the ground also frantically nodded his head to his friend's words, not wanting his face to be smashed in like a watermelon.

"Actually, Nina, what Kafka is saying is true. He really has nothing to do with this..."

Mrs Keller who had been silent this whole time, stepped in to support me with a guilty look on her face, seeing that she couldn't keep mum any longer unless she wanted to see another brutality occur tonight.

"To be honest, I already knew Kafka didn't know these lechers since he had just come here a few minutes ago, and also because I know that he isn't the type of person to do such a thing since we're already acquainted with one another...But I decided to stay silent about the matter and let things unfold since it was rather interesting to see you fighting with a high school boy and I wanted to see how you would handle the bizarre situation."

Nina was surprised when she heard Mrs Keller prove my innocence and was even more shocked when she heard that I was only studying in school when she thought for sure that I was already in college.

"...But who would've thought things would turn out this way and Kafka would send a man flying across the room, like he was made out of cotton and feathers.

I'm afraid that if I hadn't stepped in now, I would've seen another man flying across the lobby and smashing into your expensive furniture." Mrs Keller looked at me with an apologetic gaze for keeping silent this whole while, to which I simply smiled and shook my head, since I knew that Mrs Keller was quite mischievous for her age and loved anything that involved drama and gossip.

"Auntie, is what you're saying true? Did you watch me berate and accuse a high school boy just for the fun of it?" Nina asked in an exasperated manner and looked like she didn't know what face to show me after accusing me so blatantly and making me out to be a pervert.

"I know that you have loved to play pranks on me ever since I was a child, but isn't this a little too much even for you...I mean, I almost went to beat up the poor kid who had nothing to do with these bastards."

"Oh come on~...You know that I never would've let it go to that extent." Mrs Keller said while shaking her head and tried to act like it wasn't a big deal at all. She then looked at the crowd behind her, who all also looked guilty like they had committed a crime, and said, "...And if you're going to scold me for this, then scold them as well since all of them knew Kafka was innocent.

But none of them spoke a word of it since they were just as invested as me in this misunderstanding after getting bored of watching the same old cliché dramas on TV and got a little excited when they saw something so exciting right in front of them."

None of the ladies refuted her, as they knew that she was telling the truth and ducked their heads down in embarrassment.