

## God of Milfs 311

### Chapter 311: Just Give It A Little Kick

"Kafka, are you okay?...Does your hand hurt, or did it make any weird breaking sound when it got hit?"

Nina asked in a hurry, as even though she knew that I was tough enough to send a man flying with a single kick, she doubted if I could take a kick myself because of how sickly and weak I looked because of my pale skin, which made me look like I belonged in a hospital.

"It's fine, Nina. I'm alright." I said as I got up and moved my hand around to show that it didn't really hurt.

But Nina still didn't seem to believe me, thinking that I was trying to hide the pain, so I added in a joke to ease the mood, saying, "You really don't have to worry about it, Nina, as like you mentioned earlier, I'm one of those perverts who gets turned on by any pain inflicted on me...So that might kick of yours only felt like a whip of pleasure to me, that sent tantalising shivers throughout my body."

Nina took a step back when she heard that I was a masochist, like she didn't want to be anywhere near such a horrible pervert, and she looked at me with a dreary look on her face, like she was regretting even asking if I was fine.

"But leaving my hand aside for a moment, Nina, can you first tell me why you tried to kick the vending machine like it was your sworn enemy?" I said as I looked at the poor, old vending machine that surely would've had a dent on it if I hadn't stopped her. "Is it that you have some kind of grudge against it, or are you possibly using it as some kind of sparring equipment to practice your kicks on?"

"Of course not, Kafka...Why would I use a fragile vending machine to practice my kicks and punches when I've already got a strong tree in the backyard that's wrapped in bandages for exactly that purpose?" The smile on my face froze when I heard that she was actually practicing her kicks and punches in such a crude manner, as if she were a shaolin monk.

She then continued, saying, "I was just going to give the machine a light kick to get it working again, since this isn't actually the first time this problem has occurred and it has happened quite frequently because of how old this machine is."

"...I also found out that if I were to give the machine a solid smack to the side, it would magically start working again, hence the reason I tried to give it a good kick." Nina explained why she tries to bash in the machine, which made me wonder how she even found out that method.

"Do you really have to use such a barbaric method to keep it working, Nina?...Couldn't you have just called in a technician to fix the problem for you?" I asked as I looked at the sides of the vending machine and was surprised to see that there were already several dent marks from all the beatings it had received in the past.

"Why call in somebody when I keep it working myself, Kafka?" Nina folded her hands and grunted like a middle-aged man who refused to get any sort of help from others in maintaining his own house.

She then smirked with a proud look on her face and said, "The kids who come here also get really excited when they see me kicking this old machine around, so it's not too bad of a situation if I can get to show off once in a while."

"Well, you won't be able to show off for too long, since this thing looks like it's going to cave in if you rough it up any more." I sighed as I looked at the vending machine, which would probably wail if it could speak.

"But luckily for you, the problem should be some kind of loose wire in the system, seeing as to how it starts working every time you bang it, so it should be easy enough for me to fix it myself."

"Huh? You can fix it, Kafka?" Nina looked at me with her eyes wide and lips parted, like she couldn't believe what I was saying for some reason. "You're actually so smart that you can actually fix this dingy piece of metal!?"

"Calling me smart because I know how to fix a wire fault is a bit too much...But I guess I have some basic knowledge about this stuff to help you out."

I said in a rather humble manner, which made Nina look at me in utter awe, as if I had told her that I was actually the creator of this vending machine and knew how to rebuild it from scrap.

Her over-the-top reaction to something so simple puzzled me, so I asked her,

"What's wrong, Nina? Why do you look so surprised?...You look even more impressed than when I handled those guys earlier and are looking at me as if I'm performing a miracle, even though it's only a little fix up...Is knowing how to repair this thing really that amazing in your eyes?"

"Is it not, Kafka?...Is it not so amazing that you can fix something so complicated and act like it's nothing at all?"

Nina asked in an enthusiastic manner, while looking at me with an absurd look on her face, like she was wondering how I didn't know how extraordinary I actually was.

She then explained her reasoning as to why she thought I looked so cool in her eyes right now by saying,

"Don't you understand, Kafka? Anyone can destroy anything, just like I was on the verge of breaking the machine to fix my problem...But to have the skills and knowledge to actually fix or mend something...Isn't that something that's so damn admirable?!"

Nina jumped up and down in excitement and looked all giddy like she was meeting her idol, which made me wonder if a technician or electrician in this world was actually a really prestigious position.

#### Chapter 312: Admiration

Nina saw the confused look on my face, like I didn't understand a word she was saying, and immediately realised how bizarre she sounded without knowing any of the context as to why she was acting so weirdly.

"Oh, sorry about that, Kafka...I got a little worked up there for a second when I saw that you could do something that I could never do, at such a young age, and got a little excited." Nina apologised with an embarrassed smile on her face, like she was asking me to forget about how she was fangirling over me a second ago.

She then coughed to compose herself and then looked at me to explain, saying, "It's just that ever since I was a child, I've had a fascination for anyone who could create or fix something with their very own hands, because I look up to my father, who's actually a carpenter himself who did woodworking for a living...In fact, the reason my father and mother met each other was because he came to my mother's hot spring when they were young to renovate the place, and over a couple of weeks of visiting, they both fell in love with one another."

Nina had a tender look in her eyes as she fondly recalled her parents's love story, which was rather wholesome to hear.

"Then, does that mean all the intricate woodworking done in this lobby is by your father?" I asked as I looked around the building that was covered in absolutely stunning woodwork; from the polished planks that rested below my feet to the walls that were covered in sheets of marbled wood that had beautiful carvings on them.

"Yes, Kafka. They were all made by my father after both he and my mother got married." Nina said with a proud look on her face as she looked around the room in its glory.

She then continued saying, "And after watching my father constantly make something so complicated or pretty out of a stub of wood in his workshop, which always blew my mind away when I looked at it, I grew up to appreciate anyone who could turn something so simple into something so wonderful just like my father did."

"...And not just creating as well, since making trinkets, furniture, or ornaments out of wood was simply my father's hobby...His main job was going to other people's places to fix some sort of problem they had with their house's woodworking, like broken floors or cracked stairs, so being able to so easily fix something like it was nothing at all, just like my father always did, was so cool to me." Nina gave a gentle smile as she caressed the small table next to her that also seemed to have been made by her talented father, whom she was so proud of and looked up to.

"But unfortunately..." Nina showed a wry smile on her face, like it was a pity. "...even though I was his daughter and his flesh and blood, I didn't inherit his talent to make art from scratch or fix something without even leaving a mark in place."

"Rather, I resembled my mother, who I was told in the past was as simpleminded as me and would always think with her fists first if a problem were to occur, unlike my father, who was much more level-headed and tried to figure out the solution in a much more thorough manner." Nina chuckled at how different her parents were and wondered how such a violent woman and a gentle man got together in the first place.

She then continued as she looked at her hands in a thoughtful manner, "Every time I tried to imitate my father and try to craft even the most simplest item out of wood, I would always somehow break it because of my clumsy hands...And every time I tried to figure out a solution to a problem just like my father would, the first thought that would come to my mind was to fix it in the most brash way possible, unlike my father, who would surely figure out the most simple and effective solution in a matter of seconds, which ended up with me realising that I could never be like him."

Nina let out a sigh as she closed her hands, closing her dreams of resembling her father along with them.

"...But even though I knew that I could never be like him, it didn't stop me from admiring anyone like him who could create and restore something with their own two hands." Nina looked at me, who was carefully listening to her story, and smiled, wondering how she ended up admiring a brat like me.

"That's why I couldn't help but be deeply impressed when I heard you knew how to fix this machine, unlike me, who's first thought of action was to beat it until it starts working again, which is probably what my mother would have done as well."

Nina let out a chuckle, like she could imagine the scene of her mother trying to break the machine in frustration while her father weakly held her back with all the strength he had since his wife was much stronger than him.

"I see...It makes so much sense now as to why you got so excited over something as easy as fixing this electrical fault after hearing your story, Nina." I said, which made Nina remember how she was gushing over me earlier and blush in response.

I then said while smiling, "You got so worked up in that moment that you looked like a cute little monkey who had discovered fire for the first time, Nina...And, honestly, you looked so adorable with your big eyes wide open that it actually makes me want to fix all the other broken appliances you own in your house to see get all excited again."

"B-Be quiet, Kafka!...I got caught off guard at that moment, which ended up with me acting in such a foolish manner. And I'll have you know that it won't ever happen again, even if you were to do something as amazing as disassemble the vending machine and put it back together again."

Nina flicked my forehead with a harumph for teasing her so blatantly.

She then glanced at me from the corner of her eyes and said, in protest,

"I also don't like how you acted as if fixing a vending machine is the easiest thing in the world that even a baby could do, since it makes me feel like I'm the dumb one here for not being able to do so."

"...I mean, I already know that I'm not as smart as you, but so aren't 99% of the population who also don't know how to fix a vending machine, like it's no big deal at all." Nina folded her hands and looked at me in an indignant manner, like she was waiting for me to apologise for what I said.

She wasn't genuinely offended by what I said and simply wanted to see me say sorry to her for her own amusement and see herself win at least once after constantly losing to me in every argument.

But I didn't apologise like she thought I would, as I stood by my statement and said,

"But Nina, I'm really not trying to call you any names...I just genuinely think that anyone out there could fix this vending machine with some little guidance because of how easy it actually is." Nina opened her mouth to say something, seeing that I wasn't willing to back down.

But before that, I continued saying, "...In fact, it's so easy to fix that I could probably teach you how to do it and have you fix the vending machine yourself."

"Actually...You know what?...Why don't we do exactly that?"

I asked myself, like I thought it was a really good idea that shouldn't be left as a thought and should actually be done, which made Nina's face freeze for a second.

"You said that you always wanted to be able to fix something just like your father did for a living his whole life, so wouldn't repairing this vending machine be great for you?...You'd be able to have a fully functioning machine that doesn't cause any problems and you'd have the joy of knowing that you fixed it yourself, like you've always wanted to...Isn't that for the best?!"

Nina wasn't as enthusiastic about this as I was and had wavering feelings about the matter, even though it was right up her alley. She really doubted if someone like her, who always ended up breaking something that she was trying to make or fix, would be able to fix something as complex as a vending machine.

The idea seemed really good in her head, but when she realised how bad she was at anything that required problem solving and nimbleness, which weren't her strongest points, she accepted the reality of the matter and knew that it was impossible for her to accomplish such a feat.

Chapter 313: I Guess I Have No Other Choice

"It's impossible, Kafka...I'm someone who couldn't even make a single clay animal in art class when I was asked in sixth grade and was laughed at by my classmates for making some sort of ugly alien blob that I called an elephant in the end. So, I really doubt if I have the abilities to fix something as complicated as an actual working machine."

Nina thought of the matter that had occurred in the past, which became a bad memory that actually made her give up on trying to become like her father because of the embarrassment she felt at that moment, which made her accept that she wasn't talented in that aspect and let out a wry smile.

Nina was against my idea because she didn't want to repeat the past and embarrass herself in front of me once again, like she did in front of her classmates.

But I wasn't going to let her give in so easily, as it seemed like something that would greatly lift her spirits if she actually accomplished it at the end of the day, which was something that I wanted to do for Nina, who was slowly growing closer to my heart, with absolutely no other intentions in mind other than lifting her up to places she had never reached before.

"Forget about what happened in the past, Nina, as no one was there to guide you at that time." I said as I went forward and held onto both of Nina's hands, which made her look up at me in a rather coy manner with how lovingly I was holding her.

"This time you have someone by your side to guide you and slowly teach you all you need to know to achieve something that you've always wanted to do yourself."

"...And trust me when I say that by the end of the day, you'll know how to fix the problem all by yourself without even needing my help if it were to ever happen again, and you won't ever catch yourself doubting your own abilities ever again."

I said as I held her hands and wrapped them around her back, like she was getting her hands cuffed. I then pulled her in closer to me until both of our foreheads were bumping into one another, and we were left staring into one another's eyes as if time had stopped around us.

"A-Are you sure, Kafka?" Nina asked as she shyly looked up at me, who was breathing down her, and felt the stiffness of my body press against her soft figure. "Are you sure that you can teach me how to fix the broken vending machine, just like my father would have done in the past?"

"Yes, Nina...I promise you that I can guide you to accomplishing something that you couldn't do in the past that will surely make your father, who's probably looking down at you from heaven's

above, proud of his baby girl, who's trying her best to become the person she looks up to." I said, which made Nina look at me with hopeful eyes that were starting to tear up a little at the mention of making her father proud.

"Fine, Kafka. Let's do what you said...But you better not make fun of me if I screw something up and make the problem even worse, as I've already warned you about how bad I am with intricate things." Nina sniffed while having a cheeky smile on her face, trying to clear her nose that was getting leaky at the thought of her dear father, who seemed to have passed away not too long ago.

Nina then noticed how close both of us were right now with how her hands were bound to mine that were wrapped around her and my lips that were barely grazing her face, which made her body slowly warm up in shame at being held in such an intimate manner.

"H-How long are you going to hold me like this, Kafka?...I already said that I'm willing to follow through with your suggestion, so why haven't you already let me go?" Nina said as she felt her breasts push against my chest and my hands, which were holding hers, push against her bouncy butt.

"Well, I also want to let you go, Nina, and teach you how to fix the machine...But when you're so close to me and your pretty face is right next to my lips, I find it really hard to release my grasp on you without giving you a little kiss." I said as I scanned her face, like I was searching for the best spot to give her a kiss.

Nina glared at me in a rather adorable manner for taking advantage of the situation where she was unable to escape from my hold on her. But when she thought of how I was going out of my way to help her out without one of her biggest desires in life, she simply lowered her head until I couldn't see her face and said in a bashful manner, like she was using all the willpower in her body to weakly say,

"Kafka, y-you hooligan...H-How dare you try to take advantage of me like this?...But since what's done is done and I can't really escape from you without you doing what you want, I guess I have no choice but to accept a kiss from you, even though the last thing I want right now are your stinking lips on my face."

"...S-So, just get it over with quickly, and let's get on with fixing the machine before the time slot ends and everyone starts coming out." Nina said in a fluster like she was only accepting my whims because she had no other choice, even though it was clear that she was feeling something else seeing as to how she was trembling in my embrace at the moment.



I didn't want to play with the innocent little Nina, who looked like she was going to explode with how embarrassed she was at the moment, and I gave her a little peck on the forehead before letting her free like a little bird that was trapped in a cage.

Chu~

Nina didn't look up at me even after receiving a kiss on her face, which felt steaming hot when my lips were pressed against her jade-like skin, and she slowly walked towards the vending machine with her head lowered down, waiting for me to follow behind her.

But even though I couldn't see her face that was buried in her chest, I could still see her two ears that stood tall like two signal towers that were slowly turning from a deep green to a bright red at the moment, starting from the pointy tip. This was more than enough to tell me about the turbulent feelings that were racing through her head at the moment and how she felt about our little kiss.

And just like how I was admiring the unique colour of her skin that was constantly changing along with her turbid emotions, the Gods also seemed to be quite interested in it and wanted to observe it more deeply as they had finally sent a request.

Ding~

[The God of Radiance, Wisteria sends a request: Explore all the colours on Nina's body thoroughly and find all the hues of the rainbow on herself or in her possession]

[Successfully fulfil the request and gain the Gods satisfaction and approval]

[Fail the given request and get scattered into an infinite amount of different colours across the Astral Realm]

Chapter 314: Seven Colours

Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo, and Violet.

If I'm correct, those are the seven colours of the rainbow. I think I can find five of the colours on Nina's body if I look 'deep' enough.

But where in the world am I going to find yellow and orange on her body?

I really can't think of any part of her body that has those colours, that is, unless I ask her to pee in front of me, which I would surely receive a slap in the face if I really did.

Well, before I even think of peeling her clothes to have a check, I should probably bring her to a mood where she would willingly accept my request, which won't be the easiest to do but isn't impossible at the same time.

"W-What are you doing, Kafka? Why are you staring at me like that?...It feels like you're going to pounce on me at any second." Nina stood on guard when she caught me staring at every nook and cranny of her body to figure out where all the different colours were, and she took a stance like she was ready to throw a kick at me if I made a move.

"Oh, it's nothing.

I was just feeling grateful to my parents for bringing me to this town, even though I was a little reluctant at first...Or else I would've never met a woman as exquisite as you, Nina, who makes me think that God really has sent his blessings down onto this world." I said with a smile on my face, which made Nina face palm herself while having flushed cheeks, wondering just why such cheesy lines from a kid who was still in school were actually making her feel butterflies in her stomach.

I then added as I looked around the lobby, "...I was also wondering if you had a toolbox that we could use to fix the vending machine."

"Oh, I do, Kafka. It's back in the storage room." Nina's head perked up and she quickly went to fetch the set of tools I was asking for. "Just wait here for a second. I'll be right back."

I could hear the sounds of boxes being shifted after Nina entered a small room in the lobby, and seeing how she had an eager look on her face when she entered the room, it was obvious that Nina was quite excited to learn something that her father would've normally done in the past.

After a minute of searching, Nina finally came out with her hair a little messed up and her clothes a bit dirty, like she put in some effort to find the old toolbox that she was carefully hugging onto like it was some kind of treasure.

Nina then put the toolbox on the floor, and when she looked around to see where I had disappeared too, since I wasn't standing in the spot she last saw me in, she was surprised to see that I was already sitting down on the floor right next to the vending machine.

"Kafka, what are you doing? If you're tired of standing, you could've just sat on the sofa...Why did you sit on the floor?" Nina asked, confused as to why I was sitting at the side of the vending machine while facing a panel on the machine.

"I'm not tired, Nina. I'm sitting here because this is the area that probably has an issue." I pointed at the little metal door in front of me that opened up to show the internal machinery of the vending machine. "If we're going to fix the machine, we have no choice but to sit on the floor and do so...A stool also won't work since it would be harder to look inside because of how small the door is."

"I see...But if you're sitting there, then where am I going to sit?" Nina asked, seeing that I was sitting right in front of the panel, and I gave her, the person who was going to fix the problem, no space to sit. She then joked, saying, "...Don't tell me that you want me to sit on your lap or something."

"Of course, Nina. Why else do you think I've spread my lap out so much?...It's for you to sit on, of course." I said as if it were obvious, while patting my lap like it was ready to be sat on at any time.

"Y-You're joking, right?" The smile on Nina's face froze when she heard her words come true. "You can't actually be telling me, your elder, to sit on your lap, right?...Isn't that messed up in so many different ways?"

"...If you want, I can sit down on the ground, and then you can sit on top of my lap like a little baby instead, Kafka...I can even rock you back and forth if you want me to." Nina had a bright glint in her eye as she gave me her suggestion, like she couldn't wait to coddle me like a toddler.

"No, Nina...As much as I want to lean back on you and stuff my head in between your breasts like they're two fluffy mufflers..." Nina shook her head and looked like she was calling herself an idiot for trying to treat a pervert like me as a baby. "...I still need you to sit on my lap, since you're the one that's actually going to do the work while I'm simply going to tell you what to do.

If I'm the one sitting on your lap, there's no way you're going to get anything done with my back blocking your view and my weight crushing you to oblivion."

"So, why don't you be a good older sister and sit on your little brother's lap like I ask?" I humbly requested Nina to come and take her seat on my lap, which made her ponder if she should take the risk. "...And before you do so, could you first bend down towards me a little?"

"Why? What are you going to do to me now?" Nina asked vigilantly but still followed what I said and obediently bent down until her face was right next to mine.

"You don't have to be so scared, Nina...I'm not that scary of a person." I said as I took out a handkerchief from my pocket, and to Nina's surprise, I started to wipe some parts of Nina's face with it. "It's just that there's some dust on your face from searching for the toolbox, and I'm helping you wipe it off."

"Who do you think that I'm, Kafka? A little kid? I can do it myself." Nina looked at me in an indignant manner for treating her like a child, but still stood and let me clean the dust off her face, like she really didn't mind what I was doing.

And after having a look at the pure look in her eyes as I helped her, she couldn't help but feel bad that she was doubting my intentions when I was sincerely trying to help her out. She then reluctantly said, while standing up and brushing her dusty clothes,

"Fine, Kafka. I'll do as you said and sit on your lap...But don't you dare try to do anything weird to me while I'm on top of you, since there's a toolbox full of sharp tools right next to me, and I wouldn't mind giving you a little poke with any one of them if you try anything strange."

Nina warned me about the consequences and placed the toolbox right next to me, like she was telling me that she wasn't joking.

She then gave my lap one last glance with a little tint on her cheeks and placed her legs over mine until she was standing right over me. And without wasting any moment, she slowly lowered her perky ass that hovered over my face as it went down, leaving behind a refreshing scent like a pine tree in the cold winter, and she gently sat herself right on my lap.

Sit~

All I could do the moment I felt Nina's bouncy ass submerge into my lap like it was a marshmallow that was melting in the blistering heat of a bonfire was let out a big smile and thank the Gods up above for giving me the opportunity to have such a delightful experience.

And even though the opportunity came with a bunch of risks that always ended with my indefinite death, I believed it was still worth it at the end of the day, as my existence was worth nothing compared to the sight I was seeing now of Nina, who was trying to hide the embarrassed look on her face that looked so adorable at the moment.

True happiness came with a bunch of equal risks...But in my situation, the joy I was feeling definitely outweighed the risks, without a doubt.

Chapter 315: Where Did All The Weight I Gained Go?

"Kafka, you better stop smiling like an idiot. Or else I'm getting up this instant." Nina said after being creeped out by the big grin on my face. She then realised something and looked back to hesitantly ask me, "...A-And how do you feel, Kafka? Is it uncomfortable for you to have me on your lap?"

"Of course not, Nina. It feels like I have a massive teddy bear on my lap that I can cuddle all I want because of how soft you are." I said as I sneakily wrapped my hands around Nina's waist, which was so abnormally slender that I was sure I could wrap my hand around her twice.

"Why would you even think that you sitting on me would make me feel uncomfortable when it's the exact opposite and makes me feel like I'm hugging a warm cloud?"

Nina obviously felt my hands wrapping around her body like slimy little snakes. But when she felt the warmth of my hands passing through her abdomen that made her feel so comfortable and heard that I myself was in a really good spot right now, she stopped herself from doing anything and quietly snuggled into my embrace a little bit more.

"I don't know...It's just that the past month has been quite hectic in the hot spring, so I haven't really had any chance to workout, and I thought that I might have put on some weight." Nina had an uneasy look on her face as she talked about something that every single woman was sensitive about, no matter how in shape they were.

"So...because of that...I thought you might have quite the load on you right now."

"What are you on about, Nina?...When you have a body like this, that's as lithe as the stem of a petty flower, do you really have to think about insignificant matters like weight?" I said as I rubbed her belly, which felt like a smooth piece of glass, and gently pinched the small bit of fat on her belly. "I mean, just look at this, Nina.

I'm trying my best to pinch some sort of flesh on your abdomen, but all I can grab is this little part that's slowly slipping out of my fingers because of how tight your skin is...Do you know just how many women out there workout like maniacs to achieve such a figure?"

"Hmm!~...Don't, Kafka!~....It tickles!~" Nina softly grunted as she put her hands on top of mine that were tracing the outline of her gentle curves that made up her sculpted midriff. "Stop playing with my belly!~"

"Fine, Nina. But you also better stop calling yourself overweight, unless you want to pick up some grudges with some women who are actually trying their best to lose weight." I said as I stopped carressing her abdomen and simply hugged them.

"But Kafka, I really do feel like I put on some weight~" Nina said in a rather coquettish manner as she looked back at me with limpid eyes, like she was treating me like someone whom she deeply trusted to the extent that she could freely talk about her worries.

"I don't know if it's because of all the sweet goodies that Camila has been sending these past few months that I can't help but gobble down because of how tasty they all are.

Or because I haven't really had any time to go for a proper run because of how crowded the hotspring is becoming lately, after a bunch of city people found out about this spot after someone posted it on their blog page or whatever kids these days post pictures on the internet.

"...But I really do feel like I've gained weight somewhere lately, but I just don't know where." Nina said, a little displeased that she didn't know the exact reason she was feeling a bit overweight or the exact place she was putting on these few pounds of fat.

"Oh, come on, Nina...Do I really have to spell out where all the weight you said you gained went when it's so obvious?" I said with a grin on my face, which made Nina look back at me with an expectant look on her face, ready to know where all the fat she gained was.

But to her shock, I didn't tell her where she felt a bit more mushy, but directly showed her by sliding my hands up her body and all holding onto her bountiful breasts that were hanging down like mangoes that were still green and hadn't ripened yet.

Grope~ Squish~

My hands, which were covering the entirety of the lower part of her fat bags, were immediately encompassed in a warm and squishy feeling, like I was holding onto a jelly bun that had just been pulled out of the oven.

And along with the heavenly sensation of grabbing onto her towering chest came the feeling of her beating heart, which was pumping blood so hard at the moment that I could feel the fat on her ass vibrating because of it.

Jiggle~ Jiggle~

"It obviously went to this voluptuous chest of yours; that's the only part of your body that can be called fat." I said as I groped Nina's underboob with the tips of my finger, while Nina trembled in my embrace and her face became bright red because of the sudden attack on her breasts.

I then reasoned with her as I weighed her abundant chest in my hands, saying, "Just think about it, Nina...You clearly have a body that's slim to the extreme and don't have a single part of you that has any unnecessary fat, including your ass, which is actually quite well toned with how bouncy it felt."

Nina's cheeks flushed even more when she heard me talking about how her ass felt while brazenly groping her chest in her own abode.

"...So isn't it quite obvious where all that extra fat went when there are two globes on all the women in the world, whose very purpose is to store abundant milk and fat?" I said as I threw her breasts around a little, like I was checking just how full her milk bags were.

Chapter 316: Coconuts Make Your Assets Grow?

Slush~ Slush~

"It's also quite clear that there's no milk in here whatsoever, and no liquid will come out no matter how hard I try to squeeze them..." I squeezed her breasts like I was trying to prove what I said.

"...so there could only be one plausible reason as to why you have such enormous breasts when the rest of your body is impeccably well-toned, which is that all the fat you gain goes to this chest of yours and nowhere else...And by saying that, it basically concludes the mystery of where all the weight you gained goes."

By the time I finished what I was trying to say while playing with her tits, Nina's face turned so red at the moment that she looked like a little cherry.

She seemed to have had enough of my shenanigans and was about to give me an elbow to the chest and run off in a fluster, as she was too embarrassed to even berate me for what I was doing and simply wanted to run off.

She even wanted to throw off her clothes and run into a cold shower to scrub her breasts, as she was sure that she would be able to feel the warmth of my hands on her flesh even if I were to let go, and she wanted that to go away at all costs so that she didn't die out of shame.

But before she could do any of that, I said something that provoked her curiosity and made her stay instead of running off.

"Coconut cakes, shaved coconut cookies, and coconut jam pie." Nina's ears twitched when she heard what I said, and she immediately looked back at me to see what I was trying to say, as if those words had provoked certain memories. I then continued saying, with my lips curled up, "You've been eating a lot of sweets that are made out of coconut, right, Nina?"

"H-How did you know, Kafka?!" Nina's eyes went wide as she looked at me in shock, as if she were looking at someone who had figured out her deepest secret. "How did you know that I've been eating a lot of deserts that have coconut in them?!"

"Ah! Don't tell me that there's crumbs of the coconut and almond mousse that I just ate earlier on my face!" Nina exclaimed in a panic, thinking that she had food on her face like a toddler, and immediately wiped her mouth so that she didn't suffer any more humiliation in front of me.

"It's not because of that, Nina...I would've personally licked your lips if I found some crumbs on them to have a taste of the dessert and your sweet lips as well, so you don't have to worry about having a messy face." I said, which made Nina cover her mouth and look back at me with a frightful gaze, wondering just how far my desire for her went.

"Then how is it, Kafka?...How do you know that I've been eating a bunch of coconut deserts lately?" Nina stopped covering her mouth after making sure that there wasn't anything on them that could provoke me to have a taste of her rosy lips, completely ignoring how I had been groping her chest earlier.

"Oh that...Well, it's because I read an article recently that says that eating coconut makes your breasts grow much bigger and can even make them swell up twice as much in a short period of



time." Nina gasped at the revelation while looking at her chest in a daze, which suddenly felt a lot more heavier.

"So, I just guessed and asked if you ate a lot of coconut recently after hearing that you put on some weight, which somehow ended up being true."

"So it's like that...Then it all makes sense as to why I've been feeling heavy these few past weeks." Nina said in a daze as she lifted her breasts and looked at them like she was trying to see just how much they'd grown because of her diet.

A sharp look then suddenly appeared in Nina's eyes, like she was a huntress who found the prey that was causing her so much trouble, and she exclaimed while biting her lips like she was cursing someone,

"Goddamn you, Camila! It's all because of you that I gained all this weight!...I thought that you were a really nice person for once, seeing that you were bringing me a bunch of coconut flavoured treats every day last month."

"...But it turns out that you were actually the sneaky little woman you always were, who always finds every opportunity to mock and make fun of me for your enjoyment, after all!"

Nina pumped her fists in the air like she was proclaiming her feud against Camila and looked disappointed that she fell for her tricks.

"Why are you blaming Camila, Nina? What did she do?" I asked with a curious look on my face, even though I already knew why she was bringing up Camila at the moment.

I also used how worked up and distracted she was at the moment to continue my groping spree, as I gently tickled the bottom of her breasts and slowly lifted them up from time to time.

Nina obviously felt what I was doing, but since her mind was completely on telling me the crimes that Camila had committed against her, she ignored the ticklish sensation of her chest that was being teased and complained to me about her close friend, Camila, who seemed to always pick on Nina for the fun of it.

"You don't understand, Kafka.

That wily woman may look all elegant and pristine, like she couldn't even bear to pick a flower since it would be the same as hurting the flower...But she's actually one big bully who's been teasing me and picking on me every day since high school, so that she could see me all worked up and flustered, which seems to give her some sort of joy." Nina cried out while telling me the injustice she was suffering at Camila's hands, thinking that I would sympathise with her.

But unfortunately for her, I completely agreed with what Camila was doing, as I myself was someone who liked to tease the people I loved to see them show a loveable reaction, which I was sure was what Camila felt when she played with Nina, who was quite gullible towards the people she trusted.

### Chapter 317: Evil Woman

"Is that so, Nina?...I didn't know Camila was such a person." I said like I was consoling a child and held Nina a bit more tighter like I was trying to comfort her, as even though I agreed with Nina, I couldn't say that to her, who was expecting me to agree with her.

Rather, I took this opportunity to hold her more intimately and push pull her slender body onto mine to the extent that her firm butt was squished against my lap and she was leaning back on my chest like we were a couple of passionate lovers.

"Yes, Kafka...That two-faced woman acts like a saint to everyone else.

But when it's just me and her in a room together, a grin comes on her face, and she immediately starts to make fun of me, like I'm some kind of easy target that she can have her way with any time she wants." Nina complained to me about her problems with her best friend, and she didn't even notice how intimate in a position we were right now, with her lying back on me and looking up at me with a tender gaze in her eyes.

She only saw me nodding her head and agreeing with whatever she said like a thoughtful listener, which made her feel like all her struggles were properly being heard and considered.

This made her completely ignore how I was wrapping my hands around her body even more by the second, which would surely make even the most experienced couple blush and look away from how captivated both of us looked at one another at the moment.

"And do you know, Kafka?...It may surprise you, but she's also the main reason I gained so much weight."

Nina said in a woeful manner, like she was complaining to her husband about the struggles she went through at work after a long day, hoping that I would take her side without asking any questions in return, like every woman wanted their man to do when they were telling their worries.

The way she looked right now, like she was asking to be spoiled and treated well by me, was completely unlike the Nina I saw earlier, who was ready to bash anyone who was trying to cause any problems.

And just like how I loved the towering figure of her mightily holding a broomstick in her hand, I also adored the Nina who was lying in my embrace like a sweet little baby and was opening up her heart to me without even doubting that I would take it the wrong, showing how much she trusted me.

"Oh, how is that, Nina? What did Camila do that made you put on some weight?"

I didn't even doubt what she said, even though it sounded absurd that Camila was the cause of her problem, and I immediately agreed with what Nina said.

This made Nina look at me with an appreciative look in her eyes for trusting her words so much, and it made her wonder if there was anyone else in her life like me who listened to her words so wholeheartedly and took her side without asking any questions in return.

"Just listen to this, Kafka~ Listen to what that Camila did~"

Nina said in an indignant manner and snuggled into my embrace on her own, like she was getting cosy to tell the story of how Camila sabotaged her, not realising how close we looked right now since she was caught up in a mood of her own.

"Even though I say that Camila is quite a bully, she's also a bully who also knows how to treat her victims very nicely and make it seem like her antics are nothing compared to the rewards she gives for bearing with her teasing."

"Rewards? What rewards does she give you?" I asked Nina, who was exaggerating the situation and was acting as if she was being given hush money to keep quiet about the abuse she was going through at the hands of Camila.

"Food, Kafka! Food and deserts!...She tames me with the delicious food she makes!" Nina cried out like she was treating the food Camila makes as the devil's offerings. "She would always come over with boxes and bags of all the tasty treats she makes at home and give them to me to eat.

And even though I would always want to refuse her treats as a sign of protest for all the bullying I was going through in her hands, she would simply open one of those boxes and let the aroma of the dishes she made waft around the room, which would immediately make me take the bait and start gorging on the food she made like a pet that was trained to do what she said."

Nina said in frustration, and she hated that she couldn't stand up to Camila, who always used her delicious food to make her obedient.

"And don't think that Camila is bringing me boxes of food out of the goodness of her heart, Kafka. She's simply doing so since she always makes so much extra food at home and brings all the excess food she makes here so that it doesn't go to waste, treating me like her own personal dustbin."

Nina said in vexation, even though she didn't mind being Camila's waste bin, as she got to eat Nina's mouthwatering dishes every time, and she simply hated the fact that she was addicted to something made by someone who made fun of her all the time.

What Nina said also completely made sense, as the very reason Camila and I met was because I went to her house to return the containers for the food she sent us.

"And just like always, last month Camila also brought over a bunch of food items that had coconut in them. When I asked her why there were so many coconut-related items out of curiosity, she told me that one of her cousins sent a bunch of them over from the town next door after a good harvest, and I immediately believed that, since I had no other reason not to do so."

"...But who would've thought that the reason she sent me all those coconut-related items wasn't because she had an excess of them? But was it actually to fatten me up?!"

Nina exclaimed and grabbed onto her chest, and looked at them with a pitiful gaze, like they were the victims of Camila's prank.

She then looked back up at me, who was patiently listening to her words, while at the same time silently stroking her plump thighs, and said,

"I'm pretty sure that this is one of her little plans to make fun of my weight after fattening up with her treats...I always knew that woman was quite the sneaky one, but who would've thought that she would be so sadistic that she would go out of her way to make so many coconut dishes just to see me all plump?"

"...She must have gotten jealous of my slender figure that she doesn't have because of how soft she is all over, and she must have tried to sabotage me with all those treats...How evil of her! How absolutely evil of her!" Nina harrumphed and came to her own conclusion about the matter, which seemed rather childish.

I also knew that she wasn't actually angry with Camila, even though she believed that Nina had set up a plan for her downfall, and she was simply venting to me about her struggles with having such an overbearing best friend.

#### Chapter 318: It Depends On What You Think

"Don't you think so as well, Kafka?...Don't you think that Camila is quite the cruel woman to treat her close friend like this?" Nina looked up at me and asked for my opinion, expecting me to agree with what she said, which brought her great joy and relief when I did so, as if I were the only person in the world that truly understood her.

"Of course, Nina...She's the biggest, baddest woman in the whole wide world." I said as if I were coaxing a child, which made Nina let out a satisfied smile and unconsciously wiggle her buttocks into my lap in happiness.

But even though I agreed with Nina and acted as if I believed everything she said, I knew none of it was true since I was the one who instigated this entire conversation.

The way I found out that Nina had been eating a lot of coconut treats obviously wasn't because I read some dumb article that said that coconut would make breasts grow, which was absolutely absurd to hear. But it was actually because Camila had also been sending coconut treats to my house as well, and when I asked her about it, she told me what she told Nina as well, which was in fact the truth.

I simply put two and two together when I heard that Camila always sent Nina food as well and used it to my advantage to trick the gullible little Nina, who trusted everything I said without thinking too much about it.

I didn't simply trick her for the fun of it, but actually to get much closer to her by sympathising with her struggles and uniting against her enemy, the poor Camila, who now had another grudge added on her.

And without a doubt in mind, it seemed to have worked out, seeing as to how Nina was opening up to me and casually resting on top of my lap without a care in the world.

"But Nina..." I interrupted Nina, who was to get a little too cosy in my hold, and she started to feel a little sleepy because of how warm and comfortable she felt in my embrace. "...don't you think that Camila actually ended up helping you out by pulling this prank on you?"

"How is that, Kafka? She tried to fatten me up...Isn't that every woman's worst nightmare?" Nina looked up at me and asked with a doubtful look in her eyes.

"Yes, she did try to fatten you up...But she made you more plump in a place that you mentioned that you wanted to excel in." I grinned and lifted her breasts up from underneath to show just what I was talking about. Nina gulped as her face turned a bright shade of red when she felt her chest getting felt up, but she didn't immediately do anything and let me continue what I was saying.

"Didn't you say earlier that you were a little envious of Camila's voluptuousness that's plump all over?...Then wouldn't what Camila did for you indirectly help you out with overcoming her in terms of size?"

I didn't know if Nina really did feel some extra weight on her chest. But if it really is true, then it's definitely not because of some coconuts and probably because she was passed down some godly genes from her mother that made her thicker as she grew.

Nina unexpectedly didn't immediately refute what I said due to her grudge with Camila or because she was too embarrassed to talk to me about such intimate matters with me.

She actually took her time to think about what I said while staring at the vending machine, and she considered what she was going to say in response.

She finally answered my question with a question of her own, which was rather intriguing to hear.

"Well, whether I want to have a bigger chest or not like Camila depends on you...So tell me, Kafka, do you think that Camila did me a favour or not?"

"You want my opinion regarding this matter?" I asked with a peculiar smile on my face, confused as to where she was going with this. "Do you not understand that you're basically telling me that you want to look the best in my eyes and not for anyone else or yourself?...Is that something you should be telling me when you were so sure that you would never fall for me?"

"...But hearing what you're asking now, Nina, it doesn't seem like you can keep your promise any longer." I said while looking into her light green eyes, which were twinkling like emeralds.

"Oh, be quiet, Kafka...Don't get ahead of yourself and think that I fell for you or anything, you little brat." Nina rolled her eyes in a rather coquettish manner and pushed my face away, which was getting closer to her.

She then brushed my hands that were feeling her up like they were annoying bugs and looked up at me and said, "I'm only asking you for your opinion in this matter because you're the first person that has ever told me that I look pretty in your eyes, other than my family or close friends, who I know I can't trust their words because of how nice they are to me."

"...So, when you're the only person out there who I know for sure finds me to be quite attractive, seeing as to how crazy you are for me like a rabid dog, it's only natural that I try my best to look good in your eyes since your opinion really, really matters to me to the extent that I might even cry if one day you suddenly call me ugly or something."

Nina honestly opened up to me about how important I was to her and how highly she considered my opinion about her, which made her feel all shy for telling it to me so endearingly, and she hoped that I didn't tease her for it.

While Nina was feeling all bashful for being so honest with me about her deepest feelings, I had a ghastly look on my face, as unlike Nina, who thought she was simply telling her true thoughts, I understood just how devastating her mindset was to admit to something that was actually so tragic that it was painful and act like it wasn't a big issue at all, like Nina was doing now.

#### Chapter 319: Blindness To Tragedy

"I-I see...So, that's how it was."

I stuttered and couldn't really give a proper response after hearing the tragic words that Nina said. I was pretty sure that she didn't know how sad her words actually were in reality, and she simply spoke her mind.

She had spent her whole life thinking that no one found her attractive due to her skin colour and thought that even the people who were close to her who complimented her were simply doing so to not hurt her feelings.

She simply had that firm mindset that she was unlovable to a person of the opposite sex, to the point that it didn't even faze her if someone said anything bad about her appearance, as she truly believed that to be the case and accepted it in a rather straightforward manner.

But now all of that changed, as a kid had suddenly entered her life who, unlike everyone else, she knew for sure that he found her to be pretty in his eyes.

And now, for that one kid, she was willing to look however he desired her to look and was willing to change her appearance in any way he wanted her to, since he was the only one who made her feel desired and loved for how she looked, unlike the rest of the men in the world who looked away from her when they saw the colour of her skin.

It was a horrible tragedy that fell on top of her, and to this day she still hadn't truly figured out how devastating of a life she had been living unbeknownst to her because of her free-spirited and carefree personality, which made her never overthink an issue and always ignore her biggest problems like they were no big deal.

I myself wasn't happy at all that she gave so much importance to what I thought about her, and I found it extremely sad that she was so desperate for any sort of recognition about her insecurity that she was immediately willing to hinge all her personal choices on a kid like me just because I found her to be attractive.

It showed just how starved she was to feel loved or sought after by someone else who wasn't simply doing so out of goodwill or familial love, which was simply heartbreaking to see someone like Nina who had the purest of hearts go through.

What was even worse was that she didn't even realise how tragic of a situation she was in, as she simply accepted everything that came her way without any hard feelings.

Even now, she was simply looking up at me in a daze, wondering why I looked so distraught right now, completely ignorant of the tragic and heartbreaking life she was living.

"What's wrong, Kafka? Why do you have a frown on your face?"



Nina asked as she poked my cheeks after seeing the gloomy look in my eyes.

She then said with a warm smile on her face and a tender tone in her voice, like she was consoling me after seeing me all down in the dumps,

"You look like an entirely different person when you're frowning and don't look handsome at all like you usually are, so you better stop looking all sad and give your sister a big smile."

"...And if there's something that's stopping you from smiling, then you better tell this big sister here, and she'll go and beat your problem up and have you smiling again in no time." Nina said, even though she had no idea what I was thinking at the moment.

But it was clear that she was ready to throw hands for me if I said so, seeing as to how she gripped her fists and was ready to fight anyone that was making me sad for my sake.

Nina was trying her best to cheer me up, even though she was the one who actually needed a lot of cheering up in her life. And the only way to do so was to pour her with loads of love so that she realised her own worth and didn't ever depend on anyone else, including me, which I was ready to do even if it cost me an arm or leg.

"I'm fine, Nina...I have no problem in my life that you have to worry about, and even if I did have some concern going through my mind, they would've all vanished away the moment I stepped into your beloved presence."

I stopped frowning and instead gave her a big hug, which caught her off guard and made her blush with how deeply I was holding onto her.

I then continued saying, while she looked up at me coyly,

"Just one smile from you is all that it takes for all my worries to go away, so you don't even have to think that I'm stressing about something when I get to hug you like this and have you all for myself...Even the pressure of the world ending would be alleviated if I got to hold you like this every day."

Nina glared at me for saying such overwhelming words to her that were embarrassing her to the extreme. But she didn't say anything to retort and chose to silently sit still while I hugged onto her, like she was secretly enjoying the treatment she was receiving.

"As for what I prefer for you to look like..." I said as I grabbed ahold of her breasts under her green eyes, which were trembling at the sight, and jiggled them around a little. "...What if I said that these meat buns of yours aren't big enough for my taste and I would prefer them to be a lot bigger like Camila's?...What would you do then?"

Grope~ Squish~ Grope~

"T-Then I'd probably ask Camila to send me a lot more coconut products so that I can get bigger breasts like you want...N-Not to let you grope them around or anything, but simply so that you find me to be more appealing in your eyes."

Nina placed her hand on top of mine to stop me from groping her chest, but there was barely any force in her hands, so I simply went on, no matter how she looked up at me, like she was pleading with me to stop.

"Then what if I said that I don't want you to have such large breasts that don't fit in my hands..." My hands encompassed the entirety of her breasts to show her just how big they were, which made her look away in a fluster. "...And instead of some large honkers like the ones you have, I want you to have tiny ones that fit the rest of your slender body...What would you do then, my dear little Nina?"

What would you do then?"

Squish~ Grope~ Squeeze~

"I-I don't know...I-I'd probably go on a diet and exercise a lot more to see if I can reduce some weight up here, even though I don't think it's really possible." Nina said in a demure manner as she tried her best to pull away my hands that were playing with her tits.

She could've easily pried my hands off her if she was in her normal state. But because she was caught up in the mood between us, she felt much more weaker and felt like she couldn't resist me at all while she was in my presence.

Chapter 320: Unconditional And Unyielding Love

"I see, Nina...Then do you want to hear what I really prefer you to look like and how I want you to change?" I stopped playing with her chest and looked down at her, who was panting from trying her best to keep my hands to myself.

"W-What is it, Kafka?...Do you want me to have big ones like Camila or tiny ones that I still don't know how I'll achieve, unless there's another fruit that works in the exact way a coconut does and helps decrease your bust size?"

Nina asked as she fully lied back on me from exhaustion and looked into my eyes that were looking down at her, waiting to hear what she should improve about herself to look the prettiest in my eyes.

But to her surprise, I didn't give her the answer she was expecting and simply said, with a gentle smile on my face as I caressed her cheeks,

"It's actually neither of those, Nina...I don't want you to grow your chest out for me or make them smaller just to suit my desires."

"Then what?...Are you saying that I already have the ideal bust size?" Nina asked me with a perturbed look on my face, wondering if her size was actually preferred over bigger ones like Camila's.

"No, Nina it's not about the ideal size of anything." I shook my head and proceeded to explain what I was saying, while she carefully listened.

"What I'm saying is that you are perfect the way you are and that there's no need at all for you to change for me...I love you and adore you for the valiant woman you are who doesn't hesitate to put herself before others and love you no matter how you look."

"...You could be tall, short, have small breasts, a big ass, or even a flabby belly...I would still cherish you no matter how your appearance changes, since at the end of the day it was your brave heart that stole my breath away, and then only did I realise that you were not only beautiful on the inside, but on the outside as well." I gently brushed her bangs up to clearly see Nina's pretty eyes that were twinkling at the moment and the red tint on her cheeks that was slowly starting to form with every word I spoke.

Chu~

And then, out of nowhere, while Nina was still trying to process what I was saying without her brain overheating and collapsing from hearing such daring words, I gave her a sudden kiss on her forehead that caught her off guard, and I said while she was still looking up at me in a daze,

"So, Nina, you don't ever worry about whatever dishes you might eat that may have mysterious effects on your body, like the ones Camila made...You can gorge on them as much as you want to without any concern whatsoever since I'll still love you no matter how it changes you, even if you end up as fat as a watermelon one day."

Nina was overwhelmed with the words she was hearing, which made her feel so cherished and loved that she felt like she was in the presence of her parents, who she knew loved her more than anything in the world. And the kiss to top it off made her heart race so fast that she couldn't even hear her own thoughts because of how loud it was beating in her chest.

She knew that the best way to avoid my temptations was to remain silent and act like nothing was affecting her. But she was unable to resist the temptation of asking the silly question on her mind after hearing everything I said, as she looked up at me with glimmering eyes and hesitantly asked,

"R-Really, Kafka?...Will you still like me even if my tummy were to swell up like a watermelon?"

Nina tried to confirm what I said by phrasing it in a rather funny manner, which even made her feel all shameful because of how childish and weird it sounded.

But I didn't tease her for her question at all, like she thought I would, and simply added on to it by saying, with a small smile on my face,

"Without a doubt, Nina. Your tummy can swell up as much as it wants too, and I can still positively say that you'll find your name carved in my heart if you were to dig it out."

Nina rolled her eyes and gave me a little punch for making her out to be a psychopath who dug the heart of her lover to check if he still loved her, but she also found it sweet to hear in a bizarre way, which made her feel all fuzzy inside.

I also didn't stop there and added, with a grin on my face,

"You also have to remember that there isn't a man in the world out there who doesn't love his pregnant wife just because she's got a baby in the oven...So, it really is absurd of you to think that I'll stop liking you when your belly gets all big from bearing my child in the future."

I slipped my hands into Nina's clothes and caressed her abdomen like my baby was already growing inside of her, like I just said.

Stroke~ Carress~ Stroke~

Nina's ears twitched when she heard my plans to put a 'Little Nina's inside of her soon and the most absurd thing was that she didn't immediately reject that idea in her head.

Instead, she looked down and felt the warmth of my hand on her tummy, and she started to wonder just how she would look with a bloated belly and how the cute baby between us would like, completely forgetting for a second that she was a married woman as she started to imagine a family with another man, who couldn't even be called a man and rather a boy because he was half her age...