

God of Milfs 361

Chapter 361: Like Mother, Like Son

You see, Kafka was actually a really nice person in general...Even nicer than the average person if put into perspective.

He was the type of person to cook his elderly neighbours next door some treats when he had some free time back on Earth, help out at the local fundraisers if necessary, volunteer to help out at children's hospitals, clean up any litter he saw on the road, and even help the local grannies cross the street.

He also treated everyone equally regardless of race, gender, ethnicity, or what they believed in and also had a very open-minded nature that kept with the times.

Overall, he was a model citizen and also a gentleman that every mother wished their son would grow up to be.

But even he had a certain quality that didn't really add to his nice guy image.

That was his possessiveness over the things he loved with all his heart.

Whether it was the first book he was gifted by the old lady who visited the orphanage he was in, which he held dear, or his mother in this world, who he would even die for. He was someone who would tear the world apart if he were to know that someone was trying to harm them.

He had already lost too much in the past due to the conditions he had to live through, and he promised himself that he would never lose anything he loved again.

At the same time, he also swore that he would never give away something that he loved, no matter how desperate a situation he was in, and would do whatever it takes to keep what he loved to himself.

So, when he had heard Nina, someone that he had fallen for, which was inevitable with how wonderful of a woman she was, tell Kafka that she had other men in her life, it brought up some ugly emotions that he didn't want to show anyone at all.

Even though he knew that Nina was simply using that as an excuse to get away from him, the thought of her uttering another man's name from her mouth ticked him off in the wrong way.

He didn't know if he got it from his actual mother, who was known as the 'God of Vanity', but there was a certain pride in him that simply couldn't accept the thought of his woman thinking of another man.

Past relationships were completely fine, as he wasn't close-minded like every other man in this world was, who treated widows like leftover goods.

But anything that came after he had entered the picture was completely unacceptable, which was probably the only way he actually resembled his mother up in the Heavens who had a similar sense of Vanity within her.

"N-No, Kafka!...I was simply joking when I said that!" Nina waved her hands in a fluster, trying to calm down Kafka, who currently looked more dangerous than a ticking time bomb. "Do you really think that someone like me, who gets embarrassed over a kiss or two or even holding hands with someone else, can have multiple partners?!"

"...Just think about it for a second, and you'll understand that I'm not that sort of woman who plays around with men nonchalantly."

Nina said in a hurry, and she didn't even hesitate to expose how inexperienced she actually was when it came to relationships and intimacy, if it could potentially satiate Kafka's silent anger that was at its peak. She even added, saying,

"You can even call Camila, Kafka, as she's someone who I talk about everything with, and she can say for sure that I don't have multiple partners when I'm already struggling with the one I'm already in a relationship with."

Nina initially was scared by how frightening Kafka looked at the moment and what he was going to do to her, looking at how irritated he was now.

But she then quickly realised that Kafka currently thought that she was some kind of easy woman who went with anyone who called for her for enjoyment sake because of what she said.

That terrified her more than how coldly Kadka was smiling at her right now, as she'd much rather face any punishment Kafka gave her no matter how horrifying or painful of an experience it may be, then let Kafka think that she was a despicable woman who led around multiple men, while already being in a loving relationship.

Her current relationship with her husband was basically nonexistent to the extent that her husband probably wouldn't even care if she saw her with another man, so she really didn't think of it too much, even though she knew that she was committing a big mistake by going behind her husband's back to be with Kafka.

But what she proclaimed to be doing right was definitely a horrible act of infidelity, which she was scared would change the way Kafka looked at her.

But fortunately enough for Nina, Kafka knew that she was not that sort of woman. He'd much rather believe that the world is ending in the next minute, then think that the persona Nina was putting on was true because of how pure her heart was to the extent that Kafka even struggled to dirty her by laying his hands on her.

But now that Nina had told a lie that put a stain on her white heart, Kafka didn't feel too against the matter of 'roughing her up' for the sake of the request and making her do a 'certain matter' that he was hesitant on making her do before, to make sure she never forgets the lie she uttered in front of him today.

"Of course I know that you were simply joking, Nina...You're someone who turns red even if I look at you for too long, so there's no chance in hell that I'm going to believe that you're the seductress you tried to make yourself out to be."

Kafka said with a gentle smile on his face, which made Nina's eyes, which were slowly blurring from regret about joking about such an ugly matter, turn bright again.

Of course Kafka's eyes were still coldly staring at her, which made it seem like she was staring into two ancient wells that were swirling around endlessly, but she chose to ignore that from the elation of knowing that the misunderstanding was cleared up.

"R-Really, Kafka?!...You really don't think that I'm that sort of woman, right, since I really am not!" Nina asked in a frantic manner, wanting to make sure that Kafka wasn't simply saying so to appease her and was actually secretly holding a grudge against her.

She then continued to say, in a hurry to increase her credibility, "I mean, just think about it, Kafka...I said that I have multiple partners, but how is that even possible when you're the only person I've met in my life that actually finds me attractive?"

"And I'm not just talking about my looks, which ward off most men from me, but my rugged personality as well...Which stupid man out there would actually want a violent woman like me who can easily break their bones if she wanted to?"

Kafka's brow twitched when he heard Nina call her an idiot, which Nina was quick to notice.

Chapter 362: A Much Needed Lesson

"Ah! I'm not calling you stupid or anything, Kafka, for falling for someone like me!"

Nina waved her hands to clear the misunderstanding she had accidentally created.

But then her face changed, like she seemed to be wondering if she really said anything wrong. She then looked at Kafka with an apologetic look on her face for her honest thoughts that she was going to say and hesitantly said,

"...B-But at the same time I am actually calling you stupid, since only someone who has something wrong in their head would actually want someone like me by their side."

Kafka didn't take Nina's comment about questioning his sanity to mind and simply smiled at how worked up she was to clear the misunderstanding she created, looking like someone who was going on a rant after chugging down a litre of black coffee.

"Calm down, Nina...You don't have to strain yourself to make up some reasoning for me to believe in you, since I really don't think that someone as gullible as you can do something like keeping a bunch of men wrapped around your fingers." Kafka said in a soft tone as he gently pushed back the silky hair that had fallen down behind Nina's long ears, which made her ears twitch when they felt his fingers slide behind them.

He then chuckled as he thought of something and said, "...Well, you can actually keep a bunch of men around you, Nina. But not by seducing them like anyone normally would, but by beating them up and keeping them as your loyal underlings."

As much as Nina wanted to deny Kafka calling her out to be a lady gangster, she had to admit that she had much better chance of becoming a mob lord, then a vixen who keeps a bunch of men as her play toys.

"And as for hating you or holding a grudge against you just because some words you said...Do you really think that I'm that sort of person?" Kafka plainly asked, to which Nina vigorously shook her head to show her disagreement.

Kafka chuckled at the sight of Nina's head spinning her head like a top and continued saying, "Hehe...Thank you for at least having this much trust in me, Nina...I guess I don't have to worry about you overthinking the matter now."

Kafka finished fixing Nina's hair and caressed her cheeks that had been changing colour all night like a chameleon because of Kafka's antics.

Nina also tilted her head towards his palm like a kitten insisting on being pet, and she herself rubbed her cheeks onto his hand, wanting to feel the warmth of his hand after finally confirming that he didn't hold anything against her to her relief.

Or at least that's what she thought until Kafka suddenly said, out of nowhere,

"But Nina, as much as I don't hold it against you because of what you said, I also don't want you to ever say such words again since hearing you say that you have someone else when you already have me ticks me off in a way that you really can't imagine."

Kafka's hands that were stroking Nina's cheeks suddenly pinched onto them, and he started to pull on them to Nina's surprise.

Pinch~ Pull~

It didn't really hurt at all since Kafka was still very delicate with the way he was holding her. But with the solemn look he had on his face and the icy tone he was speaking in, it made her feel like she was getting her cheeks pulled down by her mother, who Nina was quite afraid of when she got quite angry when she did something that deserved punishment when she was a child.

"So, to make sure that you never say such a thing ever again, why don't I give you a little 'lesson' that will always run in your mind and make you quiver in your boots whenever you have such

thoughts again?" Kafka said it like a parent who was going to give his child a punishment that would make sure she never repeated the same mistake ever again, fearing for the consequences that come with it.

Nina also didn't really mind the talk of punishment and even preferred it as long as she knew that it would let out any unsavoury thoughts that Kafka had about her.

But she still had one single request when it came to punishments for the sake of not bringing up her sad past.

"I-Is the lesson going to be really painful, Kafka?..." Nina said with a pitiful look in her pretty eyes as she thought about the traumatic past she had with her feisty mother.

"...I'm asking because my m-mother used to furiously spank me on my bottom whenever I stole food from the pantry or got into a fight with other kids my age, which always made my buttocks swell up and hurt whenever I sat down on a chair, and I really don't want to experience that again."

Nina begged Kafka not to spank her like she thought he was going to, since that was what she immediately thought of when the word 'punishment' was mentioned because of her part trauma with her mother.

She looked like she was even fine with him slapping her on the face as long as he didn't lay his hands on her ass and make her remember her mother's fury—that even her father cowered in fright.

"Don't worry, Nina...I won't use such barbaric and boorish methods to teach you a lesson." Kafka said as a sadistic smile formed on his face.

He then continued saying as he playfully pulled on Nina's cheeks that had paled in colour after hearing what he said, "What I'm going to do, or make you do to be exact, isn't going to leave a scar on your body like a good spanking would...But it's actually going to leave a scar on your mind itself, which you will never be able to erase because of what you're going to experience."

Even though Nina was supposed to give out a sigh of relief knowing that Kafka wasn't going to whip her bottom like her mother would've, she simply couldn't do so after hearing Kafka's bone-chilling words.

She didn't know exactly what he was going to do since it seemed like he wanted to keep it a mystery from her for now. But she knew that Kafka was a man of his word, and just like he mentioned, he was going to make her do something unimaginable that she wouldn't be able to forget for the rest of her life, which terrified her to the extreme.

Just as she was about to retract her statement out of her fear of what was coming for her and say that a little old spanking was actually fine, Kafka interrupted her by saying,

"But Nina, the lesson I'm going to teach you is going to have to wait."

"...For now, I'm going to leave a scar on your tits instead of your mind like you want me to, so anything else is going to have to wait after that."

Kafka said as he nudged Nina closer to him and used both his hands to hold up her hefty tits, which looked like they both contained a gallon of milk each.

Chapter 363: Wine Tasting

Hold~ Lift~

With the way he was holding onto her green globules from the bottom, like he was struggling to grab them because of how jiggly they were like pudding and how he was looking at them like he was going to take a bite out of her mounds of sweet pudding, she knew exactly what he meant by leaving a scar on them.

But this didn't frighten her in any way at all, like it would've scared any average woman, and it actually excited her so much so that the caramel on top of her puddings, that is, her nipples that were dark purple in colour compared to the mass of green fat it was sitting on, actually turned even harder than they already were.

From being the size of a little cherry, they grew to the size of a dark grape that could even be found in the vineyards found in the town they were in.

Her grapes even pushed themselves out of her dark areolas and out in the open like they were asking to be plucked and bit into, which Kafka and Nina both witnessed in front of their eyes.

Push~ Emerge~

Kafka looked at Nina with a sly smile because of the phenomenon he just witnessed that occurred on Nina's stellar body that was half naked at the moment; with her green tits out in the open for anyone in the lobby to see and her firm ass that was pushing out of her underwear from behind.

Nina herself looked down in bashfulness and blamed her mother for giving her such a lewd body that reacted in the most shameful ways.

Just as Nina was starting to wonder if, just like how she and her mother looked the same, their bodies also reacted the same as well in front of their loved one, Nina suddenly felt someone sniffing the tip of her breasts.

Sniff~ Sniff~ Sniff~

The sensation of the air around her round areolas being pulled away as if a vacuum had been created caught Nina off guard.

But she was too quick to find out after looking down at her breasts that it was actually Kafka's doing, seeing as to how he pushed both of her breasts together, so that both her nipples were close as can be to one another, and then he started sniffing them, like he was taking in the scent of two buds of purple roses.

He wasn't sniffing her nips like a dog and was doing so in a rather elegant manner, as he raised her breasts up, swirled them around in his hand, and then only had a deep sniff of the aroma that was wafting off her purple tips.

Sniff~

Nina had thought he was doing so—to take in a waft of the milk that was supposed to leak out of her udders, like he had mentioned before. She was even going to inform him that there was no such liquid in her breasts yet since there wasn't any baby in her tummy with a coy look in her eyes.

But she suddenly came to a realisation when she saw him swirling her breasts around in his hand like he was swirling a wine cup and how her breasts currently looked like grapes—that he wasn't thinking of milk at the moment but actually treating her breasts like they held wine inside of them and was actually giving them a sniff like any avid enjoyer of wine would before taking a sip.

"A forty-year-old aged bottle, but the wine itself has only started to age after a little more than a decade or so...Not bad, not bad at all." Kafka said like an experienced connoisseur after placing her nips right next to one another, until they actually touched one another and took a deep breath in.

This confirmed that Kafka was taking his time to tease Nina and play with her breasts like they were wine dispensers after taking inspiration from her grape-like nipples, just like Nina had thought.

Nina found the way Kafka was teasing her to be rather embarrassing since he was treating her body like it was a toy meant for his enjoyment. But she knew that she could say nothing in return to make him stop, and she reluctantly let him do what he wanted while biting her pink lips to control the shame she was feeling at the moment.

"Now that I've had a smell of your ripe grapes that would surely make the best wine, why don't I have a taste as well to see just how sweet or sour they may be?"

Kafka said as he squeezed onto Nina's breasts with the intention of pushing her perky nipples all the way out, and when he saw them peaking out of the burrow they were hiding in, he suddenly bit onto them without any hesitation.

"Ahhh!~ Ahnnn!~"

Nina let out a loud moan, not because she felt his teeth sink into her nipples like she wanted them to. But because she didn't expect his lips to be as cold as ice and give her nipples a fright of their lives, as if they were suddenly drenched in freezing water.

"Ohhh!~ Aahhh!~...So cold!~...Mmmm!~"

The coldness of his lips was too much for her to bear, almost as if there wasn't a hint of warmth in his corpse-like body, and it made her purple nipples, which were already as hard as stone, turn even more stiffer like they were frozen solid.

"Mmm!~...N-Not so hard, Kafka!~ Ohh!~ Ahh!~ Uhhh!...It hurts!~...Ohh!~"

Nina also had to bear the feeling of Kafka squeezing onto her tits so hard that her fatty flesh was leaking out from the space in between his fingers and disforming her breasts like they were made out of soft dough.

The feeling of his fingers digging into her flesh was painful at first since, as tough as she looked, she had rather delicate skin that bruised at even a little poke. But that scorching pain was quickly replaced by a sweltering pleasure that flowed through her entire upper body, including her breasts, when she felt sucking on her breasts like a little baby.

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

Kafka didn't immediately bite onto her nipples like she thought he would and actually took his time to savour the taste of her ripe grapes.

His lips latched on top of her areolas that felt as tender as the insides of her ears, and his tongue made work of her nipples, slapping them around left and right.

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

Even though her tips were quite firm and looked like they could even cut paper with how sharp they looked, they were still quite flexible and soft and actually moved along with his tongue that pushed them around.

Like joysticks on a controller, they swirled around in his mouth and went in directions that they never normally visited.

"Aahhh!~ Oohhh!~ Mmmmh!~ Aughh!~ Yeahhh!~ Yesss!~"

Having her nipples tossed around his mouth and skilfully swivelled around by his tongue didn't bring Nina any discomfort at all.

Rather, it made her hold onto the back of Kafka's fluffy head for support as he bent down to suck on her breasts and made her moan out in ecstasy from having her tips teased...

Chapter 364: A Cup Of Hot Milk

"Ahhh!~ Just like that, Kafka!~ Ohhh!~ Mmmm!~ Aughh!~ Just like that!~ Yeah!~ Yes!~"

Nina had always thought her nipples were a useless part of her body that only came into use when she had to feed her children, whom she used to think that she would never receive because she believed that she would never find a man dumb enough to build a family with her.

But here she was moaning out because of the electrifying feeling of having another man suck on her breasts like an animal, which made her come to the understanding that they weren't useless at all.

Rather, it was just that she hadn't found someone else to use them, like Kafka was doing now to bring her the utmost pleasure.

"Slosh!~ Ahhh!~ Why does this f-feel so good?!~ Slosh!~ Sip!~ Why does it feel like my body is melting!~ Mmm!~"

Nina whimpered as she felt Kafka move onto her nipple next door that was asking to be sucked on with how perky it looked, leaving the other one completely covered in a transparent fluid.

His saliva made her already dark areolas show a deeper shade of indigo and made it seem that part of her breasts were oiled up, making it look really erotic and vulgar.

"Aah!~ Mmm!~ Ohh!~ Augh!~ Yes!~"

Yesss!~"

He groped onto her breasts like he was trying to squeeze out the last few drops of milk out of them, until finally her nipples properly popped out and pointed at him like spheres. He played with her nipple that was untouched until now, like he did with the one that was currently battered and bruised.

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

Kafka didn't give Nina a chance to breathe at all and continued licking the tip of her Nina's nipples, like he was trying to dull down their sharpness.

It seemed to be working as every time his rough tongue slid against her tender nipples, they trembled and twitched along with the rest of Nina's body, like they couldn't withstand the torture and wanted to run away from Kafka's mouth, which felt like a cave of endless punishment.

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

But unfortunately for her nipples, they were fixed onto Nina's plump breasts, and other than being able to grow and shrink in size according to how sensitive her body felt, they couldn't really go anywhere.

They could only wait and experience Kafka abusing them with his tongue, slapping them around like they were victims of abuse, and furiously sucking on them like they contained the nectar of immortality.

"How is it, Nina?...How does it feel to have your nipples sucked on?" Kafka said as he had his fill of Nina's breasts and slowly lowered down her buxom breasts, which jiggled endlessly when they dropped to the bottom.

He then smiled and continued saying, "This may just be an assumption of mine, but judging by how flushed your face looks right now and how much you're panting at the moment like you had just run a marathon, I think you enjoyed it quite a bit."

Like Kafka had said, Nina's face really looked completely different from how brave and mighty it looked before. She currently looked like she was on her last breaths after facing a powerful enemy, with how red her face was at the moment and how exhausted her limpid eyes looked, like she had just survived a great battle.

Her body was no better, as it was trembling non-stop, almost as if it were experiencing continuous jolts of electricity that started at her nipples and flowed through the rest of her body.

Kafka's warmth was the only thing that was keeping her all together, or Nina was sure that she would be spasming on the floor after that sensational experience.

"I-I don't know, Kafka...It felt weird to see someone else latch onto my breasts and s-suck on them with no regard for decency whatsoever." Nina slowly said as she stared at her nipples that were covered in Kafka's saliva, which she embarrassingly couldn't help but want to taste. "B-But it also felt really good, I guess, and m-made my body feel so hot that it felt like I was sitting in a furnace."

"...Especially my breasts, Kafka...I thought they were going to melt off like lard in a frying pan with how steaming hot they felt on my chest."

Nina said she held up her breasts in a daze, not expecting her completely normal breasts to turn so blistering hot that she could even fry an egg on her wide cleavage.

"I hear you, Nina. I thought that your nipples were going to burn the insides of my mouth with how hot they were...Because of that, I even had to blow on them like I was drinking some hot soup when I was sucking on them to cool them down." Kafka teasingly said as he poked Nina's nipples like he were carefully checking if they were still piping hot, which made Nina bow her head in embarrassment.

"But it also makes me wonder, Nina..." Kafka said as he casually pulled on her purple buds like they were stress toys he could play with whenever he felt like it. "...If you were to suddenly start lactating from these honkers you have right at this moment, then wouldn't the fresh milk that would come out of your udders be really warm because of how hot your breasts feel at the moment?"

"Wouldn't your breasts turn into a factory that can produce a cup of sweet hot milk at will?...All I would have to do is give your udders a few pulls like I'm milking a cow, and I'm sure I would have the most perfect drink during a cold winter day."

Kafka said as he gazed at Nina's breasts with a newfound appreciation at their capabilities, and he even gave each of her breasts a kiss on their sweaty green cleavage to show how much he valued them, which made Nina let out a lovely whimper.

"No, Kafka!~ That's not how it works!~" Nina said in a rather coquettish manner as she showed a little smile at Kafka's silly thoughts. "No matter how hot my body may become, the milk I produce will still be the same temperature as always."

"...I-If it was actually like what you said, then wouldn't it be impossible to feed our baby whenever I get all hot and excited because you can't keep your hands off my body."

Nina went along with the mood and said something that was rather dirty while looking at Kafka in a coy manner, hoping that Kafka would appreciate the lewd way she was talking in.

She also unconsciously referred to Kafka as the father of her child even though she was so against it before, as it simply rolled off her tongue and was natural to say that she didn't even find anything wrong with what she said.

With how much her mind was set on having Kafka be the father of her child, she probably wouldn't even notice that she was using 'our baby' to refer to her baby, even if Kafka were to do the same, and would probably only recognise her mistake if Kafka were to point it out himself.

Of course Kafka would never do such a thing and simply let Nina call her child whatever her heart desired it to be with a satisfied smile on his face, knowing that the plan to make Nina think that he was the destined father of her children wasn't all for naught...

Chapter 365: You're Lucky To Have Me As Your Wife

"We can just give our baby formula when your body gets a little too hot to handle, Nina...Why should we sacrifice our 'fun time' for that little brat?"

Kafka said like a father who barely cared for his kids, when in actuality he was the someone who would dedicate the rest of his life to dote on them and would honestly do a better job at taking care of them than their mother's would.

He then eyed Nina's perfectly shaped breasts that looked like two fat green mangos that were hanging from a sturdy tree and said as he groped her fruits,

"I also don't think that I'll be able to keep my hands off you, Nina, because of how sexy of a body you have that makes me want to stick my cock in your tight little pussy and never ever take it out...So I think our baby is going to have to drink formula most of the time, unless she wants to drink her mother's scalding hot milk because her mother's body can't help but get a little hot whenever Daddy and Mommy have a little fun with one another."

"No, Kafka!~ We can't do that!~ That's what irresponsible parents would do!~"

Nina also went along with Kafka's dirty talk because of how horny she was at the moment, and she also still didn't realise that she was calling him her husband, which was what she was trying to prevent from saying at all costs earlier.

She then continued playing roleplay with Kafka, which felt a little too natural for anyone to say that she was simply acting, and said,

"My mother also told me that a baby needs a mother's milk for at least a year since that's where they get all the necessary sustenance from to grow up all healthy."

"So unless you want to be banned from laying your hands on my body after I give birth, you better keep your dirty hands to yourself..." Nina strictly warned, like every mother out there who put her baby's interest before anything else would've done.

Of course Kafka was also her baby in her eyes, so there was no way she could simply leave him without giving some of her love, so she shyly added, saying, "...O-Of course I know that I can't leave you hanging, Kafka, or else you'll also start crying like a baby for leaving you alone, so you can do whatever you want with me after I finish feeding our baby."

"I-I'll even let you do some really dirty things with me that I don't normally allow as compensation for keeping you waiting for so long, so you better be grateful for having such a wonderful mother and wife by your side."

Nina harumphed while looking at Kafka, like she was asking how lucky he was to find someone like her who was willing to go to such extents for him.

Nina would've never been able to make such a bold statement before, as she never really had confidence in herself as a woman and always deprecated herself in some way whenever it involved something feminine and womanly.

But now she could make such statements with a proud look on her face, like she herself trusted every one of the words she uttered, showing just how much of a positive impact Kafka had in her life and how much he had changed her for the better since he met her.

Kafka also couldn't help but tear up a little when he saw how much Nina had changed since he first met her, and because he couldn't handle the happiness of seeing the woman he loved finally understand her true worth, he suddenly wrapped his arms around her to give her a warm hug.

"Yes, Nina!~ I-It's just like you said!~" Kafka exclaimed like a proud father who saw his daughter accomplish something amazing and wriggled his face around her massive jugs, which he was caught in when he gave her a hug.

He then continued saying in an exaggerated manner, "You're the most wonderful wife and mother that anyone can ask for!...It's my biggest blessing in my life to be able to call someone as beautiful and lovely as you as my wife!~"

Nina still didn't pick up on the matter of Kafka calling her his wife, even though he shouted it out so loud, as it just felt natural to hear from him. She unconsciously felt that it was only right for him to

call her his wife, showing just how much she was indulging in the fantasy that Kafka had created right now.

And rather, who Kafka was addressing her as, Nina was more concerned about the outburst of emotion she saw from Kafka that made him lunge at her like a child who hadn't seen his mother in weeks, which really surprised her.

But by no means was she inconvenienced by this, as her heart couldn't help but go soft when she saw Kafka hug onto her and smother his face into her warm breasts, knowing that Kafka was showing his most vulnerable side right now, which no girl out there could possibly resist their man showing.

"It's alright, Kafka...I already know that you're one lucky guy to be able to land yourself a wife like me, so you don't have to shout it out and get all so worked up." Nina said as she caressed Kafka's soft hair, which was quite messy when she looked at it from above.

The sight of Kafka snuggling himself in her breasts also made her give out a gentle smile, thinking that Kafka currently looked like a child embracing his mother's warmth right now even though he acted so tough all the time, which made her want to coddle the cute boy before like this forever.

"You can also hug me however much you want, Kafka, and I'll also hug you back and listen to whatever you have to say, since I'm your wife who's willing to comfort my husband with any worry he may have...So don't you worry, Kafka, and leave your uneasiness to rest when your with me."

Nina took her role as a wife seriously and said a few words that every man in existence dreamed of their wives saying at least once in their lives, while petting his head.

But as much as she was enjoying this wholesome moment she was having with Kafka, she also couldn't help but resist the urge in her body that was being built up in two certain points, which made her say while biting her cherry lips,

"B-But can you first be a good husband, Kafka, and satisfy your wife's desires by giving my nipples the mark you owe them?"

"...I really don't want to disturb you at the moment. But my nipples are really aching right now, like they're crying for some love, and if someone doesn't sink his teeth into them like he promised, I'm pretty sure that they won't ever be able to soften and turn back to how they normally were."

Nina said with a nervous look on her way as she stared at her nipples that had gotten rock hard again after realising that they hadn't gotten what they had been promised.

Chapter 366: The Intricacies Of Polygamy

"Sigh...I guess this is what happens when you have such a perverted wife...You have to make sure to keep on pounding her every once in a while or else her body will start acting up like it's doing now."

Kafka said as his face slowly emerged out of Nina's twin mountains. He had an exhausted look on his face, like he was really reluctant to pull himself from her twin peaks; he was smothering himself.

"...Honestly, it's more tiring to maintain a wife who's as horny as a cat in heat, then one that spends your entire monthly savings in a single clothing spree."

Kafka said, like a deadbeat husband who had gone through plenty of divorces, while rubbing his nose against her nipples to see just how hard they were.

"If you find me so exhausting to be with, Kafka, then you can leave me for someone else!" Nina went along with Kafka's play and acted like a wife who had been wronged, finding the whole performance they were putting on to be really entertaining. "There's no need for you to be staying with me if there's nothing that interests you here, since no one here is holding you back from doing so!"

"Now, why in the world would I do something like that?" Kafka said as he grabbed onto Nina's plump milkers and lifted them up until they were right near his face.

He then looked at Nina, who was struggling to hold back her moans from the rough manner in which he was handling her tits, and said, "If I were to leave you, Nina, where exactly am I going to find a girl like you who has such amazing tits that are the best stress reliever that any man can ask for?"

"...Tell me, Nina. Where am I going to go get a handful of breasts in my hand whenever I want to, if I were to leave you?"

Kafka demanded Nina give her an answer while he pinched onto her nipples so hard that they flattened to the thickness of a fleshy leaf.

"Nnnn!~...Y-You can go to Camila, Kafka!~...Ahnn!~" Nina whimpered out as she felt her once stiff-as-diamond nipples turn into purple pancakes under Kafka's rugged hands. "Y-You can go to that temptress, Camila who has even bigger breasts than me!~ I'm pretty sure you'll have a much better time with her than me!~...Ahhh!~"

"But what if I said that I only want you, Nina?"

Kafka asked in a tone like he was making a demand that must be fulfilled while looking right into Nina's pretty eyes.

"What if I said that I only want your big old fat green tiities in my life and not anyone else's?...What will you do then?"

"Then, I'll be the obedient wife I should be and let you play with your favourite breasts however much you want and whenever you want, Kafka."

Nina immediately gave a dutiful reply, like a traditional wife who's only job was to satisfy her husband's desires with no hesitation whatsoever.

Hearing Kafka say that she was all he needed was more than enough to make her do a complete 360 and turn her from a vengeful woman who wanted her horrible husband out of the house to a little obedient wife that did what her husband told her to do, no matter what it was.

"What if I changed my mind, Nina, and decided to pay a visit to Camila's house for a night instead of our bedroom?..." Kafka said as he stopped pinching her purple buds and gently rubbed them with his thumbs instead, like he was trying to alleviate the stinging sensation from squeezing her grapes so hard. "...What would you do then?"

Kafka asked this to tease Nina and see her blow up again, as seeing Nina act out like a feisty wife really suited his taste, seeing as to how he really liked strong women.

But out of his expectations, Nina gave a different reply that also worked in his favour.

"I wouldn't do anything, Kafka."

Nina slowly said with a rather mature look on her face and a graceful look in her eyes that didn't match her usual lively appearance. She then continued saying in a understanding manner that she resembled a wife whose only purpose in life was to dedicate her life to her husband,

"I am more than satisfied that there are some moments in your life where you want to see only me and no one else, even though someone as charming as you can choose any girl out there in the world, like picking flowers in a garden."

"...So I would be completely satisfied that I even got to be a part of your life in some way or another even if you were to go around a few other houses, knowing that there are so many women out there who never even experienced the tiniest glimpse of happiness you give me with your presence."

Nina gave a reply that clearly showcased that even though she acted without thinking most of the time, she was still a mature adult who knew how the world worked and understood how lucky she was to meet someone like Kafka, who she knew was someone that she couldn't keep all to herself.

Nina also broke out of her dreamy state after uttering such serious words and realised that she had been calling Kafka her husband this whole while, even though that was the last thing she wanted to do so that she didn't give him any hope.

She regretted doing so, but since it was already spilt milk that couldn't be cleaned up, she decided to go with the flow and let Kafka and herself indulge in one another's desires for only tonight.

"I-I see, Nina. That's rather understanding of you...Like really, really, really understanding of you...So much so that it even makes me feel a little guilty, even though we're simply playing around."

Kafka said with a look of shock and awe on his face, not expecting Nina to be so devoted to him. He also didn't expect her to somehow find out that she wouldn't be the only woman in his life if she were to enter the picture.

Kafka knew that this world was strangely open-minded to polygamy due to the traditions that stemmed from the start of humankind in this world. But for a woman to actually accept polygamy is something that was hardly ever seen in the current age.

To make it simpler to understand, let's take what a woman would want in a man in the olden ages or the conditions she wanted for her to be able to accept being part of a harem.

She would want a man who could provide her with all three meals a day, give her necessary shelter, basic protection, and little respect that came with being part of a powerful man's harem.

She wouldn't want anything like her husband's true love or his affection, as back in the day, when wars and famine were common, being able to have a single meal a day was more than enough for most women.

But now the circumstances of the world had changed, where women didn't need to be dependent on men to survive and didn't have to sacrifice their dignity and happiness for their livelihood.

Now the thing that could possibly tempt them into joining a harem was if they were convinced that the partner they have chosen could provide them with more happiness than any other man in the world could give, even if that man had several other partners with them.

Basically only the cream of the top of men in this world could willingly make the prideful women of this world join his harem, as years of constant prejudice made them not want to settle for any less.

Of course there were some women who didn't mind being one of several partners of a man with great wealth and power, just for the benefits that came with it.

But they were commonly looked down upon by the women of this world who held pride in the little dignity they were left with, and the man who tempted them with his riches was only despised and never treated with respect, no matter how powerful he may be.

Of course, Nina and Camila wouldn't be cast away by the rest of the ladies in the world, if they were to join Kafka's family.

Rather everyone would be jealous of them for being able to snag a man who could make several prideful women fall for him just by being himself, which was the ideal type of man everyone wanted in life.

This was also why Camila didn't dislike the idea of polygamy at all and even recommended it to Kafka, as it would be the same as telling the world, 'Just look at how capable my man is. He can steal a bunch of ladies hearts when he's just in highschool...Can your man do something like that?', which would also increase Kafka's prestige in society and his family's as well along with it.

There were a bunch of other intricacies when it came to polygamy in this world, but that was the overall gist of it. And to see Nina openly accepting the thought of Kafka having other women in his life showed just how much she trusted that he would bring her the greatest happiness in life, which was the greatest honour any man could receive in this world.

Kafka also couldn't help but chuckle at this thought, as having multiple partners back on Earth would make every woman out there want to spit on his face.

But here in this world, the woman couldn't help but admire such a person who has the capability to hold a harem of noble women all by himself, and they would wish they too were women he had eyes on to see just exactly how gentlemanly of a person he was to make so many women fall for him.

Chapter 367: An Angel Who Had Wings For Ears

"Nina...Can I ask you something?" Kafka asked as he stared at the beautiful Nina with a newfound appreciation that came from the bottom of his heart after hearing how much she trusted him. "Are you actually an angel that descended down onto this world?"

"...Because only an angel could possibly be as kind and understanding as you."

Kafka wasn't saying such cheesy lines to impress Nina or anything, and it was actually a genuine thought that went through his mind after witnessing Nina's every action that resembled that of the purest saint.

"No, Kafka...I don't think so." Nina gave a playful smile as she looked behind her and checked her back to see if anything was there. She then looked at Kafka, who was currently looking at her with the most loving eyes, and continued saying, "Because if I were one, I'm pretty sure that I would notice the two big wings flapping behind me."

"But Kafka...I can be your angel tonight if you're willing to accept a feisty green angel like me who gets angry pretty easily and doesn't have wings on her back but on her head instead."

Nina gave a cheeky giggle as she flapped her long ears around that resembled that of a bird trying to fly all the way back to heaven above. She then looked at him in a rather endearing manner and said,

"So what do you say?...Are you willing to accept this little angel that's sitting on you tonight or do you want me to fly away somewhere else?"

Nina flapped her ears around like she was really trying to fly with those tiny featherless wings she had, which made Kafka smile because of how adorable she looked at the moment.

"Does this cute little angel also come with the title of being my honourable wife, Nina?"

Kafka asked as he pulled her on her cheeks that felt as fluffy as a sponge cake that came fresh out of the oven.

"Yes, Kafka!~" Nina gave a loveable smile as she struggled to speak with Kafka pulling on her puffy cheeks. "Just for tonight, to indulge in your desires, I can be anything you want!~ Whether it's a blemishless angel who knows no sin or your horny wife, whose body itself is a sin, I can be anyone you desire!~"

"Why just tonight?...Why can't you be my wife or angel for a little longer than that?"

Kafka asked as he played with Nina's lips, whilst feeling her bounce on top of her lap out of pure giddiness.

"Because I'm sure that if you were to have a taste of me for too long, you wouldn't be able to savour any other fruits out there without thinking about my flavour." Nina said in a rather haughty manner, with overwhelming pride brimming through her eyes like she was finally seeing how wonderful of a woman she actually was, which made Kafka feel so proud in his heart.

She then continued saying with a confident smirk on her face, "So, for the sake of the rest of the women in this world, you'll only get to have me as your wife for tonight."

This was Nina's indirect way of saying that she may let Kafka indulge in his desires with her. But at the end of the night, when everything was over, she was still someone else's woman, and that part would never change no matter what, which she was trying to instill into Kafka's mind.

"Then, that means I have to make the time I have with my gorgeous wife tonight worth it, doesn't it, Nina?"

Kakfa said as he lifted Nina up by the waist and turned her over until she was directly facing him with her buxom breasts barely rubbing onto his chest.

"Yes, Kafka~ You better make it a night that you don't forget, since you won't be hearing me call you my husband any time soon after tonight." Nina said as she playfully poked Kafka's nose and adjusted herself so that she was sitting as close to him as possible, with her ass spread right on top of his crotch.

"I also hope that you don't get carried away and forget what your dear wife requested earlier."

"Of course not, Nina!" Kafka exclaimed like such a matter of forgetfulness would never happen on his watch. He then continued saying as he held onto her waist, which was a little too slender to be humanely possible, "It's understandable that I would forget to turn on the laundry machine like you asked for or buy something from the grocery store that's necessary for dinner."

"But to say that I would forget something like giving these udders of yours a biting that they'll never forget... You truly underestimate this husband of yours, who's always hungry for some delicious breasts, especially green ones like yours that bring out your exotic nature."

Kafka shook his head like he was disappointed his wife didn't trust his true nature, which made Nina giggle, thinking that both of them really looked like a loving couple who suited one another's chemistry perfectly.

She never got to experience such intimacy with her husband due to the circumstances in her marriage, so tonight was the first time in her life that she actually felt like a wife who had a loving husband by her side.

Even though the husband-wife experience was quite short since both of them just started to play a little while ago, it was more than enough for her to know that it was the ideal life she dreamed of.

"So, what does my darling wife want to do with these obnoxious breasts of yours?" Kafka said as he lifted her milkers up and groped them right under Nina's emerald gaze. "Do you want me to take my time and slowly sink my teeth into your nipples, or do you want me to be as aggressive as possible and make you feel like I'm trying to bite buds off?"

Both of those options that Kafka suggested really tempted Nina, as both of them had their benefits that made her hidden garden water itself when she thought of them.

But she still wanted to start it off in a much more loving manner so that they resembled a passionate and affectionate husband-wife couple, so she asked for something else instead.

Chapter 368: Make Me Bleed

"Why don't we start off with you first kissing my buds, Kafka?"

Nina said as she held up her heavy breasts on her own and pushed them next to Kafka's face, like she was daring him to take a bite of her forbidden fruits. She then teased Kafka by caressing his lips with her own nipples in a way she was painting on his lips with her nips and continued saying, with a provocative look in her gleaming green eyes,

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?...You'd just love to give your wife's naughty little nipples a kiss, wouldn't you, Kafka, my dear husband?"

"It would be the greatest pleasure in life to give your nipples a kiss, Nina."

Kafka bowed his head to Nina's request in a respectable manner, like he was a knight about to carry out his lady's order.

This little bow made Nina's nipples that were rubbing against Kafka's lips move upwards and poke his nose instead, which almost made Kafka sneeze with how ticklish it felt.

He also got to have another whiff of her nips that smelt like sweet milk, even though she wasn't lactating at all, and it made him wonder if that was her plump breasts natural fragrance.

"Then which one do you want to kiss first, Kafka?" Nina said with a playful look in her eyes as she pushed out her breasts in front of him, like she was asking him to choose which treat he wanted.

"Do you want to give the breast on my left a kiss first, or do you think the milk bag on my right seems more appealing?"

"...Or do you want to give them both a kiss at the same time, which you can easily do if I do something like this?" Nina held onto both of her breasts and pushed them into one another until her nipples touched one another's, which was quite the erotic sight—her round areolas forming an infinity that was purple in colour and her stiff buds that crossed over one another like swords.

"You've turned into quite the lecherous woman, haven't you, Nina, now that you're not holding yourself back anymore?" Kafka asked as he nudged his finger in between the two grapes on her chest and fiddled it around with like it was a toy.

"Only for you, Kafka~...Only in front of you and no one else~"

Nina declared with a steady look in her eyes, telling him that he was the only one in the world that got to see this side of her that would make any man go crazy.

Kafka was touched by this gesture, and to show that he felt the same way towards her, he pushed aside her hair and gave her a kiss on her forehead, which made Nina smile so wide that she looked like a little kid tasting ice cream for the first time in her life.

"One at a time, Nina...Why should both of your buds have to share my love when I can kiss them as much as want?"

Kafka said as gently held onto her tender areolas, which meant that he had a whole breast in each hand and the purple cherries that came with it. He then stroked the little fruit on her left with his thumb, like he were caring for a flower, and continued saying,

"I also think that I'm going to start with the one on your left since I feel that one is more lively, seeing as how it's closer to your racing heart."

Nina didn't care which one he was going to start off with as long as she got the kiss she was waiting for. So when she saw Kafka's lips move towards the nipple closest to her heart and finally lay his lips on them, she couldn't help but feel a surge of satisfaction get through her.

Kiss~

If that cold kiss on the tip of her warm bosom wasn't already enough to make her feel like she was on cloud nine, Kafka completely sealed the deal when he lifted his lips off and moved onto the other bud right next door and kissed that one as well, so that it didn't feel sad that only it's neighbour got some love.

Kiss~

Nina had to admit that having her breasts sucked on felt really tantalising and brought out many emotions from within her that she never knew even existed. But after having her breasts gently

kissed like they were just now, she had to say that she preferred the little peck that Kafka gave her, compared to how vicious he was sucking her milkers dry earlier.

It wasn't that having her chest treated so delicately brought her more carnal pleasure compared to when they were abused, since having her teats pulled on like an animal definitely made her panties more wet and her legs shiver in trepidation.

It's just that the kisses Kafka gave her were filled with some kind of magic that made her body feel warm all over, almost as if she were wrapped in a blanket on a cold winter's day.

That feeling of warmth she received was something that she had lost ever since her parents decided to go up to heavens and to actually receive that same feeling of comfort from Kafka's kisses.

It was simply her parents gift to her from above in the disguise of a handsome boy...Or at least that's what she thought.

Kafka didn't stop after giving her two purple flowers a kiss, each that relaxed Nina in a way that he couldn't possibly imagine, and he continued on with what was supposed to be his compensation for biting his fingers and biting onto her fleshy nipple, which made Nina let out a painful moan.

Bite~

"Nnnn!~ T-That hurts!~ Ahh!~ That really hurts!~"

Kafka didn't let Nina's piteful whimpers or the way she was grabbing onto his hair because of the pain of his teeth digging into her flesh get in his way and slowly sunk his pearly whites deeper into her purple tips.

Nibble~

He knew that as much as Nina was moaning out at the sharp sensation that was coming from the tip of her breasts, this was exactly what she wanted him to do.

"Is it too painful, Nina?...Do you want me to stop?"

Kafka muttered with a purple grape in between his teeth just in case Nina regretted what she asked for, as he couldn't bear to actually hurt her.

"N-No, Kafka!~ Ahhh!~ Don't bother about what I say!~"

Nina bit her lips and squinted her eyes as she looked down to see her nipples being torn into by Kafka's sharp teeth.

"Just continue what your doing and push your teeth deeper into my breasts, until...Ahhh!~...I-I see a visible mark on my breasts that tells me that you had just laid your lips on that very spot."

"...I wouldn't even mind if you made that spot bleed and covered my purple nipples in my red blood; if that's what you need to send a message to anyone who looks at my body that this body of mine is yours."

Nina unexpectedly uttered a frightening statement while having an animalistic ferociousness in her verdant eyes and a wild smile on her face, showing that as innocent and gullible as she was, she was actually a Tigress that belonged in the savage jungle at heart...

Chapter 369: Primal Savagery

Kafka had already gotten scared of Nina's savagery once, which came out of nowhere last time and made him timidly back off from her. But this time, he wasn't going to let that happen again, no matter how ferocious Nina looked right now, like a beast that wanted to taste blood at all costs.

"Really, Nina?...Then you wouldn't mind if I did something like this, right?"

Kafka asked as his teeth dug into her nipples like he was biting into a piece of cooked meat, which was rather tender and succulent.

"Yes, Kafka!~...Ahhh!~...J-Just like that!~...Nnnn!~"

Nina exclaimed as her body trembled from someone biting onto such a sensitive part of her body, making her jiggly breasts tremble along with it.

"You like that, huh?...Then it wouldn't be too bad to dig a little deeper, right?"

Kafka was rather surprised by how far she was willing to go, as his teeth were already so far into her flesh that they were only separated by millimetres of space.

But this was what Nina apparently wanted, so he put a little more pressure and felt his teeth sinking into her nipples that felt like a gummy bear that wouldn't tear apart no matter how much he bit into it.

Like a piece of soft rubber, her nipples simply went along with the sharp pressure applied from both sides and conformed to a different shape, making her nipples look like a cell that was splitting into two bodies of mass.

"Harder, Kafka!~ Ahhh!~ B-Bite me harder, Kafka!~"

Kafka thought that this would be enough to make her back down, but he didn't expect her to want him to bite down on her even more.

He was already biting into her flesh as much as he possibly could. Any more, and he was sure that he was going to see blood flow out of her nipples and cover her verdant breasts in crimson red.

Compared to how hard and sharp his teeth were, her nipples stood no chance, as even though they were quite firm with how turned on she was right now, they still only felt as rigid as a rose that was still in its bud.

Just like how that bud could be torn apart with a little pressure on it, Nina's purple buds also wouldn't be able to handle the intensity of Kafka's teeth and would surely be cut if he added any more pressure.

Kafka wouldn't mind such rough play with any other random women he met since it was their decision as to how they wanted him to treat their bodies. But he already considered Nina as his own, and just like no one was allowed to hurt them, he also adhered to his principles and didn't dare to even give any of them a single scratch.

So, no matter how wild Nina's thoughts of making a bloody mess on her chest were, there was no way he was going to follow through with it.

He also didn't want to seem like a weakling in front of Nina as someone who couldn't even follow her most simple desires, so he decided to convince her to stop on her own accord instead.

"You want me to go harder, Nina?" Kafka gave both her buds one more lick like he was treating the bite marks on them and looked up and asked Nina, who had an untamed look in her eyes that was burning like a green flame. "Are you really sure about that?...Don't you want to feed our children in the future?"

Nina was about to plead with Kafka to stick his mouth back on to her throbbing cherries as she was enjoying the piercing sensation of Kafka digging into her skin a little too much.

Even though it felt like someone was slicing into her buds with a razor sharp blade and cutting into her stone cold nipples, she couldn't help but feel enthralled by the feeling of danger that came with the pain due to a certain characteristic her bloodline had.

She was even thinking of pushing her breasts into Kafka's face and stuffing her nipples into his mouth like he was a baby, if he refused to do what she desired, even though she knew that was impossible with how strong Kafka was.

But when she heard that by doing what she wanted, she wouldn't be able to feed her future children, she was frightened to the extent that her stiff nipples even loosened up out of fear.

Children were the greatest desire of any childless woman her age, and this was especially true for Nina, who had so many dreams of building a family where she could drink a refreshing cup of Sasfra juice after a long hike up the mountains nearby, just like she experienced with her own mother.

So to hear that by indulging in desires she wouldn't be able to feed her dear children made her panic and look at Kafka with a nervous gaze.

"What are you talking about, Kafka?" Nina hesitantly asked Kafka, like the lives of her children were on the line. "How does wanting to leave a mark on my breasts have to do with our children?"

"Just think about it, Nina." Kafka patted her shoulders to make her calm down, as she was having a more exaggerated reaction than he expected. He then continued explaining, saying, "You say that you want our children to grow entirely on your breast milk so that they grow up as healthy as possible...But what if I bit into your nipples so hard that they cut open and started bleeding?"

"Wouldn't that be the same as potentially damaging the only route of proper sustenance for them?" Kafka said, which made a look of realisation appear on Nina's face at how dangerous of a situation she could've led herself into if Kafka hadn't stopped her.

He then added with a pensive look on his face, "...But the chances of some permanent damage occurring to your breasts are abysmally small and, honestly, just a little worry from my side, so there's actually no problem in us continuing."

Kafka looked like he had changed his mind and was about to go in for another bite of her nipples, only this time he was going to make sure he tasted her blood on his lips.

"No, Kafka, don't!" But before Kafka's lips could touch her nips that had become much more smaller after that little scare, Nina's hands swooped in and covered his lips from doing anything.

Nina then said in a fluster so that she didn't make any further mistake that could cost her children, "I-I think we should stop here...As much as I want you to dig even further into my breasts for some bizarre reason that's probably because of the blood that runs through me, I still don't want to risk the chance of being unable to feed my darling babies."

"Hmm?" Kafka heard something that peaked his interest and made him ask, "What do you mean by your blood being the reason you're suddenly acting so wildly?...Are you talking about the bloodline of the variant race you belong to?"

"Yes, Kafka...I'm talking about the blood of my clan that flows through me." Nina said in a rather embarrassed manner, since she had just realised the reason she was acting so wildly like an animal.

She then continued explaining with a guilty look on her face for not mentioning it sooner, "My people from my race or clan are all variant humans who used to live in the forests in the past and lived in tribal societies that didn't have too much contact with the outside world...That basically means that we were born into the harsh environment of mother nature and forced to thrive in it."

"Because of that, my people grew up to develop a savage nature in them that helped them accommodate to the brutal environment they lived in, like the wild animals that lived along side with them." Nina talked about her clan's livelihood in the past, which made Kafka think that they really resembled the elves he read about in some novels, who also had long ears and lived among the tall trees in the wild.

"But Kafka, just because they had wild nature inside of them, didn't mean that they were actual savages. They were actually just like every other human that existed at that time and tried their best to live a peaceful life with what they'd been given to them."

"That savage nature I mentioned only came out of them at certain moments where it was really necessary for them to act like ferocious beasts...For men, it would be when they went hunting and needed the intense energy to chase down their prey and nail them down with their spears or when they defended their clan from invaders, which always made their barbaric nature come out from within."

Nina explained her race's unique characteristics, which made a whole lot of sense to Kafka about her fiesty personality.

It especially clicked when he thought of how violent of a person Nina became when she was protecting her people and territory, when she beat up those boys for the sake of protecting her hot springs and the ladies who were there at that moment.

Also, her brash but gentle nature and how strong she was to the extent that she could easily defeat a bunch of fully grown men made sense if you were to know that she belonged to a bloodline that hunted down the most dangerous animals for centuries just to survive.

This was all very interesting to hear because of how unique it made this world seem and the inhabitants that lived in it. But Kafka still had another question in mind.

Chapter 370: A Beast Under The Sheets

"Nina, you said that the men in your clan used the aggressive nature they had developed to hunt and defend. But what about the woman?...What did they use their innate dominance for?"

Kafka asked as he licked his fingers and rubbed the saliva on top of his fingers onto Nina's nipples—the place that Kafka had been biting, to be exact.

Her nipples didn't start bleeding like Nina wanted them to, but they were still injured to the extent that her purple protrusions had the indents of Kafka's sharp incisors surrounding them.

They seemed like they really hurt and even looked like she developed red scars on her buds like blood was going to seep out at any moment, so Kafka was gently rubbing them with his wet finger to ease the wound he had created.

Nina didn't need such treatment since she actually found the stinging sensation, as if someone had pushed a bunch of acupuncture needles through her areolas, to be quite delectable.

But she still appreciated Kafka's kindness and also really liked the way he was handling her tender nipples like they were baby chicks, so she was fine with whatever he did and was rather more hesitant to answer the question that Kafka had for her.

"Oh, that...Haha." Nina had an uneasy look on her face, like she was really nervous to tell him the answer to his question.

But she knew that Kafka would find out one way or another now that his curiosity was piqued, so she ended up saying with a bashful look on her face, "W-Well, all I can say is that the men used their aggressiveness to fulfil their duties like hunting, labour, and to defend their clan...But women, on the other hand, weren't allowed to do such activities even though we were more than capable of doing so."

"...Rather because our main duty was to give birth to children and raise them up to be fine warriors for the clan, we m-mostly used our dominance to r-reproduce as efficiently and quickly as possible."

Nina said in a voice that was quiet as a mosquito while bowing her head in shame at where her innate wildness came into play.

"So, basically, the women in your clan get a little too excited when it comes to matter in the bed and act like animals in heat to pop out more babies and nourish the clan's population."

Kafka tilted his head and smiled at the discovery he made; that explained exactly why the innocent Nina became so forward and extreme when it came to what happens in the sheets, going as far as to enjoy anal play and even extreme fetishes like biting her flesh until she bleeds, when normally she could barely stop shaking after giving a little kiss.

Nina nodded her head and thanked Kafka in her heart for not making her explain in detail, since it was a rather shameful topic to talk about.

"I'm also just realising it now, but I think that this is also why my mother told me to find a man with a strong and sturdy body when I was young, or else he would suffer in my hands." Nina recalled her mother's words, finally realising why she said such a bizarre statement that puzzled her in the past.

"I-I also think I know why my father would sometimes have scratches and bruises all over his body in the morning."

"He said that he got it from fighting off some critters in the backyard when I asked him...But who've thought that the animal he was fighting was actually my mother herself."

Nina muttered, as her family's secrets were all getting revealed one by one to Kafka's amusement.

"But Kafka!..." Nina suddenly exclaimed and stared at Kafka with a wronged look on her face, like she were judged unfairly. "...It's all because of my ancestor's bloodline that's making me out in this crazy way. I myself am not the pervert you think I am, who wants you to do all sorts of things with me!"

"You have to believe me on this!"

Nina cried out for justice and demanded that the accusations of her innocence be disregarded.

"Of course, I believe you, Nina~...How could my sweet little angel be such a wild person, if not for her family's bloodline?"

Kafka didn't hesitate to accept her words while patting her head to appease her, even though he still thought that Nina had a deviant side to her apart from the lustful desires that came with her blood.

Nina also happily accepted her headpats as her ears flapped around in satisfaction that she wasn't labelled as a pervert anymore.

"As for wanting me to mark your body with blood, let's leave that aside for now...Even though I said that I want to taste every part of your body, blood wasn't on my agenda, so we'll push that desire of yours all the way back."

Kakfa said and decided that he would quickly tame Nina whenever she got a little too crazy with her lustful desires for both his and Nina's sanity. He then continued saying, as he moved her nipples left and right to see if they were truly alright,

"Even though I've technically already marked your body with my bitemarks, I don't feel so good leaving it like this since it looks more like an animal biting you on your sensitive parts than me."

"...So, apart from this, let me do something else to make sure that anyone who sees your breasts knows that you belong to someone else."

Kafka said with a slight smile, and without waiting any further, he dived into Nina's breasts once again.

Nina thought that he was going to start biting into her nipples once again and was getting ready to feel the tingling sensation of her flesh being tortured.

But it didn't go as she thought, as even though Kafka was currently biting her breasts, he wasn't slicing his teeth into her nipples, which had gone quite soft compared to before, and instead bit into her round areolas instead.

Bite~ Nibble~ Bite~

He didn't bite down as forcefully as before, but even that was enough to make Nina clench her fists since her areolas had a much more sensitive layer of skin, which almost felt like buttered silk covering them.

Compared to her tough and rigid nipples that felt like soft leather in one's mouth, her soft areolas were much more delicate and made Kafka feel as if he were biting into a fluffy cloud.

Kafka didn't simply bite into one place like before. He was holding onto her breasts and moving them around like he was constantly searching for the perfect place to bite down and leave a dark mark.

This confused Nina since Kafka was even twisting her breasts at weird angles to bite her areolas the exact way he wanted to. But she wasn't complaining in anyway, as the constant barrage of bites that felt like a knife slicing her chest and the serious look in his eyes as he sucked on and bit her breasts was quite stimulating and turned on quite a bit.

After a minute of making little chomps on her breasts and Nina holding in her whimpers the whole time, Kafka finally lifted his head out of her bosom and stared at her chest with a smile on his face like he was looking at a masterpiece he had created.

Nina was curious as to why he was looking at her breasts like it was some kind of fancy art piece, and she lifted her jugs up to her face to see just exactly what he did.

A look of shock and surprise appeared on her face when she took a look at her purple areolas, which now surprisingly had a few bite marks on them.

But the fact that took her by surprise were not simply the bitemarks, but how they looked, since unlike how the marks on her nipples looked quite rugged and rough, the mark on her areolas looked like they were drawn on her skin with how elegant they looked.

On each areola was a dark line that started from the bottom and curved inwards like a hook or the top part of the '?' mark, excluding the dot at the bottom.

The curvy line that went around her nipples didn't look like they were made by bites and flowed so smoothly that it looked like it was carved onto her purple areolas.

"What's this, Kafka?...Why did you bite me so many times just to create these two swiggly lines on my breasts?"

Nina curiously asked while admiring Kafka's bizzare skills that allowed him to make such pretty-looking marks by simply biting her flesh.

"You can find that for yourself, Nina." Kafka said as he leaned back on the sofa, like he was trying to get a better view of what Nina was going to show him. He then continued saying, "Remember when you pushed your breasts together and made your nipples squish into one another?"

"...Just do the same, and you'll find out the surprise I have for you."

Kafka said with a mysterious smile on her face, which immediately made Nina slap both of her breasts together so hard that they actually created waves of fat and made sure to push her nipples onto one another like two swords clashing, just like Kafka had said.

She then looked down to see her areolas that had combined to form one big mass of purple on her green breasts and finally let out a gasp of disbelief when she took in what she witnessed right below her...

