

God of Milfs 371

Chapter 371: I Want A Tattoo!

"A heart, Kafka!...There's a heart on my breasts!" Nina exclaimed in pleasant disbelief when she saw the two curly lines on each of her areolas coming together to form a heart. "I've now got a heart not only under my breasts but on top of my chest as well!"

She couldn't believe what she was seeing, as she was already quite impressed that Kafka could make such smooth-looking lines on her chest with no tools whatsoever. But when she saw those two parallel lines, which went around her nipples, converge together to form a heart, her eyes couldn't help but go too wide, and her lips parted in amazement at what she was seeing.

The heart marked on her chest also looked really realistic with the way the lines Kafka created gave off a red glow on her light purple areolas, like it was an actual heart with crimson blood flowing through it.

This fascinated Nina, who was like a child who had gotten her face painted for the first time. She couldn't help but want to look at herself in the mirror and squeal at how cute that extra detail Kafka added to her body looked.

"Yep, it's a heart, Nina...I thought you would get lonely when I'm not here with you sometimes, so I made this to show that no matter how far we may be away from one another, our love will always bring us together, just like how a heart will form when you press your breasts into one another."

Kafka said as he held onto Nina's breasts and pushed them into one another until her breasts became one big conglomeration of fat to reveal the heart that was hidden in plain sight.

Honestly, the real reason Kafka chose to make a heart was because it was the most simple marking he could think of.

He wanted to give her something like a brand, but he settled for a heart instead since it was much easier to make and used some dumb excuse to cover it up.

But even though he thought that the story he made up was rather stupid, Nina had completely fallen for the sentimental hole Kafka had created.

She genuinely thought that Kafka had noticed the loneliness that had been hidden in her eyes for too long and made something like this to cheer her up when she was alone, which made her heart warm up and get filled with gratitude for his sympathetic gesture that came when she needed it the most.

"Thank you, Kafka!~ Thank you so much for something like this!~" Nina exclaimed as she couldn't contain how joyful and appreciative she felt at the moment and hugged the boy in front of her who made her feel that way, with eyes that were full of overwhelming love for him. "You just don't know how much this means to me!~"

Nina thought that words weren't enough to show just how grateful she was to Kafka for being so thoughtful of her and also for making her feel like the most treasured woman in the world, so she decided to not just stop herself from saying how thankful she was and literally portrayed it by giving a rapid barrage of kisses on cheeks, which looked so kissable in Nina's eyes at the moment.

Kiss~ Kiss~ Kiss~

Kiss~ Kiss~ Kiss~

Kafka's cheeks were absolutely hammered by Nina's passionate lips, who wrapped herself around his neck to make sure she was as close to him as possible.

She took turns to kiss each of his cheeks, which surely would've been covered in pink wax if she were wearing lipstick.

Kafka himself didn't know why he got such a big reward for telling a simple lie to cover up his laziness, but he wasn't going to ruin it by asking questions and let the gorgeous Tigress maul his face to her heart's desire.

"What do you think I should do, Kafka?...I want this heart you've made on my chest to last forever, and I never want it to fade away from my body because of how much it means to me." Nina said whilst lying on his strong chest that made her feel so safe, exhausted after bombarding his face in her kisses.

"But as much as I want to trace over it with a proper tattoo to make it permanent, just like I said, I don't want anyone else to see it since it would be way too embarrassing if they were to see such a mark on such a sensitive part of my body."

"The aunties to whom I sometimes go to the hot springs would think that I'm getting influenced in a bad way after seeing the tattoo and hold an intervention for me after bringing in the entire neighbourhood, which is something that I can't handle."

Nina said as she rubbed her face all over Kafka's chest in frustration for being unable to come to a decision if she was going to get a tattoo or not.

She also wanted Kafka to be the one to put the tattoo on her body or else it would lose all of its meaning, showing just how much she trusted Kafka and his artistic skills after seeing his work since not anyone would trust a complete amateur with leaving a permanent mark on her body.

While Nina was already planning on buying a tattoo gun for Kafka to use, Kafka himself almost started coughing in a frenzy when he heard that she wanted to turn his simple marking into a tattoo.

He didn't expect that it would be that big of a deal for her, where she was even willing to make it permanent. He also wasn't too fond of the idea of solidifying and making something he made half-heartedly into an actual tattoo.

"What about your husband, Nina?...What would happen if he were to see the tattoo on your chest?" Kafka tried to persuade Nina to change her decision, using her husband as a threat. "I know he'd be quite happy to see a tattoo on your chest, since the scene of two nipples converging to form a heart is a really erotic sight...But what would you say if he asks why exactly you got the tattoo?"

Nina wasn't at all alarmed by this question since she knew that her husband would never be able to see her naked breasts, and there was no need to be scared at all.

But there was no way she could say that to Kafka, or else he would surely start asking why a husband wouldn't see his wife naked, which would end up revealing a lot about her complicated relationship.

"What are you talking about, Kafka?~ Why are you talking as if I have some other husband when you're the only hubby I got?...Or is that you think that your dear wife is cheating on you with someone else~"

Nina acted as if her actual husband didn't exist to divert the topic from him. She even rubbed her plump chest against him and looked up at him in a coquettish manner to make him forget what he asked.

"No, Nina...I already know that you wouldn't look at other men aside from me after having a taste of my dick inside of you...So you cheating on me is off the book in my mind." Kafka said with a sly smile on his face and was successfully distracted by Nina's swaying tits that were pressing into him and changing shapes.

Nina couldn't help but blush when Kafka mentioned his penis, and it made her wonder just how big it was that Kafka was so confident that she wouldn't dare look at anyone else after experiencing it.

Because of her naughty desires to know his size, she even silently tried to wiggle her butt around the crotch area she was sitting on to try and feel up his package. But unfortunately she could only feel his sturdy remote or flashlight to whatever was in his pocket that seemed to have magically grown bigger than it was before.

She wasn't able to feel up his penis; that must have been buried underneath, or at least that's what she thought.

"I also don't think I would be able to keep myself from your breasts if I were to see them with a lewd tattoo on it, so for the sake of not drinking your milk dry and to not let our babies starve because I'm hogging their mother's tits, let's not get that tattoo you want Nina...Rather, I'll mark your body whenever it fades away if that's fine with you, Nina."

Kafka said in a appeasing manner like it were really a danger for their children if she got a tattoo and hoped that this would be enough to dissuade her, seeing as to how worked up she got when children were mentioned.

But even though Kafka was trying his best to convey his opinion to Nina, Nina herself was completely distracted with doing something else and didn't hear a word of what he said.

Nina's curiosity to know how big Kafka was didn't simmer down at all after her first failed attempt, and she continued to quietly grind her firm ass on his lap.

Grind~ Wiggle~ Grind~

She hoped that by digging deep enough into his lap she would be able to feel something that resembled the penis she was looking for and find out just what sort of weapon Kafka was packing,

which probably came from her animalistic instincts to know how good her partner's package was when it came to making babies.

But little did she know that even though she was trying her best to be as silent as possible with the way she was jerking her hips all over Kafka's lap, which looked like she was giving him a lap dance, Kafka had already found out what she was doing after not hearing a reply from her, and he was currently looking down at her with a puzzled look on his face, wondering if the Tigress that was rubbing her crotch on his lap had really gone into heat...

Chapter 372: Just How Big Are You?

"What in the world are you doing, Nina?...Why are you rubbing your ass against me like a cat that's going through oestrus?"

Kafka directly asked with a perturbed look on his face, wondering if her primal lust was making her act out again. He then seemed to be convinced of her intentions and asked,

"Do you really want me to fill you up that bad?"

Kafka then started unbuttoning his pants to follow through with what he said and also to fulfil Nina's cravings, which made Nina jump in fright.

"N-No, Kafka, that is not what I was doing!" Nina shouted out in a panic and immediately caught his hands that were going down to lower his zipper. She then blurted out, saying, "I was just checking to see how big your thing down there was, and by no chance was I provoking you to jump on me!"

."

.."

"..."

"...You were doing what?"

Kafka blinked twice and asked with a peculiar look in his face after hearing about Nina's scheme that she accidentally said aloud in a hurry.

Nina covered her mouth when she realised what she said, but it was a little too late for that, as the words she uttered had already reached Kafka's ears, and he was currently staring at her like he was asking her to explain.

"Umm...I-It's just that-...that I..." Nina hesitated to answer and stuttered. But when she saw Kafka's eyes go cold for a second, the words she was struggling to say naturally started flowing out, "I-It's nothing really big, Kafka. I was just curious about the s-size of your member when you mentioned it."

"...N-Not because of a personal interest or anything, as there's no way I would think of something as lewd as that! But in a scientific perspective, to see if the current generation is the same size as the previous one."

Nina made up an excuse for her behaviour while being unable to meet Kafka's gaze and looking around in a shifty manner.

She obviously had to improve her lying skills, as Kafka didn't hesitate to look at her with a straight look on his face and a dead look in his dark eyes, like he didn't buy a single ounce of her bullshit.

"Wait, hold up, Nina!" Kafka suddenly said with a look of puzzlement in his eyes when he realised something was off. He then looked at Nina, who couldn't bear to meet Kafka's gaze for her immature behaviour, and said, "I'm guessing you wanted to check out my size by moving your butt around my lap."

Nina's cheeks blushed at getting called out and she didn't dare to reply to his words. Kafka then continued asking,

"But if you were doing that for so long, wouldn't you have already found out how big I am with how close we are right now and the fact that you're literally sitting on top of the place where my cock is?"

"No, Kafka. That's where you're wrong." Nina said as she wiggled her butt around his lap when she heard Kafka confirm that she was right on top of her target. She then looked up at him and said, "What you said would've happened, and I would've noticed the size with how much I was trying, that is, if it weren't for the remote or whatever you have in your pocket that's blocking me from doing so."

"Remote?...What remote are you talking about?"

Kafka asked, wondering if he accidentally brought his remote from home and if his mother was currently searching all over the house for it, to watch her weekly drama that she loved.

"This one, Kafka." Nina said as she jumped on his lap and made her asscheeks slap onto his thighs, which made an obnoxious sound upon impact. "The thing between my cheeks that I've been bouncing on for a while now...I'm talking about that hard object you have in your pants."

"Oh...You're talking about that." Kafka immediately understood what was going on when he saw the ignorant and innocent way Nina was looking at him as she bounced on what she thought was a 'remote'.

He found the situation rather funny and didn't want to reveal what she was grinding with her ass for now, so he said with a smile on his face, "Oh, no, Nina...That's not a remote, Nina, that's actually my phone."

"Your phone?" Nina's eyes widened in surprise as she never expected the object underneath her to be a measly phone. "Do they really make such long and thick phones these days?...It looks like it would be a major pain to carry around because of how heavy it would be."

"Yeah, it's a new model that just came out, Nina." Kafka chuckled at Nina's ignorance, but he couldn't really blame her, as the 'phone' he had didn't really exist in this world.

"As for if it's a hassle to carry around with how big it is, I'll have to say that is a bit of a struggle to have in my pants all the time with how big it is...But it also has much better performance than the average phone out there, so I'm satisfied with it."

"I see..." Nina muttered as she thought of changing phones to what Kafka had with the innocent thought of having matching phones with him.

She also realised that the cat was out of the bag, so there was no use to being shy about the matter anymore, and that it was time to go all out if she was going to get what she wanted.

"S-So, what about your penis, Kafka?" Nina looked up with her cheeks flushed and a determined look in her eyes, like she wasn't going to give up until she got what she wanted. "Are you going to show it to me or not, now that you know I want to see it?"

Kafka was amused by Nina's boldness and found it rather endearing. But he still wanted to save the time he was going to whip his dick out for later, so he apologised and said like he was some kind of lonely samurai,

"I'm sorry to say this, Nina...But my cock is like a warrior's sword that always spills blood whenever it's unsheathed...So unless there's an enemy I have to slay, I'm not willing to take my weapon out."

Kafka had a solemn look on his face, like he didn't dare to take his rod out because of how dangerous it was.

"By 'slaying the enemy' you mean..." Nina didn't even finish her sentence when she realised that there was only one enemy that a penis could possibly penetrate, which made her ears turn red.

"Then what about when you have to pee, Kafka?...Do you also have to search for enemies to cut down even then?"

Nina suddenly spoke out her thoughts, which made Kafka's lips twitch and made him lose the cool, lonely warrior bravado he was putting up.

"Don't ask a warrior about his secrets, Nina...It's not something you should know about."

Kafka hushed Nina before she asked any more silly questions that made him lose his image. Nina also quickly nodded her head, not knowing why Kafka got so grumpy over a little question.

"Then Kafka, does that mean I have to take your penis i-inside me if I want to see it?"

Nina quietly asked with a demure look in her eyes, feeling really reluctant about Kafka's absurd conditions to see his naked body when she showed her's for free.

"Why, yes, Nina...Are you willing to take my offer?"

Kakfa asked with a sly smile on his face whilst kneading her breasts in one hand and feeling her slender waist with the other.

Shake~ Shake~ Shake~

Nina didn't hesitate to frantically shake her head like it was a reflex, as there was no way she could accept those conditions.

She had somehow managed to work up the courage to show her naked body and also to see his in return. But to actually do anything with his rod other than look at it was something that she could never do for now, as she was sure she would faint with all the blood rushing throughout her head at that intense moment.

"I knew you wouldn't agree with how innocent you are, Nina..." Kafka said as he patted her head, while Nina pouted because of how stingy he was being, when she was already ready to give her all for him.

Kafka noticed this, of course, so he continued saying, "...But don't worry, Nina...Since you're so curious to know just how big I am, I'll simply give you a hint and tell you that I'm big enough to stretch your pussy's tiny hole by some amount and also go a little deep into that very hole."

Kafka gave a very vague clue that only informed her that he actually did have a penis and that he wasn't actually a girl, and not anything else to work with, which wasn't enough for Nina to satisfy her desire for the forbidden knowledge she was interested in.

"B-By how much, Kafka?" Nina asked with a fervent look in her limpid eyes and a face that was brimming with sexual curiosity to know the sheer size of the high schooler in front of her. "Just how wide would your p-penis stretch my vagina?...A-And how deep would it go into my little hole underneath?"

Nina hoped that Kafka would answer her question, as she was dying to know just how big the rod she was sitting on top of her was and just what sort of damage it would do if it entered her body so that she could imagine that situation later in the bathroom.

But who would've thought that Kafka would give her an answer that exceeded her expectations and made her throat go dry at how provocative it sounded?

"Why do I have to simply tell you, Nina?" Kafka said as he placed his hand on her crotch and tapped it through her clothes, sending tantalising vibrations through her hidden garden. "Why don't

I just show you how big my cock is by spreading your pussy with my fingers and directly show you how loose you'll become down there after one round with me?"

Nina's eyes went wide at Kafka's bold suggestion, and so did her anus, which couldn't help but spread open and twitch when it heard such enticing words...

Chapter 373: I'll Clean You Up Myself

"A-Are you serious, Kafka?...Are you really going to do what you said?"

Nina said in trepidation as a bead of sweat dripped down all the way from her naked back because of how steamy she felt at the moment and dribbled down all the way until it reached her anus that was opening and closing in excitement after hearing what Kafka said, like it had a mind of its own just like her ears.

"Why do you ask, Nina?...Why do you seem so hesitant when you were the one who wanted to know just how big I am?" Kafka asked as he looked at the uneasy look on Nina's face and guessed that she was worrying about something else that she wasn't telling him.

"I know I did, Kafka...But what you just said, needs me to take off all my clothes." Nina looked up at Kafka with a shy gaze in her eyes and fiddled with her fingers out of nervousness.

"So what?...Weren't you so eager to strip naked before?" Kafka recalled the multiple attempts that came from Nina's side where she tried to take off all her clothes. "Then, why are you so hesitant now?"

"B-Because the circumstances 'down there' have changed, Kafka, and it doesn't look the same as it normally does." Nina said as she pressed her hands against her crotch like she was covering up a shameful secret.

She then looked up at Kafka like she was in a very vulnerable spot and said, "So, I-I don't know if you would find it appealing or not, and I'm wondering if I should go to the bathroom first to clean up myself a little, so that I don't accidentally repulse you at the messy situation below."

Kafka was quick to understand what Nina was talking about, looking at how bashful she looked at the moment and how she was holding onto her crotch like she needed to pee urgently.

"Is it really as messy as you say, Nina?" Kafka smiled as he removed Nina's hands from where her zipper was and tried to see if there were any signs of seepage through her pants.

"Y-Yes, Kafka...It feels like someone poured a bucket of hot oil down that place and let the oil drop down my legs, or at least that's what it feels like." Nina muttered with a flushed face and gave a sigh of relief, knowing that she wore thick blue jeans today or else she was sure Kafka would've noticed the stains through her pants long ago.

"That's why I want to wash myself off before I show anything to you."

"You don't need to do that, Nina."

Kafka stopped Nina, who was trying to get up and go to the bathroom to clean whatever was inside of her underwear, not knowing how hard it was going to be seeing as to how sticky it felt.

Kafka then continued saying with a solemn look on his face and a straight look in his eyes, like he were really serious about what he was saying.

"Water is a precious resource that needs to be used efficiently to prevent the depletion of our natural freshwater sources. So as a law-abiding citizen who wants to protect our planet's natural resources for the future generation, I don't think you should waste water cleaning up something down there."

"...So, rather than wasting the clean water that Mother Nature has been benevolent enough to give us, let me clean you down there myself and do my part to save the environment."

Even though Kafka was talking as if he were contributing to a noble cause, anyone other than Nina would immediately understand that 'saving water' was the last thing on his mind and his agenda lied somewhere else.

But of course Nina was too pure to know what exactly he was talking about and shyly asked,

"How are you going to do that, Kafka? How are you going to clean me up yourself? Are you going to use your handkerchief or something?"

"...If you are, then there's no need to do so, since I don't want to dirty your handkerchief in my s-shameful fluids."

Nina suggested to Kafka not make such efforts when it was her fault for having such a lewd body that reacted in such lecherous ways to even the slightest of temptations from Kafka.

"You don't have to worry about that, Nina...Just know that after I'm done with you, there won't be a single drop left underneath."

Kafka assured Nina almost as if he were saying that he could do a much better job cleaning her secret garden than a tissue or ever faucet could.

Nina trusted the confidence Kafka had in his eyes. She also knew that a pervert like him, who had even indirectly kissed her asshole, wouldn't be thrown off by the sight of what was underneath and would probably even relish it, which made her agree to what Kafka was saying even though she didn't know what he was going to do.

"Now, would you be a dear, Nina, and strip down until there isn't a single cloth on you so that I can see your naked body in its entire excellence?" Kafka said with an expectant look on his face after seeing Nina look ready for whatever was going to come.

Nina nodded her head at Kafka's daring suggestion that made her entire face turn red in colour and slowly got off his lap to stand on the floor below.

Nina immediately felt a surge of reluctantness hit her when she didn't feel Kafka's warmth on her body anymore, almost as if she were already addicted to the comfort his presence gave and didn't want to leave that safe place at all costs.

But she knew that it would be really hard to take off her tight pants if she was still sitting on him, so she reluctantly stopped herself from jumping on top of Kafka's back again and stood right before him with her bare breasts exposed.

Even though Nina hadn't even stripped all of her clothes off yet, Kafka was more than enthralled by the sight of Nina standing before him while he sat under her and looked up at her towering breasts from below that looked like giant green asteroids that were going to crush him at any time.

But if her breasts were really asteroids that were flying towards him, there was no way that he was going to run away and would surely embrace the softness of her milk bags, which had been shaking around like barrels on a swaying boat as Nina got off his lap.

Nina was also rather tall and almost the same height as Kafka, so the sight of seeing Nina look down at him with a shy look on her face while her purple nipples, which now had some markings on them, were pointing at him gave him a refreshing feeling, as if he were about to be dominated by the half-naked Tigress at any moment.

Of course Nina couldn't be called half-naked for too long, as after looking at Kafka's eyes that were brimming with eagerness and the smile on his face like a dog that saw a juicy piece of meat, she knew that he was waiting for her to start stripping.

So to fulfil the desires of the boy who gave her the most happiness in the world and also give him a little treat since the eager look on his face looked rather cute, Nina unbuttoned her pants and pulled them all the way down, taking the final few steps to wearing her birthday suit that Kafka wished to see her in...

Chapter 374: Primal Beauty

"Damn girl~...Those are some sexy legs you got."

Kafka gasped when he saw Nina pull down her pants in one fluid motion and slowly get up to reveal her beautiful long legs, which looked like a bunch of green vines intertwined together to create the most splendid pair of legs to ever exist—that would even make the most serious person want those very legs to step on them and punish them for all the sins they had committed in their life.

Whether it was her thighs that looked so thick and powerful that it looked like Nina had been practicing breaking watermelons to build those well-toned logs of hers. Her slender calves that looked like they were made for jumping from tree to tree to hunt the prey she had her eyes on.

Or her feet that seemed so delicate, as if they had never even touched a crumble of soil, her legs were the epitome of what one would call 'primal beauty'.

If the thick and plump legs that Abigaille and Camila had suited succubuses like them who could effortlessly seduce anyone, no matter what gender they were.

Then Nina's long legs that had the perfect amount of fat and muscle were perfect for an Amazoness like Nina, who could probably catch up with a cheetah or race a jaguar up a tree with those long legs of hers that had a hint of danger along with their unblemished beauty.

"Oh, so you actually like my leg, Kafka." Nina said with a surprised look on her face, not expecting to hear such a positive response from Kafka after revealing her legs. "I thought for sure that you

wouldn't be too fond of them because of how tall they make me look, which most men in this world don't like their partners being."

Nina had some rather bad experiences from school where a bunch of boys used to call her a giantess because of how tall she was, towering over her entire class at that time.

Of course she beat up any of those kids who made fun of her while Camila called out any boys who were trying to escape from the side like the supportive friend she was who also hated such men to the core.

But no matter how much she bashed them in the face, the thought of all those people making fun of her body still remained for a long time.

Well, that is, until today, when she lost all those worries when she saw the way Kafka was looking at her legs like he wanted to bite a chunk from her thighs.

It instantly made her feel more assured about the body she was blessed to get from her mother, and it gave her the confidence to stand tall in front of Kafka, who probably wouldn't even mind if she was a foot taller and would even prefer it because of his bizarre preferences.

"Of course, Nina!...Big breasts or fat asses are nice to see, but they're all quite common, compared to a rarity like the long legs you have, which are a marvel to look at!"

Kafka exclaimed in an enthusiastic manner just like what Nina predicted, making her give a gentle smile knowing that she could count on Kafka to make any of her insecurities disappear.

"Especially with the way some fluids are dripping from your soaked purple panties, down your smooth legs, and all the way down to your ankles..." Kafka sighed like he was struggling to hold himself back after seeing the lewd sight before him. "...It really is something special that you won't find anywhere else."

Nina wanted to cover her face and shake her head in shame at what Kafka was witnessing before him.

Her purple panties with flower patterns on them looked like they were dunked in a bucket of water and then worn directly. That's how wet they looked, resting on her sturdy hips that looked like they could easily push out a couple of children.

The colour was also much darker compared to her matching bra, which was more than enough to say how much liquid she had secreted from her hidden garden this whole while.

All those fluids had also accumulated to the extent that her fabric couldn't soak in any of her love juice anymore, and it was starting to leak down her legs.

Like bamboo shoots that had water dripping down them during a rainy day, Nina's legs also had columns of transparent fluid leaving a trail on her legs and finally drying out when they reached her feet, which was the phenomenonal sight Kafka was witnessing right now.

"You really weren't kidding when you said that it was a mess down there, were you, Nina?"

Kafka chuckled as he looked at Nina's panties that were wet enough for him to barely see the outline of her two lips inside, while Nina blushed in shame at the ugly sight she was showing him with her hands trembling to the sides.

"It's honestly so bad that you looked like you peed yourself, Nina."

Kafka teased Nina even more, while hoping that she didn't actually piss herself or that the punishment he had in store would be useless to employ.

"Be quiet, Kafka!~ There's no way I would do such a humiliating thing in my own lobby, no matter how weird my body behaves!" Nina scolded Kafka in a fluster for treating her like a baby who needed a diaper in case an accident occurred. She then glared at Kafka and pointed at him, which made her breasts bounce, and threw the blame on him by saying, "And Kafka!

This is all your fault in the first place!...If you hadn't said such vulgar words to my ears and played with my a-asshole and breasts so much, my body wouldn't be reacting in this manner."

"...So if there's anyone to blame for this mess I made, it's you!"

Nina pointed at Kafka like he was guilty of murder and looked like she wanted him to apologise to her for torturing her poor body, which was the least thing he could do for making her so dirty.

Of course, Kafka was never going to allow her to take control of the situation, so he shrugged his shoulders and casually said,

"Well, seeing as to how you don't like getting wet down there, I guess I'll have to stop myself from playing with you, Nina, and never lay a finger on your body again."

Whimper~ Whimper~

Kafka didn't even finish talking, and he already heard a whimpering sound coming in front of him, as if there was a lonely kitten begging for some attention from its owner.

When he looked up at Nina, he saw her give him puppy dog eyes with a pityful look on her face, as if she were sad he had stolen away the toy she enjoyed playing with the most.

Nina had already become addicted to Kafka's touch and was already finding it hard to stop herself from jumping into his embrace. So, to say he would never touch her again was like stealing candy from a baby, which was exactly what Nina looked like right now with how tears were welling up in her eyes.

"Fine, Nina!...I admit that it was my fault that your body is acting so weird and not yours at all!" Kafka quickly said as he was unable to see the sight of Nina tearing up, which completely went against the tough and feisty personality everyone knew her for. Kafka then added, "And since it was my actions that led to this sort of reaction, let me take responsibility over it."

"...So quickly stand on top of this sofa, Nina, right before me and let me clean up the mess you made." Kafka said as he patted the cushion on the side, telling her to climb on top of the sofa and stand right above him.

Nina was confused as to what he was going to do, but she quickly did as he said while wiping away her tears.

She was also smiling on the inside for successfully guilt-tripping Kafka into apologising, which was a method she never would've used since she always used to just beat up the other party if they didn't comply with what she said.

Nina quickly got up onto the sofa and stood right above Kafka's lap, while Kafka remained in the same spot.

Her two feet were spread apart and were next to Kafka's legs. Her wet panties were currently right next to Kafka's face, only a few inches away, where she could even feel his warm breath on her wet lower lips, which made her legs tremble.

Nina didn't know why Kafka wanted her to stand on top of her like this at first. But after looking at the gaze in Kafka's eyes as he stared at the fluids dripping down like he was about to absolutely devour something until not even a sliver of it remained, she got an idea of what was about to happen to her, which made another line of fluids drop down her leg under her bashful gaze...

Chapter 375: Little Lady

"Goddammit, Nina...I haven't even taken your underwear off, and I can already smell how wet you are."

Kafka said with quinted eyes when a sweet and sour fragrance assailed his nose after he took in a whiff of the wet pussy right in front of him that was showing its puffy outline through her underwear that stuck onto her skin.

"Don't make fun of me, Kafka~ It's already embarrassing as it is to be standing like this in front of you~" Nina pleaded while playfully pulling on his hair from above as a punishment for teasing her.

She also had enough confidence after everything that had happened between them that there wasn't anything that Kafka wouldn't like about her, so this comment, which would've offended any women out there, didn't bother Nina at all.

"A-And how long are you going to keep staring at my crotch like that?" Nina said in a coy manner when she saw Kafka admiring the two lips that were pushing out of her underwear and the little dot on top that looked like a button. She then gulped as she felt his gaze penetrate through her clothes and said, "When are you actually going to take my underwear off and clean whatever is on the inside?"

"Oh, it looks like someone is looking forward to me licking your insides clean..."

Kafka's lips curled up as he looked up at Nina, who had a glint of enthusiasm in her eyes at what was coming up.

Nina also confirmed what Kafka was going to do her, which was exactly what Nina thought that the pervert under her was going to do when he made her stand right above her with her crotch right in front of her face.

She thought that she would be abashed if her thoughts actually came true and that she would probably run away, as there was no way she could handle something as embarrassing as someone eating her insides out.

But unexpectedly, a primal lust formed inside of her when she heard how her leaking pussy was going to be treated, and she got turned on instead, wanting Kafka to tear her underwear off and run his tongue along her pussy without waiting a second longer.

"So, what if I am, Kafka?" Nina boldly proclaimed as she lovingly stroked his fluffy black hair that she loved running her hands through.

She then pushed her crotch a little forward until the little protrusion on top of her soaking underwear was brushing his nose and said with a lustful gaze in her eyes, "What's wrong with a wife wanting her husband to help her clean up with a little 'accident' she had?"

"If I had any other husband in the world, I wouldn't even bother asking, as most of the men in this world wouldn't even dare help their wives with cleaning up their own house, not to mention clean up the mess their wives made underneath." Nina said with a look of disdain in her eyes as she looked down on the so-called 'husbands' of this world.

But when she looked down at Kafka, who was a little surprised at how assertive she was at the moment, the mockery in her eyes disappeared and was replaced with a tender gaze in her bright, verdant eyes as she said, "But luckily I have you, Kafka...A gentleman who always puts his women's needs before his and is always at her call, treating her like his very own queen."

"So with such an amazing husband by my side, how could I possibly refuse when he offers to clean me out by running his tongue along my slobbering wet pussy?" Nina concluded as she gently rubbed the soft little protrusion on the tip of Kafka's nose on her own. "Wouldn't I be missing out on a god-given opportunity if I did?"

Kafka was rather impressed with how into her role as a horny wife Nina was at the moment, almost as if she had already spent years with him as a passionate married couple.

He also knew that he couldn't let someone as inexperienced as her step over him when it came to such matters, so he decided to put his game face on and join the act Nina was putting on.

"So, my wife wants me to take her underwear off and lick her clean down here, huh?" Kafka slowly said as he ran his finger along the wet ridge in between her two lips that felt like wet silk.

"Hmm!~ Y-Yes, Kafka!~ Ahhh!~ I do!~"

Nina whimpered as he felt his cold fingers stroking the area of her pussy that wasn't covered by her smooth green skin but rather an exposed layer of tissue that was as pink as cotton candy.

"But as the gentleman she proclaimed me to be, don't I have to ask the 'little lady' below permission before I strip her clothes off?...Who knows she might be a little shy and doesn't want me to see her naked flesh at all?"

Kafka treated Nina's wet pussy like it was another person and even stroked it's lips tenderly like he was coaxing it to allow him to take it's clothes off.

"Hnnn!~...M-My pussy...N-No, my 'little lady' really is quite shy, look you said, and wouldn't normally e-expose herself to any man that comes knocking..." Nina followed along with Kafka as she felt her pussy turn stuffy from the way Kafka was running the tip of his fingers along the outer line of her lips.

"...But when she saw such a handsome boy come along to see her, she couldn't help but get a little excited, and like the little girl she is who makes messy decisions when she's in love, she said she'd allow you to see her naked flesh if you gave her a kiss first."

"A kiss where?...The little button up here that's been poking out this whole time like it wants to see the outside world." Kafka said as he pushed his finger into Nina's tiny clitoris that didn't have any strength to resist at all and folded into her pussy.

"Ahhh!~ N-No, that place!~ Ahh!~"

"Or the hole down here that's probably as deep as a cave."

Kafka slid his hand down her slit, which dragged along some of the juices in the fabric of her underwear until he reached what seemed to be the bottom of the ravine.

He then pushed into what seemed to be a dent in her pussy, which surprisingly made an inch of his finger enter into her body.

"Aughhh!~ Ohh!~ Ohhh!~"

His finger didn't stop because there wasn't anymore space in the hole he found, but because the fabric blocking his way didn't allow his finger to go in any further.

The cloth covering her pussy also sank into the wet hole along with his finger, which meant that it had partly revealed her two green puffy lips that were on the sides.

An inch deeper, and Kafka would've been able to see her pussy in its entirety and even the velvety flesh he was plunging his hand into. But unfortunately, this was all he could do before he got permission from the 'little lady'.

"W-Why are you asking this question again, Kafka?!~ Nnnn!~" Nina looked down and gasped at the sight of a part of Kafka's finger disappearing into her body. "Just kiss both of them like you always do!~ Hnnn!~"

"The 'little lady's' words are my command."

Kafka said in a knightly manner and brought his face closer to Nina's lower lips, which were even more plump than her actual lips.

Kiss~

He first laid his lips on the tiny little protrusion that was on the top of her aching pussy and nibbled it between his lips like it was peanut. His lips could barely hold onto the little mound poking out because of the cloth in between, but that was still more than enough for Nina to feel her clit get squeezed on by a pair of lips.

"Ahh!~ Yes, Kafka!~ Ahnnn!~ R-Right there!~ Hmm!~"

Kafka then moved his lips that were covered in Nina's fluids onto the hole below to give her the second kiss Nina wanted. But when he reached that spot, he was amused by the sight of that very hole moving through her clothes.

Twitch~ Twitch~

It didn't make any drastic movements like her asshole was doing right now after her clit got teased. But it was still twitching like the insides of Nina's vaginal walls were contracting from the pleasure.

Kafka simply smiled at how reactive Nina's body was, showing interesting reactions to everything he did, and kissed that tiny hole as well.

"Ahhh!~"

Nina let a little squeal when she felt her hole feel Kafka's cold lips as well, which immediately made her thighs go stiff and made her toes curl up.

While Nina was going through the symptoms of an electric shock only in the lower half of her body while having a flushed look on her face that looked so enticing at the moment, Kafka, who had finally gotten permission from the 'little lady', had already pulled her wet panties down to her ankles and was staring at her naked lower lips in a daze.

Kafka had already seen a part of her bare vagina when he had pulled her underwear aside and had even felt the wetness of her flesh through her cloth.

But it was only after pulling her underwear and gazing at the green lips before him did he fully understand their beauty that was covered by a layer of her vulgarness...

Chapter 376: Green Silkworms

Her lips that were full and plump like they were full of the most soft butter known to man, which would change shape even if a leaf were to be pressed against it, were truly a sight for sore eyes.

Whether it be their verdant colour that was actually lighter than the rest of her body, which made Kafka wonder if her green skin, which has been exposed to the sun, can be tanned as well. Or their slender shape that started off thin, then became more rotund in the middle, and finally ended near her asshole below was enough to make any man unable to sleep for days.

And compared to her lips, which looked like two little green silkworms wriggling around, the tender flesh in between was a completely different colour and was the same pink that was seen in her ears.

The only difference being that the pink he saw in her long ears was on the inner walls of her long ears, which was a rather dry place with no unnecessary moisture.

But here, inside of her vagina, where her tiny little hole was hidden between the folds of tissue and her clitoris that was proudly standing up after seeing the outside world once again both were, everything was covered in wetness, and because of that extra sheen her fluids gave her, the pink colour shown brightly.

A pink pearl that was found in a verdant field...That was all Kafka could think of as he gazed at the sight before, and he was thankful that he got a chance to leave his previous world behind, as there was no way he was going to see such an enticing scene there.

"My 'little lady' is going to get all shy if you keep on staring at her like that, Kafka!~"

Nina chuckled when she saw Kafka staring at her hidden garden like he was caught in a trance.

She didn't feel too embarrassed that Kafka was looking at her most private part. After everything that had happened in between them, it only felt natural that Kafka would be allowed to look at something that belonged to him at the end of the day.

But she still felt nervous when Kafka was looking at her so closely, almost as if he were grading the quality of the pink and green meat under his eyes, so she tried to get his attention instead.

"Well, tell your 'little lady' that's it's only natural that I stare at her like this when she looks so beautiful." Kafka said as he looked up at Nina, who was wondering what he thought about her bare pussy that didn't even have a single hair at all and was silky smooth.

"Honestly, I'm even surprised that I was able to take my eyes off her, as I'm sure anyone else would've absolutely turned into stone on the spot if they were to see such a mesmerising sight."

"My little lady is only for you to see, Kafka, so there's no need for you to worry about how you're going to throw away the heavy bodies of the people that have become sculptures after seeing something they shouldn't have seen."

Nina smiled and renounced Kafka's ownership over her body, whilst gently scratching the top of Kafka's head like she was giving him a massage.

"You also weren't lying when you said that the insides of your ears have the same colour as pussy right here." Kafka said as he spread Nina lips to look at the succulent salmon pink flesh inside. "It's almost like I'm looking at the inside of your ears; only this one doesn't just have one hole and is so wet that it looks like a flood happened in your pants."

"Hmph!~ Who's fault do you think that is?" Nina harumphed as she looked down at Kafka, spreading her pussy wide enough that he could see the red blood vessels going through her fleshy walls. She gulped at the sight and tried to ignore how embarrassed she was to say, "Y-You also told me that you would show me just how big you are by spreading my v-vagina on your own."

"...I-Is the amount you're spreading it right now, how big you actually are, Kafka?"

She hesitantly asked as she felt her hole part open a little from the way Kafka was spreading her vagina, like he was trying to tighten her inner walls so that it would be as smooth as possible.

Along with her lips, her little hole at the bottom that was usually closed also opened up a little and let some cool air inside, which made her legs shiver and her toes curl up at the foreign feeling she had never met before.

Nina thought that the size in which he was spreading her hole, which was big enough to push in a marker, was actually how big he was. Although she thought that it was still really impressive compared to what she heard from her friends about how big their husbands were, she was honestly a little disappointed as Kafka made it up to be like his cock could absolutely tear open her pussy.

She was sure that she would have a good time with what he possessed, as it was still a mighty weapon. But it still didn't meet the expectations her primal blood craved, which was a man who could fully stuff her womb and spread his seed so far that it came splurting out.

And just as she was about to give a sigh, thinking that she met a wonderful man like Kafka and that she shouldn't ask for anymore no matter how much her blood desired for it, Kafka interrupted her thoughts with a look of disdain in his dark eyes.

"Huh?...Who said that I'm only as big as this, Nina?"

Kafka said with a mocking look on his face, like he was genuinely offended at the assumption she made. He then continued saying as he spread her lips even more, a little angry that Nina underestimated him in such a manner,

"I'd probably need to use both my hands to pry open your little pussy if I wanted to be able to fit in my cock without tearing it open."

"...So, I hope you don't say such disgraceful words to me, Nina or else I'll make sure to fuck your pussy so hard that our babies just slip out of your womb with how loose your cunt will be after I'm done with you."

Squirt!~ Squirt!~ Squirt!~

Kafka immediately regretted acting in such a childish manner when Nina basically called his dick useless, because of how tiny she assumed it to be.

He was about to apologise for having such an outburst and for saying such harsh words to Nina, who he thought would be devastated with the overbearing way he spoke to her.

But who would've thought Nina wouldn't be dejected at all about what he said and would actually have an 'outburst' of her when she suddenly squirted out a stream of her love juices onto Kafka's face because of how excited she felt after hearing him describe how he was going to destroy her pussy.

He also thought that as tiny and fragile as her pussy was, it was a formidable opponent in its own right compared to his monster of a cock, seeing as to how it attacked back when it felt threatened and covered Kafka's face in its own fluids...

Chapter 377: Tight Slap

"Nina, I get that you're happy to see me and all...But you really don't have to show that to me by spraying your excitement all over my face." Kafka said as he wiped off the viscous fluids that covered his face, which made his handsome face give off a sheen.

Luckily, he managed to close his eyes just as Nina's attack reached his face, and he avoided getting blinded by her fluids. But it was still a difficult task to wipe off the fluids from his face because of how sticky it was like a bottle of honey was poured over him.

"Like, seriously, Nina..." Kafka said as he used his handkerchief to wipe the sweet residues off his face while looking up at Nina. "...I always thought that you acted like a wild animal in certain ways. But who would've thought that you would actually spray me in the face like you're trying to mark me as yours?"

Nina didn't respond to any of Kafka's comments, as she was too busy covering her face with her hands and hiding herself from Kafka below to save herself from the utter shame she was feeling.

She knew that her body acted really weird around Kafka and became quite sensitive to the extent that even her asshole twitched on his command. But she didn't think that it would be so bad that she would actually squirt on him just because of something he said.

"I want to say that since I've made you dirty and you've also drenched me in your love juice in return, we can write our debts off, and I don't have to go out of my way to clean you up." Kafka spoke as he gazed at Nina's green pussy, which was pulsating slightly after spitting out a cup of water at him—an action he was cautious about in case it repeated itself.

"But luckily for you, I care for you a little too much, and I don't want you to catch a cold with how wet you are, so let me clean you up myself."

Nina wanted to interject and protest when she heard that Kafka was going back on his words, because she was really looking forward to him eating her out, even though she had no right to ask for anything after what she had done.

But she quickly stopped herself, or rather she was interrupted, when she suddenly felt something really cold and slimy lick her thick thighs.

"Hyaa!~"

Nina let out a loud moan of surprise when she felt that cold sensation gliding up and down her thighs and moving from one leg to another, almost as if her legs were covered in meat juice and a dog was licking her off.

She knew there was no way a dog could have suddenly entered her house and started licking her legs, as if they were a block of sugar that became sweeter the harder it was licked.

But she did know that there was someone just like a dog under her, and when she bashfully looked down to see what was happening, she saw Kafka going on, running his tongue along her verdant legs and creating trails of saliva all over her thighs.

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

Even though it seemed like he was randomly licking her legs as he pulled Nina closer to him by holding onto her soft butt and rubbing his face all over her delectable thighs, that could even choke a man out with how thick and powerful they were.

He was actually tracing along the lines of her love juices that flowed from her pussy and was licking it all up into his mouth, like he was a servant cleaning up his master who wet herself.

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

While other servants would've used water and cloth to get rid of the stains on their master's body, he used his tongue to clean the sweet juice his master's body was letting out from the inside. He also used his rugged hands to spread Nina's legs wide, allowing his tongue to enter the sweaty crevice between her legs and her wide pelvis.

Even though he thought that groove where Nina's long legs and her waist connected had a quite acrid taste compared to her love juice that tasted sweet and sour like a fruit that was just starting to ripen, he didn't mind the buildup of sweat in that crevice and licked all the ejaculate on those layers of skin that were spread out right now.

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

Nina's body trembled from the way he was gliding his tongue across her skin to make sure that every pore was completely free of the juices she secreted and the way he was moving her body to get to the right places and digging his fingers into her soft flesh whenever she showed some sort of resistance.

"Ohhh!~ Mmm, perfect!~ Aaahh!~ Yesss!~ Mmm!~ Unghhh!~"

She never thought that she would feel this much pleasure from letting someone have his way with her legs, but here she was getting licked clean by a high school kid while standing completely naked in her own lobby.

She even felt like ejaculating once again, and this time harder than she did on Kafka's face.

However, Kafka appeared to anticipate Nina's next move when he observed her hole expand and contract, as if sensing a force emanating from within. He also felt her legs vibrating like she were going through an intense amount of pleasure at the moment, and he figured out exactly what was going to happen.

Anyone else would have been thrilled to learn that their partner was going to ejaculate and cause a mess once more... But not Kafka.

For him, it was only natural that a woman would be throbbing under his hands and spasming out while crying out his name, and it was really no big achievement at all since he was used to that sight.

Rather, he was more concerned about the fact that all his hard work would be ruined if Nina's sensitive little pussy squirted again, and he would have to start licking her legs all over just when he was about to finish.

That's why, out of nowhere, just when Nina was arching her back with an enthralled look on her face as she was about to release her pleasure all over Kafka's face and make a mess once again, Kafka suddenly raised his hand, and to everyone's shock, he actually swunged it down and gave Nina's pussy a tight little slap.

Slap!~

"Ahhhhhh!~"

When Nina felt Kafka's strong hands slap her tender meat, she let out a loud moan that even made the people inside the hot spring wonder if a wild animal nearby was howling out loudly.

Her vagina was a really sensitive place that's skin blushed at even a little rub, so to have someone slap it has been hard as Kafka did, leaving her pussy's lips turn all red and throb around like her plump lips were pulsating in pain.

Throb~ Throb~ Throb~

It was also a direct hit on her vagina with her legs spread wide apart, so everything, including her labia, the flesh in between, her clit, and her hole underneath felt the roughness of Kafka's hand, which was ruthless enough to give such a delicate part of her body such a hard beating.

After she had stopped the throbbing in her pussy and the heaving breaths as if someone had snuck a vibrator into her vagina, Nina was prepared to enquire as to why Kafka was being so cruel as to slap her little flower.

Even though, along with the intense pain that came with the attack that managed to make her green pussy turn red even though she wasn't going through her monthly cycle at the moment, she also felt an unbearable amount of pleasure from being treated so harshly like the animalistic woman she was; she still wanted to hold her pride and ask why he was being so rough with her as if she didn't enjoy it at all.

But before she could, she saw Kafka stare at her pussy with a solemn look in his eyes and then heard him say in a threatening tone, like he promised on his life that he would do what he said if her pussy didn't listen to him,

"Listen to me, you little cunt...I've just cleaned up Nina's legs right now, and by no means do I want to do it again, just because you couldn't handle a little pleasure and squirt all over the place once again."

"So unless you want me to beat you up so much so that Nina won't even be able to pee without groaning in pain at how bruised her pussy is, you better be a good little cunt and stay silent for the rest of the night."

"...After that, you can squirt however much you want and paint the walls with your liquids. But until I leave, you better be a good little girl and be as obedient as possible, or else."

Kafka concluded threatening Nina's pussy and even gave it a mean gaze to frighten it even more.

If anyone else were to see such a bizarre scene of Kafka talking to Nina's genitalia like it were a actual person, they would think that he had gone crazy.

But only Nina, who was watching all this from above, knew how effective his words were and why he was directly talking to her vagina instead of her...

Chapter 378: Mind Control?

Nina understood after all her previous experiences that her body was incredibly reactive to anything Kafka said harshly or in a strong manner.

She didn't know if it was because of her blood that she craved a strong man who could control her wild desires with his absolute dominance or if it was because she was a pervert who simply wanted to be crushed by someone she desired with all her heart.

But she couldn't deny that her body was likely to follow Kafka's words more than hers in a crucial situation.

Kafka also knew about this and decided to use this vulnerability of hers to his advantage by directly commanding Nina's little pussy into submission.

He was still a little doubtful if it would work out since he had never seen someone with such a reactive body that seemed to have a mind of its own.

But just like her anus that opened up at command or her nipples that became stiff just because of some proactive words from his side, Nina's pussy also did as he said, almost as if it had ears of its own, and immediately stopped throbbing and settled down.

Throbbing~ Stop~

Like a steaming kettle that calmed down when the stove was turned off, Nina's vagina also stopped itself from experiencing the feeling of something surging out from within and completely satiated itself on Kafka's command, like it was trying to win his approval for being so obedient.

Both Nina and Kafka stared at each other when they witnessed this bizarre phenomenon right in front of them in a daze.

One was so embarrassed that she had such a lewd body, which became a servant to the words of the one she loved with all her heart, that she started blaming her mother once again for giving her such a sultry body.

While the other was smiling from ear to ear with a keen look in his after finding out such a secret, which basically gave him full control over Nina, like she were her obedient pet, and made him think of all the 'fun' he could have with Nina now that he knew that she couldn't refuse a word he said.

Kafka already thought that he has quite a bit of power over Nina's body, and he could make her do a lot of pervy things that she wouldn't normally accept.

But it was only after hearing what Nina said next did Kafka understand how much power was lying in his hands at the moment and that he could do a lot more than pull a few pranks on her, like make her anus twitch on command, and actually even change her life for the worse if he wanted to.

"K-Kafka, you're my darling husband, right?...Y-You won't actually abuse this secret you've just learnt and make me do something like write off my hot springs to you, right?"

Nina looked down and said with a pitiful gaze in her eyes when she saw the dangerous smile on Kafka's face, as she knew all the things he could do with the power he gained. She even added, saying like a powerless little girl begging for his mercy after finding out that her life wasn't in her own hands anymore,

"I'll even give you a lifetime membership to the hotsprings with all the amenities that come with it, s-so please don't strip this place away from me like anyone would do after knowing how much power you have over me."

"...This place really means a lot to me since it's been passed on in my family for many years, and my mother personally told me to cherish it when she passed away, so I hope you don't take it away, as I'm even willing to share most of the profits of this place with you if you're willing to let it stay in my hands."

Nina said in an appeasing tone and looked like she would really cry if Kafka really took away her home, like she thought anyone would do if they were in the position of power Kafka was in right now.

"Hold on now, Nina...What are you even talking about?" Kafka held his head in confusion, as he had no idea what Nina was suddenly saying to him, treating him like someone who was going to

steal her life savings away. "Why are you suddenly painting me out to be a bad guy who's going to steal your beloved hot springs from you?"

"...And how in the world would I even do that in the first place, when I'm just a high school boy and not some kind of real estate mogul that forces people to sigh their properties away?"

Kafka asked in an exasperated manner, as he really didn't understand why and how Nina thought he was going to accomplish what she said, and waited for Nina to explain everything.

"Huh?...You don't know, Kafka?"

Nina asked with an equally confused look on her face, as she was sure after seeing the dangerous glint in his eyes earlier that he had figured out how powerful his words were at the moment.

"Know what?...What are you talking about, Nina?"

Kafka asked for some clarity regarding this matter that genuinely puzzled him.

"About how much power you have over me at the moment, Kafka...About all the things you can make me do with just a single call." Nina answered with an oblivious look on her face, which made Kafka raise a brow. "Don't you know just how vulnerable I am to your words at the moment?"

"Power I have over you?...Are you talking about how I can command your body to squirt and turn your nipples hard?" Kafka questioned Nina with a peculiar look on his face. "How is that little amount of power I have over you, that can utmost be used to pull a few little pranks be enough to make you sell off your property to me?"

"Oh, so you really don't know." Nina gasped, her green eyes widening in surprise.

A look of understanding then appeared on her face as she said with a wry smile, "Well, it was only earlier that I realised just how much your words mean to me and what all you can make me do according to your desires, so I guess it's only understandable that you haven't figured out how much power you have over my life."

"Power over your life?! How does making your butt jiggle at my command correlate to changing your life for the worst you speak of?"

Kafka asked in an exasperated manner, a little frustrated that he was still not understanding any of what Nina was saying.

"Well, that's what I also thought at first, Kafka, and just like you, I assumed that your words would only help you tease me when it came to n-naughty matters."

Nina blushed when she thought of all the ways Kafka could use the command he had over her in bed, which was definitely something she wasn't looking forward to, as she knew Kafka wasn't going to let her off easy.

She turned her gaze to the boy beneath her, who had suddenly taken control of her life, and hesitantly spoke,

"But after what just happened now and hearing your domineering words that made it feel like every single cell in my body was under your command, I understood that not only could you make me do such menial actions, but you can make me do so much more to me than you think off."

"Haha!...What are you talking about, Nina?...Why are you making it seem like I have some sort of mind control ability over you that would even make you 'spread you pussy' if I were to tell you to do so?"

Kafka laughed out loud as this whole thing seemed to be a joke to him. He didn't believe such an exaggerated matter of him being able to take full control over Nina and thought it was a joke she was pulling on him to get him back.

Spread~

That is, until he saw Nina bringing her hands towards her pussy with a flustered look on his face and saw her actually spread open her lower lips to show Kafka her pink fleshy insides.

Kafka was absolutely flabbergasted at this sight, as he knew that there was no way in hell that someone as innocent as Nina would spread her vagina out for someone else as a joke.

He then realised that the only reason she would be able to do such a vulgar was if what she said was true, which almost made him stumble because of how absurd it sounded...

Chapter 379: Confession

"See, Kafka...D-Do you finally understand that what I'm saying is true and not exaggerated at all?" Nina sighed with a shy look on her face as she let go of her lower lips after fulfilling Kafka's indirect command, confirming to herself that her life was now in the hands of another person.

She then continued saying as she quickly accepted the circumstance she was currently in and said, "The power you have over me also isn't really considered to be mind control, as I can actually break away from it if I really want to and stop myself from doing anything you want me to."

"It's more like my devotion towards you and my innate desire to make the person I've devoted my heart to always satisfied, even at the cost of my dignity and belongings."

Nina explained like she knew exactly why she felt as if she needed to listen to Kafka's words like they were from the holy book she worshipped. She also blushed as she knew what it meant in their relationship.

"From what you're saying, it seems like you know exactly why you're acting this way because of me, Nina." Kafka wasn't as confused anymore and asked in a calm and pensive manner to gain more clarity regarding this issue. "So, could you please elaborate a little more so that I'm not the only one left out of the circle of understanding."

"Fine, Kafka...This is actually a commonly known fact about the females of different variant races, which is also why I thought you already figured everything out." Nina said, which made Kafka wonder if only he was the ignorant one regarding this matter.

"But since you don't know, probably because it's an occurrence that happens so rarely among the people of variant clans that it's actually become a myth, I'll explain it to you as simply as possible."

Kafka nodded his head, prepared to learn about the uniqueness of the various clans in this world.

"Well, it basically boils down to the major difference between normal humans and variant humans, which is the animalistic qualities variant humans possess." Nina wasn't the best when it came to explanation, so she didn't go into the details and went straight to the point.

"Like how my variant race called the 'Tree Fairy' race has a physique that helps us travel through the trees and long ears that help us find prey and detect danger, which is similar to certain animals

in the jungle, the rest of the variant clans also have some primal characteristics to them that suited the environment they lived in."

Kafka nodded his head and guessed that their personalities also stemmed from the environment in which they lived, like how aggressive Nina was because her ancestors lived in the dangerous jungle. If it were someplace much less viscous, he was sure that Nina's innate personality would be much more calm.

"And even though every different race has different animalistic characteristics that define and classify everyone apart, all the different clans did share some innate qualities with one another." Nina cast a coy glance at Kafka, then, for some reason, averted her gaze when she met his.

She then continued saying as she played with Kafka's hair, like it was her way of satiating the embarrassment of what she was about to say, "A-And one of the innate characteristics seen in the female members of a variant race is the absolute loyalty they would have towards their partner who they had completely fallen for."

"...Not just any sort of loyalty that you would see in a normal relationship, but something much more, where their partner's words are their lifeline and they'd do anything to satisfy their desires, even if they were to go to war itself and fight with their life on the line."

Nina revealed one of the traits of variant humans, which made Kafka's eyes go wide at the astonishing discovery. But as fascinating this world's culture, which seemed to be mixed in with the physiology and blood of variant humans, was, he still had a doubt that really puzzled him.

"But that doesn't make sense, Nina...If all variant human relationships were shaped in that way, wouldn't every single bond basically be a master-slave relationship where the man had complete control over the opposite party?" Kafka said as he looked up at Nina, who seemed to be hiding something with the guilty look she had on her face. "Let's even take you, for example."

If it worked the way you said, then wouldn't you be under your husband's control at all times and would basically be his slave...Wouldn't something like that bring chaos to the world?"

"...W-Well, I did forget to mention one other important point, Kafka."

Nina spoke with a reluctant look on her face, knowing she couldn't keep the part that would surely reveal her biggest vulnerability hidden any longer.

She was aware that her words would destroy everything she had worked so hard to protect, but she also understood that if things continued this way, they would eventually come to light. So in the end, she decided to reveal the truth that would surely change her relationship with Kafka forever and put her on a path that she had no idea where it was going to lead to.

"T-The thing I kind of forgot to mention isn't that big of a deal, Kafka, and is just that the requirement for a variant woman to form such a deep loyalty towards her partner, which is that s-she must completely be devoted to him whether it was her mind or body."

Nina tried to downplay what she was saying like it wasn't a big issue at all, even though what she was saying was deal-breaking information that cemented what she actually felt towards Kafka. She then continued saying, in a fluster while looking away from Kafka's gaze,

"Only a woman who has completely given her heart to someone else, to the extent that she would struggle to even live if he weren't there anymore, just like how a heart is necessary to survive, would feel such a deep loyalty towards her partner."

"...Basically someone that has fallen head over heels for that person and would happily give her life if that person asks for it could feel that sort of devotion towards him, which was her sacred mark of how much she truly adored him."

Nina said, like the feeling of absolute obedience Nina felt towards Kafka was a blessed thing that only the luckiest of women could feel, since it basically meant that they had met their destined one

"That's why I informed you that this information is essentially a rumor or myth, as we rarely witness such a relationship in our world." Utmost you rarely see it every once in a while, where a lucky woman meets an enigma of a man who truly knows how to make a woman feel cherished, just like the relationship between my mother and father."

Nina revealed that her father, like Kafka, was a gentleman who made her mother feel the same way she was currently feeling towards him.

With this, she had done what she had been trying to avoid all this while, and she actually proposed her love towards Kafka in a grand manner.

She knew that it was inevitable that, as her relationship progressed with Kafka, she would eventually blurt out how she felt about him. So, rather than exposing herself in a messy manner, she decided to take the bullet and go about in an indirect manner, bringing up the innate nature of female variant humans.

She knew that by doing so, it would only encourage Kafka to pursue her. But she believed that she was stubborn enough and had the resistance to push him away when the time came, as she really didn't want to break off her marriage because of her selfish feelings.

Rather than worrying about what was to come, she was more nervous about why Kafka hadn't said a word this whole time, as she was sure that he would've gone on a whole rant about how he was right from the start and how he managed to grasp her heart in a single day.

Not just a part of it as well, but the entirety of it seeing as to how she was feeling the sacred feeling of devotion to him as well.

When she looked down to see why Kafka wasn't saying anything for a while, she immediately regretted it, as even though he wasn't saying anything, he was currently looking up at her with a wide smile on his face and smug look in his eyes, almost as if he were telling her, 'You said you would never feel anything for me...But look at you now all smitten with me.'

Nina honestly wanted to slap the smug smile on his face because it felt like he was rubbing his victory all over her. But she couldn't bear to harm him in any way, so she simply puffed out her chest and said, like a loser trying to accept her loss,

"W-Why are you being so silent, Kafka?! I know you want to say 'I told you so' or some other arrogant statement to tick me off, so don't hold back and let it rip...Don't worry about me and make fun of this old lady who actually fell for a child! I can handle whatever you throw at me!"

Nina harumphed and asked for the best straightforward verbal beating Kafka could, as she would much rather prefer that, then let Kafka silently mock her in her head, which was so much more worse and humiliating.

Chapter 380: Indirect Proposal

"I don't need to say anything, Nina."

Kafka broke the silence with a victorious look on his face, like he had just won a great war that had been going on for years. He then looked up at Nina's frustrated face and said in a haughty manner,

"Someone else has already said whatever needs to be said and declared to me how her love for me is one a billion in this world, so I really don't think I need to do anything else to that beautiful proposal, which speaks for itself."

"S-Shut up, Kafka! That's not a proposal!...T-That's simply how I'm feeling right now, which you've somehow managed to pry out of my mouth by putting me in an inescapable corner!"

Nina vehemently refused to accept what she referred to as a proposal while pulling on Kafka's hair in protest. She then declared to Kafka, who was still smiling at her like he wasn't taking any of what she was saying in, by saying,

"A-And don't think that just because I've fallen for you hard, I-like really, really, really hard to the extent that I'm probably going to see you in my dreams from now on, that you have a chance of breaking up my marriage."

"My love for you and the bond of marriage I have with my husband are two entirely different matters that simply can't coincide because of how complicated my relationship with my husband is."

"...So even though I may admit that I feel the happiest with you and want to spend the rest of my life with no one other than you, there's no way I'm going to be a selfish person who breaks off her marriage with her husband after all he's done for her, just because she found someone else she likes."

Nina declared, saying that even though Kafka may have stolen her heart, mind, and soul, he will never be able to break the vow of matrimony she had with her husband, as if the very thought of it went against her life principles.

Kafka was confused about why she was so insistent on keeping up what seemed to be a broken marriage and why exactly she seemed to be grateful to her husband, who seemed like a horrible person who deserted his wife when she was in trouble.

He wondered if she owed him a favour and thought of repaying that favour a hundred times so that he could take her away from him. But before that, he thought of taming Nina, who was getting a little too full of herself for her own good.

"Who says I need your consent to break up your relationship with your husband, Nina?" With a villainous look that perfectly suited his pale visage, Kafka spoke.

He then gave a cruel smile and continued saying, "Because of your loyalty and devotion to me, all I would have to do is tell you to throw off the ring on your finger and tear the marriage papers right in front of your husband, and you would simply do it."

"...And if your husband still doesn't accept, I can fuck you raw right here and put a baby in your womb, which would most definitely make your husband leave you unless he wants to raise another man's child, and you simply wouldn't be able to resist." Kafka said as he slowly pushed his thumb inside of Nina's pussy and wriggled it around a bit like he was showing her what would happen if she didn't follow what he said, acting like someone who was mad with power.

But unexpectedly, other than her ears turning a little red from her pussy getting fingered and letting out a few whimpers, Nina didn't show any other reactions of panic like he thought she would.

She simply looked down on Kafka with a bored look on her face, like she was asking if that's all he got to threaten her, and seemed to be mocking Kafka in her mind.

"Hold on, Nina...Aren't you supposed to be scared right now?" Kafka asked with a perplexed look on her face, unable to understand how he lost this face off. "Why are you so calm when you know I can force you to do what I say and destroy your marriage?"

"That's because I know for a fact that you won't do such a despicable thing, Kafka, that would most definitely affect me in a negative way." Nina said nonchalantly, like she already knew the ins and outs of Kafka's mind.

"I know that you're someone who would freak out even if I were to get a single splinter, so to say that you would actually force me to do something that would genuinely go against my principles is laughable."

Nina chuckled, as if she were telling him to tell better lies next time.

"You also have to know that this feeling of devotion only comes when a woman trusts with all her life that her partner would never do anything to actually harm her, so such threats are useless against someone like me who has already placed all my life's bets on you."

Nina scoffed and looked down at Kafka like he was a little too young to be messing around with her, which made Kafka roll his eyes in irritation that he had lost this battle.

"Then if you trust me so much, why did you think that I was going to try and sell off your property, Nina?" Kafka spoke in a dissatisfied tone. "Do you think that I'm someone who's greedy for a little piece of land?"

"That's because this little piece of land you're talking about is one of the most valuable estates in this entire town, Kafka, because of how famous of an attraction it's recently become." Nina revealed how valuable of a treasure this property was.

"I also value this property more than my own life since my mother passed it on to me, so the first thing that came to mind when I thought about how you could take advantage of me using the power you hold on me was embarrassingly you stealing this place away from me."

Nina blushed and sent an apologetic gaze towards Kafka for doubting him for a second.

She also thought that she couldn't be blamed since, as much as she trusted Kafka, he really gave off the image of a merciless villain, which she couldn't really shake off.