

God of Milfs 381

Chapter 381: Stained Innocence

"Nina, no matter how valuable you say this property may be, there's no way it can be that high up in today's market, right?"

Kafka asked whilst looking around the century-old hotspring he was in right now and wondered if it really worth so much for Nina to actually doubt his intentions for a second.

"Don't tell anyone this, Kafka, but the number I'm about to say is one of the several offers I've received from people who want to visit this place after they found out how popular it's becoming recently."

Nina looked around the room to see if anyone else was around to hear what she was going to say and then bent down to whisper a certain number in Kafka's ear that ended with a lot of zeros.

"Holy shit!...That's enough money to buy yourself an entire mall in the prime area of a city, Nina!" Kafka exclaimed in shock at the absurd price that Nina had mentioned, which was enough to settle her family for centuries.

"See, I told you, Kafka~" Nina had a satisfied smile on her face when she saw Kafka's reaction and felt proud to own such a piece of property. The depletion of several hot springs in the region over the past few decades has led to a recent increase in their prices.

It was especially so for mine, which also has medicinal effects that's been attracting visitors from far away nowadays and also several businessmen who want to invest in or buy this place."

"...But of course I told everyone that came for my property to go away, as I have no intention to sell my family's only heritage and also the primary heirloom I received from my mother."

Nina harrumphed like she would rather jump off a cliff than sell something that was so precious to her.

"I see..." Kafka nodded his head, a contemplative expression on his face reminiscent of a calculated businessman. He then continued saying, "...I wasn't really interested in this property before, Nina.

But now that you've informed me how much it's actually worth, I'm starting to wonder how much I would get if I made you auction it off."

"No, Kafka! Don't you dare get such ideas!"

Nina cried out and immediately regretted informing Kafka about how valuable her hot spring was. She proceeded to speak, her eyes beginning to well up with tears, in an effort to appear more pitiful,

"You're someone that I put all my faith into, so you're not allowed to break my trust in you no matter what the reason may be or how many fancy cars you can buy; if you were to sell this place, o-or else God would surely punish you for swindling someone as gullible as me."

Nina brought God into the picture out of desperation, which made Kafka scoff since he knew the Gods were on his side.

"A-And, Kafka..." Nina looked at Kafka in a demure manner and placed her hand on her chest. With a provocative look in her eyes that would make even the worst racists of this world want to protect her, she continued saying, "...Don't you think that your beautiful wife is much more p-precious than a little piece of land?"

"Especially a horny wife like me, who's been waiting for her husband to lick her p-pussy clean for a while now, as she can't get rid of the naughty thought of her husband's tongue all over her dirty insides!~"

Nina's cheeks turned a shade of red as she spread her pussy with two fingers and showcased her fleshy insides to Kafka, like she was telling him that you can get money from anywhere, but to get a wife like her, who's willing to do whatever he says, no matter how dirty his desire may be, is almost impossible, so he better steal her now before someone else does.

Kafka was not a weak-minded individual whatsoever, and he was confident that he could go into isolation for decades and still come out with a sane mind.

But at the end of the day he was still a simple man, so when he saw a gorgeous lady with the most sexy body calling him her husband and inviting him to lick her pussy that she was spreading wide for him, he immediately ditched the idea of selling her land and pounced on Nina instead.

"Oh, you sly little vixen!~ You're trying to tempt me away from thinking about your land, aren't you!~"

Slap~ Slap~

Kafka said as he wrapped his hands around her waist and gave her asscheeks two tight slaps, which made her meaty flesh jiggle around as he pulled her in closer. He then buried his nose into her crotch and continued saying as he took a whiff of her pussy's citrusy fragrance and said while looking up at her flustered face,

"Well, congratulations, as you have successfully enticed me with this lewd body of yours...But unfortunately, now you're going to have to deal with me instead."

"How is that unfortunate, Kafka?~"

Nina said with a teasing smile on her face as she arched her back out and pushed her wet pussy into his face, until his cold lips were touching her tiny little hole that was all puckered up.

"To deal with your silly little antics for the rest of my life as your wife...Wouldn't I basically be the luckiest woman in the world for managing to snatch myself such a handsome husband, who I can happily spend the rest of my life with?~"

Nina said as she gazed down at Kafka with eyes that were full of love at the moment, whilst gently caressing his soft hair that she loved to play with.

"Dammit, Nina! I thought you were an innocent little girl at first who knew nothing about the outside world...But who've thought that you would be so good at making a man feel good about himself and getting him all worked up!"

Kakfa exclaimed, unable to handle any more of Nina's provocations that honestly made his heart beat out of his chest.

So, to satiate his desires that were making him act out like a wild animal looking out for a female to breed, he suddenly bit onto the softest, most fleshiest thing in front of him that looked perfect to chew on, which was her pussy's plump lips.

"Hyaaa!~ N-No, Kafka!~ Aughh!~ Not there!~ Hnnn!~"

Just like how Kafka was currently biting onto her green lower lips that were full of fat and round as they could get, like he was taking a bite out of a juicy piece of pork chop, Nina also screamed like a pig that was about to be slaughtered when she felt a set of fangs dig into her most sensitive flesh.

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

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She was completely caught off guard with that little attack from Kafka's side and didn't even have time to react before she saw Kafka sucking on her lower lips while grinding her teeth against her flesh.

"Mwah!~ Mwah!~ Pucker!~ Mwah!~ Suck!~"

Nina thought that the sight of Kafka pulling on her lips with his teeth and the aggressive manner he was doing it in looked rather cute from above, almost like a puppy that was trying to take a bite out of steak that was twice its size.

But the stinging sensation that came with the bite, which almost made her drop down onto his lap when she first felt it, made her forget those wholesome thoughts and think of Kafka as a wolf that was trying to tear her apart.

"Ahhh!~ No!~ You bad boy!~ Mmmph! Stop!~ Oooh!~"

The only thing that was stopping Nina from squirting out and drenching the entirety of Kafka's body once again was Kafka's command earlier that made her body stop secreting out fluids. But even that command didn't seem like it was going to hold out any longer, seeing as she was slowly starting to leak once again.

"S-Stop it, Kafka!~ Ahhh!~ You can't b-bite me in that place!~ Hnnnm!~ It's not allowed!~"

Nina whimpered out with limpid eyes and flushed cheeks as she bent down and held onto Kafka's head for balance while he latched into her juicy lower lips with his teeth and sucked on it like he was trying to pull that tender flesh into his mouth like it were a plump noodle.

"Nnn!~ Lick!~ Suck!~ Mmph!~"

"Why not, Nina?" Kafka spoke as he started nibbling on her other pussy lip as well, after sucking on the first one so much that there wasn't a sliver of her love juices left on it. "I thought you liked it when I bit and teased you like this?...Doesn't your inner animal crave to have your body marked by me, especially on your naughty little pussy that needs to know who its new owner is?"

"Mmph!~ Ooooh!~ Suck!~ Ahhh!~"

Whether there was an animal inside of Nina right now was doubtful since she was in between the gates of pleasure and pain right now, as she couldn't decide if her pleasure overcame the pain that came with Kafka biting and sucking on her lower lips.

But there was most definitely an animal inside of Kafka right now—a carnivorous one at that, seeing as to how he was devouring her pussy.

"Just look at your pussy, Nina." Kafka stopped what he was doing and showcased Nina's pussy to her, which was full of red bite marks on its tender labia and looked like it was absolutely abused by Kafka's gluttony.

He then looked up at Nina's steamy face that was being overwhelmed with pleasure and said, "Don't you think that your pussy is much more beautiful than it looked before, almost as if it were a pair of green leaves that had weathered through several storms and were left in the end with a couple of scars?"

"...After seeing this stunning sight that's brimming with rustic elegance, are you still going to say that you want me to stop?"

Kafka questioned Nina, who was looking down at her pussy that looked battered and brushed with an enamoured look in her eyes, like she actually did find it more attractive now that it was covered in Kafka's markings.

Even though every bite of his made her feel like her pussy was being branded by a hot piece of pig iron and also made her vagina lose its innocence by covering it in red bitemarks, she still preferred how dirty her pussy looked right now compared to before, since now anyone who looked at it would know that her throbbing pussy already had an owner and there was only one person out there in the world who could mutilate her pussy like Kafka did now.

But as much as she admired the sight of her trembling pussy that had lost its virgin innocence and now looked like it had been violently used for several long years, she still couldn't allow him to continue any further for the same reason she didn't want him to be too aggressive with her nipples.

"I-I like it, Kafka...I really do like the feeling of you leaving your mark on my flesh as embarrassing as it is." Nina admitted it in a bashful manner.

"But at the same time, I can't allow you to treat that place on my body roughly since that's where our b-baby is going to come out...A-And as exaggerated as it seems, I don't want to risk the chance of anything happening to our child just because of my lewd desires."

Even though it seemed hilarious to think that something could happen just because Kafka was going a little rough on her pussy, Nina still didn't want to take any chances after hearing what Kafka had warned her about earlier.

Having children of her own was the greatest desire someone her age could possibly have, and she wasn't willing to compromise that, no matter how silly the reason seemed.

"I see, Nina...Since you're so concerned, I guess I have no choice but to stop." Kafka saw the motherly aura Nina was letting off right and decided that he shouldn't tease her regarding this matter.

He then chuckled and said, "I was even going to hook both my fingers inside of your pussy and pull them apart so I can show you just how your pussy would spread if I were to shove my cock in...But I guess there's no way I'm allowed to do that either, after what you said."

Nina gulped when she heard how Kafka was going to treat her body, and she almost went back on her words since she really wanted to experience the feeling of her vagina getting spread out so wide.

But she was still going through a 'baby fever' period at the moment after talking so much about bearing Kafka's baby that she wasn't in the mindset to do anything that could harm her child.

"Umm...Kafka...Just out of curiosity, h-how exactly would it feel if your p-penis were to enter inside of me, since you said yours was on the bigger side?" Nina couldn't handle her avid nature to

find out about the size of her dick and asked Kafka in an indirect manner. "Would it be painful that I wouldn't be able to bear it, or would it be alright?"

"Well, imagine how it would feel when you give birth to a child, Nina." Kafka said with a smile on his face, which made Nina envision that beautiful moment she was looking forward to.

Kafka then added a petrifying line by saying, "Now, imagine after the birth of our baby, our child decided that it didn't like the world it was brought into and preferred your warm womb better, so it decides to retreat and crawl back inside of you."

"...That's how it would feel if you were to take my raw dick inside of you, Nina."

Kafka said as he knew what Nina was trying to do and decided to use an absurd situation to throw her off.

It seemed to have a great effect, as Nina's verdant face had gone pale from the fright Kafka had given, almost as if the dream-like scenario she was looking forward to had become her worst nightmare.

Her hands trembled and her body was frozen, as no matter how many times she told herself that Kafka was simply teasing her, that scenario he played out couldn't help but run in her head over and over again and made her freeze in fright like she saw the boogeyman.

Kafka was also surprised that Nina would be so scared of something he said on a whim. But it made sense when he thought of Nina's vivid imagination that knew no stop.

He also knew that he had to wrap up the request since it was about time the people inside the hot spring came out, that is, unless he wanted to be scattered into a bunch of colours by the Gods because he ran out of time to complete the request.

Kafka was about to call Nina to help her find out the final two colours he needed to find all the spectrums of the rainbow on her body, already having found five colours he needed.

But he found that Nina was caught in a deep daze and didn't seem like she would be much of a help, seeing as how she wasn't even responding to his calls.

This didn't bother him at all, as he already had an idea of where the last two colours were, so he decided to find the next colours on his own...

Chapter 382: Blue As A Blueberry

"Excuse me, Nina...Let me just move you around a bit, and then you can continue daydreaming."

Kafka said to Nina, who's eyes were caught in a reverie because of the nightmare he put her in, and he slowly turned her around.

Even though she didn't respond to his calls, her body still moved where his hands pushed it, so it wasn't too hard to make her spin around in the same spot she was standing on the sofa and make it so that her bouncy ass was right in front of his face rather than her crotch.

Turn around~

He thought that he would first notice her ass that looked like two hills that were right next to one another if he were to turn her around. But to his surprise, he found a small wooden plank that seemed to be some sort of ornament hanging around her waist instead.

It was bound by a brown thread that seemed to be made of vine and was currently hanging behind her back and resting in between her asscheeks.

Kafka had already noticed the vine-like thread around her waist before, but he didn't really ask about it as he thought it was some sort of thread the people of her clan wore.

And now that he saw the wooden ornament that was the size of his finger and looked like a plank with a carving of a bird and tiger on it, he confirmed that this entire get-up was something her clan wore, since the design of it seemed really primal. Nina also didn't seem like someone who would wear such a thing for fashionable reasons, so it has to be for some traditional custom or whatever.

The sight of the wooden ornament hanging off her verdant butt was really a beautiful sight to behold, as it looked like a tree was situated in between two tall verdant hills that sank inwards.

But Kafka knew that he didn't have the time to ask about the ornament or admire the sight, so he pushed the ornament to the side to continue with the request.

Spread~

Kafka shimmied his hands between Nina's cheeks that enveloped his hands in a warm sensation when they had entered that haven, and he spread her meat buns apart like he was trying to pry open an oyster to see the beautiful pearl inside.

One would need to use a lot of strength and put in an immense amount of effort to pry open an actual oyster. But fortunately, even though what was inside Nina's ass was still as valuable as a pearl, Kafka only had to pull open her cheeks a bit, and they moved aside without any resistance on their own and revealed the treasure inside.

Spread~

Kafka's body was already under Nina's control, so unlike before, where his hand almost got strangled by her asscheeks, they opened up naturally, like they were welcoming their master.

Nina also didn't really notice what Kafka was doing at all since him laying her hands on her became a little too normal for her, to the extent where the danger sensors in her body didn't go off even though he was currently staring at her anus, when it normally triggered even when someone even glanced in her direction.

Twitch~ Twitch~

Nina's puckered-up asshole twitched when it was exposed to the open world again, and it even opened up a little when it saw Kafka staring at it with an appreciative look on his face, almost as if it were too shy to see someone staring at it so closely.

Kafka wasn't someone that was new to Nina's anus and had already met it when he fingered her asshole a while ago. But this was the first time he was seeing it with his own eyes, when he simply felt the rims of her tiny anus earlier.

Nina's little black hole was exactly what he thought it would look like after feeling it with his hands.

Fleshy, round, tiny, and it looked like a ring that was made of the most tender flesh that was even softer than butter and as moist as an earthworm in the rain.

It honestly reminded him of his mother's anus that looked just like the puckered-up anus right before him, the only difference being that his mother's was on the light purple side while Nina's seemed to be more of a dark shade of blue.

He had already guessed that Nina's anus would be the same colour as a blueberry, as there was really no other place on her body that would have such a distinct colour.

What actually surprised him most was that even though the outer ring was blue in colour, the insides seemed to be a more purple shade, which he noticed when her asshole opened up a little.

He confirmed this by giving the middle of her anus a little poke right where her hole was, like it was a little button. And like any button out there that showed some sort of reaction upon being pressed, her anus obediently loosened itself for Kafka and revealed its insides, knowing that the true owner of Nina's body wanted to take a peek.

Open~

Kafka nodded his head after having a look at Nina's moist inner walls that looked like a wet cavern, which was dyed a light shade of purple. He thought that Nina was truly the perfect canvas to observe the different array of colours, seeing as to how her body had several different combinations of shades that merged together to form a sultry and breathtaking picture.

Now that Kafka had found the blue colour he needed, he was about to move onto the final punishment he was going to give Nina to observe the last colour, which was yellow.

But just as he was about to let go of her asscheeks and let them slap into one another, he witnessed Nina's anus twitching so much that it looked like it was vibrating. Even though it was absurd to think of, it almost seemed like it was trying to call out to Kafka and signal him about something.

It was only after seeing this bizarre scene that he was sure he wouldn't see anywhere else other than on Nina's body, which seemed to have a mind of its own, did he remember that he promised he would give her anus a kiss.

Kafka wasn't one to break a promise, no matter how dirty it may be. Especially a promise that he would gladly fulfil, like giving Nina's most intimate place that probably hasn't even seen the light of day a little peck.

Spread~

To make due with his promise, Kafka spread Nina's cheeks even more until her round rims were right in front of his eyes and seemed to be bulging out from the green skin surrounding the little circle, because of how thick it was, like a worm that was rolled up.

This also revealed a bit of her inner walls to the outside world, so Kafka was currently looking at the insides of her green buttcheeks, the dark blue rim that was spasming from being exposed so much, and finally her wet insides that gave off a light purple sheen.

It was almost as if he were looking at a mini-rainbow of his own because of the way the different colours surrounded one another and was truly mesmerised by the lewd but pretty sight, which resembled a multi-coloured flower.

Nina most definitely felt Kafka trying to spread her butt and knew that he was up to something. But she was too deep in thought of what it would feel like to give birth to a baby and how that correlated with taking in Kafka's penis, like he said, that she simply ignored him and whatever he was doing.

Kiss~

That was until, all of sudden, when she was thinking how big Kafka was as a baby so she could use it as a reference for how big her own baby would be at birth, she suddenly felt a cold, wet sensation on the entrance of her puckered-up asshole.

She already felt a chilly breeze when Kafka opened her cheeks up, which she didn't really mind. But what she felt right now was definitely something different, as it felt like someone had stuffed their face into her butt and wrapped their entire lips on her anus's rims and given her asshole a deep, juicy kiss.

She couldn't believe what she just felt, and when she turned around to see if it's true, she saw Kafka pulling his face out of her ass.

Lick~ Smack~

He was licking his lips like he just had a juicy treat and seemed to have a satisfied look on his face, which confirmed that what she thought was real.

"You! Kafka!...Just, what in the world do you think you're doing?!"

Nina exclaimed as she turned back to see him letting her ass go loose and savouring the aftertaste of her most hidden hole.

"I kissed your asshole just like you wanted me to, Nina." Kafka directly said with no hesitation whatsoever. "Why do you look so surprised when you were the one who was looking forward to it so much?"

He thought that Nina was going back on the decision she made after coming to her senses.

But it wasn't like that at all, as Nina said to Kafka in protest,

"You don't understand, Kafka!...I'm not mad that you kissed that part of my body; rather, I'm more than happy you did!"

Nina emphasised how much she enjoyed that kiss with a giddy look on her face.

"But it's just that I wasn't in my state of mind when you did it, so I didn't really experience how y-your lips felt on my skin."

"...S-So, that's why I demand you to kiss my butt once again to make up for catching me off guard and also to t-thoroughly let me feel how it feels to be kissed in that embarrassing area!"

Nina turned around until her crotch was pointing at Kafka's face again and demanded that he repeat what he did, while pointing her finger at him in a reluctant and demanding manner.

The pointer finger she was pointing at him was trembling at the moment, as she knew just how perverted her words sounded at the moment and how much of a lewd woman it made her seem like.

But Nina was by no chance going to get a little embarrassment get in the way of properly experiencing something that she had been looking forward to for a while, so she threw all her shame

aside and demanded that Kafka stick his face in her ass again and give her the proper kiss she deserved.

"I'm sorry, Nina, I don't think I can do that at the moment."

Kafka shook his head and denied her request, which was completely out of her expectations, as she was sure a pervert like him would be delighted to repeat something as vulgar as tasting her anus once again. Kafka then continued saying, as he pointed at the clock hanging on the wall,

"It's only a matter of time before the patrons of your hotspring start streaming out, so unless you want them to see me stuffing my face in your arched out ass, I suggest that we postpone this kiss to some other time."

Kafka gave solid reasoning that she couldn't fight back at all, as she also knew that the aunties inside would be coming out any minute now.

But Nina still felt reluctant that she couldn't fulfil her wish even after throwing away her face to ask for such a favour.

She also felt really irritated that things never went her way and how Kafka somehow managed to be one step ahead of her when it came to everything.

So to get revenge on Kafka and also partly fulfil her request on her own in her own childish manner, Nina suddenly turned around while standing in the same spot and pushed her ass in front of Kafka's face.

Push out~

Before Kafka could even figure out why Nina was sticking her firm ass in front of his face, he suddenly felt the twin hills smash into his face and push him all the way into the sofa behind him.

Smush~

All Kafka could feel at that moment were two soft cushions wrapped around his face and also a moist ring that touched his mouth every once in a while, as Nina wiggled her ass on Kafka's face with a cheeky smile on her face, thinking she got back at Kafka with this silly prank of hers.

Smash~ Wiggle~ Smush- Wiggle~

Kafka also found it really hard to resist since he was smushed into the sofa behind him and was struggling to breathe after having his face covered in two bags full of fat.

He had no choice but to be suffocated by Nina's buttcheeks, which Nina was happily stuffing into his face with an excited look on her face, not knowing that the hesitation Kafka was feeling towards the last punishment he had in store for her had completely vanished.

Before, he was unsure if he was going to make Nina go through such a humiliating task that would most definitely bring out the yellow colour in her body, since he didn't want to treat her too badly after she had just confessed her feelings for him.

But after hearing the giddy little giggles Nina was letting out when she thought off how messed up Kafka's face would look at the moment, he knew that the Tigress had gotten a little too confident with herself, just like when she dared to bring up another man's name in front of him and knew she needed to understand that no matter how feisty she may be, she was still his little kitten that purred in his lap at the end of the day.

So, he decided that he would abandon the idea of using the ornament on her waist, which was also yellow in colour, as a substitute for completing the request since the request mentioned he could use something in her possession as well.

Instead, he would give her the punishment she needed to let her know exactly who she belonged to and make her squirt out a bunch of 'yellow' over herself to finally complete the request...

Chapter 383: I Have To Pee Myself?!

Wiggle~ Smush~ Wiggle~

Nina made sure that Kafka got a taste of her twin hills and shimmied her cheeks around his face to make sure there wasn't a spot left where her ass hadn't touched.

She never would've done such a childish prank before that involved suffocating someone with her butt.

But after everything she'd done with Kafka, this simply seemed like a little prank that she always loved to pull on others ever since she was young, like that one time she chased down Camila with a spider in her hand and made her run so much that she lost a pound of weight that day.

Smush~ Shimmy~ Smush~

It was only after Nina thought that she had felt his lips on her anus a couple of times did she feel like she was satisfied with playing around with Kafka, and she finally got up from her self-made seat.

"How was that, Kafka?...How did it feel to be under the complete control of the other person for the first time?"

Nina turned around and faced Kafka with a teasing smile on her face, proud that she managed to get back at Kafka for all he did to her today and also because she got to feel his lips on her anus a little bit like she desired.

She thought he would see him all distressed while he gasped for her air since her nostrils were all covered by her bootycheeks.

But in actuality, she didn't even get to see his face, as the moment she turned around to look at Kafka, she felt him holding onto her ankles and lifting her legs off the sofa like he was trying to make her fall off and hit her head on the floor.

Whoosh~

Nina knew that Kafka would never do anything that could potentially harm her. But she still couldn't escape the frightening feeling of falling backward with nothing to support herself and thought that she was about to smash her head into the floor behind at any given second.

Fall~

As a reflex, she closed her eyes and got ready to hear her head knocking on the floor.

But who would've thought that no matter how she waited, that feeling of intense pain didn't come at all, and she simply felt like she was currently levitating in a really weird position in the air?

When Nina opened her eyes to check what exactly was going on, she found that she wasn't on the wooden floor like she thought she would and was on Kafka's lap once again.

But this time, she wasn't normally sitting on his lap like usual, but was in a rather embarrassing position where her upper body was resting on his thighs and the rest of her body was bent onto Kafka's abdomen and chest.

To be more exact, she was currently facing him with her head resting on his knees.

The rest of her body was rolled up onto Kafka's body and used his body as a support to hold herself up.

Finally, her legs were right next to Kafka's head and were spread apart wide by Kafka, who was holding her legs up as well.

Nina was basically in a piledriver position on top of Kafka's lap.

She lied down on with her smooth back on his firm thighs, lifted her slender waist all the way up like she was doing some kind of exercise until her round butt was right under Kafka's face, and finally Kafka spread her long legs that were hanging over her so wide that she could see her own naked pussy from below.

She didn't know how he managed to do it in one fluid motion, but somehow Kafka managed to pull her up in one go and put her in the most embarrassing and dirty position that she could possibly think of, in which she would much rather be dead than be caught in this weird position with Kafka holding her.

"Y-You, Kafka!...Just what in the world do you think you're doing?!"

Nina asked in a fluster from down below whilst she looked at Kafka's face that was right in front of her and also right above her exposed vagina that was completely observable to sight with how spread out her legs were at the moment.

She then continued saying, with a face that was basically steaming red because of the shameless position she was,

"Why are you putting me in this weird w-wrestling position that actually allows me to see my own v-vagina from below?!...And why are you spreading my legs so wide like that?! You can see everything if you split my legs like that!"

"Quickly stop whatever you're doing and put me down before someone comes and sees this embarrassing sight, that would absolutely ruin my name in this town and the town over, Kafka!"

Nina cried out with a flushed look on her face, while her long ears were flapping around non-stop because of the intense humiliation she was going through at the moment. She then pointed at Kafka with a pleading look in her eyes and threatened him, saying,

"I-I demand you to stop, u-unless you want everyone in this town to know me as the woman who was doing naked yoga with a high school in her own lobby, rather than the Proprietress of the Paridis Hotsprings, which I actually am!"

Nina's exaggerated reaction and her loud pleas to escape the position she was put in were totally understandable when thought about how lewd of a position she was in.

She was lying on his lap with her buxom breasts jiggling all over the place as she tried to break free from his grasps.

Her dark purple nipples drew circles in the air as her breasts shook around, which was quite the sight.

Her slender waist and wide baby-bearing hips were upside down and exposed for the world to see how she had the curves in all the right places.

Her firm but juicy butt was resting on Kafka's chest; her legs were spread out so wide by Kafka that a bird could even build a nest on her crotch at the moment, and finally her green pussy that was bubble gum pink inside was visible to her view.

So, all things considered, she really wasn't lying or exaggerating when she said that her name would be ruined if anyone were to see her like this, and she looked at Kafka with teary eyes, begging him to let her go before the people inside the hot spring came out.

"What is this, Nina? Why are you talking as if I want everyone to see you in the rather lewd position you're in right now?"

Kafka finally decided to speak after putting Nina in such a tormenting position with his lips curled up, like he was enjoying the show from above. His eyes then suddenly turned really murky as he said in a chilly tone,

"I'm someone who thinks one would have no choice but to gouge out a person's eyes if she were to see his loved one naked, even if it was by accident, so I really don't like how you're making it seem like I want everyone in town to see you like this."

Nina's body, which was locked in the abnormally sexual position she was in, trembled when she saw Kafka's gloomy gaze.

Even though she knew Kafka was simply exaggerating like a little kid when he said he would pluck out the eyes of anyone who were to see her naked body, for some reason she still couldn't erase the violent thought of Kafka digging his fingers into someone's eyesocket and pulling out their bloody eyes with a eerie smile on his face, which made her feel sick to the stomach when she thought about it.

"T-Then why are you putting me in this position, Kafka?" Nina ignored the disgusting thoughts she had, which for some reason felt so real when Kafka was put in the picture, and peacefully asked Kafka to let her go. "If your words are true and you really don't want anyone to see me like this, then you better let go of me right now, since the people inside are going to come out any moment now."

"I'm sorry to say this, Nina, but I also can't do that since you are currently going through the punishment you need to teach you just who owns who in this relationship of ours."

Kafka smiled as he gazed at her naked pussy that was right below his face and was right in 'eating' range if he wanted to have a taste. He then looked at Nina, who had remembered that she had accepted some kind of punishment of his, and said,

"So, unless you want to stay like this forever and let your aunties see you in your most vulnerable state, I suggest that you fulfil your end of the lesson and show your repentance for acting out a little much in front of me."

Kafka honestly wasn't really bothered about the little prank Nina played on her and actually really enjoyed getting smothered by her ass. He also already forgot the matter of Nina bringing up other men in front of him, since he knew she was simply joking around and knew that she would never say such a thing again to him again after finding out how much he disliked it.

Rather, he was doing all this in the name of a punishment or whatever, to see the fountain of 'yellow' flowing out of Nina's body for his personal pleasure and also to put on a good show for the Gods watching from above.

He also didn't want to force Nina to show her yellow fluid, which he could easily do by simply ordering her to do it since her body was already under his control. Rather, he wanted to put Nina in a position where she would have no choice but to do the humiliating act, since it was much more exciting when she did it on her own accord rather than being forced into it.

"What do I have to do, Kafka?! Tell me, what do I have to do?!" Nina pleaded as she continuously checked the clock to see if the bathing time was up. "I'll do anything you say or fulfil any punishment or whatever you give, so quickly tell me what I have to do for you to let me go!"

"Oh, it's nothing really big, Nina." Kafka casually said, which made Nina furrow her brows in nervousness, as she could already sense with the eager glint Kafka had in his eyes that it wouldn't be as simple as he makes it to be.

He then continued saying, "As an enthusiast of the various different colours on your body, like I've mentioned before, I simply want to see the final colour I have on my mind, which is yellow, on your body."

"...So to do that, I want you to release the only yellow colour fluid in your body out into the world and show to me the brilliance of that golden yellow, if you know what I mean."

Kafka ended his request with a knowing gaze.

Nina didn't understand what he was speaking off at first since she couldn't recall any part of her body that was yellow in colour.

But when she saw him staring down at her vagina like he was waiting for something to come out of it, she immediately realised what he was asking her to do, which made her jump in the position she was in shock and exclaim in a voice so loud that even the people on the street outside could hear it,

"Y-You want me to piss myself, Kafka?!"

"You actually want me to make m-mess of myself like a baby in my own lobby?!?!"

Nina gasped for air as she looked at Kafka with an absurd look on her face, like she were asking him if what he said was true or not.

"Well, unless you have some other part on your body that has a yellow colour, Nina, you have no other option but to have a little accident on your sofa right now."

Kafka said, already knowing that there wasn't a speck of yellow on her body, which made Nina cast a hateful gaze at him that he casually ignored.

He also asked Nina, who was wondering what her life had come to, where she had to embarrass herself to save herself from an even more humiliating situation,

"Why do you even look hesitant, Nina? Haven't you already made a mess on my face by squirting out whatever was in your pussy on my face and also on your sofa that's still a little wet from the previous attack?"

"...Isn't what I'm asking you to do the same as that?"

Kafka touched the sofa cushion, which still had a wet sensation on it, making Nina blush in shame.

"T-That was a genuine accident, Kafka!...I-I didn't have any way of stopping whatever came to me at that moment and e-ended up making that mess!" Nina exclaimed as she tried to escape from Kafka's grasp, but just as she thought, Kafka easily overpowered her and made her stay in that same spot.

Nina then looked at Kafka, who was so much stronger, then he actually looked and said, "And what you're asking me to do right now is something that I haven't done in centuries."

"...There's no way I can go back to being a child who wets my bed when I'm already a fully grown adult, don't you think?"

Nina asked Kafka to reconsider as she bit her lips, thinking that her mother would be shaking her head in disappointment from heaven if she were to hear that her daughter was still wetting herself after all these years.

"That's for you to decide, Nina." Kafka didn't mind what she said at all and acted like a stone wall that wouldn't budge no matter how she pleaded to him. "Either you wet yourself in front of me and go by the rest of your day knowing that only I got to see you in such a vulgar state, or you decide to ignore me and carry the title of the pervert of the town for the rest of your life."

"But, Kafka!~"

Nina let out a coquettish plea while showcasing her big, wide eyes that made her seem so pityful at the moment like an injured kitten.

Even Kafka was affected by her cry for help for a moment because of how sad and helpless she looked at the moment. But he quickly resolved his heart and shook his head to stop the distracting thoughts and denied her plea, which made Nina whimper like a kitten at how cruel he was being towards her at the moment.

Either be humiliated in front of Kafka or be humiliated by the entire town...That was the decision she had no choice but to choose between.

It didn't take long to choose which option was better, as Kafka had already seen so many shameless sides of her, and she wouldn't really mind showing another side of it if that's what he truly desired, as his happiness was what mattered to her the most.

But to actually pee herself right in front of Kafka and make a mess on her body...Wouldn't Kafka be revolted by the sight and think less of her after seeing her in such a dirty manner?

That was the main thought that was running through her mind at the moment and the very reason she was hesitating so much, when she was actually ready to get through any sort of situation, no matter how embarrassing or painful it may be if it was for Kafka's sake...

Chapter 384: Yellow River That Floods The Distant Verdant Valley

Nina was already someone who had an incredibly low self-esteem when it came to her appearance and how everyone viewed her, so it was only natural that she would have such thoughts when asked to degrade her self-value even further.

No matter how much she trusted in Kafka and how she had gained confidence in herself recently, she still couldn't stop the thought of Kafka disliking her after seeing her in such a dirty state, which was the main barrier from doing what Kafka told.

Of course, Kafka being the observant person, he was caught onto this when he saw the hesitant look in her eyes.

He knew that Nina wouldn't be able to decide if he didn't give her some reassurance, so he said to Nina in a gentle tone,

"It's okay, Nina...I know what you're thinking about right now, so let me just remind you that you don't have to worry about such insignificant matters."

"Simply know that no matter how dirty you may be, even if you were to climb out of a sewage channel or jump out of a pile of manure, I'd still welcome you with open arms and give you a big hug and share that same dirtiness with you."

Kafka said with a tender gaze in his eyes, promising to love her no matter the circumstances, like he were already bound to her by a bond that couldn't be broken.

"R-Really, Kafka?...You'd do that for me?"

Nina said in a tearful voice and genuinely felt touched as she knew Kafka was someone who kept his word, no matter how high the stakes were.

"Why wouldn't I do that, Nina, for someone as wonderful as you?" Kafka smiled and proclaimed as if he were telling her his wedding vows. "To share the happiest and worst times with you...That would simply be the greatest blessing in my mundane life."

"Even if my life was only ridden with horrible moments, which would never be able to let you have the peaceful life you want..." Nina questioned as her eyes welled up with tears after hearing Kafka's sincere words. "...Would you still be willing to ride the tides with me and stay with me until the ends of time?"

"Of course, Nina...It would simply be my greatest pleasure."

Kafka said and kissed her vagina below to finish the vow, since her face was too far away for him to kiss.

Kiss~

But as lewd as the gentle kiss looked, it still had the same effect, as Nina was currently struggling to hold her tears in after hearing this vow of his that made her feel like she was the safest woman in the world while she was in his arms and was a billion times more comforting than the vows her actual husband recited during her marriage ceremony.

Kafka didn't want to see Nina crying, so he quickly added in with a cheeky look on his face,

"You also forgot that I'm quite the pervert, Nina, so the sight of you covered in your own piss would only turn me on, instead of turning me off, so feel free to pee yourself the next time we meet since it would make me quite the happy lad."

"As if I'll do something like that, you pervert!"

Nina exclaimed with a bright smile on her face and pinched Kafka's thighs for treating her like a dog that peed out of happiness when it saw its master.

She then wiped the tears from her face so that she didn't look any less appealing to Kafka and coyly said to Kafka, who for some reason looked even more charming than he did before,

"Kafka, actually I just used the bathroom a little while ago, so I don't think I'll be able p-pee as much as you think I can."

"It's okay, Nina. I don't want to see you showing me a waterworks show with your pee, and I'm fine with anything as long as I get to see it's colour." Kafka reassured Nina while patting her legs; he was spreading wide. "So, go ahead with what you've got in your tank and show me just how you pee yourself."

It was a good thing that there was no one nearby the lobby at the moment, or else they would've definitely run away in fright or called the police after hearing such a bizarre conversation.

"Hnn~"

Nina nodded her head in an adorable manner while having a confident look in her eyes, like she had finally gotten the courage she needed to carry out Kafka's request.

"Look at me, Kafka...I'm only willing to do something like this for you, so make sure you look at me properly and engrave the image in your mind."

Nina said like she were about to do something that only someone her destined one was allowed to see, while shimmying her butt on Kafka's chest to get in a better position to push everything that was left in her bladder out just like Kafka wanted.

Kafka also nodded his head, like he was telling her that he wasn't even going to miss a droplet of yellow fluid that was about to drop down her slanted body.

He also helped Nina by pulling her legs up and spreading them wide, until even her tiny little urethra was visible under the pink flaps covering it.

"Hmmm!~ Hmm!~ Hnnn!~"

It was just like Nina had said, and her bladder wasn't really full, so she really had to struggle to push out the piss from within her body.

"Hnn!~ Hmmm!~ Hnn!~"

Nina closed her eyes shut and pushed her crotch out to help her pee while letting out grunting sounds that sounded rather erotic.

But because of the awkward position she was in right now and because of how Kafka was staring at her pee hole like a hawk, avidly waiting for something to come out, she really struggled to even let out a single drop.

Drip~ Drip~ Drip~

It was only after she gripped into Kafka's burly legs until her nails dug into his flesh and squeezed the inner walls of her vagina like she was pushing out a baby did she slowly start to pee.

Drip~ Drip~ Drip~

Her pee didn't spurt out like a fountain from the very start because of the low pressure it contained, but rather it came out in small little droplets, which came out one by one out of her pee hole.

It was almost as if her cunt had become a leaky faucet that let out drops of yellow water, which only flowed down after enough droplets had formed for gravity to pull it downwards.

Flow~

Her golden pee was nothing special and simply looked bright and transparent enough that it confirmed she had been drinking a sustainable amount of water and kept her body healthy.

But the way that the same yellow water that emerged from her body seeped down onto her abdomen was truly a sight to behold since it looked like her streams of pee were giving out green flashes because of the verdant skin it was flowing on below.

Stream~ Flow~

The yellow liquid that surprisingly had no scent at all, even though Kafka's face was so close to its site of emergence, seeped out of her tiny urethra and drivelled down the top of her vagina, where there was only a soft layer of fat and absolutely no pubic hair at all, showing that Nina preferred to have it clean shaved.

Flow~

The golden liquid then flowed down onto her smooth belly, where it fit into the grooves of her abdomen and flowed through it like her flat tummy had become a canal to let piss through.

Most of her warm piss went around her belly, through the ridges formed from maintaining an impeccable physique. But some volume of it went straight through her abdomen itself and poured itself into her deep navel that looked so erotic right now, looking like someone had poured a shot in there and was waiting for someone to slurp it down.

Stream~

Of course, her abdomen was still declined, so like a water hose that was left on in the garden, Nina's urine, which actually seemed quite refreshing to the eye, like it was actually lemonade, slowly seeped down her body and moved onto the massive breasts that were blocking it's path.

Block~

Those tall mountains weren't something the small river of pee could go over because of how slowly Nina was peeing. The stream could either go through the cave that was formed between her breasts that were lying down or go around those tall peaks with her purple nipples standing all the way at the top and getting out the sides.

All the volume of pee that got blocked by her green breasts followed the blockage like a person trying to find the ocean by following the river and finally poured out from the sides of her milky mountains.

Flow~

Nina's fluids didn't drop down onto the floor since she was on top of a sofa and rather went straight down her body and onto Kafka's pants, where he felt a warm sensation spreading almost as if someone had placed a hot pack on that spot.

Nina was looking at her pee that was flowing out of her little hole and then down her body, which was mostly glistening after being covered in her golden water in fascination, as even she had to admit that it was a spectacular sight, almost as if a yellow river was flooding the green pastures and verdant hills.

But she stopped looking at her bellybutton that was starting to leak since it couldn't handle the amount of water in that small hole and started freaking out a little when she saw Kafka's pants get drenched in her fluids.

She thought he would be disgusted by the warm sensation, as there really was no one out there who would like it if someone's pee were to touch them.

But Kafka seemed to be one hell of a bizzare individual, as he actually seemed to be relishing in that feeling, like warm oil was being poured onto his legs, and let out a rather satisfied sigh as Nina's fluids dropped into him, which made all her previous worries go away and replaced them with the single worry of how much of a pervert Kafka could possibly be.

Finally, most of the water that reached her heaving breasts went to the sides of her curves and flowed down her upper body and into Kafka's pants, where she could even feel the wetness on her back.

But there was still a little volume of golden water in the middle that decided to take a different route by going through her breasts.

They flowed into the pocket created when both of her knockers sank down and pushed into one another; pouring through that tunnel that was covered by bouncy green fat on all the sides until they reached the end on the other side.

Nina could clearly see with her limpid and trembling eyes the sight of her urine leaking out from in between the cleavage of her breasts, which had squashed down because of the gravity pulling her milkers down. She gulped as she witnessed it gather at her clavicle and finally flow down her shoulders since their long journey had finally come to an end.

It wasn't that there was no more golden water left to continue on with the journey; rather, there was no more path left in which they could flow on. The river that had formed could only seep down her shoulders like it was at the edge of its world.

Just because the journey got over didn't mean that Nina stopped peeing, since as much as she wanted to stop because she had already covered her entire body in her own piss, her body didn't listen to her and continued on with the stream of urine until there wasn't a single drop left in her bladder to her embarrassment.

Dribble~ Dribble~

It was only after Nina's little hole let out its final spurts of urine did Kafka give a nod of acknowledgement that the golden flood that had taken over her body was finally over.

He then continued admiring the sight of Nina's stellar body being completely drenched in her own urine; from her crotch that had become wet once again all the way up till the start of her lithe neck, where he could see the wet paths her golden fluids streamed down her body.

The sight of Nina, who was so holy and pure in his heart, now being covered in her own fluids didn't repulse Kafka one bit.

Rather, it made him appreciate her irresistible beauty even more, as even though she was currently in her dirtiest and most vulgar state since she had first come into the world, he still couldn't help but feel his heart race when he saw Nina shyly looking up at him with her big, beautiful eyes that twinkled like emeralds and cutely gesturing to him to ask if it was finally over.

Kafka gave a gentle nod while having an appreciative look in his eyes as he stared at Nina's beautiful visage that needed more than a bucket full of pee to stain her blemishless image.

He then let go of her legs that had been spread wide this whole while and personally picked her up by placing his hands under her tender armpits and picked her up like she was a child.

Lift~

Nina ignored Kafka's inhuman strength that allowed him to effortlessly lift her up like she was only a heavy baby since she was too busy enjoying the feeling of Kafka coddling her and placing her on his safe lap, which she considered to be the most comforting place in the world.

Any other mature woman would've been offended if Kafka had treated them like a little girl, like he was treating Nina now. But Nina, on the other hand, didn't have any complications with the way he was gently moving her around like a toddler and had a satisfied smile on her face, like she would prefer Kafka carrying her like this wherever he went.

"You did such a good job, Nina...You were such a good girl today and perfectly followed what I said."

Kafka said as he wrapped his arms around Nina's slender body and pulled her in for a warm hug to show his appreciation for what he did.

"I did, didn't I?" Nina asked herself as she looked at Kafka's visage from the side, which made her smile because of how cute he looked at the moment. "I did exactly as you said, no matter how embarrassing of a task it was to p-pee myself."

"...S-So Kafka, don't you think that I need a reward in the form of a kiss or two from you to compensate for what I did?"

Nina asked in a rather demure manner, like she had returned to being a sweet little maiden when she had just pissed herself in her own lobby.

She then shyly pushed out her head while closing her eyes, like she was telling him that she would prefer it right on her wide forehead.

"Of course, Nina~ Absolutely anything for you~"

Kafka said with a loving and affectionate gaze in his dark eyes that looked so clear at the moment and gave Nina, who was expecting some love from him, a kiss on her forehead, which made her let out a childish giggle of glee that would even purify the most corrupt of hearts if they were to hear how innocent and sweet it sounded like the chirping of a little sparrow.

Kafka also wasn't joking when he said 'Anything for you', as after tonight and knowing how much Nina trusted and loved him to the extent that she even started feeling an archaic feeling of devotion for him that was very rarely seen, he felt like it was only natural to return that same level of love by giving her anything she could ever want.

Even if she were to ask for half of the world that existed today, he would make sure to dominate exactly half of it like she asked for and present it to her with a bowtie on top.

Anything less than that would simply be bismirching Nina's love for him and was unacceptable whatsoever in his books...

Chapter 385: What About Your Lips?

"Say Nina, your forehead is already quite warm and flushed with the amount of kisses I've placed on it." Kafka uttered with a sly smile on his face as he pulled his lips away from her face, which he couldn't help but not stop at one kiss with how beautiful she looked. He then added, "But what about your lips?"

"...Don't you think that they need some love as well?"

Kafka playfully asked, as played with Nina's lower lip, that he was struggling to hold back from kissing because of how plump and juicy it looked.

Nina, who was happily enjoying Kafka's gentle kisses, hoping that this shower of love from him would never end, was suddenly interrupted by Kafka's shocking suggestion, asking for something that she had been denying him this whole while.

Nina didn't have any need to feel flustered at all and could just refuse him like she always did.

But unfortunately for her, it wasn't as simple and easy to reject him like she always did, as after everything they had been through and hearing all the vows Kafka said to her, which proved just how much he loved her, she was really struggling to outright reject Kafka.

It would've been so much easier before Kafka had brought up carrying his children and loving her no matter how cursed she may become. But after all that nonsense that would most definitely make a girl's heart swoon, no matter how cold or stubborn it may be, she really found it hard to reject Kafka's lips, which she couldn't help but wonder just how they would feel against her own.

But just as she was about to make a decision and a positive one at that, seeing as to how she couldn't keep her eyes on Kafka's lips the whole while, sounds of footsteps approaching were heard from the bath area.

Step~ Step~ Step~

Nina almost jumped out of Kafka's lap and stuck onto the ceiling above like a cat because of how shocked and petrified she was when she heard the sound of a bunch of people coming towards them.

She honestly forgot that there would be people flooding out of the baths at any moment since she was caught up in being spoilt by Kafka, and she started panicking, thinking she was going to be labelled as the 'town pervert' after witnessing the sight of her embracing Kafka while being completely naked in her own lobby.

But that feeling of anxiety and extreme worry only lasted a second, as after she glanced at Kafka to ask him what they were going to do about this dire situation, she found him clicking his tongue like the people approaching were simply a little inconvenience that stopped him from getting the kiss he wanted, and not anything major at all.

Seeing Kafka all calm was more than enough for Nina to relax herself and not act out in a panic like she normally would've done. That was because, for some reason, she felt that even if the world started shaking all of a sudden, she would feel safe no matter what, as long as she knew Kafka was around.

"It seems like we'll have to end our night here, Nina, seeing as to how your aunties are on the way here." Kafka said in a rather causal manner as he glanced at the entrance of the baths and heard the ladies talking with one another.

He then gave Nina's clothes that he had already kept ready by the side to her and said, "Quickly, go behind the sofa and get dressed...I'll distract them until you come out."

"B-But Kafka...What about the smell?"

Nina hesitantly asked as she held onto her damp clothes and got up from his lap with a bashful look on her face, feeling ashamed of the slightly acidic smell that was wafting through the air and especially on her body, because of the mess she made on her upper half with her golden liquid.

"I'll handle that as well, so get dressed as fast as you can unless your aunties to see you strapping on your bra while your crotch is still exposed."

Kafka teased Nina by tickling her little pussy, which made her jump, and then got up as well and made his way to the approaching ladies to distract them until Nina got ready.

Nina did as Kafka said and went behind the sofa, while wondering what she was going to do about all the yellow liquid that was on her body and also on Kafka's clothes as well, now that he had given her a hug and shared her stains just like he said he would.

"Ladies!~ How was your bath?~ Did you enjoy it?~"

Kafka enthusiastically walked up to the ladies who started walking out of the changing room with bathrobes on and damp hair, like they just came out after a long shower. He then added, saying,

"I honestly don't even feel like I have to ask if you had a good time or not, seeing as at how all your skins are glowing like you just bathed in a tub full of milk."

"Oh, you, Kafka!~ You just can't stop teasing us old ladies, can you?~"

Mrs Keller spoke up for everyone with a bright smile on her face and waved her hands to stop with the needless words she was receiving in a bashful manner.

"No, you really have to believe me, Mrs Keller...I almost thought that water inside the hotspring is the elixir of life or something, because of how young you all look right now."

Kafka said it in an exaggerated manner, which made the eyes of all the ladies around him glow and made them look at their own hands to see if it's true.

"I guess we have to thank our Nina's hotspring for that!~"

Mrs Keller said, which made all the ladies nod their heads in unison and decide on coming here much more often.

Kafka gave a friendly smile to them in response, while he silently observed the older men who were also leaving the bath.

He was fine with the ladies coming over here since they were all closely related to Nina. But he wanted none of those geezers coming over to this side of the lobby since Nina was still changing unless they wanted to be sent flying off with a kick.

Luckily, the moment they saw Kafka, they didn't dare to come over and hastened their pace as they walked out of the hotspring. This wasn't because Kafka was looking at them with a scary face or anything, but because of the natural deterrence he had towards men ever since he was a child.

He didn't exactly why, but for some reason men in general were either afraid of him, hated him, looked down on him, were jealous of him, and showed a variety of negative emotions to him depending on the type of person they were.

As long as they had dick hanging in their pants, Kafka seemed to ward them off for some reason, which brought him a lot of problems in the past.

Kafka guessed that it had something to do with being born as a mortal god or because he was the Incarnation of Lust that he thought was the reason men hated him, while women, on the other hand, loved his presence.

He also wondered if Evangeline could clear this doubt of his later on.

"Oh, speaking of Nina, where is she, by the way?...I don't see her around here...Is she behind the counter or by her office perhaps?"

Mrs Keller asked as she looked around for Nina, who was basically the daughter of every lady here since they had all seen her growing up and also because of Nina's late mother's request to watch over her after she's gone.

"She'd usually be waiting right outside and be dragging us to have a bottle of Safra juice with her, so it's really strange to not hear her greeting us for once."

Kafka was about to say that Nina was in the bathroom to buy her some more time. But before he could, he heard a cheerful voice come right behind him.

"I'm right here, Auntie~...Where do you think I'm possibly going to go, that you're even asking a kid like Kafka for my whereabouts?"

Chapter 386: Betrayal

Nina suddenly popped up behind Kafka after putting her clothes in a rush and put her hands on top of his shoulders in a friendly manner, like he was treating him like her little brother.

Kafka glanced at her to ask if everything was alright, and Nina glanced back to show that everything went smoothly to his relief.

"Well, you have gotten lost several times in the past while you were exploring the forests in the night, also dragging along poor Camila with you...So it isn't really strange that I ask where exactly you are every once in a while, unless you want all us ladies to go search for you in the woods again like we did in the past with your mother."

Mrs Keller looked at Nina with narrowed eyes, like she didn't trust Nina at all, even though she was already a fully grown lady who could have a family of her own.

"Auntie!~ That was decades ago when I was still in highschool!~" Nina's cheeks flushed when she saw Kafka smirk after hearing Mrs Keller bring up some embarrassing memories from the past. "You don't have to talk about such shameful moments of the past since I'm already grown up!"

"...Especially in front of a kid like Kafka, who'll start looking down on me after hearing about this!"

Nina glared at Kafka like he was telling him to forget what he heard, which he simply ignored to her irritation.

"No matter how old you are, Nina, you're still a child in our eyes." Mrs Keller remarked, which made all the ladies nod their heads while looking at Nina with a kind, motherly gaze. Mrs Keller looked at the dress Nina was wearing and said with furrowed brows like she was questioning her own daughter, "And how can you possibly call yourself an adult, Nina, if you wear such a messy outfit?"

"Just look at how wrinkly your white top is, looking like you just came back from the playground...And what about your hair as well? Why does your pretty green hair that was beautifully braided before suddenly look like a bird's nest?"

Mrs Keller pointed at Nina's hair that was all over the place since she didn't have time to properly fix it, which honestly gave her a really sultry look that was making it really hard for Kafka to not lay his hands on her. Mrs Keller then continued saying as she caught on to how damp Nina's clothes looked,

"Not to mention how your clothes are so wet that they're hugging onto your skin...Why do you look like you were the one who took a bath rather than us?"

The ladies all looked at Nina's appearance and agreed that it was very unladylike to Nina's embarrassment, as she clutched onto the hems of her top like a child who was getting scolded by her elders.

"And you to, Kafka." Mrs Keller looked at Kafka, who was her next target of her impeccable observation skills. "I can somehow understand why Nina keeps up such an appearance because of how much of a lively kid she is, but why are your clothes also wet like you've been out in the rain?"

"...Seeing you together like this, especially with how flustered Nina looks right now, makes me think that you two were doing something that you shouldn't be doing while we were all inside..."

Mrs Keller suddenly threw a bomb of suspicion, which rattled Nina to the core and made the ladies around her gossip in a flurry at what could've potentially happened for both of us to be in this dreary state.

Continue your saga on empire

But before Nina started saying a bunch of excuses in a panic and making both of them look even more suspicious, Mrs Keller simply shrugged her shoulders and casually said,

"But of course there's no way that can be true either, since our Nina here is a little good for her own good and is way too innocent to have an affair with a boy who's much younger than her, even though I would actually prefer that she did run off with Kafka, then let her stay with that spineless man she married."

Mrs Keller scoffed at Nina's husband like she was encouraging Nina to have an affair so that she would get away from him. Nina also calmed down when she realised that Mrs Keller was simply joking and had a guilty look on her face for betraying her expectations.

But that still didn't stop the pairs of eyes that were looking at Nina and Kafka, like they found that both of them looked good next to one another, and the ladies immediately started shipping them in their minds for further gossip.

"If it's not this and it's not that either, just what were both of you doing while we were inside that made you look like this?" Mrs Keller asked with a doubtful gaze since she really didn't expect to see such a sight when she came out.

A strange look then appeared on her face as she sniffed around and said, "And what is that peculiar odour I smell, which is weirdly familiar but not in the good way...I've been smelling that very odour ever since I've started talking to you two."

Nina wasn't good with these sorts of questions, as she was a horrible liar who might even blurt out the truth in a panic. So she turned to look at her saviour, Kafka, who seemed perfect for these types of situations and was gesturing at him to quickly handle it.

"Oh, it's nothing really big that you have to be concerned about Mrs Keller." Kafka started what he was really good at, which was lying without batting an eye. He then continued, "It's just that one of the pipelines that carry the excess sulphur deposits from the bottom of the springs started leaking a bit, and me and Nina decided to fix it on our own."

"That's why both of us are all wet and messy and also have the sour smell of sulphur on us since we just finished the job."

Kafka gave a harmless smile, which made Nina's eyes go wide at how effortlessly he built up a false story in a matter of seconds.

She even gave out a sigh of relief knowing that he was on her side, or else she was sure that he would easily be able to swindle her property like the other big real estate agents were trying to do for a while now.

"Oh!...Then why are both of you still standing here?" Mrs Keller asked in a hurry and made way for both of them to enter the hot springs themselves. "Quickly get in the bath and wash yourselves down before that smell sticks on you or both of you catch a cold."

"I honestly don't really have to worry about Nina, as even though she may not be the best when it comes to her studies, she definitely has a strong body that has barely gotten any illnesses since she was a child."

Nina looked cutely pouted at Mrs Keller for embarrassing her in front of Kafka again and looked like she was begging her to not leak anymore unnecessary stuff that was ruining her reputation.

Mrs Keller simply ignored Nina, who looked like she was a victim, and pushed Kafka along as she said to him,

"But Kafka, you, on the other hand, look like someone who would get a cold just because of the autumn breeze, so you better hurry up and get in the bath as quickly as possible."

"Any of you ladies care to join me?...I'll make sure to wash you done properly."

Kafka invited the ladies around him with a grin on his face as he slowly got pushed away, which made all of them blush in shame, even Mrs Keller, who was dragging him away from the crowd.

"Then, what about you, Nina?" Kafka playfully asked Nina, who was rolling her eyes at his antics. "Do you want to take a bath with me so that we can make sure that we come out clean by scrubbing one another?"

"A-As if, you little brat!"

Nina acted just like she did when she first met him so that she didn't evoke any suspicion in the aunties keenly watching both of them. And even though she really did want to join him and wash his back for him like a traditional wife would do, she yelled out, saying,

"You're a hundred years too early to be asking me such a question, so first grow some hair on your balls before having any thoughts about me!"

All the ladies scrunched their eyes when they heard the vulgar way Nina spoke out and reconfirmed that there was no way Nina, who still acted like a child, could possibly have an affair.

"Well, that's a pity, Nina, since I was looking forward to bathing with a beauty like you."

Kafka looked back and said, which made Nina feel giddy in her heart for calling her pretty in front of so many people, since it was the first time she had experienced such an act of affection.

And just as he was about to be forcefully pushed into the changing room by Mrs Keller, he shouted out one last thing to Nina that was heard by everyone in the lobby.

"And about that kiss, Nina!...I'll make sure to get it the next time I see you, so look forward to it!"

With that sentence that was basically the same as throwing a grenade in a peaceful crowd, Kafka left the lobby with a bright smile on his face.

All that was left was a bunch of ladies who suddenly looked at Nina with ravenous eyes that made it seem like they had turned into blood sucking monsters when they heard this new piece of shocking information drop.

Step~ Step~ Step~

None of the ladies, including Mrs Keller didn't hesitate to swarm Nina with the avid need to learn about this gossip they heard about, which could potentially fuel their conversations for months.

Tremble~ Tremble~ Tremble~

They surrounded Nina like a group of rabid rats that had just seen a slab of cheese and rushed at her with their fangs and claws, unable to resist the urge to suck out what exactly happened between Nina and Kafka while they were away.

The poor Nina, who was currently cursing Kafka for putting her in such a tight, could only let the ladies swarm her from all sides and prayed that she was left in one piece by the end of the night, making sure in her mind to chase Kafka with a broomstick for betraying her and running off on his own, leaving her to deal with the bloody mess he had created...

Chapter 387: Mommy's Back!

Ding~

[Request Completed: You have earned the God of Radiance Wisteria's appreciation and satisfaction]
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[The God of Storms Synthia appreciates how you didn't take the easy way out by choosing Nina's waist ornament for the colour yellow]

[An anus that was both blue and violet, a vagina that had a purple outline, verdant eyes and skin that was green all over, ears that turned orange when shown in the sunlight, red blood linings that could be seen on the walls of her vagina, and finally a yellow tint of her urine...The God of Stars Noella is surprised by the number of variations of colours you found on Nina's body, especially the different shades of indigo and purple you found near her rear]

[The God of Harvest Ivanova thinks that the second heart you have created on Nina's body is quite beautiful and invites you to make one on her as well, when you reach the Heavens]

These slightly suspicious words from the Gods who were supposed to be pure and holy beings were what I heard in my ears, just as I was about to walk down the stairs of my house to make breakfast the very next day after completing Nina's request.

I had an image in my head that the Gods were beings that simply couldn't be touched because of how otherworldly they were. But after hearing all their comments, I wonder if they actually are any different from humans who have a lustful side to them as well.

[Humans were created with the images of Gods in mind, so you can say it's actually the opposite, and humans are actually more similar to the Gods than the other way around]

Evangeline's voice was heard as she revealed how human-like the Gods actually were.

[Also, you were right to say that the reason the men of any mortal world you exist in always seem to hate you is because of the constitution you were born with] Evangeline brought up the doubt I had for a long while and started explaining it.

[Like how a hyena fears a lion will come around and easily steal it's prey, while it can do nothing about it...All the men of the lower worlds can instinctively sense your destiny as the Incarnation of Lust and worry that you will steal the women of their families away, which is the reason they always unconsciously show negative emotions towards you that sometimes even go to the extremes]

So wait...The reason all the men I've met before have given me ugly stares when I've just met them and have made my life insufferable on several occasions is because they felt scared that I might snatch away their lover, wife, daughter, mother, sister or any other woman in their life?

[Yes, that's about the basic gist of it, since the destiny of the Incarnation of Lust always revolves around several women.]

Sigh...All my life I joked around saying that the reason men hated me is because they couldn't handle the fact that I was much more handsome and charming than them in comparison.

But who would've thought that would actually be the truth in one way or another.

Despised and having turned my life into hell, just because of their insecurity towards me...What a fucking joke.

[...]

I didn't get any response from Evangeline, as she suddenly went mute like she always does. But I could feel that she was sighing about the circumstances I was born into and was pitying me, unlike my so-called mother up there, who probably watched with glee when I got tormented in the past as a child, just because the ego of the men in my previous world couldn't handle me around.

Well, there's no use in bringing up that woman who doesn't deserve to be called an actual mother.

Compared to the woman who I call mother in this world, she's simply an insignificant part of my life who pops up in my mind whenever I think of anything that puts me off mood.

Speaking of my mother in this world, I wonder why she woke up so early to make breakfast when it's my turn to make our morning meal today.

Me and my mother actually had a fight a week ago about who was going to make the food in the household, as I wanted to make all the meals and let her rest. While she, on the other hand, wanted to do the same and didn't want me to bother with any chores so that I could live a carefree life where I was pampered by her all the time.

After a long argument that got so heated that I had no choice but to pound her in bed until she was forced to come to a compromise with me, we decided that we would cook for one another on alternate days.

She told me that it wasn't fair that I threatened to not stop fucking her pussy that was overflowing at that time if she didn't agree to what I said. But I didn't really take it to my mind since that was the only way I could think of changing her mind, since this mother of mine who seems so docile and sweet can be as stubborn as a as a donkey if she wants to.

Of course the cutest and most beautiful donkey in the world, since there's no way any old donkey can compare to my beloved mother's irresistible charm.

But now, even though it was my turn to cook breakfast, which was the reason I was going down to the kitchen right now after freshening up, I heard the sound of vegetables being washed and cut and also the sound of something boiling.

It was obvious that my mother decided to break the rules and cook on her own today for some reason. But I was by no means complaining, since breaking the rules in this household also came with a severe punishment inflicted by the other party.

And since my dick is still rock hard from seeing Nina piss herself all over last night, I thought of punishing her by making her spread her thick, brown legs wide on top of the dining table and

fucking her right there until she makes a mess on the table, to tell her the rules in this household are not meant to be broken.

With an evil smile on my face, I raced down the stairs to have a taste of my mother's pussy rather than my breakfast first thing in the morning.

I also made sure to be quiet as possible since, just like a bunny who always ran away at the sight of danger, my mother also somehow seemed to notice when I wanted to play with her and always ran off in a fright, so that I didn't sink my fangs in her sultry body.

Even though I always manage to catch up to her since she wasn't really the fastest with those huge knockers on her chest and later play with her so much that she won't be able to run away with how weak her legs become, I still prefer catching the little bunny in my house without any warning, since the look of surprise and bashfulness I see in her face every time I do so is something that I just can't ignore.

The moment I quietly walked into the kitchen, I saw my mother at the counter. She seemed to be cutting some vegetables, so only her curvaceous back, which was covered by a layer of clothes, was facing me.

Speaking of clothes, she seemed to be wearing a different set of clothes than the long hanging dresses she usually wore. There was also something about her that seemed different, which I couldn't put a finger over.

But my mind was completely clouded by the sight of my mother's fat butt sticking out of the blue jeans she was wearing, so I didn't really think about it too much, thinking that there really was no else that had such a big booty other than my mother, and I walked closer to observe her package.

Once I was right behind her and saw her wiggling around her ass as she cut the vegetables into tiny pieces, I decided to give her little surprise, while she hadn't noticed my presence at all.

"Good morning, mom~" I whispered into her ear, which made her jump since she didn't sense anyone behind her and was caught off guard. "It seems like someone needs a punishment early in the morning for not following the rules we made together."

Before my mother could turn around and see who was behind her, I raised my hands all the way up to get the most momentum possible and swung them down at just the right speed to slap my mother's thick bootycheeks.

Pa!~

"Hyaaa!~"

A loud sound as if a shotgun had been fired was heard when my hand landed on her asscheeks and along with that ear-piercing sound of a pound of fat being slapped around, my mother also let out a yelp and jumped in fright at the burning sensation that was coming from her rear.

I noticed that my mother's voice sounded a little strange, as she would usually let out a cute little yelp with all her heart when she got surprised like this. But this time it felt as though she was elegantly controlling her voice even though her ass stung so much at the moment, like a disciplined woman who was trying to keep her classy image even in the face of distress.

But once again, I ignored the obvious signs that something wasn't right since I was too enthralled by the sight of my mother's butt sending waves from one cheek to another from the slap that seemed to have created a wavepool on her ass.

Well, that was until I suddenly heard a voice of shock, which immediately made me realise that something was wrong here...

Chapter 388: Is Everyone Your Mother?!

"K-Kafi, you...J-Just what do you think you're doing?"

A gentle voice that excluded hints of warmth and comfort was heard from my side.

I was surprised when I heard this voice, not because I heard a third person speaking when there were only two people who lived in this house. But because the voice belonged to the same person I was supposedly groping right now, like my hands were claws that wouldn't let go of succulent meat they've caught.

When I slowly turned my head to look in the direction in which the voice came from with a perturbed look on my face, I was dumbfounded to see that the person who had called out to me was my mother, Abigail Vanitas.

She was holding what seemed to be some flour and sugar in her hands, which she got out of the pantry and had a look of disbelief in her dark blue eyes at the scene she had walked into.

Her hands were shaking like she couldn't believe the sight of her son slapping the cheeks of some other women, and I also couldn't believe that it wasn't my mother's cheeks that I had my hands, but rather someone else.

When I gulped and hesitantly gulped to see who I had accidentally sexually harassed, thinking that they were my mother, I saw another familiar face staring at me with her beautiful light blue eyes that were currently narrowed and a twitching smile on her face, like he was asking me, 'Did you really just slap my ass in front of your own mother and call me your mother at the same time?'

Someone who didn't lose her cool even when her ass was battered and still had the patience to smile at me with a slightly angry look in her eyes.

Who else could it be other than the gorgeous Camila from next door?

"Slapping my butt without any warning whatsoever...Is that how you treat the guests in your house, my dear little Kafka?"

Camila slowly said as he looked at me with a dangerous look in her eyes for slapping her ass so hard that she was sure it left a mark on her porcelain-like skin. She then picked up the sharp knife from the cutting board and said with a cold smile on her face,

"So Kafka, are you going to take your hands off my butt yourself, or am I going to have to cut them off myself because someone doesn't like to listen to the words of their elders?"

Camila was someone who was proud and didn't like to take anything lying down even if it came from me, the person she fell for, so it was totally expectant that she was currently threatening me to behave myself, with a look on her face that was both dangerous and terrifying at the same time, like a white snake that contained the most fatal venom in its fangs.

But even though I knew I had to take my hands off her ass unless I wanted to become fingerless, my hand seemed to have a mind of its own and latched onto her thick behind and refused to let go.

Grope~

Luckily I had a mother who couldn't bear to witness this mess of a situation any longer and stepped in to save her son from being poked with a knife by her guest.

"What are you doing, Kafka!? Stop staring at Camila so blankly and let go of her already!"

My mother exclaimed as she dropped the supplies in her hand and quickly came over in a panic to pull me away from Camila. After dragging me far enough that Camila wouldn't be able to stab me anymore, she pulled me to the side and scolded me, saying,

"Just what is wrong with you, Kafi?! Why are you groping Camila all of sudden when she was kind enough to come over to teach me some of her cooking?!"

"Just imagine what she'll think of you now!...She'll probably think that the boy next is a pervert who can't keep his hands to himself and gropes every woman he sees."

My mother chided me in a low voice while looking back to make sure that Camila wasn't approaching with the knife in her hand to finish the job.

After seeing Camila put down the knife and stand with her hands folded, like she was waiting for an explanation from me, my mother gave a sigh of relief and continued saying to me,

"And think about what would happen if Camila spreads to everyone what you did today. We'd probably be ostracised by everyone in the town we just moved into."

"I personally don't mind anything they would say about me since I know you're a good boy who wouldn't do such a heinous thing with ill intentions in mind...But I can't bear to think what they would say about my baby boy and how you would be affected by this when you go back to school."

My mother said like she already knew that what I had done was an accident because of the trust she had in me as her son and also her reluctance to give up on me, even when I seemed to be in the wrong, which warmed my heart seeing as to how much she cared for me and how much belief she had in me as her beloved son.

"Calm down, mom...It's not such a big matter that you have to get so worked up for, like your son is going to be cast aside for life."

I said as I patted her shoulders as I didn't want her to panic over such a simple matter. I then explained saying, whilst she looked up at me with her wide eyes to that were full of worry for me,

"I just accidentally mistook Camila over there, who's currently eyeing us like a hawk as you and slapped her ass like I always do when your around me, thinking that she was you."

My mother blushed as she remembered the number of times her ass got whipped just because I felt like roughing her up a little, knowing that there was nothing she could do to stop me and she could only be on gaurd when I was in the room with her.

"How is that possible, Kafi?" My mother asked like she couldn't believe what I was saying. "How can you mistake Camila for me when we look nothing like one another?"

"...Whether it's our skin colour, our hair, or our dressing sense, we share absolutely nothing common when it comes to appearance, so how could you slap her butt thinking that she was me?"

My mother looked up at me and asked, hoping that I had a answer to her question since she really didn't want to believe that her son was a lecher who went around slapping the ass of anyone he liked.

"Well, even though you may look really different when it comes to those aspects, I really can't say the same when it comes to both of your curves." I said with a guilty look on my face.

"You mean?..." My mother asked, already having a faint idea as to what I was referring to.

"Your butt, mom." I said as I looked away from my mother's inquisitive gaze. "You and Camila are quite similar when it comes to the size of your butts or how they look under a layer of clothes. And because I was too enthralled in looking at her ass, I didn't notice anything else, which ended up with me mistaking her for you."

"Kafi, you!~" My mother gasped at my absurd reasoning, like she couldn't believe she raised such a son. "I wanted to defend you, saying that you weren't such a person, but it turns out you were a horndog of a pervert after all!"

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"Just how in the world can I say to Camila that the reason you groped her butt was because you mistook her for me?!...If I did, she'd probably take me as a pervert just like you and think of both of us as a lecherous mother-son pair!"

I couldn't say anything in response since I was at fault for being caught in the illusion of Camila's thick cheeks, so I let my fuming mother scold me as much as she wanted to.

"And, Kafka..." My mother suddenly looked at me with a sharp gaze that made me stand on edge, since she looked really angry at the moment, more so then when she saw me sexually harass her guest. "...Does Mommy really have such an insignificant part in your heart that all it takes for you to mistake your mother for someone else is a butt that's big enough?"

"Are you going to call everyone you see in the future who has a fat enough butt like Mommy, your mother?!" My mother stood on her tiptoes in a rather adorable manner and chirped at me with a solemn look on her face, which was rarely seen. "Is 'mom' such a cheap term that you'll call anyone who has an unnecessarily large behind?!"

"...What's next?! Are you going to call the next woman I bring over 'mom' as well?!...Tell me, Kafi! Are you going to leave your poor mother, who's painstakingly raised you all these for some other random woman out there?!"

My mother wailed in a dramatic manner while shaking me around by the collar, as if she were as if she were a wife confronting her husband about his multiple affairs, which made both me and Camila stare at one another with dumbfounded looks on our faces, not expecting to cause my mother to have a little meltdown of her own...

Chapter 389: Falling Into Her Own Trap

My mother seemed like she wouldn't mind even if I had a hundred lovers out there in the world.

But if I were to refer another woman as my mother, that would be the definite form of cheating in her books and she'd most definitely look like a aggrieved wife like she looks now.

Honestly, even though Camila was the one who was harrassed and could still feel the burning sensation of my hand print on her asscheeks, my mother looked like the true victim of this whole situation, seeing as to how distraughtful she was now.

Even Camila who was watching the whole thing was taken aback by how agitated my mother looked right now, since she was used to seeing the docile creature that could never do any harm and not the little bunny that seemed to have gone berserk.

She also didn't like how the topic was moving away from how she was mistreated in our household, so she added in another factor to bring the attention back to her which made my mother freak out even more.

"Ahem...Abigaille, can you have your little fight with your son somewhere else. I'm about to report to the police about what your son just did to me and I don't want to hear you two arguing over my call."

Camila suddenly said as she took her phone out of her pocket and seemed like she was actually going to report me to the police.

While my mother panicked at the mention of the police, I looked at Camila with a peculiar look on my face, asking what she was trying to do, to which I got a little smirk from her showing that she was using these opportunity to play around with my mother.

I too enjoyed the sight of my cute little mother getting bullied every once in a while, so I didn't interrupt and waited to see what Camila was going to do.

"Wait, Camila! W-Why are you calling the police?" My mother turned her attention to Camila and walked up to her with a pleading look on her face. "I know that you're angry about what my Kafi did, but there's really no need to involve the police right?"

"What are you talking about, Abigaille? How can I simply let your son off when he just groped me out of nowhere and even refused to let go after he was caught?" Camila raised her eyebrows and folded her hands over one another in an authoritative manner. She then looked at me like she was furious about what I did and said, "Just think about it, Abigaille.

If my son were to do the same thing to you, would you simply let it off, thinking that it was a little prank?"

"...I could even excuse his behaviour if he was a child, unaware of anything. But he's all grown up now and should know what he can and cannot do, so how in the world can I possibly excuse his vile behaviour?"

Camila said, like she was genuinely offended by what happened which made me praise her acting skills, which was even making my mother be at a loss for words.

"And by no means am I berating your parenting skills, Abigail, as I'm sure you've put all your love and care into raising your son...But unfortunately, there are some bad apples out there who won't change until severe actions are taken against them."

Camila shook her head in a convincing manner, like she didn't really want to make this decision, but she really didn't have any other choice but to do so.

She then looked at my poor mother, who was thinking of all sorts of ways to bail me out of this situation, and said,

"Think of it this way as well, Abigail. If your son were to be let loose, he'd become a menace to society and would harass every woman he sees...But if he were to be sent to some sort of disciplinary centre, he'd have a chance of learning from his mistakes and becoming a son who you can actually be proud of."

"No, Camila! My son can never get to such a dangerous place!"

My mother shouted and looked like she was about to faint at the mention of me going to a juvenile centre. She then pointed at me and frantically said, like I was a pityful little boy,

"Just look at him, Camila! Look at how frail my little Kafi looks—almost like a little baby lamb!...If he was sent to such a place full of actual hooligans, they would surely tear that poor baby apart!"

Camila's lips twitched when she heard my mother describe myself as a harmless child, knowing exactly what type of person I was.

When she looked at me with a knowing smile on her face, I simply turned away, as it felt too embarrassing to be called a little lamb when I was actually a hungry wolf who sunk my fangs into both Camila and her daughter in a matter of days.

"A-And Camila to tell you truth..." My mother decided to tell the real reason I accidentally slapped her ass, as embarrassing as it was, seeing as how Camila looked so unconvinced at the moment.

She then continued saying in a rather demure manner, like she was only saying that secret of hers because she had no other choice, "...My Kafi didn't touch you in that manner because he's a pervert

who likes to grope random women like you think he is, and he's actually quite the gentleman when it comes to women."

"H-He only did it because he had mistaken you for me, since he's used to seeing me cooking breakfast in the morning and not anyone else. And because of that little confusion, he accidentally thought you were me and ended up s-slapping your bum."

My mother bowed her head in shame, like admitting the truth took the life out of her because of all the taboo little secrets it revealed along with it.

Camila was quick to pick up on these little secrets, as she said with a little chuckle, like she thought what my mother said was a joke,

"What are you even talking about, Abigaille? Your son slapped my ass because he thought that I was you, his mother?"

"Why in the world would he greet his own mother in such a strange way that's only done between the most intimate lovers...That makes absolutely no sense at all unless both of you have a rather bizarre mother-son relationship that can't be told to others."

Camila scoffed like she thought my mother was making up desperate lies to save me. She then picked up the phone once again to call the police, as she was done listening to such lies even though she actually knew everything about the relationship between me and my mother and that my mother was telling the truth.

"No, Camila! Don't call the police, since I promise you what you just said is the actual truth!"

My mother suddenly blurted out in a desperate manner when she saw Camila dial in a number and decided that she would reveal everything about our relationship, even at the cost of her dignity, as long as I didn't land myself in jail.

"The truth?...What truth did I say to you?"

Camila smiled as she put the phone down, knowing that my mother was about to expose everything in her own words exactly like she wanted her to.

"The part where you said that me and my son have a rather strange relationship that can't easily be revealed to the outside world..." My mother admitted to the incestuous relationship she had with her son with a flushed look on her face while looking at Camila with trembling eyes like a squirrel in the cold winter. "...That was the truth that you had mentioned."

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"Abigail, just what exactly are you talking about?...Just what sort of relationship do you have with your son?"

Camila asked with a solemn look on her, like she was slowly starting to realise the seriousness of the matter and the fact that my mother wasn't joking when she said she had a strange relationship with me, which really made me want to clap at her phenomenal acting skills.

"Will you tell anyone else if I tell you the truth?"

My mother looked at Camila with wide eyes, like she were in a really vulnerable position at the moment and needed someone she could trust.

"I swear on my daughter's life that I won't say anything that will slander you or your son's name to anyone else, so you can feel free to tell me the truth of your relationship with your son." Camila made a rather heavy promise, which made my mother feel like a heavy burden was lifted off her shoulders.

"Well, the thing is, Camila, me and my son have a rather loving and close relationship." My mother timidly said, hoping that Camila wouldn't treat her like a freak after she heard everything. "Closer than any other mother-son bond can ever be."

"Close?...E-Exactly, how close are you two?"

Camila gulped as she was starting to get sucked into the taboo nature of the situation, since she was a pervert who got engrossed in anything incestuous in nature.

With a look of avid curiosity on her face, she started to ask questions to my mother that she genuinely wanted the answer for,

"Like I know there are some sons who grow up to be mama's boys and still sometimes sleep with their mother's even after they grow up...So, is your relationship with you son like that?"

"Yes, it is...But instead of sleeping with each other with our clothes on like those mother-son couples do, me and Kafi actually sleep w-without our clothes on."

My mother admitted with a face that was turning redder by the second, along with Camila's cheeks that were starting to lose their cool porcelain sheen and were being replaced by a faint blush as my mother recalled our intimate relationship.

I thought that Camila was setting up a trap to see my mother all flustered. But judging by how the situation was going forth, it seems like Camila was the one that was going to fall into the trap and lose her cool and elegant image because of the dirty stories my mother was going to tell.

This would surely make her lose her composure since if there's anything out there in the world that could make the dignified Camila break character, it was surely any talk about incestuous topics.

This made me sigh and rub my face in exhaustion as I was looking forward to seeing my mother all flustered. But it seems like the flustered one was going to be Camila herself, rather than my mother, like we both silently planned...

Chapter 390: Do You Want To See That Place Of Mine?

"No way! If you slept without any of your clothes on, you'd be able to see one another's naked bodies, Abigaille!...There's no way a mother and son should do such a disgraceful act!"

Camila let out a little shout of excitement when she heard my mother admit the matters of the bedroom to her, and she seemed to be too immersed in the conversation that she forgot she was supposed to be teasing my mother.

"If your surprised by that, Camila, then let me tell you that my Kafi has not only seen my body, but he's also felt all parts of my naked body in his hands as well."

My mother surprisingly also seemed to have gotten really invested into the conversation, as she was sharing many unnecessary details that Camila didn't even ask for, almost as if she were gossiping about how her husband performed in bed with her best friend.

Just like every woman out there who always wanted to share all their experiences with others as a way of venting their emotions, my mother also started to gossip about her incestuous relationship

with her son now that she had a secure source who didn't seem to be disgusted about the matter and actually seemed to invest in it, looking at how eager Camila was to know what's next.

It was going exactly like what I had thought, to my disbelief, and my mother was the one who was currently dominating Camila with her tales of incest with her son, which was basically Camila's kryptonite.

"What?! He's even touched your body?!" Camila gasped as she covered her mouth in an elegant manner, feeling really excited to find out about such matters from my own mother rather than me. She then bent down like she was telling a secret and asked, "J-Just where has he touched you, Abigaille? Your legs, your thighs, your tummy, or is that he's even touched y-your breasts as well?!"

Camila gulped as she stared at my mother's knockers that were even bigger than hers.

"The question shouldn't be where he's touched me, Camila...Rather it should be where he hasn't touched me, which the answer to is nowhere, since there isn't a place on my body that he hasn't laid his dirty hands upon." My mother bashfully admitted while looking at me like she could feel my hands grazing all over her plump body.

"No way!" Camila gulped as she felt her throat go dry and her breath become heavy. She then glanced at my mother's nether region, which couldn't escape my gaze, and hesitantly asked, "T-Then, wouldn't that mean that he's touched that place as well, Abigaille?"

"Oh, he's done so much more than simply touching that sensitive part of my body, Camila."

My mother shook her head at what and all she had gone through at my hands and seemed to be glad that she found someone to vent her troubles, gaining the confidence to become bolder along the way. She then continued as she looked at Camila, who was now even more flushed than her,

"If you knew just how much he's abused that sensitive part of my body with his fingers, his tongue, a-and even his p-penis, you'd most definitely understand that we're probably the most 'loving' mother-son pair out there."

I had already told Camila what I did with my mother vividly before, and she's even heard me fucking my mother once.

But it seems like hearing the story from my mother was a different experience for Camila, seeing how turned on she was right now.

The excitement in her light blue eyes even went to the extent that she couldn't take her eyes off my crotch at the mention of my dick.

"If you don't believe me, I can even prove to you how much my son loves me, Camila, and at the same time show you how rough he's been with my poor body."

My mother said, like she was a victim of domestic abuse who was going to show the evidence of abuse to the only person she could trust with such a delicate matter.

She then shamelessly started to pull down the part of her frilly dress near her neck that was covering her overwhelming breasts and showed her wide cleavage to Camila.

Pull~

My mother didn't seem to mind that she was showing her most embarrassing self to someone else as long as she got to tell her side of the story of our relationship, which she seemed to have on her mind for a while seeing as to how ready she was to vent to someone else.

"Mom, you don't have to-"

"Be quiet, Kafi!~ Mommy is having a deep conversation with Camila at the moment, so be a good boy and quietly sit over there until the adults finish speaking."

I tried to stop my mother from going any further since things weren't going the way I was expecting them to.

But I was stopped by my mother, who didn't seem like she wanted to stop ranting about how I was playing with her body and treated me like a child, whom she told to stand in the corner to my dismay.

"Yes, Kafka...Your mother is currently talking about some important matters with me, so don't disturb us right now."

Camila added in like she was talking about some formal matters with my mother that involved both their futures, when in actuality they were talking about the dirty matters a son did to his mother. She even added in saying,

"I'll even forget the matter of calling the police, so could you please stay still for a few minutes and let your dear mother finish speaking."

"...My daughter is also at home right now, so if you feel bored in any way, you can go next door and play with her however you want to."

Camila didn't hesitate to sell off her daughter like she was a toy that was meant to keep me occupied until the adults finished talking about their dirty matters, which made my eyes go wide at how ridiculous the current situation was.

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My mother was also thrilled when she heard that Camila wasn't going to involve the police anymore and decided to go all out in gossiping about her incestuous life with her son, just in case she turned back on her decision.

"You can go ahead, Abigaille." Camila then turned to look at my mother's cleavage that was already half revealed. "Continue on with what you were going to say."

"Do I really need to say anymore, Camila?...Just look at the state of my breasts, and you'll understand just how aggressive my son becomes when he sees me, treating his poor mother, who's fed him all these years, like a ragdoll."

My mother sighed as she pulled down her top all the way down until her cleavage, which looked like a valley made of chocolate, was exposed, along with her red bra that was holding in those two milkers that probably contained hot chocolate milk.

She then pushed up her breasts and showcased the blue marks that were all over her chest, almost as if someone had sucked and bit her breasts all over, leaving his lewd-looking marks all over her brown flesh.

"This is the remnant of what happened a couple of nights ago, when he suddenly pounced at me when I came out of the shower."

My mother recollected the events of that night while Camila went closer to observe my mother's breasts in detail and was astonished by their sheer size, which even made her chest look small in comparison.

She also got excited at the sight of all the love bites on my mother's coffee-coloured skin, which were basically evidence of the incest that had been committed between us.

While Camila stared at my mother's tits in a daze, my mother continued saying in a woeful manner,

"I remember coming out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around me that day, like anyone would do after taking a bath...But Kafi here accused me of trying to tempt him by showing him such an erotic sight and proceeded to drag me back into the bathroom to do the unspeakable to me."

"...And when I say unspeakable, I really mean it, as he didn't even leave me b-butt alone and stuffed his f-face inside of that dirty place and did things that would even make the devil blush in shame at how vulgar it was."

My mother glanced at me with a wronged look in her eyes because of the ill treatment her butt had to go through on my hands, and she felt glad that she finally got to tell her struggles of living with such a perverted son, who couldn't keep his hands off his mother.

"Huh?...W-What can he possibly do by stuffing his face in your bum, Abigaille?"

Camila slowly asked with a look of shock written all over her face, as she had never heard of such a vulgar play before and was dumbfounded to hear that a mother and son were indulging in such levels of debauchery that didn't stop at simple sex.

"I can't tell you, Camila, because of how dirty of a matter it is...But I can show what he did, as I'm pretty sure that the marks of the places he sucked on are still there."

"...T-That is if you're willing to see such a shameful place of mine."

My mother bashfully asked Camila if she was willing to see her naked rear to my absolute shock at the peepshow situation happening right before me.