

God of Milfs 461

Chapter 461: Mom's Home!

Kafka nuzzled into Bella's cleavage sleepily, his arms tightening around her waist. "My sweet little, Bella..." He murmured, his voice thick with contentment. "...You took Daddy's seed so well." His hand slowly rubbed her tummy, feeling the fluid slosh inside.

Feeling her father's warm touch on her, Bella smiled drowsily, her eyes drifting shut as Kafka's hand gently caressed her delicate body. She felt so safe and loved, wrapped up in his strong arms. Her stuffed belly gurgled again, and she let out a soft, happy sigh.

"Mmm~...Daddy~"

But just as Bella thought everything was over and she was about to drift off into a blissful sleep with a look of satisfaction on her face, she suddenly felt a familiar hardness pressing against her thigh.

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Her eyes fluttered open in surprise as she realised Kafka's cock was stiffening once again, nestling firmly against her soft skin.

"D-Daddy?...Why is your p-penis becoming harder again?"

Kafka chuckled, his breath warm against Bella's ear as he spoke. "You really thought it was over, did you, Bella?...But no...Daddy's not done playing with his little girl yet." He gave her thigh a gentle squeeze, his hard cock throbbing against her. "...Not even close."

Kafka suddenly pushed himself off Bella and rose from the couch, a mischievous grin on his face.

Before she could react, he reached down and hooked his arms under her knees and then latched onto her back, lifting her off the couch as if she weighed nothing.

"D-Daddy!"

Bella gasped as Kafka suddenly lifted her, hoisting her petite body with ease. She instinctively wrapped her legs around his waist, her soaking pussy coming to rest precisely atop his erect cock.

Kafka's thick shaft nestled perfectly between Bella's slick folds, the head pressing insistently against her entrance.

"Mmm, look how perfectly Daddy's cock fits between your legs, baby girl." He said as he held her effortlessly, his strong hands kneading the soft flesh of her ass.

Bella's eyes widened as she felt the tip of Kafka's cock push against her entrance, the thick head trying to force its way inside her tight little pussy once again. Her milkers rested against his chest, her legs locked around his waist as he held her in place, looking like she was ready to be pounded once again.

"D-Daddy, wait...!" Bella shouted in fright as she didn't think that she could take another round after the intense session she just had; that already made her feel like she was going to faint.

But Kafka paid no heed to Bella's protests, his hands gripping her ass cheeks tightly as he slowly began to lower her onto his cock.

"Nnn!~ Slurp!~ Ahhh!~ Mmph! ~"

The thick shaft spread her pussy lips wide, the head popping inside her with a lewd squelch as he started to impale her once more.

"N-No, it's too much! Ahhh!~"

Bella whimpered, her fingers clawing at Kafka's shoulders as he slowly lowered her onto his thick pole. She felt so tiny and helpless in his powerful arms; her body stretched wide to accommodate his size.

"Mmm!~ Nnn!~ Kiss!~ Ahh! ~"

Ignoring Bella's pleading cries, Kafka began to bounce her on his lap, using his powerful arms to lift and lower her on his thick shaft.

"Schlurp!~ Splish!~ Splat!~ Squish!~"

The sound of wet, squelching impacts filled the room as their bodies slapped together, his heavy balls swinging with each movement.

"D-Daddy!~...It's too deep!~...Hmm!~"

Bella wailed, her voice breaking as Kafka's hard thrusts speared into her very core. Her eyes rolled back in her head, her mouth hanging open as she drooled and gasped for breath.

"Mmmph!~ No!~ Suck!~ Oooh! ~You can't!~ Ahhh!~"

Each bounce drove Kafka's thick meat deeper into Bella's tiny body, the stretched rim of her hole gripping the base of his shaft like a glove. Her bloated belly quivered and shook with each impact, the heavy load inside sloshing noisily.

"P-Please, Daddy!~ Please!~"

Bella cried out once again. But this time she didn't have a distorted look on her face, and rather she looked like she was asking for something in a frenzied manner.

"Please, what, baby girl?" Kafka asked, his face contorted with concentration as he continued to bounce Bella on his lap. "Tell Daddy what you want."

His hands tightened on her bottom, spreading her cheeks wide as he powered into her, knowing that Bella wasn't asking for him to stop and was asking for something else that he also desired to give her.

"P-Please!~...F-Fill me up again, Daddy!~"

Bella begged shamelessly, her voice high and desperate like she needed his seed to live. Her mind was consumed with the need to be bred by Kafka, her body yearning for more of his thick, creamy seed.

"I-I want to feel you inside of me, Daddy!~ I want you to fill Bella's belly up!~"

With a guttural roar, Kafka decided to carry out his daughter's, and he drove his hips upward, his arms locked as he held Bella's bottom and pushed her breasts against his stiff body.

"Ooooh!~ Mmmph!~ Ahhh!~ Kiss!~"

His thick flesh pulsed and throbbed inside her stretched hole, unloading a fresh torrent of hot seed straight into her womb.

"Gloop!~ Drip!~ Splurt!~ Plop!~"

"Yes, Daddy!~ Ahhnn!~ Yes!~ Ahhhh!~"

Bella cried out, her entire body shuddering as she felt Kafka's cock swell and erupt deep inside her.

"Schlurp!~ Splurt!~ Drip!~ Sploosh!~"

Waves of thick cum flooded her insides, the scorching liquid painting her walls and churning with the previous load already occupying her belly.

As Kafka's orgasm subsided, Bella's body went limp in his arms, her legs falling open as she slumped against him.

Her belly was now grotesquely distended, the combined weight of Kafka's two loads making it look like she was pregnant with twins.

"Daddy~..." Bella whispered in a sweet voice as she gently rested against his comforting shoulder, looking like she was about to fall asleep at any moment after that long session that pushed her body to the limits.

"It's alright, Bella...I know that you're tired right now, so you can rest now." Kafka murmured, gently nuzzling Bella's neck as he put her back on the couch.

He laid her down tenderly, admiring her pussy that was letting out a stream of white with a satisfied smile on his face.

In all honesty, Kafka wanted to go all night and completely ravage her body like he did with his own mother on their first night. But he held himself back and decided to stop with two rounds, as he knew that Bella's young body would actually break if he were to go even further.

So for Bella's sake, he didn't do anything else but watch her go to sleep like he were watching his own daughter close her eyes after tucking her into bed.

Bella whimpered softly as she saw her father looking down at her with such caring eyes, her eyes glazed and unfocused as she basked in the afterglow.

Her hands instinctively cradled her swollen abdomen, feeling the warmth of Kafka's seed sloshing inside like she was already thinking of the amalgamation of fluids inside of her to turn into a beautiful baby of their own.

"Mmmm~...Thank you, Daddy~...I'll raise the child you've given to me well~"

Bella murmured some silly words before she closed her eyes and slept like a baby on the sofa, completely exhausted from what she experienced and needing a much-needed rest after the battering her body went through.

Kafka smiled at the sight of Bella nestling her naked body on the sofa while holding onto her belly that felt so warm, thinking that it looked rather cute and hot at the same time.

Especially the satisfied smile she had on her face as she slept and the sight of her once flawless body, now having marks and bruises from their fierce fight...It was truly the perfect blend of wholesomeness and naughtiness in one single picture.

Seeing this also reminded him that he had slept with his own daughter before he had slept with the mother of that very daughter, Camila, who was also his wife.

He genuinely had no idea what to think about this situation as this was the first time he had snagged both mother and daughter, or rather the daughter was forcefully given to him by the mother.

But rather than thinking about what he thought about it, what was more important was what Camila would think when she finds out that her daughter stole her man away from her and took him inside of her before she did.

But before Kafka could even try to imagine that dangerous situation and imagine in his head how Camila would react, he heard the sound of the main door being opened.

Kachuk!~

The creaking of the door swinging open was heard, and then the sound of someone removing their footwear. And then, before Kafka could even take a step from where he was standing, a lovely voice was heard, which seemed to be calling out to her daughter,

"Bella darling!~ Mom's, home!~ I've brought you some chocolate cake from the place I visited since I know just how much you love some cake, so quickly come over here and take a slice!~"

Camila placed all the bags from her trip onto the entrance of the living room, and then she looked like she was about to cluelessly go up to her room and take a much-needed hot bath.

Well, that is until she saw something weird from the corner of her pretty blue eyes, and when she slowly turned to see what was wrong, those same eyes of hers went wide when she was confronted with the unbelievable sight she was witnessing.

Standing near the couch was her young lover, Kafka, who looked all sweaty like he had just worked out...More importantly, his monster of a penis was also hanging out his pants, half-erect and dangling, which made Camila gulp and blush at the sheer size of it.

And then on top of the sofa was her beloved daughter, who was completely in the naked with bite marks all over her breast and also had white fluids gushing out of her pale white flower.

The marks on her body made her seem like she had just survived a war. But the look of satisfaction on her face also told that she really enjoyed the war that she had fought in.

With all that she had seen, there was only one thing that could've possibly happened while she was out, which was why she immediately turned her gaze to Kafka, the main perpetrator of this matter, with her lips curled and a chilly gaze in her eyes like she were asking him for an explanation about what could've possibly led to him fucking her beloved daughter like an animal...

Chapter 462: Let Me Make It Up To You

"W-Wait, Camila!~ I-I can explain what's going on here, so don't do anything you might regret!~"

Kafka waved his hands around and exclaimed in a fluster while making sure that Camila didn't enter the kitchen and come out with a knife to poke him all over.

He then looked at Bella, who was peacefully sleeping on the sofa, and then at her mother, who had a razor-sharp glint in her pretty blue eyes and blurted out,

"I-I, actually...Me and Bella were out shopping-...We had a good time-...S-She then invited me in to watch a movie-...And then one thing led to another and-"

Kafka couldn't even finish one sentence out of nervousness about what Camila was feeling at the moment and blabbered out some nonsense.

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He also couldn't say that he banged her daughter because the Gods requested him to or that it was her daughter, who was so insistent on taking her own innocence to Camila, so he really struggled to come up with something that would excuse his life today.

But shockingly and out of his expectations, Camila didn't exactly have the extreme reaction he was expecting her to have.

He thought that she was going to lose her fuse and go on an absolute rampage for fucking her daughter in such a heavy-handed manner when he hadn't even had his first proper night with her yet.

But to his disbelief, Camila simply asked him with a confused look on her face, like she didn't understand why he looked so flustered right now.

"Explain what, Kafka? What do you have to explain to me?...And why are you looking at me like you're looking at a ghost? You're kind of scaring me with that gaze of yours."

Camila asked him to stop making such weird expressions that were creeping her out.

After spending so much time with Camila, Kafka knew that she wasn't simply acting like she was unbothered by what she was seeing. She genuinely didn't see anything wrong with what was going on in her house while she was out, which deeply flabbergasted Kafka.

"Y-You're not mad at me, Camila?" Kafka couldn't help but nervously ask, as he really couldn't believe that there was anyone out there who could be so calm in the face of her daughter stealing her own man away. He then repeated, "You're not angry that I had sex with your daughter before I had my first night with you?"

"Now, why in the world would I be angry about something that would've eventually happened with the way your relationship is going with Bella?"

Camila asked with a perplexed look on her face, like she was wondering why I was asking such a stupid question. She then walked over to check how her daughter was and continued saying,

"As much as Bella treats you as her father and you also take care of her as your daughter, both of you are man and woman first who have some sort of twisted feelings for one another."

"So why in the world would you think that I would be angry if you were to indulge in those very primal feelings when I was the one who had set you up from the start?"

"...Wouldn't one normally think that I would be happy that everything went well, especially since I could possibly get a grandchild in the future?"

Camila asked why he thought that she wouldn't want a baby waddling around the house when that was what she wanted the most at her age, while wiping the sweat off her daughter's cute little face.

"But Camila, I slept with Bella before I actually slept with you." Kafka urgently argued against himself with a concerned look on his face. "Doesn't that bother you one bit?"

"I'm honestly more offended and angry that you thought that I would be petty enough to be worked up over such an insignificant matter, Kafka."

Camila turned around and gave Kafka a flick on the forehead for treating her like an overly possessive woman. She then gave a reluctant sigh as she looked at all the family pictures that were hanging up on the wall and said,

"And in actuality, it is my own fault that Bella managed to snag you first, rather than me."

"From the moment you met me, you've always made attempts to take our relationship to the next level...But it was me who pushed you away all those times since I wasn't ready to take the next step with you after being a proper family woman my whole life."

Camila admitted that it was her sentiment towards her status as a married woman that she was too late to steal Kafka away.

"Ah! But please don't think that I'm stalling because of my husband, Kafka!" Camila announced just in case Kafka misunderstood. "I've lost hope in that man long ago and don't have any feelings for him whatsoever...Even the way our relationship was formed was because of his trickery!"

Camila gritted her teeth like she still couldn't let go of what happened in the past. She then looked at Kafka with hopeful eyes and asked in a passive manner,

"So, please don't think that I'm dragging out my relationship with you because of my husband, as it's genuinely because I can't let go of the sentiment of being a loyal wife and still need a bit more time to prepare myself for the closure I need."

Camila looked at Kafka with pleading eyes, thinking that he would be dissatisfied with her actions.

But to her utter surprise, he didn't seem to mind what she said one bit and was actually in relief that she wasn't mad at him for sleeping with her daughter first.

"It's fine, Camila...It's fine~ Take all the time you need~" Kafka waved his hand like he were saying that it wasn't a big deal at all for him. He then admitted saying, "I'm just genuinely relieved that you haven't killed me already for what I did with your daughter, so take all the time you need to come to terms with everything."

"Like I said before, I have no problem with you taking my daughter in first, as my daughter's wishes are always my first priority as her proud mother." Camila said with a sharp glint in her eyes and then continued saying as she gave Kafka a pinching on his arms, "But for you to think that I'm some sort of sad woman who would get jealous of her own daughter is what's really pissing me off!~"

"But what can I do, Camila?" Kafka said as he let Camila vent out her anger at being treated like a petty woman onto his arms. "You were the one who had such a scary look in your eyes, like you were out for murder when you first saw what was happening here...After seeing that, I couldn't help but freak out a little myself, thinking that you're furious about what I did."

"No, Kafka, that's not why I was so on guard when I first saw you."

Camila claimed as she stopped pinching him and started rubbing that place like she was treating him.

She then timidly looked at his meat rod that was still hanging out of his pants and coyly said as she stared at it like it were a ferocious beast,

"I-I just got scared stiff when I saw the size of your thing down there for the first time...So much so that it triggered my body's fight or flight mode and made me stare at you like I was looking at a barbarian who was coming to ravage me with his massive member."

"I mean, you can't even blame me for being so frightened of the baseball bat you call a penis, Kafka!..Just look at how big it is! It could probably even kill someone if used in the right way!"

Camila, who was much more mature, knew exactly how abnormal Kafka's size was and started to freak out as she stared at it, slowly losing her usual coolness.

"Like, I already knew that you had quite the hefty package down there since I could feel its shape bulging whenever I sat on top of you, and because of the stories your mother told me...But still!...I never thought it would be so freaking big!"

"...Just thinking about how my poor little daughter took that log inside of her makes me want to cry."

Camila shook her head and wepted in a concerned manner, hoping that Bella didn't suffer from internal injuries after being fucked by the monster in front of her.

"Well, you don't have to worry about that, Camila, since our little girl took it like a champ~"

Kafka assured her while caressing Bella's chubby little cheeks, which made her let out a smile in her sleep.

He then looked at Camila, who was staring at her daughter's vagina that had a whole lot of fluids flowing out of it in wonder, and suggested, with his lips curled up,

"And rather than simply imagining what your daughter might have experienced, isn't it better to experience it yourself so that you would have a better understanding of something that you so obviously want to, seeing as to how you just can't keep your eyes off my cock?"

Kafka's penis that was hanging down like a stalk of wheat slowly rose up like it was called for attendance under Camila's trembling gaze.

Rise~

It didn't simply go straight up and slowly rub against Camila's crotch, who was standing quite close to him and then finally stood still while poking her mushy abdomen with its fat tip.

Poke~

Camila's body shook as she felt Kafka's log pushing against her, as even though she hadn't even taken it in yet, she could feel how much damage it would do just by the hefty weight of it.

"N-No, Kafka...I-I'm sorry to say this to you time and time again, but I'm still not ready."

Camila declined his offer, which made him let out a wry smile, as he wasn't really expecting her to agree with him anyway.

But just as he was about to pull his rod away after failing his attempt, he suddenly felt a cold, slender hand wrap around the shaft of his dick.

Grab~

When he looked down at what was happening in surprise, he saw Camila holding onto his dick in a very nervous and shaky manner.

With the way she was eyeing it with fear and how she was holding onto it too tightly, like she were afraid it would run away, it looked like she were holding some kind of venomous snake.

And just before Kafka could ask about what she was doing, Camila herself looked at Kafka with a determined look in her blue eyes, like she were saying that she wasn't going to run away this time, and said to him while biting her lips,

"B-But even though I'm still not fully ready to become one with you, Kafka, I still think that I can make it up to you by cleaning your cock that's fully smeared with my daughter's juices up."

Kafka was surprised at first by the sudden proposition since he wasn't expecting to get any action from both mother and daughter today. But once he realised the lucky situation she was thrust into, a smile crept up on his face, and he eagerly looked at Camila, who was staring at the penis in her hand with a flushed look on her face...

Chapter 463: Open Your Mouth

Kafka chuckled at Camila's proposal, finding it both amusing and endearing.

"You know, cleaning my soiled member with your own hands is quite a dirty task, Camila...Are you really okay with doing that for me?"

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Camila gulped nervously, her slender fingers still wrapped tightly around Kafka's thick shaft.

"I-I know it may seem dirty, Kafka...But after denying you for so long, this is the least I can do to appease your-...u-urgent needs."

Kafka smirked at Camila's flustered response, amused by her determination despite her obvious nervousness.

"Well, since you're so insistent on tasting your daughter's essence, who am I to refuse such a generous offer?" He chuckled, his member throbbing slightly in her grip.

Camila's face turned a shade redder at Kafka's words, her heart pounding in her chest. She timidly looked up at him, her blue eyes meeting his, and then cast her gaze downwards towards the monster in her hand.

"K-Kafka...It's just that it's so big and thick..." She whispered, her blush deepening as she struggled to wrap her mind around the sheer size of his member. She gently stroked it with her fingers, marvelling at the way it pulsed and throbbed in her grasp. "...How am I supposed to clean this properly?" She finished in a small voice, her mind already wandering to the task at hand.

Her heart raced as she imagined taking such a massive object into her mouth, let alone cleaning it thoroughly. Her body trembled slightly, her thighs clenching together as a warmth spread between her legs.

Kafka simply smirked at her flustered state, enjoying the effect he had on her.

"Well, I'm sure a clever girl like you will figure something out."

He teased, his voice low and husky. He then continued saying,

"For now, why don't you start by getting down on your knees first, my dear Camila?"

Camila swallowed hard, her elegant features twisting into a nervous expression as she slowly got down on her knees.

She looked up at Kafka, her blue eyes wide and uncertain, as she positioned herself in front of his massive member.

The floor creaked softly beneath her, a stark contrast to her usual refined demeanour as Camila gazed up at Kafka with an almost pleading look, her usual proud and aloof look completely shattered.

"Kafka... I-I'm not sure how to proceed now that I'm down here." She admitted nervously, as one of her dainty hands rested awkwardly on her thighs.

"Really?...I understand if someone like Bella doesn't know the basics of these matters...But how can a married woman like yourself be so ignorant?" Kafka asked with a curious gaze as he watched Camila hold onto his penis like it were a bomb.

"B-Be quiet, Kafka! Why would I do such dirty things with that scumbag of a man?!"

Camila's face burnt with anger and humiliation as she remembered the face of the man who tricked her young heart in the past. She also didn't want Kafka to have any further misunderstandings, so she said in a hurry,

"I-I also only let that man touch me once in my life, and that was when I had Bella and when I thought that he was the man that I truly fell for...But after finding out about his true colours, I didn't even let him put a finger on me, and that's how it's stayed for more than two decades."

Kafka listened to Camila's words, a smile appearing on his face as he processed the information. "Oh, that's interesting." He said, his voice low and thoughtful. "Then, doesn't that mean that the mother's body is just as ripe and untouched as her daughter's?"

Camila's eyes widened briefly at Kafka's blunt words, but she hesitantly nodded her head in agreement, her gaze darting downwards in shyness.

Kafka smirked, clearly enjoying her flustered state.

"Well then, it seems like it's my duty to teach you some essential things, my inexperienced little minx." Kafka stated, his voice taking on a commanding tone, and then gently cupped Camila's chin, tilting her face up to meet his intense gaze.

"Look into my eyes, Camila, and don't look away until I tell you to." Kafka instructed, his voice low and authoritative. "The first lesson is eye contact...It's important to maintain eye contact during intimate moments to build trust and connection."

Camila nervously obeyed, her blue eyes locked onto Kafka's dark, penetrating gaze. She gasped softly as a shiver ran down her spine. The intensity of his stare ignited a strange tingling sensation within her core.

"I-I'm looking." She breathed, her heart pounding wildly in her chest.

Satisfied, Kafka rewarded her with a small, predatory smile. "Good girl," He praised gently. "Now, let's begin your first lesson...Slowly, wrap your fingers around my base and gently squeeze, like this." He guided her hand to demonstrate, his own large hand enveloping hers.

Camila's hands trembled slightly as she followed Kafka's instructions. She gently wrapped her fingers around his thick base, her delicate hand barely able to circle it. She hesitated for a moment before giving a gentle squeeze, her knuckles turning white from the effort. "Like... like this?"

Kafka nodded, his eyes never leaving hers as he watched her attempt to grasp his massive cock. "That's it, Camila...Now, maintain that pressure and slowly start to pump your hand up and down my length. Remember to keep eye contact and don't look away until I tell you to do so."

Camila swallowed hard, her heart racing as she began to pump her hand up and down Kafka's thick shaft.

Stroke!~ Stroke!~ Stroke!~

She struggled to maintain the pressure, her small hand feeling overwhelmed by his size. She kept her gaze locked onto his, her eyes wide and nervous as she followed his instructions.

"K-Kafka...A-Am I doing it correctly?"

Kafka's expression remained stoic, his eyes burning into hers as he watched her work. He could feel her small hand struggling to accommodate his size, and it only served to heighten his arousal.

"Keep going, Camila...Pump my cock with your hand. Show me how well you can follow instructions."

Stroke!~ Stroke!~ Stroke!~

As Camila moved her hand up and down Kafka's shaft, she noticed that her hand was growing wetter and slicker with each passing second. Her daughter's fluids were spreading all over hand by the second, which made her blush profusely.

"Oh...Oh, it's...It's getting bigger."

She suddenly stammered, her eyes darting downwards briefly before returning to meet Kafka's gaze.

Pulsating~

She could feel the thick veins along his length throbbing and pulsating against her palm as he swelled in her hand.

"It's natural, Camila...A man's body responds to pleasure." Kafka explained gruffly, his voice strained as he fought to maintain his composure. "The better you are at pleasing me, the larger and harder I'll become."

Camila gulped nervously, her heart pounding wildly as Kafka's penis continued to grow and throb in her grasp. The sheer size of it daunted her but also ignited an inexplicable curiosity within her.

"I-I see...So my hand motions are pleasing you, Kafka?"

"Very much so." Kafka confirmed through gritted teeth, his eyes glinting with unspoken desires. "Keep going like that, and you might even make me spill over, Camila."

"But that's not your goal today, is it?...Your aim is to clean my cock." Kafka reminded Camila of her purpose. He then gently guided Camila's hand away from his cock, his breath hitching as he watched her small fingers release their grip. "Now, it's time for your next lesson," He said, his voice low and husky.

"Open your mouth, Camila, and stick out your tongue."

Chapter 464: Let Me Clean You Up

Camila hesitantly obeyed, her trembling lips parting as she extended her tongue, the small pink muscle quivering slightly in the cool air of the room. Her cheeks flushed a deep crimson, embarrassed yet curious about what came next.

"J-Just like this?" Camila asked with her fleshy tongue sticking out in an erotic manner.

"Yes, just like that, Camila." Kafka approved, his gaze flicking down to admire her outthrust tongue. "Now, lean forward and lick me clean, Camila. Start from the base and work your way up...Be thorough, and make sure you taste every inch of me."

Camila's heart raced as she slowly leaned forward, her eyes locked onto Kafka's face as she began to tentatively lick his hard length.

Lick~

She started at the thick root, her small tongue flicking out to lap at the clear liquid that had beaded at the tip.

The salty, slightly sweet taste filled her mouth, and she coughed slightly at the unfamiliar flavor. However, she pushed through the discomfort, determined to please Kafka as instructed.

"I-It's big, Kafka..It's so big that I-I can't even wrap my tongue over one side." Camila complained as her tongue slid up the veined shaft, lapping at the sticky residue that coated his skin.

"Slurp!~ Mmm!~ Ahh!~ Nnn! ~"

"It's okay, Camila...You're doing well." Kafka reassured her, his voice strained but encouraging. He then continued instructing her, saying, "Now, once you reach the tip, wrap your lips around it and suck gently...Don't take me into your mouth yet; just focus on cleaning the head with your tongue and lips."

Camila nodded, her eyes watering slightly as she focused on the task at hand.

"Mmph!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~ Ahhh!~"

She reached the tip of Kafka's cock and wrapped her lips around it, sucking gently as instructed. Her tongue darted out to lick at the sensitive head, cleaning away the remaining fluids.

"Nnn!~ Suck!~ Ahh!~ Mmmph!~"

"That's it, Camila. You're a natural at this," Kafka praised, his breathing growing heavier as he watched her work. "Now, slowly take me into your mouth, inch by inch...Remember to breathe through your nose and relax your throat as much as you can." Read exclusive chapters at empire

Camila took a deep breath through her nose before slowly opening her mouth wider, allowing Kafka's thick cock to slide past her lips.

"Nnn!~ Suck!~ Ahh!~ Mmmph!~"

She kept her tongue flat against the underside of his shaft as she began to take him deeper, her eyes widening as she felt him press against the back of her throat.

"Lick!~ Mmph!~ Ahh!~ Nnn! ~"

She struggled to relax her throat, feeling the pressure building as Kafka's cock stretched her mouth to its limit.

"Thwap!~ Schlurp!~ Gluck!~ Gluck!~" Tears pricked at the corners of her eyes as she fought to breathe around the massive intrusion, her nose buried in his pubic hair.

"It's alright, Camila...You're doing so well," Kafka murmured encouragingly, his hands gently carding through her hair as he guided her head back and forth in a slow, rhythmical motion.

"Breathe through your nose and focus on relaxing your jaw and throat."

"Slosh!~ Splish!~ Glug!~ Squelch!~"

Camila's eyes fluttered closed as she concentrated on her breathing and relaxing her throat.

"Slosh!~ Plop!~ Drip!~ Schlurp!~"

Slowly she could feel herself relaxing more with each passing second, her body gradually accepting Kafka's size.

"Plop!~ Schlurp!~ Splat!~ Slosh!~"

She began to bob her head in sync with his movements, her hands gripping his thighs for support.

"Drip!~ Sploosh!~ Gloop!~ Splurt!~"

"Keep going like that, Camila. You're taking me so deep, just like a good girl." Kafka praised, his voice growing hoarse as her warm, wet mouth enveloped him.

His hips gently thrust forward to meet her, his hands tightening in her hair as the pleasure became almost unbearable.

"Oooh!~ Suck!~ Mmm!~ Ahh! ~"

Camila's cheek sucked in as Kafka's cock brushed against the inside of her right cheek, allowing for deeper penetration. Her eyes widened as she felt the bulbous tip of his member kiss the entrance to her throat again and again.

"Gluck!~ Gluck!~ Gluck!~"

Camila's eyes began to water more intensely as Kafka's throbbing cock invaded her throat with each thrust, the rhythmic glack-glack-glack sound filling the room.

"Nnn!~ Mmph!~ Sluurp!~ Ahhh!~"

Despite the discomfort, a strange sense of pride and accomplishment swelled within her at mastering this intimate skill under Kafka's patient guidance.

"Camila, I'm getting close," Kafka warned, his voice tight with impending release. "If you want me to pull out, now's the time to say so...Otherwise, I'm going to fill your mouth with my cum."

Camila's eyes fluttered open, meeting Kafka's intense gaze as she continued to work her mouth along his shaft, her cheeks hollow and flushed.

"Mmmm!~"

She gave a slight, throaty moan around his cock, subtly emphasising her consent and willingness to receive his impending release.

"Schlurp!~ Splish!~ Splat!~ Squish!~"

Kafka's expression tightened, and with a low groan, he thrust into Camila's mouth one last time. His back arched, and he began to pulse hot, sticky seed into the back of her throat.

"Slosh!~ Plop!~ Drip!~ Schlurp!~"

Camila gagged initially but quickly composed herself, being the mature she was, and instinctively swallowed the fluid that filled her mouth.

As Kafka's release subsided, Camila slowly pulled back, allowing his softening member to slip from her lips with a wet pop.

Thwack~

Camila gasped for air, a few stray drops of cum clinging to her chin and lips. But once she calmed down and swallowed the last bit of cum in her mouth, she saw that Kafka's cock was still covered in the fluids that he had just let out.

Of course, a perfectionist like Camila, who always carried out her duty all the way to the end, couldn't let that happen so easily, so she did what she had to do.

Glock!~

Just as Kafka thought their intimate encounter had concluded, Camila surprised him by suddenly engulfing his sensitive, spent cock back into her warm, wet mouth.

"Slurp!~ Mmm!~ Ahh!~ Nnn! ~"

She began to suckle gently, her tongue swirling around the shaft as if savouring every last drop of his essence.

"Ooooh!~ Mmph!~ Lick!~ Ahhh!~"

Kafka's eyes widened in shock as Camila held his dick tightly in her mouth, her cheeks puffing out as she created a vacuum seal. Then, finally, in one swift, fluid motion, she pulled his spent cock out of her mouth, a long string of saliva and residual cum connecting his shaft to her lips.

Drip~ Drip~ Drip~

Camila then looked up at Kafka with a sultry, satisfied expression, her dilated pupils reflecting his own astonished face. She slowly and deliberately ran her tongue along her lips, capturing the remaining liquid, and swallowed it down, which would make any man go wild if they were to see such an elegant lady swallowing down in such an erotic manner.

Kafka blinked in disbelief, still processing the bold move Camila had just executed. He found his voice, slightly strained with lingering arousal and amusement, and he couldn't help but ask

"Camila, t-that was-...unexpected...Why exactly did you suddenly swallow me again like that?"

"Well, I figured since I had already taken so much of you into my mouth, I might as well clean you up thoroughly...I mean, no one likes a mess, right?" Camila said as she tilted her head coquettishly, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"It also didn't taste as bad as I thought it would and was actually quite sweet, Kafka, which actually makes me want to have another taste."

Camila cheekily added as she savoured the aftertaste in her mouth while eyeing the half limp penis that was swinging around.

"Camila...I think it's best for you to run away and lock yourself in a room right now."

Kafka's solemn voice suddenly voiced from above, which made Camila's, who was wondering if she should have another taste shiver in fright.

"W-What's wrong, Kafka?...D-Did I do anything wrong?"

Camila's cheeky smile was gone and was replaced with a face that was paler than it already was when she saw Kafka eyeing her up like she was a meal that he was going to devour.

"No, no at all, Camila...Rather, you've done such a good job at working me up right now that I can't help but want to tear your clothes up and mess up your pussy right next to your sleeping daughter at this instant."

Kafka slowly uttered as he gazed at the plump woman before him with a fervent gaze in his eyes, his penis also rising up to Camila's horror to show that he wasn't joking around.

"That's why I think it's best if you and your lecherous body get out of my view this instant, unless you want the penis that you've enjoyed sucking this whole while pulling your sopping wet cut inside out."

Camila didn't even hesitate, as before Kafka could even finish speaking, she had already wiped her mouth and was racing towards her bedroom to lock herself from the beast, who looked like he was really going to go berserk after seeing her lewd display.

She then realised that she had totally forgotten about her daughter, who could also become a pityful victim to Kafka's rage, and quickly ran back to grab her.

Both mother and daughter quickly ran back to the room; the daughter still sleeping and being dragged away in her mother's arms.

Camila then gave Kafka a quick glance, but once she saw his penis growing bigger than it was before, she let out a yelp and closed the door before the monster could attack her or her daughter.

Ding~

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

[The God of Darkness Sephora finds Bella's fighting spirit to be quite cute]

[The God of Health Fiona admires you for stopping after two rounds, as her frail little body surely wouldn't be able to handle the burden after that]

[The God of Love Amora finds the mix of white and red fluids leaking out of Bella to be quite enticing]

[The God of Destiny Uriel was surprised by Camila's sudden intrusion and deeply enjoyed watching Camila clean you up in such a loving manner]

Kafka wasn't really happy that he had completed the request, nor did he care about the comments from the Gods.

He was more focused on calming his dick down, which was rock hard at the moment after hearing the enticing words Camila said.

Of course, he didn't have to think about it too much since his mother should also be at home right now after her trip.

That's why he quickly tucked his dick into his pants, which was clearly shown through his pants like a massive mountain and then dashed to his house to make sure that she wouldn't sleep tonight.

If his mother was going to blame anyone for the abuse that she was about to go through the night, then she could only blame Camila for riling up Kafka so much and scolding her for the event that led to her having her back broken in bed...

Chapter 465: Sleeping Beauty

The first thing I saw when I walked onto the balcony after I woke up were the distant, verdant mountains in the distance. They seemed so mighty and beautiful at the same time that I couldn't help but marvel at the scene that was produced.

I also couldn't help but think of someone who was also brave and pretty at the same, also having a shade of verdant dyeing them all over.

That's why I quickly got ready to meet that beauty who seemed like an aggressive tiger to everyone else. But when it came to me, she became a little kitten who didn't want to leave me at all costs and seemed like she would start crying if I were to leave her alone for even a little while.

I gave my mother, who was still sleeping in bed with the blankets rolled around her in a messy manner, and gave her cute little sleepy face a kiss before leaving the house.

I then ran at full speed towards the hot spring since I knew that in a little while the establishment would open and the mighty proprietress of that bathhouse would get busy with dealing with customers.

The bathhouse had been busy lately because of all the attention it was getting on social media from people who've already visited. So, because of that, me and Nina hadn't really been able to spend time with each other like we both wanted to and spent most of our time calling and texting each other like some kind of long-distance couple.

Of course, I couldn't really allow that to last long, so I was going to meet Nina and tell her that I had a solution to her problems of dealing with all the customers and also just to see her ravishing face that made me smile every time I saw her pristine beauty.

I thought that the moment I entered the hot springs I would see Nina at work either carrying a bunch of boxes from room to room, fixing something that broke in the heater room, taking the laundry out, dealing with business partners, or dealing with customers like the handy businesswoman she was who solely ran the shop.

This was what I had seen her doing every time I visited her, along with her face that looked so happy that I visited, which would then become sorrowful since she wouldn't be able to entertain me because of how busy she is.

She would always apologise and say that she would try to make it up to me later. But I really didn't mind since I knew she was simply trying to successfully run the shop that her mother left for her.

But to my surprise, this time I didn't see her running around the hot springs like I thought. Instead, my adorable little tigress named Nina was sleeping on the main counter with an exhausted look on her face.

Even as she slept, I couldn't take my eyes off her. Her head rested on her hands atop the counter, her breathing slow and steady. A soft, almost imperceptible snore escaped her lips, and I swear it was the most adorable thing I'd ever heard.

The way the light played across her verdant face, the gentle rise and fall of her strong shoulders—it all felt so effortless, so perfect.

I found myself smiling without even realising it, my heart tightening in that familiar way. Every time I looked at her, I fell a little harder.

How could I not?...She was beautiful, yes, but more than that, she was Nina...Lovable, endearing Nina. And I knew, in moments like this, I didn't stand a chance against her.

As I stood there, unable to tear my eyes away from her, something caught my attention—a piece of paper lying next to her on the counter. It was crumpled at the edges, as though it had been folded and unfolded a dozen times. Curiosity got the better of me, and I leaned over to take a closer look.

In her unmistakable, small, almost childlike handwriting, there was a list:

1. Check the water temperature.

2. Refill towels

3. Sweep the pathway.

4. Make snacks for guests.

5. Feed the birds by the garden.

6.

I couldn't help but chuckle gently as I read it. She had written it all down—every tiny task she'd planned for the day around the hot spring. It was so...her. Organised in her own sweet way, like she worried she'd forget something important.

I glanced back at her, still sleeping peacefully, her hair slightly tousled and her nose crinkling faintly as she shifted. The contrast between this determined list-maker and the sleepy little creature snoring softly in front of me was impossibly endearing.

As I scanned the list again, it hit me—this was everything she wanted to get done before the guests started arriving.

Knowing her, she'd probably woken up at the crack of dawn, determined to have everything perfect for the opening of her little store by the hot spring. But somewhere along the way, exhaustion must

have caught up with her. What she probably intended to be a quick rest had turned into a deep, peaceful sleep.

I glanced back at her, her breathing steady and her face relaxed, blissfully unaware of the impending chaos. Nothing was ready, and time was ticking. But as much as the responsible part of me wanted to wake her, I couldn't bring myself to do it. She looked so serene, so absolutely beautiful, that disturbing her felt almost criminal.

Instead, I leaned down, brushing a strand of hair away from her face, and pressed a soft kiss on her forehead, the spot I knew she loved most.

Her lips curled into the faintest smile, and my chest tightened at the sight. It was as though, even in her dreams, she recognised me and felt me there. Maybe she thought it was me kissing her in her sleep.

That thought alone was enough to make me smile. Straightening up, I folded the list carefully and slid it into my pocket. If letting her sleep meant I had to tackle her tasks for the day, so be it.

I rolled up my sleeves and got to work. I checked the water temperature, fetched fresh towels, swept the path until it was spotless, and even managed to put together a tray of snacks.

As I scattered birdseed in the garden, I couldn't help but glance back toward the counter every so often, just to see her still there, still at peace.

By the time I finished everything on her list, the first rays of golden sunlight were filtering through the windows. The hot spring was ready, the store was prepared, and she was still sleeping soundly. I smiled to myself, thinking that when she woke up, she'd probably panic, only to realise everything was already done.

Let her dream a little longer, I thought...For now, all I wanted was to see that smile on her face when she realised she wasn't alone in this.

With everything on the list done and the morning sun casting a gentle glow over the room, I found myself drawn back to her. She was still fast asleep, her breathing steady, and her face so peaceful it made my heart ache.

The thought of not talking to her, of not hearing her teasing remarks or infectious laughter before the day started, when I came here to do exactly that would've bothered me.

But now?...I was content.

Simply being here, watching the wild, untamable woman I fell for at her most unguarded—it was enough.

I pulled up a chair next to her but quickly decided it wasn't close enough. Before I could stop myself, I shifted to the floor, lying down so I was level with her. From here, I could see every detail of her face, the way her dark lashes fanned over her cheeks, the slight parting of her lips, and the way her hair framed her in messy strands. She looked like she belonged in a dream herself.

I stayed like that, just watching her, marvelling at how this untamed storm of a woman could look so utterly gentle in moments like these.

But as I settled in, her nose twitched, and I froze.

Sniff~ Sniff~

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Then it happened again—like she was sniffing the air, as if she could literally smell me. I almost laughed. Of course she would have a reaction like that. She was nothing if not instinctive, almost animalistic at times.

Her eyelids fluttered, and I held my breath. Slowly, she stirred, her brow furrowing as if her subconscious was trying to piece together the familiar scent that made her feel safe. Finally, her eyes opened, hazy with sleep, and she turned her head toward me.

When she saw me lying right there beside her, her eyes widened in surprise, and for a second, I could see the gears in her head turning, trying to process how I'd ended up so close...She was quite alert even in her sleep, so she couldn't help but wonder for a second about snuck past her guard.

"Ahhh, Kafka!~"

Then, without warning, when she realised that it was me who was lying next to her, she let out a sharp gasp and sprang up like a startled cat, her movements so sudden and instinctive that she almost knocked over the vase on the counter.

Before I could say a word, she was perched on top of the counter, her legs tucked beneath her and her hands gripping the edge, like a tigress ready to pounce on the intruder who had snuck into her safe place...

Chapter 466: You're Lucky I Love You

"Kafka, you! What are you doing here?!"

She hissed, her voice a mixture of alarm and indignation. Her green eyes darted between me and the space she had just been occupying, like she couldn't believe she'd been caught off guard.

I bit back a laugh, though the sight of her crouched on the counter, all flustered and wide-eyed, was more amusing than I cared to admit.

"Relax, Nina." I said, raising my hands in mock surrender. "You were asleep so peacefully, and I didn't want to wake you up, so I simply sat by your side."

"You didn't want to wake me?" She repeated, her voice climbing an octave. "So you decided to just, what? Lie down next to me like some sneaky stalker, you little punk?!"

"Hey, I wasn't sneaking!" I protested, though I couldn't help the grin spreading across my face. "I just wanted to be close to you... You looked so peaceful, and I just couldn't help myself when you looked so beautiful with your long green ears swinging around even as you dozed off."

Her long green ears seemed to twitch, and her expression shifted from annoyed to flustered in the blink of an eye. Her cheeks flushed a deep red, and she looked away, her cheeks clearly puffed up with embarrassment.

"You're impossible, Kafka, you know that?"

She muttered under her breath, trying to regain her composure. But the way her hands fidgeted and her gaze refused to meet mine betrayed her tough act.

"You know, my adorable Nina..." I said, resting my chin on my hand and watching her with a smirk, "...You're pretty freaking cute when you're startled...It makes me want to scare you over and over again, so that I can keep on seeing your loveable reactions again."

That did it. She glared at me, her flustered expression replaced by a fiery indignation.

"What?!...W-Who said that I'm yours, Kafka?!" She exclaimed with her face flustered and her arms crossed. "And I am not cute! I'm fierce, I'm strong, and I am-"

"You're the woman I love."

I interrupted softly, my tone cutting through her protest like a gentle breeze.

Her words caught in her throat, and for a moment, she just stared at me, her tough facade wavering. Then, with a small huff, she turned her head away, mumbling,

"Idiot."

But the way her lips twitched, as though fighting a smile, told me everything I needed to know.

Nina then narrowed her pretty green eyes at me, her embarrassment quickly shifting into something resembling a warning.

"You know." She said, her voice low and edged with a hint of menace. "I could've accidentally injured you for sneaking up on me like that...Back in school, a couple of boys tried scaring me in my sleep once."

"...Let's just say they weren't laughing after I woke up swinging." Her lips curled into a smirk, like she expected me to back down, maybe even flinch at the thought of her retaliation.

She probably thought she could scare me off with the image of her past ferocity. But instead of cowering, I just smiled, my cheek resting lazily in my hand.

"Is that so?" I said, my tone light and teasing. "Well, I wouldn't mind a punch or two—or however many you think I deserve, if it's from the woman I love with all my heart and think of them as your way of expressing your love for me."

Her smug confidence shattered in an instant. Her eyes widened, and a bright flush crept across her cheeks as she stumbled over a reply.

"Y-You...!" She stammered, her words dissolving into an incoherent mutter as she averted her gaze, desperately trying to hide her flustered state.

I grinned, thoroughly enjoying the rare sight of Nina, the fierce tigress, reduced to a shy, blushing mess.

"What's the matter, Nina?" I teased, my voice soft but playful. "Cat got your tongue?"

She shot me a half-hearted glare, though the redness on her face made it far less effective than she probably intended.

"You're insufferable, Kafka, you little brat!" She grumbled, more to herself than to me.

But even as she turned her head away, her fingers fidgeted with the hem of her sleeves, and I could tell she was struggling to maintain her composure. In moments like this, when her tough exterior cracked just enough for me to glimpse the sweet, shy woman underneath, that my heart felt like it might burst.

"Why..." She muttered under her breath, her voice barely audible. "Why did I fall for such a cheeky brat like you?"

I chuckled, leaning forward just enough to catch her gaze again, and said,

"Maybe, because you know I'll always love you, no matter how many punches you throw my way, Nina."

She groaned, burying her face in her hands, but not before I caught the small, involuntary smile tugging at the corners of her lips.

"Idiot...How could I possibly have the heart to hit you?"

She mumbled again, her voice muffled, but this time, there was no venom in the word—just that shy, endearing warmth she couldn't quite hide.

To tease her further and see more of her adorable reactions, I suddenly started to get up to her surprise, stretched casually, and gave her a teasing grin.

"Well, if you don't want me here so much, I can just leave, Nina...As much as I want to spend time with you, I don't want to be a nuisance, so I'll leave you to it." I said, my tone light but laced with just enough mock seriousness to see how she'd react.

The effect was instantaneous.

Her eyes widened in sheer panic, and before I could take another step, she practically launched herself at me, wrapping her arms around me in a firm, almost desperate hug.

"No!" She blurted out, her voice tinged with urgency. "You're not going anywhere, Kafka!...I'm most definitely not going to let you go anywhere after I'm getting to see you after such a long time!"

I froze for a moment, surprised by the sheer force of her reaction, but then I looked down at her and couldn't help but smile—a soft, knowing smile that only made her bury her face into my chest to avoid meeting my gaze.

"You really don't want me to leave, huh?" I teased gently, my voice dipping just enough to make her squirm.

Her grip on me tightened, and I could feel the heat radiating off her face even through the fabric of my shirt.

"S-Shut up!" She muttered, her voice muffled against me.

But when she finally peeked up and saw the amused look on my face, her embarrassment flared, and before I knew it, she grabbed my hand and started biting it.

It wasn't hard or painful, more like a playful nibble. But it was enough to make me laugh.

"Ow, Nina!" I laughed, pretending to wince. "What was that for?"

She huffed, still clinging to me as her teeth left small, harmless indents on my hand.

"That's for teasing me, you little brat! You know that there's no way I would let you go, and you decided to use that to your advantage!" She growled, though her voice lacked any real malice. "You're playing with my emotions, and you know it!"

I couldn't help but laugh again, leaning down slightly to rest my forehead against hers.

"I'd never leave you, Nina." I said softly, my tone suddenly serious. "You know that, right?"

Her biting stopped, and for a moment, she just looked at me, her green eyes searching mine. Then, with a resigned sigh, she muttered,

"You're lucky I love you, you cheeky brat or else there's no way I would be tolerating the teasing of someone who's half my age and would've kicked you out without any hesitation whatsoever."

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I smiled, brushing a strand of hair from her face.

"I know," I said warmly. "And I'm lucky you're terrible at hiding how much you love me back."

She groaned, burying her face in my chest again to hide her embarrassment, but her arms stayed firmly around me, her hold as unyielding as her heart was soft. And I, for one, had no intention of ever letting her go.

But then, suddenly, her eyes flickered toward the clock on the wall, and I felt her entire body tense.

A moment later, she shot up, her gaze darting wildly around the room before she leapt out of my arms like a startled kitten.

Chapter 467: Reward For One's Work

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Her panic was almost instant.

She began pacing the lobby in frantic circles, running her hands through her hair and muttering under her breath. Her movements were so erratic, so exaggerated, that she looked like a pitiful little puppy who'd just been scolded.

"Oh no! Oh no! Oh no!" She blurted, her voice trembling. "I fell asleep! I didn't finish anything! The guests will be here soon, and I-"

Her pacing turned chaotic as she tried to decide where to start, her eyes darting toward the counter, then the doors, then the shelves.

Her breathing quickened, her shoulders shaking slightly under the weight of her growing panic. I could see it—the overwhelming stress, the guilt, and the helplessness building until it looked like she might cry.

"Nina..." I said casually, leaning back against the counter with the most nonchalant expression I could muster.

She froze mid-step, her eyes wide and desperate as they turned toward me, and she asked, "What is it, Kafka? I'm sorry to say this once again, but I don't think I can entertain you since-"

"You don't have to worry." I interrupted, keeping my tone light. "I already finished everything." I then tilted my head slightly, smirking, and said, "So, why don't you come back here and keep warming me up with that hug of yours?"

Her frantic expression shifted to one of pure shock, her mouth opening and closing as though trying to form words.

"You... You what?" She finally managed to stammer.

"I said everything's done." I repeated with a shrug. "Go ahead and check if you don't believe me."

Without another word, she darted off, rushing around the lobby like a whirlwind as she checked every detail.

She scanned the guest list, the neatly arranged items on the counter, the spotless shelves, and even the fully stocked snack tray. The more she saw, the more her expression softened, her initial disbelief melting into sheer astonishment.

When she finally came back to where I was sitting, she looked up at me with wide, incredulous eyes.

"When did you even do all this?...It must have taken a lot of effort and time since there was so much to do."

"In your sleep, Nina, and it wasn't really a big deal since I actually like to do housework...It calms my mind." I said, stretching my arms like it was no big deal.

Her expression twisted into a mix of frustration and embarrassment as she crossed her arms over her chest.

"Why didn't you wake me up?" She asked, her tone somewhere between a growl and a pout. "I could've helped instead of letting you do everything yourself!"

I leaned forward slightly, resting my chin on my hand as I gazed at her with a soft smile.

"Because, like I said earlier, you looked too peaceful to wake up, and I considered it a grave sin to disturb such a breathtaking picture, so I decided not to." I said simply.

Her face turned a deep shade of red, and she took a step back, her composure crumbling under the weight of her embarrassment.

But then her expression shifted to something more serious. She took a deep breath, her brows furrowing slightly, and I could see the determination in her eyes.

"This is my responsibility." She said, her voice a little shaky but still strong, almost as if she was trying to convince herself more than me. "I'm the one who owns this place, and I should be the one taking care of it all...You shouldn't have done everything by yourself, Kafka...You should've woken me up so I could finish what I started."

I could feel her frustration and her stubbornness, and I understood where it came from, but I wasn't about to let her shoulder all the weight alone anymore.

I gently cupped her face in my hands, lifting her chin so she'd look at me.

"Nina," I said softly, my voice calm and reassuring. "You don't have to do everything on your own...You've already got me by your side. Now that you're mine, your responsibilities are mine too, so you don't have to carry this burden by yourself anymore and can rely on me."

Her eyes flickered as she processed my words, and I could see the storm of thoughts running through her mind.

For a moment, I thought she might say something else, but instead, she looked down for a brief second, her lips pressing together in a tight line, her face turning just a shade pinker.

I expected her to pull away or push me away again, to insist that she was fine doing everything herself. But instead, she surprised me completely.

Without a word, Nina leaned in, her hands sliding to my face as she closed the distance between us, her lips brushing softly against mine.

Chu~

The kiss was tender and gentle, and I could feel the warmth of it spreading through me, leaving me stunned in the moment.

When she pulled back, I blinked in surprise, unable to form words at first.

"Nina?...W-What was that for, not that I didn't enjoy it?"

Nina gave me a shy smile, her cheeks flushed as she glanced away for a brief moment, her fingers still resting on my face.

"Well." She said, her voice quieter now, almost teasing. "A worker should get paid for his work, right?...So, this is your payment for all the work that you did, Kafka...A kiss on the lips from your beautiful employer."

Her words hit me like waves, and I couldn't help but chuckle nervously. My mind was still spinning, and I could feel my face turning bright red from the unexpected kiss, not to mention how cheeky she sounded.

Thinking that I looked rather cute with how flustered I look, Nina nestled into my chest, the tension from earlier dissolving completely as we stood there, wrapped up in each other.

The world outside didn't matter at that moment. It was just us—no more responsibilities, no more stress, just the warmth of each other's presence.

Chapter 468: An Extra Set Of Hands

As Nina snuggled against me, her breathing steady and calm, I couldn't help but smirk to myself. This felt like the perfect moment to bring up an idea I'd been sitting on for a while.

I tilted my head slightly, looking down at her relaxed face.

"You know..." I started casually, my tone deliberately light. "...Watching you run around like a headless chicken these past few days got me thinking."

Nina let out a small, content hum, but her eyebrows furrowed slightly, as if she was trying to decide whether to pay attention or stay lost in the comfort of the moment.

"What about?" She mumbled, her voice muffled against my chest.

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"About how much work you've been taking on by yourself." I said, brushing a strand of hair from her face. "So, I took the liberty of finding a little help for you."

That woke her up. She stiffened against me, pulling back slightly to look up at me with wide eyes.

"Help? What kind of help?"

I shrugged like it was no big deal.

"A couple of girls. They're trustworthy and more than willing to help you run this place. They'll do a great job, and the best part?...They don't need much—just minimal pay, some food, and a place to stay. Lucky for them, your hot spring has plenty of rooms."

Her mouth fell open slightly, and her expression caught somewhere between shock and disbelief.

"Wait, hold on." She said, her voice rising a little. "Where on earth did you find people like that? Who would just work for food and a place to stay?!"

I chuckled, reaching up to tap her nose lightly.

"It's not as rare as you think, you know. There are people out there who just need a chance. They're hard-working, and this would be a win-win for everyone...I thought you might appreciate having some extra hands around here so you don't burn yourself out...They too are in need of a place to stay right now, so I thought that you could help them out."

Nina blinked at me, her lips pressing together in thought. For a moment, she seemed too stunned to respond, her expression shifting between incredulity and cautious curiosity.

"You're serious?" She finally asked, her voice soft but still tinged with disbelief.

"Dead serious," I replied, my tone teasing but sincere. "You can meet them if you want. I made sure they'd be a good fit for you...Trust me, they'll make your life a lot easier."

Nina furrowed her brows, leaning back slightly to study my face.

"I was going to say no at first, Kafka." She admitted, her voice hesitant. "I'm not used to working with other people...This hot spring has always been my responsibility, and I've always handled it on my own. Bringing in strangers feels...strange, I guess."

She paused, her fingers lightly fidgeting with the fabric of my shirt. Her tough demeanour softened as she let out a small sigh.

"But if they're struggling girls just looking for work, I can't exactly turn them away, can I?" Her voice grew quieter, as if she were thinking out loud.

I smiled, watching the conflict in her eyes slowly resolve itself. Nina always had a soft spot, no matter how much she tried to hide it.

Finally, she looked back at me, her head tilted slightly.

"Where exactly did you even find these girls?" She asked, her tone a mix of curiosity and disbelief. "I mean, who just stumbles across hard-working women willing to trade labour for food and a place to stay?"

I shrugged, the corners of my lips quirking into a mischievous smile. "Let's just say I have my ways." I teased, enjoying the slight glare she shot my way. "But seriously, they're good people, Nina...I wouldn't have brought them up if I didn't think they'd be a perfect fit for you and this place."

She eyed me suspiciously, crossing her arms.

"You're being awfully vague, Kafka." She muttered. "I feel like there's more to this story you're not telling me like they're your last lovers are something and you're asking me to take care of them."

I chuckled, holding up my hands in mock surrender, and said,

"Alright, alright. I might've overheard a conversation in town. They were looking for work, and I just connected the dots."

Nina's eyes narrowed, but I could see the faintest hint of a smile tugging at her lips.

"You're always meddling." She said, shaking her head. "But I guess this time it worked out."

"It always works out," I said with a grin. "Because I care about you and this place...And with those girls taking care of this place, I can get more chances to 'take care' of you in the bedroom."

Her cheeks flushed faintly, and she quickly turned her head away.

"You're so annoying." She grumbled, but the warmth and shyness in her voice betrayed her words.

As Nina muttered something about how meddlesome I could be, I smiled and leaned back casually, but inside, my thoughts were far from casual.

The truth was, those girls weren't just some struggling wanderers looking for work. They were part of the assassination clan I'd taken over not too long ago.

Deadly, disciplined, and fiercely loyal to me, they were the kind of people you'd want on your side in a fight—or in this case, watching over someone you cared about.

They also weren't just going to help her run the hot spring; they'd keep an eye out for trouble and ensure she never had to face any danger.

Of course, telling Nina the truth wasn't an option. She'd probably panic at the idea of having assassins under her roof—or worse, she'd try to kick them out.

Ignorance was bliss, and in her case, it meant peace of mind.

I glanced at her as she started to fidget again, probably overthinking how this arrangement would work. She'd never know that the same "trustworthy girls" who'd be folding towels and cleaning rooms were also skilled in combat and espionage.

But that was fine...As long as she was safe and happy, she didn't need to know about anything, and she just needed to live her life in ignorance and bliss as I intended it to be.

Chapter 469: You're Hired!

Nina glanced at the clock on the wall, her eyes widening slightly.

"Oh no, the patrons will start arriving in a few minutes." She said, a slight edge of panic creeping into her voice. She then turned back to me with an apologetic expression, her brows furrowed, and

continued saying, "I'm so sorry, Kafka...You came all this way to see me, and I still can't spare any time for you."

I chuckled softly, leaning back against the counter with an easy smile.

"It's fine, Nina...Really." I said, waving her concern away. "Besides, there's going to be so much more time for us now that you've got some help around here. You won't have to do everything alone anymore."

Her expression softened at my words, and for a moment, she just stared at me as if she were thinking about something.

Then, a small, giddy smile crept onto her lips, her green eyes practically sparkling with excitement. I could almost see the gears turning in her head as her imagination ran wild.

"You're right." She said suddenly, her voice brimming with enthusiasm. "If I don't have to spend all my time here anymore, I can..." She trailed off, a dreamy look overtaking her face.

"What are you thinking about now?" I raised an eyebrow, amused by how exhilarated she was right now, like a child who heard she was going to the zoo.

Her smile widened as she stepped closer, practically bouncing on her toes.

"When I have time, I want to take you all over town, Kafka!" She announced, her voice filled with excitement. "There are so many places I want to show you—the markets, the food stalls, the park by the river!...Oh, and there's this tiny bakery with the best pastries you've ever tasted!"

I chuckled, tilting my head at her enthusiasm.

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"You know, I've already seen every place in this town." I said, folding my arms with a teasing smirk.

Nina froze for a second, her expression twisting into a mix of disbelief and offence, as if she couldn't believe that I was actually denying her favour. She then straightened up, placing her hands firmly on her hips as she looked at me with an almost haughty air.

"Oh, please." She scoffed, shaking her head. "There are some places only a true local like me would know about, so don't you dare say that you've already explored every place in town."

I raised an eyebrow, amused by her defiance.

"Oh really?" I challenged, leaning forward slightly. "Then where exactly are these places that only you know about?"

She narrowed her eyes, her gaze sparkling with determination.

"I'm not going to tell you." She declared, her voice full of mock authority. "You'll just have to wait until I take you there myself...Trust me, you haven't really seen this town until you've seen it through my eyes."

I laughed softly, unable to hide how much I enjoyed her feisty side.

"Well, now I'm intrigued." I admitted, watching her puff up with pride. "I guess I'll have to let the expert show me around after all."

"You better believe it!" She said smugly, crossing her arms and nodding as if she'd just won a grand debate.

Her playful confidence was infectious, and I couldn't stop the grin spreading across my face.

"Alright, Nina. I'll let you surprise me," I said, leaning closer to catch her gaze. "But don't blame me if I end up knowing more about this town than you by the time we're done."

Her cheeks turned pink, but she refused to back down. "In your dreams, Kafka." She said, her tone sharp but her eyes soft. "You're going to see just how amazing this town is—my town."

"I can't wait." I replied with a grin, my tone playful but filled with warmth. The sparkle in Nina's eyes made it almost impossible to tear myself away, but with a soft sigh, I added, "But for now, I should probably get going...It's going to get busy soon, and you've got your hands full here."

Her smile faltered slightly, and her brows knit together in the tiniest pout, one she probably didn't even realise she was making.

"Do you really have to go?" She asked, her voice softer now, almost hesitant.

The way she looked up at me, like she wanted me to stay even though she was too proud to say it outright, tugged at something deep inside me. I chuckled quietly, reaching out to gently ruffle her silky hair that had a verdant afterglow, even though I knew it would probably earn me a glare.

"I don't want to," I admitted, my voice honest and soothing. "But I don't really have a choice. As much as I'd rather spend more time with you, there's stuff you need to take care of here."

Her eyes flickered with disappointment, and she glanced away, biting her lip as though trying to think of something—anything—that might convince me to stay. For a brief moment, her tough exterior cracked, and I could see the small, shy vulnerability she always tried so hard to hide.

But then, just like that, her entire demeanour shifted.

Her expression brightened, her beautiful eyes lighting up with a spark of excitement. She straightened up, clasping her hands together as if struck by a brilliant idea.

"Wait!" She said, taking a step closer. "You do have a choice!"

"Oh? And what might that be?" I raised an eyebrow, intrigued.

Her cheeks were flushed, but she pressed on, her excitement overriding her usual shyness.

"You can stay and work here with me! Just like you helped me out this morning, you can keep helping. I'll handle the counter, and you can be my attendant—show the guests around, help them with their bags, stuff like that."

Her voice grew more animated as she explained her idea, her hands gesturing enthusiastically. I could practically feel her eagerness, the way she was trying to convince me while also hoping I wouldn't think her suggestion was silly.

Nina's eyes sparkled with excitement as she finished her pitch.

"So?" She asked, her voice brimming with anticipation. "What do you think? I'll take care of the counter, and you can guide the guests around—show them the best parts of the hot spring! It'll be perfect, don't you think?"

But instead of the immediate agreement she'd hoped for, my expression shifted. The playful demeanour I had on my face melted away and was replaced by a solemn, thoughtful look that made Nina freeze.

Her heart sank. The excited spark in her eyes dimmed as doubt began to creep in.

'Was he upset?...Did he think she was being too pushy?...Or maybe he just didn't want to work with me at all.'

Her mind started racing, the worst-case scenarios playing out in vivid detail.

'He probably has better things to do.' She thought, a wave of guilt washing over her. 'I shouldn't have suggested it. I'm basically forcing him to stay here when he could be doing something more fun.'

Her gaze dropped to the floor, her shoulders slumping. She nervously toyed with the edge of her apron, unable to meet my eyes.

"I-I'm sorry, Kafka." She stammered, her voice barely above a whisper. "Forget I said anything I said...It was a stupid idea anyway-"

Before she could finish, I suddenly let out an excited shout, startling her out of her downward spiral.

"That's an amazing idea, Nina! Even genius if had to say!" I exclaimed, my solemn expression replaced by a wide, beaming grin.

Nina blinked in shock, barely processing my words before I lunged forward and scooped her into my arms.

"K-Kafka!" She squeaked, her cheeks flushing as I spun her around in a full circle, my laughter also echoing through the lobby.

"I can't believe I didn't think of that myself! It was so obvious!" I said, his voice filled with genuine enthusiasm. "Working together? Showing guests around while you run the counter?...It's brilliant, Nina! I should've thought of this so much sooner!"

"W-Wait, put me down! You're making a scene!" She clung to my shoulders, her face buried in my chest to hide her embarrassment.

"Let me enjoy this genius moment first." I teased, finally setting her back on her feet but still keeping my hands on her shoulders. I then leaned down slightly, my grin softening into a fond smile as I said, "You really are amazing, you know that?"

Nina's heart skipped a beat at the warmth in my gaze, and she quickly looked away, her face burning.

"I-I'm not amazing." She muttered, fidgeting under my grip. "It was just an idea..."

"And it's a great one!" I said, my tone firm but affectionate. "I just can't wait to work alongside you, Nina...It's going to be so much fun!"

Nina peeked up at me through her lashes, her verdant eyes shimmering with a mixture of relief and happiness. For a moment, she let herself smile—small and shy, but genuine.

"Fine." She said, trying to sound nonchalant even though her heart swelled with warmth. "But don't think I'm going to let you slack off, Kafka...If you're going to be my attendant, you'd better take it seriously."

"Of course, Nina, I'll take it more seriously than anything I've ever done in my life." I replied with a playful smirk. "After all, I get to spend every day with you."

Her cheeks flushed again, but she couldn't suppress the grin tugging at her lips, looking like she was thinking that this isn't such a bad idea after all.

Chapter 470: Husband And Wife

"Working for you is fine and all." I said, my tone light but deliberately teasing as I leaned on the counter. "But what about my payment?...Are we sticking to kisses, or are you planning to up the stakes this time?"

Nina froze mid-step, her back to me, and I watched as her ears turned pink before the colour spread to her cheeks. Slowly, she turned her head, her eyes narrowing in what she probably thought was an intimidating glare.

"Y-You...! Don't say things like that so casually!" She stammered, her hands curling into fists at her sides.

"But I'm serious," I said, shrugging as if this was a normal workplace negotiation. "If I'm going to guide your guests and make this place even more popular, I need some kind of incentive."

Her blush deepened as she flailed for a response.

"Only if-" Finally she started, then paused, biting her lip before continuing in a mutter. "Only if you do your job well...And I mean really well!"

"Really?" I grinned, leaning closer to her beautiful face. "You'd better prepare a lot of payment, then...I don't do half-hearted work, you know."

Nina spluttered, her eyes darting everywhere but at me.

"Y-You little brat! Don't you dare tease a grown-up like me, or else I'll tell your mom!" She exclaimed, her voice rising just enough to show she was nearing her limit; even she didn't dare tell my mother about the relationship we had.

Before I could tease her further, she grabbed my wrist and pulled me forward with surprising strength.

"Stop talking nonsense and focus, you fool!" She said, her words sharp, though her face was still as red as a sunrise.

I let her drag me, laughing softly under my breath. "You're awfully eager to put me to work." I teased. "Almost like you're looking forward to me being your employee and giving me a whole lot of kisses as your reward."

"I have no idea what you're talking about!" She shot me a look over her shoulder, equal parts flustered and determined.

At that moment, faint voices carried through the air, coming from the entrance. Nina's eyes widened as she froze in place, her ears practically perking up like an alert tigress.

"The guests are here!" She squeaked, panic overtaking her embarrassment, not wanting her customers to see the boss of the place flirting with a school kid.

"We don't have time for this! Get behind the counter—now!" She spun around to face me, her expression frantic.

"I'm here to help, boss." I said with mock seriousness, saluting her as she tugged me behind the counter.

Her urgency was so endearing that I couldn't resist one last jab.

Nina glared at me but didn't argue, instead focusing on straightening up the counter and checking everything one last time. Her energy was infectious, her nervous excitement making the air around us feel alive.

I couldn't help but smile as I settled into place, ready to see her shine in her element. Whatever the day brought, I already knew it was going to be worth it.

As Nina darted around behind the counter, her focus laser-sharp, she turned to me with a determined look.

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"Alright, Kafka, listen up." She began, her voice carrying that no-nonsense tone she loved to use when she was trying to act tough. "You need to be polite to the guests...No teasing, no acting weird, and definitely no slacking...Just do whatever they say, got it?"

"Whatever they say, huh?" I leaned back against the counter, crossing my arms with a mischievous smirk.

"So..." I said, tilting my head as if deep in thought. "If some lovely lady asks me to follow her to a quiet corner and...do some dirty little favour, I should comply?...I mean, you did say whatever they say."

Nina froze, her face a blank slate for a full two seconds before her cheeks exploded in a brilliant red.

"Y-You—!" She spluttered, pointing a shaky finger at me. "You're such a pervert!...How could you even think of something like that?!"

Wham~

Before I could defend myself, she smacked me on the arm with just enough force to sting but not hurt.

"Ow!" I protested, rubbing the spot and laughing. "It was a joke, Nina! A joke!"

"That's not funny!" She snapped, though her lips twitched like she was fighting a smile.

"Come on, admit it." I teased, leaning closer. "You'd get jealous if I actually said yes to someone, wouldn't you?"

"As if! I'd be too busy kicking you out to care!" She narrowed her eyes, her blush intensifying.

Her huff and the way she crossed her arms were so cute I couldn't stop grinning.

"Noted, boss." I teased, raising my hands in mock surrender. "I'll keep my dirty thoughts to myself while on duty." Then I leaned closer, lowering my voice. "But if you ever need any favours, Nina, I wouldn't mind going into a corner and helping you out."

Her face turned crimson, and she stamped on my foot in response.

"Ow!" I yelped, hopping back. "What was that for?"

"Do I really need to say? !" She turned her back to me, crossing her arms tighter.

"I was serious, you know. The offer stands." I laughed, rubbing my sore foot.

"You're lucky the guests are coming." She huffed, clearly flustered, and stomped behind the counter.

Ding~ Ding~

Just then, the door opened, and an elderly couple entered the hot spring. They looked like they were on vacation, probably enjoying their retirement. Their warm smiles and relaxed demeanour suggested they weren't locals, and they seemed excited to experience the place. The woman was holding a small bag, while the man adjusted his glasses as they scanned the room, looking for guidance.

As Nina stepped forward, ready to greet the couple like always, I smoothly beat her to it to her surprise.

"Welcome to Paridis Hot Springs!" I said, flashing them my warmest smile. "I'm Kafka, and I'll be happy to make sure your visit is as relaxing as it can be."

From the corner of my eye, I saw Nina freeze mid-step, her brows knitting together.

She probably thought I was rushing in without thinking it through, like I usually do. Her lips twitched—half an attempt to stop herself from saying something, half a smirk.

Yeah, I could almost hear her inner monologue: 'Alright, let's see how he screws this up...Then I'll step in and show them how it's really done as his big sister who's been running this place for years.'

The elderly couple exchanged delighted glances. The woman, her silver hair neatly tucked into a bun, stepped forward first, her kind eyes sparkling.

"Thank you, young man. This is our first time here, and we've heard so many wonderful things. We're hoping to relax after our travels."

The man beside her, tall with a steady posture that belied his age, nodded in agreement.

"We've been on the road for a while and wanted somewhere peaceful to rest...We heard your springs work wonders for old bones like ours, and we were wondering if that's true.."

I smiled, leaning in slightly to meet their warm expressions.

"Well, you've come to the right place." I said confidently. "Our hot spring is known for its therapeutic properties—perfect for easing joint pain and sore muscles. The minerals in the water are a natural remedy, and the tranquil atmosphere does the rest."

I didn't have to look to know Nina was blinking rapidly, her head tilting just a bit as if she was trying to process what I'd said.

She hadn't stepped in yet, though. She was still waiting—still sure I'd fumble eventually. I could almost feel her curiosity bubbling beneath her scepticism, but she was destined to not be able to intervene, as there was no way I was going to screw this up and let her get one over me.

"Therapeutic properties, you say?...Could you please tell us more? The woman tilted her head, intrigued.

"Of course." I replied smoothly, folding my hands in front of me like I'd been doing this for years. "The water here is rich in minerals like sulphur and magnesium—great for reducing inflammation, improving circulation, and soothing aches. It's a favourite for guests looking to unwind and heal. Most people feel the difference after just one soak."

A stifled gasp was heard behind me, and I knew that it was Nina again.

I could picture her arms crossing over her chest, her fingers drumming against her arm as her eyebrows climbed higher. She wasn't just surprised anymore; she was trying to figure out how I was dealing with it so effortlessly when it was my first time.

I didn't even have to turn around to see the confusion painted all over her face.

"That sounds perfect for us. Can I ask how long we should soak?" The man rubbed his shoulder thoughtfully.

"Start with about fifteen to twenty minutes." I said, gesturing toward the baths. "Take a break to hydrate, then go back for another session if you're feeling up to it...The benefits build over time, and it's all about listening to your body."

They both nodded along, their expressions filled with the kind of awe you'd usually reserve for someone handing out life-altering wisdom.

"That sounds wonderful!" The woman said with a satisfied smile. "We've been to other springs, but this one feels special already."

"That's because it is." I said, giving them a small bow. "And I'm sure that you yourself will feel the difference here."

As they turned toward the changing rooms, I allowed myself a quick glance back at Nina.

Her arms were still crossed, but her lips were slightly parted now, her gaze flicking between me and the couple like she was trying to solve a particularly tricky riddle.

She wasn't sceptical anymore; no, this was something closer to reluctant admiration, looking at me like she was wondering how I knew all of this. And judging by the way her mouth twitched, she hated the answer: Because I was a little too good at whatever I did.

But just before the couple disappeared completely, the woman turned back with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, like she couldn't help but say out the comment she had in her mind for a while.

"I'm sorry to be so nosy and a bother, but I must say..." She said, her voice light and teasing. "...you two make a lovely pair. You look like a husband-and-wife team running the place together, which I'm sure you are, with the strict but loving way your wife gazes at you."

For a second, I was caught off guard, but then a grin spread across my face. I glanced over my shoulder at Nina, who was standing stiffly behind the counter.

"Well, we're not quite there yet..." I said, chuckling. "...But thank you for the compliment."

I caught the way Nina froze for a moment, her cheeks flushing pink as the words registered. Her gaze snapped to me, wide and flustered.