

## God of Milfs 481

### Chapter 481: Time To Reel In The Fish

I blinked, surprised by how direct her question was. A slow smile crept across my face, amused and touched all at once.

"Are you asking if I'd want you to send me 'those' kinds of pictures? Where you're naked and all and showing off your erotic body, especially the places on your body where it's pink or purple instead of the usual green?"

She squeezed her eyes shut, groaning softly. "Forget it, Kafka! Forget what I said! I shouldn't have asked." Her ears flapped wildly, betraying her embarrassment.

But I gently tugged her hand, drawing her attention back to me. My expression softened. "Hey, it's okay." I chuckled, a teasing glint in my eyes. "I mean, I'm not gonna lie—it'd probably make my entire month if you did."

"W-What?" Her eyes snapped open, widening in shock.

I leaned back with a mischievous grin, stretching my arms like I was about to deliver a grand speech.

"Oh, you have no idea." I started, eyes glinting. "If I got a picture like that from you? I'd probably do a double-take so hard I'd snap my own neck...My brain would short-circuit, and I'd just sit there, grinning like an idiot for hours."

Her cheeks were already a bright crimson, but I wasn't done.

"I'd be walking around with my phone glued to my face, just staring at the picture on repeat. People would think I was malfunctioning. Hell, I'd probably trip over my own feet because I'd be too busy gawking at how ridiculously lucky I am."

"K-Kafka..." She stammered, her ears twitching furiously.

"And don't get me started on sleep." I added, shaking my head dramatically. "I'd just lie in bed, phone in hand, whispering, 'Goodnight, Nina,' to the picture like some hopelessly smitten fool...My pillow would even be wet with tears of happiness."

"Stop, stop! You're making it worse!" She covered her face with her hands, peeking through her fingers.

I ignored her plea, a devilish grin spreading wider.

"Oh, and if I was ever having a bad day? One glance at that picture, and boom—instant serotonin boost. My frown would vanish so fast it'd probably cause a sonic boom...Doctors would study me as a medical anomaly."

"S-Shut up, Kafka...How can you say shameless things and make yourself out of be some kind of deviant who goes wild for my pictures?" Nina groaned, her face now entirely buried in her hands.

I chuckled, watching her squirm, the tips of her ears practically glowing. Then, after a moment, she peeked out, her voice hesitant as she asked curiously,

"Then...If you'd be that happy...W-Why haven't you ever asked me to send one? You know, a picture of me in my u-underwear or something?"

The question was barely above a whisper, her eyes darting away as if she couldn't believe she'd actually said it out loud.

I paused, the teasing glint in my eyes softening as I simply said,

"Because I don't want to make you uncomfortable, Nina."

"What?" She blinked, baffled about my statement.

I shrugged, my fingers gently squeezing hers as I said, "I know you, Nina. You're sweet, innocent, and so effortlessly adorable that even a little hand-holding turns your face into a tomato."

To emphasise, I lifted our intertwined hands, her fingers trembling slightly. She looked at our hands, then up at me, her cheeks still flushed.

"See?" I teased softly. "You blush just from this. So the thought of asking you for those kinds of pictures?..I figured it'd be way too much for you. And if you ever did it, it'd probably be because you felt pressured to make me happy...I don't want that...I'm perfectly fine with what we have right now."

Her lips parted slightly, surprise flickering in her eyes. She looked down, processing my words, her fingers tightening around mine as if trying to find the right thing to say. The silence stretched between us, soft and intimate.

Then, in a small but determined voice, she whispered,

"But every other couple does stuff like this." She looked up, her eyes shimmering with conflicted emotions. "And I don't want you to miss out because of me. It wouldn't be fair if you didn't get to experience that just because of my hang-ups."

I shook my head, a gentle smile on my lips as I said, "Nina, I don't care what other couples do."

She blinked, her brow furrowing. "But—"

I reached up, brushing my knuckles against her cheek. "I only care about us. Our relationship, what makes you happy, what makes us comfortable. It's not a race or a checklist. And I'm not here to compare us to anyone else."

"But...Y-You said you'd be really happy." Her eyes softened, the faintest hint of moisture gathering at the corners.

I chuckled lightly, my thumb tracing circles on the back of her hand. "Yeah, I'd be ecstatic. I won't lie about that...But that kind of happiness? It wouldn't feel right if it came from making you do something you weren't ready for."

"You really mean that?" She stared at me, her lips trembling slightly.

"Of course." I said, my voice gentle but unwavering. "If you're not comfortable, then it's not worth it. Your feelings matter more to me than any photo ever could."

A shaky breath escaped her, and her eyes shimmered with something deeper—gratitude, awe, maybe even love. It hit her then, I think, just how much I cared.

In a world where so many men took what they wanted without a second thought, here I was, willingly stepping back to make sure she felt safe, heard, and respected.

That realisation seemed to wash over her completely. The earlier embarrassment faded like mist under sunlight, replaced by a glow of warmth and resolve.

Her fingers trembled slightly as they tightened around mine, and she bit her lip, eyes glancing away as though she were gathering courage for something monumental.

Then, in a voice so soft it was almost a whisper, she said, "You know...It kind of frightens me." Her cheeks flared crimson, and her long, elf-like ears twitched with a mind of their own. "The thought of sending...those kinds of pictures."

I opened my mouth to reassure her, to tell her she didn't have to push herself. But before I could, she lifted her gaze, her eyes resolute beneath the blush.

"But...If it's something that would make you happy." She continued, her voice delicate but steady. "Then I wouldn't mind." She took a shaky breath, her fingers intertwining with mine. "I'm not saying it because I feel pressured. I swear. I just..." She looked down, the corners of her lips trembling into a shy smile. "...I want to see you smile. I want to be the reason you're the happiest man in the world, even if it's because of something rather n-naughty."

Her words came out in a barely audible mutter, her face practically on fire. She peeked up at me through her lashes, a coy mixture of vulnerability and bravery that made my heart skip a beat.

It was as if she were standing on the edge of her comfort zone, ready to take that step forward—not for anyone else, but for us.

For a moment, I was speechless, caught between awe and affection. A warm chuckle escaped me, and I gently cupped her cheek, my thumb brushing against the warmth there.

"You really are amazing, you know that? Willing to do so much just for my dumb little happiness."

"Don't say things like that..." Her blush deepened, and she buried her face into my shoulder with a muffled whisper.

"You don't have to do anything you're not ready for." I laughed softly, wrapping my arms around her, pulling her close. "But knowing you want to, for me? That means more than you could ever know."

"I-It's not that deep, Kafka." She clung to me, her voice small but sincere. "I just...j-just want to give back a little of the ocean of happiness you give me by letting me be in your life."

And in that moment, I realised just how deeply we cared for each other, willing to step outside our own boundaries, not out of obligation, but out of love, which put a wide smile on my face because of how blessed I was.

I also realised that it was time to reel the fish in now that it had taken the bait and go forth with this request of mine...

#### Chapter 482: The Thrill Of Being Caught

Nina's fingers fidgeted nervously as she let out a shaky sigh. "But Kafka, even though I'm okay with the idea." She murmured, her eyes darting away, "I honestly have no clue how to take those kinds of photos." Her voice dropped to a whisper, laced with embarrassment. "I already struggle with normal photos as it is."

"That's fine, Nina." I said smoothly, thinking about how I was going to make her take the pictures I needed without any additional instructions from me. I then added with my lips curled up, "You can just practice how to do it with me right now."

Her eyes widened in horror.

"R-Right now?!" She squeaked, her ears standing up straight like startled sentinels.

She glanced around the empty lobby of the steaming hot spring in a flurry, her gaze darting from the entrance to the wooden and the distant sound of flowing water.

"H-How am I supposed to do that in a public place like this? Just imagine what would happen if I got caught." Her cheeks flushed a deeper shade of crimson.

I chuckled, leaning closer with a teasing glint in my eyes. "Why are you worrying about it so much?" I asked, my voice low and playful. "You've already done way worse."

Her head snapped toward me, her blush spreading down to her neck. "I-I have not!" She stammered, eyes wide with indignation.

"Oh, really?" I raised an eyebrow, the grin never leaving my face. "You don't remember what happened last time we were here?...What happened on that sofa over there?"

Her face practically caught fire when she remembered the time when she pissed herself in her own lobby. "T-That was different, Kafka!" She sputtered, clutching the edge of her top like a lifeline, as she thought about how the stains were still embedded on that very sofa.

"I wasn't thinking clearly...And you...Y-You egged me on!" Her ears twitched wildly, giving away her fluster even more than her words.

I laughed, the sound echoing across the wood panels of the traditional hot spring.

"See? You've already survived worse. And besides..." I leaned in just enough to make her catch her breath. "...couples don't just take those kinds of photos when they're somewhere private."

"What do you mean?" She blinked, confusion swirling in her eyes.

"Well, to your knowledge, they also do it in places where there are lots of people around." I said, my grin widening.

Her jaw dropped. "W-Wait, what?" She shook her head, her hands flailing slightly. "Why would anyone do that? That's insane!"

"Because of the thrill of the situation." I shrugged, my tone casual.

She froze, eyes locked on mine in disbelief. "The thrill?" She repeated, as if I'd just spoken another language.

"Yep." I confirmed. "The excitement of knowing someone could see you, but they don't. It makes everything much more intense."

"I-I can't believe people actually do that..." Nina covered her face with her hands, her voice muffled by embarrassment.

She then peeked at me through her fingers, her eyes filled with a mix of shock, curiosity, and something else—something she probably didn't even realise herself. Her voice was soft, hesitant as she asked, "And...You'd want to do that as well?"

I chuckled, my smile turning just a touch wicked. "I'd absolutely love that, Nina." I admitted, my voice low. "Seeing your normal pictures is already amazing, but ones where you're all flustered from the thrill of the situation?...That'd be something else entirely."

Nina's eyes widened, and she let out a tiny gasp, her fingers slipping down to reveal her face. Her cheeks burnt hotter than the hot spring water, and she pressed her lips together, torn between disbelief and exasperation. Her ears then twitched furiously as she muttered under her breath, "I can't believe I actually fell for such a pervert."

"Well, that's your fault, not mine." I grinned unabashedly.

Her eyes narrowed, but there was no real heat behind it. Instead, a strange resolve settled on her face. She took a shaky breath and then, to my surprise, met my gaze head-on.

"I guess it's my fault." She started, her voice hesitant. "T-Then that also means that it's my responsibility to handle my pervert's wishes, isn't it?"

My heart skipped a beat, but I held the playful smirk as I said, "That does sound fair."

She swallowed, her fingers tightening slightly around the edge of her white top, and then she looked up at me. "So...How do I start practicing?" Her voice was barely above a whisper, her eyes darting away again as if she couldn't believe she was asking.

I rested my elbow against the counter, grinning at her. The soft lighting in the lobby gave her flushed cheeks a warm glow, making her look even more endearing.

"Let's start easy...Just a trial photo." I said gently. "Take a normal selfie and send it to me."

She blinked, frowning. "Why send it? You're standing right here." She gestured vaguely at the small space between us.

I chuckled, shaking my head. "Trust me, it's better for practice. Even if you work up the guts to take suggestive photos, you might freeze when it comes to sending them...This way, we ease into it."

Her brows furrowed in thought, and she bit her lower lip. After a moment, she sighed. "You really have everything worked out, don't you?" She muttered, half-impressed, half-flustered.

"Just thinking ahead." I shrugged, feigning innocence.

Her lips twisted in a wry smile as she reached for her phone, which was sitting on the counter. The soft click of the screen unlocking echoed louder than it should have, and I watched as she took a deep breath. Her fingers hovered over the camera app, a hint of hesitation in her eyes.

With a determined huff, she opened the app and raised the phone. Her movements were careful, almost painfully so, like she was handling fragile glass. She adjusted the angle meticulously, tilting her head slightly to the left, then to the right. Her verdant hair fell over her shoulders in soft waves, the stray strands clinging to her neck.

Her eyes flitted to me for a second, seeking silent approval. I gave her a warm smile and a nod as I said, "You've got this."

Nina sucked in a breath and lifted her chin just a little. Her thumb hovered over the shutter button, and for a moment, doubt flickered in her eyes. But then, with a determined press, the soft snap of the photo filled the silence.

She froze, staring at the screen. Her shoulders tensed, and I could practically hear the whirlwind of thoughts racing through her mind. Her lips parted as she hesitated, biting her lip nervously.

"Well?" I prompted, leaning closer. "How did it turn out?"



Her eyes lifted to mine, her cheeks turning pink. Slowly, a smile tugged at the corner of her lips. "I think...It's good." She whispered, sounding almost surprised.

She turned the phone toward me, excitement shining in her eyes. The glow of the screen highlighted the soft curve of her smile, and I leaned in to take a look.

"See? You nailed it...You look amazing, unlike the other photos where I could barely make out your face." A grin spread across my face.

Her eyes lit up, but before she could bask in the praise, I leaned in, smirking as I added, "But you forgot one step."

She blinked, confusion clouding her face for a split second before realisation struck. Her eyes widened, and her cheeks flared red.

"Oh!" She squeaked, clutching her phone tighter.

Her fingers fumbled as she navigated to our chat, hesitating for a beat. She glanced at me nervously.

"You really want me to send it?"

"Of course. It's part of the practice, remember?" I gave her a reassuring nod, my smile softening.

Taking a shaky breath, she tapped the send button. A soft whoosh confirmed the message was on its way. Almost instantly, my phone buzzed. I pulled it out, and there it was—a picture of her, eyes shining and cheeks flushed, looking both beautiful and bashful.

"Wow. No matter if it's through my own eyes or the screen of a phone, you always look as pretty as a butterfly, Nina, so much so that a filter would only besmirch your beauty." I looked at the photo, a genuine smile spreading across my face.

Her gaze darted up to meet mine, and when she saw the sincerity in my eyes, her lips curled into the happiest smile I'd seen all day. I smiled back, but a glimmer of mischief sparked in my eyes.

"But that was just the trial photo," I said, leaning back slightly. "Now comes the real challenge."

Her smile faltered, curiosity and wariness mingling in her expression. "The real challenge?" She echoed, a faint blush already creeping across her cheeks.

"Yep. Same kind of selfie, but this time...Make it a bit more suggestive." I nodded.

"S-Suggestive?" She stammered, not having a single idea of how to make a simple selfie into something that would deeply please me. "How exactly am I supposed to do that?"

I grinned, expecting the question. But instead of giving her an answer, I shrugged, my gaze shifting away from her as I said, "That's for you to figure out, Nina. You're the one practicing, after all."

"Wait, what? You're not going to help?" Her mouth dropped open in disbelief.

I shook my head, a teasing smile tugging at my lips. "Nope. This is all you." To make it even more challenging, I spun my chair around, turning my back to her. She could only see the back of my head now, and I couldn't see a single part of her. As I picked up my phone, I added, "From now on, I'm not going to look at you directly. I'll only look at the photos you send me. And to make it more realistic..." I paused for effect. "I won't even speak to you. I'll only text you. So, you'd better make them good."

She gawked at me, her eyes wide, the weight of the challenge settling on her shoulders. "You're kidding, right?" Her voice came out as a whisper, as if she hoped I'd take it back.

A soft ding from her phone made her glance down at the screen. A message from me read:

[Nope]

Her brows shot up, and she let out an exasperated huff. 'He's really serious about this.' The playful glint in her eyes flickered with uncertainty.

She glanced between me and her phone, wondering just how this was going to go. Her fingers gripped the edge of the counter, nerves bubbling up inside her.

And then while she was still in a daze, another soft ding came:

[I'm waiting]

She bit her lower lip, the pressure now undeniable. Her mind buzzed with anxious thoughts.

'How do I even start?...What kind of picture should I take?'

A wave of embarrassment surged through her, making her cheeks flush. This wasn't just some silly photo; this was a challenge. A test...A rather naughty test.

And yet, somewhere beneath the flustered panic, she felt a spark of excitement as she was excited to see where this was going to lead...

Chapter 483: A Little Bit Of Cleavage

Nina's mind raced as she stared at her phone, the photo she just took looking completely innocent on the screen. She had no idea what she was supposed to do to make it suggestive. She had never taken a photo like that before, and the thought of it made her cheeks burn even hotter.

She bit her lower lip nervously, her fingers trembling slightly as she held her phone. What did 'suggestive' even mean? Should she pout? Lean back? Show more skin?

If she was wearing her traditional wear from her tribe that came in the form of a loose robe, which she knew was irresistible since her father could never take his eyes off her mother when she wore it, she knew that she could pull something off. But she was just wearing her white top, so what could she do with that?

But just as she was brainstorming what to do, Nina's eyes darted to her phone screen, her breath catching in her throat as she saw the preview of her reflection. And her heart skipped a beat because of what she saw.

The fabric of her white top had slipped dangerously low, the swell of her green breasts pressing up against it, barely contained. The smooth curve of her cleavage was fully exposed, the slightest movement away from showing even more.

A blush surged up her neck, her cheeks burning hot, as even though she was quite mature in age, she was one to get easily flustered.

Panic flared in her chest. 'Oh no.' Her fingers flew to the neckline, ready to pull it back up and hide herself again. The thought of anyone seeing this much of her made her ears twitch and her stomach twist into knots. Her hands hovered above her chest, trembling, as the heat of embarrassment crawled across her skin.

But just before she yanked the fabric up, a memory stopped her. The memory of the way Kafka's eyes lingered at her chest when he thought she wasn't looking, the subtle flick of his gaze toward her breasts, his jaw clenching just a little tighter whenever she shifted and her curves strained against her top.

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She could feel that heat now, the ghost of his attention making her pulse quicken. He wasn't looking at her now since he wasn't facing her, but...She knew that if he was, there was no chance he would miss the glorious sight.

Her fingers hesitated on the edge of the fabric. A shiver ran through her, the thought sending a delicious thrill deep into her core.

'What if I don't cover up? What if I...I give him what he wants to see?'

The idea felt dangerous, forbidden, but also thrilling. A heat unlike embarrassment curled in her belly, low and insistent.

'Would he like it?...No, that pervert would love it.'

Her chest rose and fell with her quickened breaths, her nipples tightening against the thin fabric, demanding attention. She swallowed hard, the indecision clawing at her mind.

Nina knew that she could just pull the top up, pretend nothing happened. But another part of her, bolder, hungrier, whispered that this was her chance to surprise him, to fluster him for once.

'Do I really have the guts to do this?' The thought made her thighs squeeze together, that warmth spreading further, pooling between her legs.

Finally, she sucked in a breath, a surge of determination firing through her veins.

'I'll do it... for him.'

Her fingers then slid to the neckline, and, with a shaky exhale, she tugged the fabric down.

Pull~

The cotton stretched, slipping lower, until half of her breasts were exposed—lush, full mounds of emerald flesh pushed up by her lacy bra, the deep green of her skin contrasted by the delicate white straps barely holding everything in place. The tops of her dusky purple areolas peeked just above the lace, teasing, taunting.

A tremor ran through her body. The cool air kissed her exposed skin, making her nipples throb, the sensation shooting sparks of heat straight to her tummy. Her cheeks burnt hotter than ever, the realisation of just how much she was showing making her head spin.

'This is too much. Or maybe...just enough.'

Her hands shook as she lifted the phone, angling it carefully. The screen filled with the image of her half-bared breasts, the bra straining to hold them in place, the fabric of her top pushed down just enough to leave no question of what lay beneath.

She looked at the image, her face flushed, her eyes wide with nervous excitement. Her lips parted on a soft breath, a mix of embarrassment and wicked thrill.

'He's going to lose his mind.'

Her thumb hovered over the shutter button. The thought of Kafka seeing this—seeing her like this—sent a wave of heat crashing through her, making her thighs clench tighter. And with a gasp, she pressed the button.

Click~

The sound felt deafening in the quiet lobby. She stared at the image, her heart hammering so hard she thought it might burst.

'I can't believe I just took that.'

Her cheeks flared impossibly hotter. The photo was shameless, her curves lush and inviting, her bra barely covering what was left of her modesty.

Her breath came in shallow, quick bursts. Her finger hovered over the send button. Doubt clawed at her mind.

'Is this too much? What if he thinks-'

Ding~

But before she could think of anything, a soft ding interrupted her spiral of panic.

[Still waiting, Nina.]

His message sent a shiver down her spine, a reminder that he was there, waiting for her...Waiting to see her like this.

She clenched her teeth, a rush of courage flooding her veins.

'This is for him. He wants this.'

Her thumb trembled, and then she pressed send. The whoosh of the message being delivered felt final, irreversible.

Her chest tightened, every nerve on edge as she waited for his response. Her body felt like it was burning from the inside out, the exposed swell of her breasts tingling with anticipation.

Ding~

And then her phone buzzed. Her eyes darted down.

Her phone buzzed again, the soft vibration sending a ripple of anticipation through her body. Her eyes darted down, heart thundering in her chest as she opened Kafka's message.

[God, Nina. You're driving me crazy. I can't stop thinking about how beautiful you are and how much I want to see more of you. Every inch of that perfect body.]

A shiver danced up her spine, her breath catching in her throat as she read his rather raunchy text.

His words felt like fire, a heat that licked through her body, spreading lower, tighter. The nervousness that had been in her belly unravelled slowly, replaced by a blooming confidence.

He wanted her...He was going wild over her body...The thought made her pulse race, and that tingling heat in her lower garden grew harder to ignore.

The fear that had gripped her melted away. A new desire took its place—an urge to show him more, to push him over the edge the way he was pushing her.

She bit onto her lower lip as she considered what to do next. She'd only shown a hint of cleavage before, just a tease of her stiff nipples beneath the fabric.

But that wasn't enough now. She wanted to give him more...Much more.

Nina's gaze then darted around the lobby of the hot spring, the soft sound of flowing water somewhere in the distance...The place was quiet, empty.

No one was there to see what she was about to do next. Her cheeks burnt at the thought, but her body pulsed with anticipation.

And after coming to terms as to what she was going to do next, her fingers trembled as she hooked them under the bottom of her white top. Her breath came in shallow gasps as she hesitated for just a moment.

Then, with a shaky exhale, she pulled the top up, the fabric sliding over her stomach, baring her smooth, green navel and the curve of her slender waist. The cool air kissed her heated skin, making her shiver.

Her breasts strained beneath her white bra, the colour a bold contrast against her emerald skin. The lace hugged her curves perfectly, lifting and framing her full, round mounds. Her nipples, still stiff and needy, pressed visibly against the thin fabric. The sight alone made her thighs clench; a flutter of excitement was felt all over.

But it wasn't over yet.

Her heart pounded in her ears as she glanced at Kafka's back. He still hadn't turned around, holding true to his word. Her cheeks flared even hotter, knowing she had this moment all to herself.

With a soft, shaky breath, she reached behind her back and unhooked the clasp of her bra.

Chapter 484: He Wants Me

Click~

The straps loosened, the lace falling away just enough to send another thrill through her body. She took the hem of the bra in her hands and, in one fluid motion, lifted it up.

Bounce~

Her breasts spilt free, the cool air sending a jolt of pleasure through her as her nipples hardened even more.

They were perfect—round, full, the skin a deep emerald hue that glistened faintly in the soft light. Her nipples were dusky purple, stiff and begging to be touched.

They stood proudly, the tips taut, slightly darker than the surrounding skin, the peaks almost aching with need. The cool air teased them mercilessly, a sharp contrast to the heat pooling between her thighs.

Nina's body trembled as she then pulled her t-shirt up and bit down on it using her teeth to keep it from falling and covering her up again.



The movement made her breasts bounce slightly, a splendid thrill rushing through her at the way they felt so exposed, so vulnerable. The urge to press her thighs together, to soothe the ache growing inside her, also became almost unbearable.

With her hands free, she lifted the phone once more. The screen framed her bare torso—the curve of her waist, the soft swell of her breasts, the peaks of her purple nipples standing out boldly.

Her face flushed with embarrassment, but her eyes glimmered with something deeper, something wild.

'This is for him...Only for him.' The thought made her body pulse with desire.

Click~

The image froze on her screen—her bare breasts, her stiff nipples, the unmistakable flush of arousal on her emerald skin. Her body looked so wanton, so needy.

She barely recognised herself, but she liked it.

Her fingers trembled as she hesitated over the send button. Her heart hammered, every nerve in her body on edge. But the memory of Kafka's last message, his desire for her, pushed her forward.

With a shaky breath, she pressed send.

The whoosh of the message being delivered made her stomach twist with anticipation. The silence felt deafening, every second stretching into an eternity. Her body throbbed, her nipples still tingling, her lower body aching for something more.

Ding~

And then her phone buzzed, and she nearly moaned at the sound. Her eyes darted to the screen.

[Holy fuck, Nina. You're perfect. I can't get enough of you. I need more of you...No, all of you now!]

A shudder wracked her body, her knees going weak. The praise, the raw hunger in his words, sent waves of heat crashing over her.

The fear hidden inside was gone now, replaced by a desperate need to give him everything he wanted—and maybe more.

'He wants more...' The thought curled inside her, molten and relentless. Her body trembled, the thrill of knowing she was driving him wild fuelling her own desire.

Her gaze then dropped to her hardened nipples, their deep violet hue contrasting beautifully with her emerald skin. Her breasts felt heavy, the fullness begging to be touched, to be tasted.

A wonderful idea then bloomed in her mind, the kind that made her blush spread down her neck, but the heat in her heart left no room for hesitation.

'If he wants more, I'll give him more.'

She took a shaky breath, her teeth biting her lower lip as her fingers grazed the curve of her breast.

Her touch sent a ripple of pleasure through her, but it wasn't enough. That's why her eyes fluttered shut for a moment, and then she leaned forward as the tip of her tongue flicked against the taut peak of her nipple.

"Ahhh!~"

The sensation was electric, a sharp jolt that made her thighs clench, need throbbing deep inside her. Her lips parted, a soft gasp escaping as she wrapped her mouth around the stiff bud. The warmth of her own mouth, the slight suction, sent a shiver racing down her spine.

She sucked gently at first, her tongue swirling over the sensitive tip, the taste of her own skin igniting something primal in her belly. Her other hand lifted to her remaining breast, her fingers pinching and teasing the neglected nipple.

"Hnnn!~"

A muffled moan vibrated against her breast, the sound low and needy. Her hips shifted instinctively, the relentless ache between her thighs growing unbearable. Her body felt like it was on fire, every nerve ending alive with a desperate hunger.

"Ahh!~ Mmmm!~"

Her teeth grazed the sensitive bud, and a sharp wave of pleasure pulsed through her, making her moan louder around her own flesh.

She then glanced at her phone, her cheeks flushed, her eyes dark with lust.

The sight on the screen was obscene—her mouth wrapped around her nipple, her eyes half-lidded, the need etched across her face impossible to hide. The hand on her other breast kneaded the soft flesh, fingers tugging at the violet peak, making it glisten with her own arousal.

Her body quivered, the heat pooling low in her belly, ready to snap.

'He's going to lose his mind when he sees this.'

The thought pushed her further, her tongue flicking harder, her lips tightening around the stiff bud as she sucked with more urgency.

With her heart hammering, she snapped the photo.

The image burnt onto the screen—a vision of pure, desperate desire. Her bare breasts, her mouth latched onto her own nipple, the blush of arousal painting her emerald skin. Her eyes were wild, her body trembling with need.

It was raw, filthy, and perfect.

Nina's fingers then hovered over the send button, her body taut with anticipation.

'This is what he wants...This is what I want.'

She thought as the ache between her thighs was unbearable now, a relentless throb that demanded relief.

And then with a shaky breath, she hit send.

The message whooshed away, and she felt like she was dangling on the edge of a precipice. And before she could even relax herself, her phone buzzed almost instantly.

Ding~

[Fuck me, Nina. You're incredible. I can't stop thinking about those perfect breasts... I need to see them in my hands, in my mouth. You're making me lose control.] Your next journey awaits at empire

Nina's eyes flicked to the message on her screen again, the words searing into her mind. Her body shivered with the raw desire behind them.

'In his hands...In his mouth...!' The images those words conjured made her thighs clench, a needy ache pulsing through her.

She turned her gaze to Kafka, still sitting by her side, his back to her, his posture relaxed as though nothing had happened. He leaned casually in his chair, his hands resting on his thighs, his head tilted slightly as if lost in thought...He looked so calm, so composed.

'How can he look like that after sending me something so filthy?'

Her cheeks burnt hotter, but instead of embarrassment, a wave of arousal washed over her.

The contrast between his calm exterior and the unrestrained hunger in his message made her stomach tighten.

'Was he always thinking such things when he looked at her? When his eyes lingered just a second too long on her body, was his mind filled with these same dirty thoughts?'

The thought sent a thrill racing through her body, and it wasn't disgusting...Far from it.

Rather a hot, electric pulse shot straight to her womb. Knowing that behind his composed expression lurked such raw, consuming desire for her made her nipples tighten and her breath catch.

Her eyes traced his profile—the strong line of his jaw, the faint smirk playing on his lips.

'How long has he been holding back? How long has he been looking at me like that, wanting me but keeping it hidden?'

Her thighs shifted restlessly, the ache between them growing sharper. The idea of being the cause of his restraint, of him fighting to stay in control because of her, made her body hum with anticipation.

She bit her lip, her heart pounding, wanting him to stop this little game of hers and pounce on him so that he could vent all his desires on her.

Even Kafka, who was enjoying all the enticing photos he was receiving and was still in shock that she was suddenly so daring, felt Nina's sharp gaze on his back.

But being the smart man he was, he didn't dare provoke the ferocious beast that was thirsting after him, since as much as he wanted to indulge in her as well, he needed to finish the request first and save his own life...

Chapter 485: Stretch It Wide

Nina's thighs squeezed together as the ache in her body intensified, her body a live wire of anticipation. Her mind swirled with a whirlwind of need, the pulse between her legs throbbing intensely.

Every fibre of her being wanted him to stop this game, to turn around, to pin Kafka against the nearest surface, and take him. She wanted to feel him lose control, to let his desires consume them both.

And Kafka's calm demeanour felt like a deliberate taunt, even if she knew better. She could feel his attention, his hunger simmering beneath the surface, masked by his composed exterior. He was holding back—for now. His self-control was a fragile thread, stretched taut by her teasing.

But just as she was thinking if she should pounce or not, her phone buzzed again. The sudden vibration jolted her out of her thoughts. She glanced down at the screen, her heart pounding wildly.

[Show me your lower garden, Nina...I want to see all of you.]

A gasp escaped her lips, heat flooding her cheeks. Her body clenched, the words sending a shockwave through her.

The anticipation that had been swirling inside her exploded into something more urgent. Her fingers trembled as she reached for the waistband of her pants, her breath coming in quick, shallow bursts. The thought of giving him this—of exposing herself so completely—made her heart beat with fervent need.

She hooked her thumbs into the waistband, ready to slide the fabric down, the thrill of his impending praise making her dizzy.

But before she could move, another buzz came.

Her eyes flicked to the screen, and she nearly dropped the phone.

[Don't just show me your lips, Nina. I want to see something deep inside them, so stretch yourself for me.]

Her mouth fell open, a sharp breath catching in her throat. Her cheeks blazed with heat, the raw perversion of his request striking her to her core. 'Inside...He wants to see me filled?'

Her mind stumbled over the thought, torn between shock and an overwhelming wave of arousal. The audacity of it, the sheer filth, made her legs weak.

'How can he be so shameless?'

The question flitted through her mind, but the rush of excitement surging through her body drowned it out. Instead of abhorrence, a deep thrill bloomed in her belly.

Her womb pulsed with desperate need, the wet heat between her thighs soaking through the fabric of her panties. The thought of fulfilling his wildest desires, of being his perfect little plaything, made her stomach twist with anticipation.

Her eyes darted around, panic and excitement warring within her.

'How do I even do this?'

She wanted to please him, to give him everything he craved, but a flurry of indecision froze her movements as she didn't exactly know how to carry out his request.

But then, as if a bolt of perverted genius hit her, her gaze landed on the counter...A small bundle of pencils lay there, silent and waiting.

Her breath hastened, a spark of fear flickering alongside the growing heat. Continue your saga on empire

'Could I really push that inside of me...?'

The thought was terrifying, yet the idea of stretching herself for him, of being seen in such a vulnerable, filthy state, made her nipples tighten and her legs tremble.

Her hand hovered over the pencils, her fingers brushing the smooth wood. Her heart pounded in her ears.

'This is insane.' She thought, but the pulse between her legs refused to be ignored, the urge demanding satisfaction, his words echoing in her mind.

'I want to see something inside them.'

A shaky breath slipped from her lips as she wrapped her fingers around one pencil, the cool surface a stark contrast to the fire burning inside her.

Her other hand slid beneath her waistband, fingers slipping beneath the soaked fabric of her panties.

Her green pussy lips were glistening, the slickness pooling and coating her fingers in a sheen of molten desire. The deep emerald hue of her folds contrasted with the pink glimmer of her inner walls, visible as her fingers gently spread herself open.

The sight was mesmerizing—her entrance pulsing, the slick petals of her pussy flushed and needy, inviting her touch. The soft, slippery texture clung to her fingertips, her arousal dripping down onto her thighs, the wetness undeniable.

Her breath shuddered as she traced along her slit, feeling how her slick folds parted effortlessly, revealing more of that vulnerable, pink inner flesh.

She was so open, so ready. The need to be filled, to be stretched, was a relentless ache throbbing in time with her racing heartbeat.

Slowly, she guided the pencil downward, the tip teasing her entrance. A shiver ran through her, her walls clenching at the foreign sensation. She hesitated, her breath ragged.

But Kafka's words lingered in her mind, pushing her forward.

"Hnnn!~ Nnn!~"

With a whimper, she pressed the pencil inside. The smooth, hard surface slid into her easily, her body welcoming the intrusion. Her walls clenched around it, the stretch making her thighs quake. The taboo nature of it, the sheer dirtiness, sent a wave of pleasure crashing through her.

But it wasn't enough.

"Mmm!~ Mmm!~"

Her eyes glazed with lust, she reached for another pencil. The thought made her stomach flutter, her body teetering on the edge of restraint. Her fingers guided the second pencil to her entrance, her breath coming in desperate pants.

She pushed it in slowly, her walls stretching further, the delicious pressure making her toes curl.



"Ahhh!~ Ahhhh!~ Ughh!~"

A strangled moan escaped her lips. The fullness, the forbidden thrill, made her pulse race. She could barely think, the sensation overwhelming her. But even that wasn't enough.

Her gaze fixed on the last pencil. Her hand shook as she picked it up, her body screaming for more. The tip pressed against her entrance, her slick folds fluttering around it. She eased it in, the stretch sending lightning bolts of pleasure through her body.

"Annn!~ Shhh!~ Squelch!~"

Her walls clamped down around the three pencils, the fullness making her body tremble violently. She bit her lip, a low moan escaping as she adjusted to the stretch. The cool wood contrasted with her molten heat, the sensation pushing her closer to the edge.

She then lifted her phone with a shaky hand, angling the camera downward. The image on the screen made her breath catch—a depraved sight of her emerald thighs spread wide, the three pencils sticking out from between her swollen, glistening lips. Her body quivering with need, her folds stretched and aching, the sheer shamelessness of it sending waves of arousal crashing through her.

And then, after bracing herself, she snapped the photo, her heart pounding wildly. The thought of Kafka seeing her like this, of him losing himself completely, pushed her desire to a fever pitch.

With a trembling finger, Nina hit send. The message vanished into the ether, and she waited, every nerve in her body strung tight.

The warmth between her legs was unbearable now, her womb pulsing and clenching around the pencils she had so daringly stuffed inside herself. Her breath was ragged, the cool air teasing her flushed skin as she fought the urge to move, to seek the release that her body screamed for.

And then, her phone buzzed again. She snatched it up, her heart pounding, desperate for his words.

Chapter 486: Three Pencils

[God, Nina. That sight...I can't stop thinking about how wet and tight you are. I want to be inside you myself, stretching you, filling you completely.]

A wave of happiness and excitement surged through her, her chest tightening with the intensity of it. The praise, the sheer hunger in his words, made her body warm up.

Her pussy clenched harder, the pencils inside her suddenly feeling like nowhere near enough. The thought of Kafka replacing them with his own thick, hot length made her lips part on a shaky moan.

But the discomfort was creeping in at the same time.

The pencils weren't smooth like his fingers or his cock would be; the rubber tips pressed awkwardly against her sensitive walls. Her slickness helped, but the sensation was becoming too much. She shifted slightly, wondering how to get them out without breaking the spell they were both under.

Before she could decide, her phone buzzed again.

[Don't take them out, Nina...I want to do it myself.]

Her eyes widened, a sharp gasp escaping her lips. She glanced over at Kafka, still seated by her side, his back facing her, his posture deceptively calm. Her mind whirled.

'How? He's not even looking at me.'

But before she could form another thought, he shifted slightly, his arm stretching back toward her, his hand open, fingers slightly curled, palm facing up. The gesture was clear. He was waiting for her to place the pencils in his hand, a silent command delivered with calm certainty.

A shiver ran through her, the weight of her embarrassment battling with the overwhelming need to obey. Her cheeks burnt, but the sense of duty to serve him—to be his, completely—swelled inside her. Her body trembled, but her resolve hardened...She wouldn't deny him this.

Slowly, she rose to her feet, her legs weak, her movements careful as she stepped closer to him. The pencils shifted inside her, the sensation sending little jolts of pleasure through the inner walls of her fleshy cunt.

She then positioned herself over his waiting hand, her body leaning forward slightly. Her thighs parted, the muscles in her legs trembling as she widened her stance.

She looked down, her cheeks blazing at the sight of her own swollen, glistening folds stretched around the pencils.

Her verdant skin was slick with arousal, the wet sheen catching the soft light. The tips of the pencils gleamed, coated in her fluids, the sight so lewd it made her core throb with a desperate ache.

Her breath quickened as she lowered herself, the pencils pressing deeper for a moment before Kafka's fingers curled around them.

"Hmmm!~ Hnnn!~"

His palm was warm, his grip firm but careful, the pencils shifting slightly in his grasp, slick from her arousal. Her body clenched involuntarily around them, and a soft whimper escaped her lips.

He didn't say a word, his focus entirely on the task at hand. He held her still for a breathless moment, his fingers brushing against the sensitive skin of her folds...The contact was fleeting, but it sent a jolt of pleasure through her, her body shivering.

Then, slowly, he began to pull.

"Ahhh!~ Shnnn!~"

The pencils slid out gradually, the hard, smooth surfaces dragging along her sensitive walls. The sensation was exquisite—stretching, releasing, the friction teasing her in the most agonising way. Her slickness clung to them, her arousal pooling and dripping down, making the withdrawal even smoother.

"Hmmm!~ Hnn!~ Ahh!~"

Her eyes fluttered shut, a low moan escaping her as each inch of the pencils slid free, leaving her aching and empty. Her walls clenched helplessly, trying to hold on to the sensation, to him, but it was all for naught as all three of the pencils had been pulled out.

Unable to handle the intense stimulation, she forced her eyes open, looking down, her breath caught in her throat.

Kafka's hand was still beneath her, the three pencils now slick and glistening in his palm, coated with her wetness. Strings of her arousal stretched and broke as he lifted them slightly, the lewdness of it making her stomach flip. The sight was filthy, shameless, and it made her pussy throb with desperate need.

Her legs trembled, barely able to keep her standing. She bit her lip, the taste of her own anticipation sharp on her tongue. He hadn't even turned to look at her, but his control over her, his power to make her feel this way, was absolute.

Kafka's fingers then turned slightly, holding the slick pencils up to the light. He tilted his head, examining the way her wetness glistened along the wood, dripping slowly, before he sent another message.

[Well, looks like these can't be used anymore... You've dampened them right to the core.]

Her cheeks flamed, heat rushing up to her pointy ears. The lewdness of his words, the matter-of-fact tone in the text as he declared how soaked the pencils were because of her, made her breasts jiggle all over the place.

Nina then swallowed hard, her breath shaky. The emptiness between her legs throbbed now, the absence of the pencils leaving her hollow and needy. Her walls clenched helplessly, searching for the stretch, the fullness she craved.

But just as she shifted uncomfortably, trying to quell the ache, her phone buzzed. Her eyes darted to the screen, a fresh wave of anticipation pulsing through her veins.

[Pencils are fine and all, but since I have a rather hefty cock, I want to see something just as thick inside of you.]

Her breath stopped, her fingers trembling around her phone. The words seared into her mind, making her body flush with heat.

Thick...The thought of Kafka's cock—of his girth stretching her walls, filling her completely—made her pussy pulse violently. Her mind swam with images of his hard length, how he'd feel inside

her, stretching her to her limit. Her thighs pressed together, desperate for friction, but it wasn't enough.

Something thick...Her eyes flitted around the counter, scanning for anything that could meet his filthy request. She pushed away a few stray thoughts, dismissing items almost immediately. The handle of a wooden spoon is too thin. A rolled-up towel—too soft....A thermos—too awkwardly shaped...Nothing was right.

Her gaze kept searching, her frustration mounting along with the exhilaration in her body. And then she saw it.

An empty glass bottle of Sasfra Juice stood at the far end of the counter, forgotten and without a drop of liquid.

Nina's eyes widened, her breath catching in her throat. The bottle was thick and cylindrical, the glass smooth and cool. It was the right shape, the right size...But it was huge.

The mouth of the bottle tapered slightly, but the body of it was wide enough to make her stomach twist with fear and anticipation.

Her fingers curled against the counter. There's no way. Her mind stopped at the thought.

'The bottle was too big. There was no way Kafka could be that thick....Right?'

But doubt whispered back to her, mingling with a dangerous thrill. Experience tales with empire

'But what if he is?'

Her cheeks burnt hotter...The thought of Kafka's cock being as thick as that bottle made her pulse quicken, the heat between her thighs turning molten. The very idea of taking something that big, stretching herself open just for him, made her walls flutter helplessly.

Her sense of duty crashed over her, fighting with her hesitation.

'He wants this. He wants to see me stretched wide, taking all of it.'

Her hands shook, but a surge of determination flared in her chest.

'I'm his...This is for him.'

She let out a shaky breath, her heart pounding. "Okay...I can do this...For him." She whispered to herself, her voice barely audible.

Chapter 487: All For Him

Nina's fingers reached for the glass bottle, the cool surface making her shiver. She lifted it, the weight of it making her realise just how daring this was. Her body clenched, a tremor running through her legs as she thought about what she was about to do.

And then slowly, after calming her nerves, she lowered herself back down, her legs parting wide. Her verdant pussy folds were soaked, her slickness glistening in the soft light. She positioned the mouth of the bottle at her entrance, the cold glass making her gasp as it kissed her sensitive skin. Her breath came in quick, shallow bursts.

'I can do this...For him.'

With trembling hands, she pressed the bottle forward. The mouth slipped past her outer lips, the coolness of the glass making her shudder. Her walls fluttered around it, the initial stretch sharp and intense. She bit her lip, her cheeks flaming.

"Mmm!~ It's...Too big..." She whispered, her voice breaking.

The bottle pressed against her entrance, the thickness resisting her desperate attempts. Her body clenched instinctively, trying to accommodate the intrusion.

'Relax, just relax...'

She took a deep breath, her fingers shaking as she angled the bottle slightly, easing the mouth inside.

"Ahhh!~"

A gasp tore from her throat as the glass slid deeper, the smooth, unyielding surface stretching her wider than ever before. The sensation was overwhelming—pain and pleasure twined together, a delicious burn that made her toes curl.

Her walls spasmed around the thick intrusion, her slickness dripping down the glass, making it easier to slide further.

"Haaah!~ Ahhh!~ Hnnn!~"

She shifted her hips, rocking slightly, the movement helping her inch the bottle deeper. Her breath came out in ragged pants, her body trembling as the stretch intensified.

'I-I'm doing it... I'm really doing it.'

And another careful push, and the widest part of the bottle passed her entrance.

"Mmmmm!~"

Her walls clamped down tightly, the feeling of fullness making her head spin. A strangled moan escaped her lips as she adjusted to the stretch, her body quivering with the effort. The bottle stuck out of her, thick and unyielding, the sight so lewd it made her dizzy.

Her eyes fluttered open, and she looked down. Her wet green lips were stretched around the glass, her slickness smeared along the surface, a few droplets pooling at the base. The obscene sight sent a fresh wave of heat crashing through her.

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'Kafka's going to love this...I hope he does.'

Her thighs shook, the throbbing sensation inside her now a desperate, insistent need. Her heart pounded as she waited, her entire body trembling on the edge of something dark and delicious.

Nina's breath then trembled as she lifted her phone, her fingers barely steady enough to frame the image.

Her verdant folds stretched around the thick glass bottle, her slickness glistening along its smooth surface. The sight was so vulgar, so obscene, so unlike her, it made her core flutter with a mixture of excitement and fear.

'W-Was this too much?...Would he think she had gone too far?'

The thought made her stomach twist, her vulnerability laid bare in this one captured moment...But she pushed the doubt away.

The thrill inside her, the burning need to please him, drowned out her hesitation. Her thumb hovered over the shutter button, and with a shaky exhale, she took the photo. The soft click of the camera echoed louder than it should have, a line crossed, a boundary shattered.

She hit send, her heart leaping into her throat as the message disappeared. Each second felt like an eternity, her body taut with nervous anticipation.

The bottle inside her was unyielding, a constant reminder of how far she'd gone for him. Her cheeks burned, her eyes fixed on the back of Kafka's head, waiting, hoping.

Then she saw it.

His body tensed, a visible shudder running through his shoulders. His back jerked up straight for just a moment, like he'd been struck by a lightning bolt of surprise.

His fingers twitched slightly where they rested on his thighs, his knuckles paling as he gripped his knee harder...The subtle reaction sent a thrill through her, a ripple of relief and excitement all at once.

'Her heart pounded. Does he think it's too much? Did I...Did I go too far?'

Panic threatened to rise, her cheeks burning hotter...But before the fear could take hold, her phone buzzed.

She hesitated for just a second before looking down. Her eyes widened, her breath catching in her throat.



[Goddammit, Nina. You look so hot. I can't believe you did this for me. You've gone beyond my wildest dreams...And I couldn't be more proud of you, my sexy little vixen.]

A wave of warmth crashed over her, her chest swelling with joy and relief. Her eyes glistened, her lips parting in a shaky, breathless smile.

'He's proud of me. Kafka's proud of me.'

The words wrapped around her heart, banishing every shred of doubt. She'd pushed herself further than she ever thought possible, and he loved it.

Her thighs quivered, the heat between them flaring hotter. The glass bottle still stretched her wide, the fullness now a source of pride, a symbol of her devotion...Knowing she'd driven him to that reaction, that she'd surprised him for once, sent a thrill spiralling through her.

Her fingers tightened around her phone, a soft, contented sigh slipping from her lips. She'd done this for him—and she'd do it again, as many times as he wanted.

And then, while she was relishing in his praise, she saw it once again.

Kafka's hand, relaxed yet commanding, slid back into view. His fingers spread slightly, palm up, waiting silently behind him.

The gesture was subtle, but the meaning was crystal clear. Her pulse quickened, her body responding instinctively.

'He wants me to give it to him...He wants to pull the bottle out of me.'

Her cheeks flushed, her legs quivering as she rose to her feet. Her movements were slow, deliberate, every inch of her body alive with tension.

The glass bottle still stretched her wide, the cool surface contrasting with the blistering heat between her thighs. The fullness made her legs shake, but the anticipation of what was coming next pushed her forward.

She took a shaky breath and carefully stepped closer, the bottle shifting inside her, sending small jolts of pleasure up her spine.

Standing just behind him, her gaze flickered between his outstretched hand and the thick glass nestled within her folds. Her fingers curled around the base of the bottle, slick with her arousal, and with a blush that spread down her neck, she guided his hand to it.

His fingers wrapped around the bottle immediately, his grip firm and assured. A shiver ran through her at the contact, her breath catching in her throat.

She expected him to pull it out right away, to end the sweet agony of the stretch...But he didn't.

Instead, he held it there, his palm warm against the cold glass, his fingers shifting just slightly. He tilted the bottle ever so gently, the motion causing it to move within her, pressing against her sensitive walls.

"Ahhh!~ Noo!~ Hmmm!~"

A moan slipped from her lips before she could stop it, her knees threatening to buckle.

Chapter 488: Let's Take A Video Next

Kafka's hand twisted again, this time more deliberately, the glass rubbing against her entrance in a slow, torturous rhythm.

"Ahhh!~ Uhhh!~ Annn!~"

The pressure sent waves of pleasure crashing through her, her body clenching involuntarily. She whimpered, her fingers digging into the edge of the counter to steady herself. The teasing was slow, relentless, each subtle movement driving her higher, making her slickness drip down the bottle and onto his hand.

"Ah!~...K-Kafka!~...You can't!~" She breathed, her voice trembling.

He didn't say a word, his calm demeanour unchanged, but his fingers kept moving, exploring her edge with infuriating control. The bottle pushed and pulled ever so slightly, the sensation like a spark igniting a wildfire inside her. Her thighs trembled, her breaths coming in ragged pants.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, his grip tightened. And in one smooth, deliberate motion, he began to pull the bottle out.

"Mmmm!~"

The stretch intensified for a moment, her walls clinging desperately to the thick glass. A gasp tore from her throat, her body shuddering as the pressure built to a peak.

And then, with a wet pop, the bottle slipped free, the sudden release making her cry out softly.

"Ahhhh!~"

Her legs almost gave out, a rush of slickness following the bottle's exit, the cool air teasing her over-sensitive folds. The sound—the lewd, cork-like sound of the bottle leaving her—echoed in her ears, amplifying her embarrassment and arousal in equal measure.

And then, just when she thought it was over, her eyes flickered open, confusion dancing through her pleasure-hazed gaze as she watched him lift the bottle.

Her love juices glistened inside; a pale pool collected at the bottom, the evidence of her lust shimmering like nectar.

Her cheeks then flamed, her lips parted in disbelief as out of her expectations he suddenly tilted the bottle towards his mouth.

Her breath caught as his eyes met hers, dark and smouldering with primal hunger. Without breaking his gaze, he tipped the bottle, the thick, glossy fluid sliding towards his waiting lips.

Glug~ Glug~ Glug~

He drank it down, his throat working as he swallowed every drop of her essence, the intimate act so raw, so possessive, that a fresh wave of arousal flooded through her.

Her knees nearly buckled as he lowered the bottle, his tongue sweeping across his lower lip, savouring the taste of her.

"Not too sweet, not too bitter...Just perfect." He whispered, his eyes gleaming. "I could drink you forever, Nina."

Nina's breath was ragged, her heart pounding so hard she could hear it in her ears. The sight of Kafka drinking every glistening drop of her essence had sent her mind spiralling into a haze of heat and desire.

Her thighs trembled, her dirty pussy clenching with need. His eyes, still dark and magnetic, held her captive, his gaze a mix of satisfaction and wicked hunger.

And then, without a word, Kafka set the slick, empty bottle down on the counter. The sharp clink of glass meeting wood made her flinch, her nerves strung tight, every inch of her body alive and aching.

Then, to her surprise, he reached for his phone, placing it beside the bottle as if dismissing it entirely.

"We should stop this little texting of ours, Nina." He murmured, his voice a low rumble that sent shivers down her spine. "You've already mastered the art of sending sensual photos, so I don't see any use in keeping up this act any longer."

Nina's eyes widened, shock flickering through the haze of desire clouding her mind.

Her lips parted, the words she wanted to say caught somewhere between protest and confusion.

She needed this, needed the electric thrill of his messages, the way his words and commands pushed her further than she ever thought she'd go...Her body was on the brink, so close to shattering that the idea of stopping now felt unbearable.

"But—" She started, her voice shaky and uncertain. The heat still coiled low in her belly, the emptiness between her thighs a constant ache, desperate to be filled.

Before she could finish, Kafka turned toward her, a slow, wicked smile curving his lips. His eyes gleamed with something dark, something deliciously dangerous.

He leaned in just enough for her to feel the heat radiating off his body, his voice a husky whisper that made her knees weak.

"But don't think that we're not stopping, Nina." His fingers brushed a strand of hair from her flushed cheek, his touch feather-light but searing. "We're just going to try something else."

Her heart raced, her skin prickling with anticipation. "S-Something else?" She whispered, her voice barely audible.

Instead of answering right away, Kafka picked up his phone again, his thumb gliding across the screen. The soft glow of the display reflected in his eyes as he tapped a few times.

He then tilted the device just enough for her to see the camera interface open—not on photo mode, but on video. Experience tales at empire

Her stomach flipped, a hot, tingling sensation spreading through her limbs. Her thoughts caught fire, a flurry of images and possibilities flashing through her mind.

'A video.' The word echoed in her head, making her cheeks burn and her core throb. 'What did he have planned? How far was he going to push her?'

Her gaze darted to his face, searching for answers in his smirk, in the hungry gleam of his eyes.

But Kafka didn't reveal anything and simply raised his phone slightly, holding it at the perfect angle to capture her fully, and the weight of the moment pressed down on her, the idea of being recorded, of having this raw, intimate moment preserved, making her nipples turn stiff.

"I want to see your everything, Nina." He suddenly said, his voice soft but firm. "Every shiver, every gasp, every bit of you that aches for me." His gaze burnt into her, his words a caress and a

command all at once. "This time, I want to see how much you want me and how far you're willing to go for me."

A soft whimper escaped her lips, her body trembling under the intensity of his words. The thrill of what he was asking sent a rush of heat to her core, her mind spinning with excitement and a hint of nervousness. There would be no hiding, no hesitation. Every movement, every sound, would be his to watch and savour.

"Are you ready for that, Nina?" He asked, his eyes never leaving hers.

She swallowed hard, her heart pounding. Her entire body felt like it was on the edge of a precipice, teetering dangerously close to falling.

But she didn't want to step back...She wanted to fall, to dive into the depths of whatever Kafka had planned for her.

"Yes...W-Whatever it may be." She breathed, the word slipping out before she could second-guess herself.

His smile widened, approval and desire blending into something that made her womb throb.

"Good." He murmured. "Then let's begin."

Chapter 489: Newton's Cradle

Nina's breath hastened, her cheeks burning as she wrapped her arms around herself in a futile attempt to cover the soft, exposed curves of her upper body. The tension between them was a living thing, wrapping around her, threading through every shaky inhale. Stay tuned to empire

Kafka's gaze stayed fixed on her, unwavering, a mixture of heat and curiosity in his eyes that made her plump thighs press together instinctively.

His fingers then wrapped around a Newton's cradle sitting on the counter, the thin metal bars and polished steel balls gleaming under the soft lighting. He lifted it, the soft clink of the spheres echoing between them.

"Does this mean anything to you, Nina?" He asked, his voice smooth, but there was something deliberate beneath the question, something that made her stomach flutter.

Nina blinked, momentarily distracted from the heat of her own vulnerability. She glanced at the Newton's cradle and let out a shaky laugh, her fingers nervously playing with the hem of her loosened top.

"Not really." She admitted, eyes flicking up to meet his. "I...I bought it because it was a bit amusing." Her lips curled into an embarrassed smile, her cheeks tinged green with a fresh blush. "I liked watching the balls click back and forth. It felt simple and...calming."

Kafka's lips softened into a smile, genuine and tinged with affection. The way his eyes crinkled at the corners made her heart twist. For a brief moment, the heat of the moment was replaced by something tender.

But that moment passed as quickly as it came, the glimmer of mischief returning to his gaze.

"Then, would you mind if I..." He paused, letting his fingers wrap around one of the smooth metal balls, tugging it slightly away from the others. "...pulled each of these out?"

Nina's brow furrowed, confusion flickering in her eyes. "Why would you want to—"

"Don't ask." He cut her off softly, the corner of his mouth quirking up into that enigmatic smile that always made her insides twist. "Just trust me."

Her throat tightened, but she nodded slowly, the heat in her chest flaring under his mysterious gaze. "I...I wouldn't mind." She whispered.

He said nothing, only his smile deepened as he drew each metal ball out, the thin wires stretching taut.

Pluck~ Pluck~

One by one, he disassembled the cradle, the faint sound of metal against metal filling the space between them. He laid the balls gently on the counter, the polished spheres cool and still against the wood.

When he was done, he looked up at her, the intensity in his eyes making her breath catch. "Come here." He said, his voice low and commanding.

Her feet felt rooted to the floor for a moment, the vulnerability of her half-naked form making her hesitate. But the pull of his voice, the weight of his expectation, drew her forward. Her steps were tentative, her body trembling slightly as she moved to stand before him.

"Turn around." He instructed, his tone a silken promise.

She swallowed hard, her heart pounding as she slowly turned, her back now facing him. The cool air of the lobby whispered over her bare skin, making her shiver. The anticipation coiled tighter, every nerve on high alert.

And then to her surprise, Kafka's fingers hooked into the waistband of Nina's pants, the fabric clinging to her skin as though reluctant to let go. His touch was a tantalising threat, a whispered promise of what lay ahead. He then dragged the material down, the slow, torturous descent pulling her nerves taut.

The pants slipped past the curve of her hips, gliding over the swell of her ass, until they reached the middle of her thighs. Her body quivered, exposed and vulnerable, every inch of her skin tingling with anticipation. As the last of the fabric slid down to her ankles, her bare form was laid out before him in exquisite detail.

The soft curve of her ass was flawless, firm, and inviting. The pale skin bore a faint, rosy tint, the subtle evidence of previous pleasures. The valley between her cheeks led downward to the place she could never hide—the delicate folds of her lower garden, just barely peeking out, glistening with the proof of her arousal. The moisture there shimmered like dew, the petals of her desire unfurling before his gaze.

Kafka's eyes darkened, hunger sharpening his smile.

He reached out and let his fingers graze along the curve of her exposed rear. Her breath caught as his fingertips traced the smooth surface, lingering on the delicate dip just before her thighs met. The flesh there was impossibly soft, giving under his touch, a contrast to the undeniable heat radiating from her lower body.

"Look at you, Nina." He murmured, his voice low and rough. "Every inch of you begging to be touched."



The faintest blush dusted her cheeks, shame and desire mixing in a dizzying swirl. Her thighs trembled, the throbbing urge between them an insistent pulse.

"Hmmm!~"

As his fingers caressed her, a low whimper escaped her lips, her body instinctively pushing back against his hand, silently pleading for more.

He chuckled, his palm sliding lower until it rested on the tender curve of her ass, giving it a possessive squeeze. The skin there was supple, a perfect handful.

He then leaned in, his breath hot against her ear. "This shade of green..." He whispered, fingers kneading the pliant flesh. "...suits you perfectly, Nina. Fresh, lush...ready for the taking like a ripe fruit during the harvest season or more like the mating season in your case."

A shiver rippled through her, heat pooling low in her belly. The red tint of her rear—a teasing mark of play, of ownership—glowed faintly under his touch. It was a quiet symbol of her submission, a sign that she was his, willing to be moulded, shaped, and claimed.

Her breath quickened, anticipation thrumming through her veins. She could feel the weight of his gaze roaming over her, taking in every secret inch she laid bare for him. Her vulnerability only heightened the molten ache building inside her.

Kafka's voice then dipped low, a soft but commanding whisper that threaded through her nerves like silk and steel. "Bend over." He ordered, each word deliberate, dripping with intent. "Bend over and stick out your naked ass towards me." The air between them thickened, his demand hanging heavy, undeniable.

A shudder rolled down Nina's spine. Her breath caught in her throat, the heat in her pussy intensifying, spreading through her limbs like molten liquid. She felt the weight of his gaze on her, heavy with expectation.

Her cheeks flushed, but her body still obeyed, driven by the pull of his authority. Slowly, she leaned forward, her hands reaching out to steady herself against the counter's cool surface.

Her back arched in a graceful curve, the position forcing her to expose herself completely. The smooth swell of her hips tilted, her ass presented to him in an offering that made her heart pound.

Her legs quivered, a betraying tremor of anticipation and desire. The vulnerable expanse of her rear, round and firm, was on full display, the faint sheen of moisture glistening where her thighs met, a silent confession of her need.

"Now..." He murmured, his voice a dark velvet caress. "...spread yourself for me."

Chapter 490: What Are You Going To Do With Those Balls?

A ripple of heat surged through her, equal parts embarrassment and exhilaration. Her fingers curled tightly around the edge of the counter, knuckles white with tension.

And then, taking a shaky breath, she reached back, her hands trembling as they slid over the curve of her hips. Her palms met the supple flesh of her ass, the heat of her own skin burning under her touch.

With painstaking slowness, she drew her cheeks apart, exposing the most intimate part of herself.

Spread~

The cool air kissed her inner heat, making her gasp softly. She could feel the slickness gathered there, the evidence of her arousal undeniable. Her body opened to him, every inch of her laid bare, a silent plea wrapped in vulnerability.

Kafka's breath caught, a low sound of satisfaction vibrating deep in his chest. His eyes darkened, taking in the sight before him—the glistening petals of her desire peeking through, the delicate folds flushed and glistening.

"Perfect." He whispered, the word a hot brand against her exposed skin.

A whimper escaped her lips, her body taut with need, each second of his scrutiny winding the tension tighter. The pulsing need in between her legs grew unbearable, her womb pulsing, begging to be touched, filled, claimed. Her fingers pressed harder into her own flesh, the stretch a sweet torment she never knew she needed.

"You have no idea, Nina..." Kafka murmured, his tone low and edged with hunger. "...how beautiful you look like this."

Her breath shuddered out, her body trembling, ready to be unravelled by his touch, by his will.

And because of his magnetic words that seemed to have a spell over her, she pulled her cheeks apart even more, exposing herself fully to him. Her body was bared to him, raw and vulnerable, every inch of her silently begging for his touch.

Spread~

When she finally spread her ass completely wide, Kafka's gaze immediately zeroed in on the tight ring of muscle nestled between the curves of her ass, the dusky purple hue standing out vividly against her green skin.

It twitched slightly under his scrutiny, a subtle flutter that betrayed her need. The sight sent a rush of heat through her, her embarrassment mixing with an aching desire that made her thighs quiver.

His fingers hovered just above her, the heat of his hand like a brand. Then, with deliberate slowness, he dragged a fingertip across the sensitive skin surrounding her anus.

"Ahhh!~ Ah!~ Ahh!~"

The touch was feather-light, maddening, making the tight gaping hole clench instinctively. A sharp whimper escaped her lips, her fingers digging into her own flesh as she held herself open for him.

"Haughhh!~ Hnnn!~"

'Oh god, he's touching me there...T-That dirty place of mine.' The thought spun through her mind, a wild, dizzying spiral of shame and need.

Her heart pounded in her chest, her breath quickening as his finger traced lazy circles, teasing her, testing her. Each slow pass made her body jolt, a pulse of heat shooting straight to her tummy.

"Shhh!~ Aghhh!~ Ahh!~"

His fingertip then pressed a little more firmly now, just enough to feel the resistance. She clenched around nothing, the anticipation stretching her nerves taut. The wildfire inside her grew sharper, hotter, her body begging for more than these agonising teases.

"Relax..." He murmured, his voice a dark promise.

His fingertip rubbed gentle, insistent circles on her quivering anus, coaxing her to surrender. Her breath hitched, her muscles fluttering as she tried to obey, her body melting into the sensation as she felt the most tender ring of flesh of her body being played with like it was some kind of toy.

'He's going to...Oh god, I want this...!' Her mind fractured into fragments of need as his touch became firmer, more confident.

The tight ring of muscle gave a little under the pressure of him pulling her asshole apart, a teasing stretch that sent a bolt of pleasure through her, making her anus gape even more and reveal her fleshy pink insides.

"Ahhhhh!~ Haughhh!~"

Nina's hips jerked, a desperate moan slipping from her lips as she pushed back, silently pleading for him to go further, to fill the emptiness that was driving her mad.

"You're so responsive, Nina." Kafka whispered, his tone laced with satisfaction.

He continued to tease, never fully giving her what she craved, keeping her on the knife's edge of desperation by pushing the tip of his fingers in and out. Her body trembled, every muscle taut and aching for release.

"Ahhh!~ Y-Yes!~ Nnnn!~"

'Please, please...Just more.'

Her inner thoughts dissolved into pure sensation, the world narrowing to the place where his fingers danced and the raw, unbearable need that consumed her.

Kafka's breath ghosted over her trembling skin, the warmth of it sending a ripple through her exposed body. She was open to him, vulnerable and bare, the urge in her pussy a molten throb that clouded her thoughts. Her fingers dug into her own verdant flesh as she held herself apart, every muscle straining with a desperate need for him to close the distance.

Kiss~

Then she felt it—a whisper of softness, a feather-light kiss pressed to the tight ring of muscle at her most intimate place. The shock of it sent a shudder through her, her breath hitching in a sharp gasp. The tender press of his lips against that sensitive spot of her anus was almost too much, yet not enough. Her body clenched instinctively, a heat blooming so deep it left her dizzy and her sleeping fluids into the floor below.

His lips lingered there, his breath hot and slow, his presence a promise of more. His tongue barely flicked out, a teasing touch that left her thighs trembling and nipples hardening. She bit her lip to stifle the whimper that threatened to escape, but the sound slipped out anyway—a broken, needy plea that echoed in the quiet.

Kafka's voice rumbled low against her, each word vibrating through her sensitive skin as his face was still in between her cheeks like he was taking a whiff of her moist anus. "I'm going to take things to the next level now." He murmured, his tone dark and rich, threaded with an edge of desire. His fingers slid up her thighs, strong and sure, his touch grounding her even as her thoughts spun away. Discover exclusive tales on empire

"Are you ready?"

The question hung in the air, a tether that pulled her back to him, to the moment, to the precipice of something new. Her mind was a blur of heat and want, every nerve ending alive and screaming for more.

'Am I ready?'

The thought echoed, but there was no doubt, no hesitation.

"Yes." She whispered, her voice shaking, her body already answering him. "I-I'm ready."

His fingers inside of her puckered asshole tightened just slightly, his touch a reassuring anchor before the plunge.

His lips curled into a smile against her skin, a knowing, confident grin that sent another surge of heat through her.

She was his, completely, and she was ready for whatever came next, and something told her that what came next involved those steel balls sitting on the counter, even though her innocent and inexperienced mind still didn't know what exactly he was going to do with them...