

## God of Milfs 511

### Chapter 511: Fuzzy Little Peach

I didn't need her to say anything to know she was mortified, but then I saw it—that split-second change in her expression. She froze, her hands slowly lowering as her eyes went wide with something else entirely.

It didn't take a genius to figure out what was going through her head and I could practically see the thoughts whirling through as she fought against the mental image forming in her mind.

Bella froze, her thoughts spiraling as the image took hold, unbidden and vivid.

Her mother stood in her mind's eye, a picture of timeless grace and beauty. Her figure was striking—tall, statuesque, with long legs that met at wide, inviting hips. The hourglass form was breathtaking, drawing attention effortlessly to the full, perky swell of her breasts, round and firm, seeming almost too perfect to be real.

Her skin appeared smooth, luminous, like polished porcelain under soft light, unblemished and radiant. Her hair, neatly styled, gave her an air of elegance even in such an imagined vulnerable state.

Yet it was the detail below her waist that had seized Bella's mind—the carefully crafted heart shape trimmed just above her mound. The hair was dark and fine, perfectly contoured into the playful symbol.

It wasn't something crude or vulgar, but rather oddly meticulous, as though it had been done with precision, a personal joke carried out with surprising artistry.

Bella's breath caught as the image refused to fade, the vividness of it making her blush deepen. Despite her best efforts, she couldn't help but picture every fine detail, from the gleam of her mother's smooth skin to the contrast of that dark heart against her pale flesh.

The thought alone made her squirm internally, mortified at the intimate nature of what her mind had conjured.

"Ugh, gross!" Bella groaned, pressing her hands to her temples like she was trying to physically force the thought out of her head. "Why did you have to say that, Daddy?! Now I can't stop picturing it!"

I couldn't help but laugh, her reaction being pure gold. "Hey, you came to me with this awkward favor." I said, grinning wider. "You've gotta expect a little teasing in return." Her glare shot my way, but it was weak, more flustered than angry.

"You're the worst." She muttered under her breath, clearly still fighting the mental image.

I shrugged, still chuckling. "At least now you know where you got your creative side from."

"Shut up!" She snapped, her blush deepening as she tried to hide her face behind her hands again, but the way her fingers fidgeted nervously only made me laugh harder. Honestly, I didn't even need to keep teasing her—her imagination was already doing all the work for me.

Bella's frustration then reached a boiling point.

She threw her hands up in exasperation, her voice sharp and edged with lingering embarrassment as she said, "Are you helping or not? Because if you're just going to sit there and keep laughing, I'll figure it out myself! Even if I end up cutting myself again, I don't care!"

My grin disappeared in an instant, my expression shifting from teasing to serious. "Whoa, okay, let's not go there." I leaned forward, my voice dropping lower. "You don't need another cut down there because of some half-baked plan...Trust me, it's not worth it."

Bella's face turned crimson, my words making her heart thud painfully in her chest. "Another cut?!" She stammered, trying to glare at him but failing miserably, her flustered state ruining any chance of appearing intimidating.

"Yeah, we don't want you to create another opening along with the already existing slit." I repeated smoothly, though my lips twitched like I was holding back another laugh. I then sighed and said, "Fine, I'll help you. But if I'm going to do it right, I need to see what I'm working with first." I pointed downward casually. "So go on, lower your pants...Show me the bush that's grown, that you're so scared of "

Bella's face flushed again, but this time, it wasn't the same kind of flustered panic I'd expected.

She hesitated only for a moment, her fingers lingering at the waistband of her jeans, before she let out a quiet, resigned sigh.

Guess she figured there wasn't much point in making a scene. After all, I'd seen her bare plenty before—this wasn't exactly uncharted territory.

Still, something about the way she moved now felt different. Slower, more deliberate. Her fingers worked the button loose with a soft click, then slid down the zipper. The faint sound seemed louder in the silence between us, a subtle reminder of how close we were.

With a smooth, fluid motion, she pushed her jeans down, revealing the pale, unblemished length of her slender legs. Her skin caught the dim light, glowing faintly, every curve and line of her thighs perfectly defined. Long and graceful, her legs looked impossibly soft, the kind of soft you'd want to run your fingers over just to see if they felt as silky as they looked.

Her jeans pooled around her ankles, and she straightened, standing there in nothing but her white panties. The stark contrast of the bright fabric against her pale skin made the sight even more striking.

Bella stood still, her jeans tangled around her ankles, and though she tried to keep her composure, I caught the subtle way her fingers fidgeted nervously at her sides. Her white panties clung snugly to her hips, the soft fabric a stark contrast against her pale skin, accentuating her natural curves.

Despite how many times I'd seen her like this before, there was something different about this moment—something more raw, more vulnerable.

Her gaze flickered toward me, hesitant and uncertain. Her lips parted as if she wanted to say something but wasn't sure how to begin. Finally, after a moment's pause, she spoke, her voice quieter usual, carrying a coy undertone that was rare for her. "You're...not going to make fun of me, are you?" Her eyes dropped slightly, and a faint flush crept back into her cheeks. "Since, you know, it doesn't look the same anymore...a-as there's some hair now."

The vulnerability in her voice caught me off guard. She wasn't just embarrassed—she was worried. Worried about what I'd think, worried I'd be put off somehow.

I could see it in the way she wouldn't quite meet my eyes, her fingers tugging lightly at the hem of her shirt as if seeking some sort of comfort.

I smiled, not the teasing kind she probably expected, but something softer, warmer. Stepping a little closer, I spoke gently, my tone reassuring. "Bella, that's just a sign of my little girl growing up." I kept my eyes steady on hers, letting her see that there wasn't even a hint of discomfort or judgment in me. "There's no way I'd be put off by something so natural. So, you really don't have to worry about stuff like that and can leave the rest to me."

For a second, she didn't say anything. She just stared at me, her wide eyes searching my face as if trying to figure out whether I really meant it.

And then slowly, I saw the tension ease from her shoulders, the nervous fidgeting of her fingers coming to a stop. That faint flush on her cheeks didn't fade, but it softened, becoming something closer to warmth than embarrassment.

"You really mean that?" She asked, her voice still tentative but no longer as uncertain.

"Of course I do." I replied, my smile widening just a bit. "It's nothing to be embarrassed about...Besides, it probably suits you since your mother always looks quite sexy with that perfectly trimmed bush of hers."

Her lips twitched, fighting back a smile of her own, and I could tell my words had the effect I wanted. She wasn't completely at ease yet, but the worst of her nerves had passed, replaced by something softer—something more trusting.

"Okay." She murmured quietly, her voice barely above a whisper, but steady enough.

Her hands trembled slightly as they hooked under the thin waistband of her panties. The soft fabric clung for a moment before slipping down, inch, by inch, revealing the delicate curve of her hips.

Between the soft curve of her thighs lay her delicate pussy, framed by a faint patch of fine, downy hair. The pale fuzz was sparse but noticeable, a light shade blending naturally with her creamy skin, adding an unfiltered beauty to the sight before me. The gentle folds beneath were smooth, tender in appearance, their subtle pink hue peeking through with a quiet, graceful allure.

She shifted slightly, perhaps out of lingering nerves, the faint fuzz catching the light just enough to draw attention to its natural softness. She seemed restless, betraying the tension she was still holding, yet she didn't hide herself—only stood there, bare and vulnerable, waiting for some sort of response.

I met her gaze, letting a small, warm smile curve my lips as I said, "Bella, that little bit of fuzz...it's nothing to worry about. It's just another sign of you growing into yourself." My voice stayed gentle, reassuring. "You're beautiful—every part of you."

Her eyes softened slightly at my words, the tension in her shoulders easing bit by bit as warmth crept into her expression. She didn't say anything right away, but the faint blush spreading across her cheeks told me everything I needed to know.

Ding~

[The God of Health Fiona sends a request: Shave your daughter's little undergrowth]

[Successfully fulfill the request and gain the Gods satisfaction and approval]

[Fail the given request and be bestowed upon every ailment the world has to offer]

#### Chapter 512: Cleaning Her Up

I glanced down again, taking in the soft, faint fuzz she'd been so worried about, and couldn't help but smile a little. "Bella, this really isn't a big deal. If it bothers you that much, you could've just used some wax and stripped it all off." I said casually, raising an eyebrow.

Her reaction was immediate—her eyes widened in horror, and she shook her head frantically, her loose hair swishing as she did. "No way! That would hurt so much!" She exclaimed, her voice carrying a mixture of disbelief and dread. "I'm not putting hot wax down there, Daddy...Are you crazy?"

I chuckled at her dramatic response, the corners of my lips quirking up into an amused grin. "You know, shaving and cutting yourself sounds a lot worse." I said pointedly, my tone playful but laced with genuine concern. "At least with waxing, it's one quick pull, and you're done. No risk of nicks or anything like that."

Bella hesitated, chewing on her bottom lip for a moment before glancing away, clearly embarrassed. "That's...That's why I'm asking you to help." she admitted quietly, her voice soft, almost coy. "So nothing like that happens again."

Her words caught me off guard, and I let out a reluctant sigh, running a hand through my hair.

"You really know how to get someone into awkward situations, you know that?" I muttered, though there was no real annoyance in my tone. Just a resigned sort of amusement.

Bella peeked up at me through her lashes, offering a small, almost mischievous smile. "You said you've got this, remember?" She murmured, her voice carrying a hint of teasing now, like she was daring me to back out.

I sighed again, more for effect than anything else, already knowing I wasn't about to refuse her, also because I couldn't even if I wanted to because of the request that was given. "Yeah, yeah." I said with a shake of my head. "Fine. Let's just get this over with before you start regretting asking me."

I then reached for a small cup, filling it with warm water from the tap. The steam from the water added a layer of intimacy to the already charged atmosphere of the bathroom.

I glanced at Bella, her pale skin almost luminescent under the soft bathroom light, her vulnerability laid bare in a way that made my heart beat a little faster.

"Alright, let's make this as comfortable as possible." I murmured, trying to keep my voice steady. I positioned myself closer, the warmth of her body mingling with the heat from the water.

I held the cup over her, my eyes tracing the gentle curve of her hips down to the delicate area now bared to me. And as I poured the warm water over her, I watched with a mix of awe and desire.

The liquid cascaded down, starting at the soft mound where the faint fuzz lay, like a gentle waterfall over her pale, delicate skin. Each drop seemed to dance on her, the warmth of the water making her skin flush slightly, enhancing the natural pinkness of her inner thighs.

The water flowed in rivulets, tracing the contours of her vagina. It moved down the center, parting around the small, hidden bud of her clitoris, making it glisten with a new, inviting sheen.

The sensation seemed to make Bella's breath catch in her throat, her body reacting to the warmth and the gentle pressure of the water. I could see the water pooling slightly at the entrance of her pussy before it continued its journey, dripping down between her cheeks, each droplet like a kiss from the warmth itself.

The sight was mesmerizing; the water seemed to highlight every detail, the soft folds of her labia majora parting slightly under the gentle flow, revealing the more delicate, inner labia beneath.

The water glimmered on her, turning the simple act of cleansing into something profoundly sensual. It flowed in a way that made every curve and dip of her anatomy stand out, the contrast between the warm water and her cool skin creating an erotic dance of sensation.

"Mmm!~ Hnnn!~"

Bella's legs quivered ever so slightly, her body responding to the sensation of the water caressing her most sensitive areas.

I could even see her nipples hardening under her shirt, a clear sign of her arousal, her chest heaving with each breath as if she were trying to hold onto the feeling, prolong it. The water didn't just clean; it seemed to awaken her, every nerve ending coming alive under this gentle, warm touch.

I watched, almost hypnotized, as the last of the water trickled down, leaving her skin gleaming, the soft fuzz now dark and clinging to her skin, accentuating rather than hiding.

"You okay?" I whispered, my voice low, almost a caress in itself.

She nodded, her lips parting slightly, her chest rising and falling more noticeably now. "Y-Yeah, it feels...nice." She admitted, her voice a whisper of desire, her embarrassment forgotten, replaced by the warmth of the water and the heat of the moment.

With the water still dripping gently from her, I reached for a clean, soft towel nearby, dipping it into the warm water that remained in the cup. The towel soaked up the warmth, becoming heavy with it, and I wrung it out just enough to keep it from dripping excessively.

I approached Bella again, her eyes watching me with a mix of anticipation and arousal and then brought the warm, damp towel to her skin, starting just above her fatty mound.

"Ahnnn!~ Mmmm!~"

The warmth of the towel contrasted with the slight chill of the air, making her skin prickle with goosebumps. I began to gently exfoliate her pussy, my movements slow and deliberate, ensuring every touch was as soft as the towel itself.

"Ahhh!~ Ohhh!~ Mmmm!~"

As I rubbed the towel over her, I could feel the curves of her body respond. The fabric glided over her skin, the warmth seeping into her, making her vagina not just clean but sensitized.

"Aughh!~ Yeah!~ Yes!~"

I traced the towel along the outer lips, the texture providing a gentle scrub that made her breath quicken, her legs parting slightly more in response. The pressure was light yet firm, enough to feel but not to hurt, creating a friction that was both soothing and stimulating.

"Aahhh!~ Oohhh!~ Mmmmh!~"

I then moved the towel in small, circular motions over her clitoris, the fabric catching and releasing, creating a rhythm that had Bella's hips subtly moving in time.

Her pussy, already sensitive from the water's caress, now seemed to pulse under my touch. Her reactions were visceral; her face flushed a deeper shade of pink, her lips parting as soft moans escaped her, sounds of pleasure that echoed in the quiet of the bathroom.

"Ohhh!~ Aahhh!~ Mmmm!~"

The towel then slipped between her labia, the warmth and texture stirring her further. Each pass of the towel was like a whisper of touch, a promise of more.

Bella's eyes were half-lidded, her gaze locked on me with a mix of vulnerability and desire. She was clearly turned on, her body language speaking volumes of her arousal. Her fingers gripped the edge



of the counter, her knuckles white, her breathing ragged as every stroke with the towel seemed to stoke the fire within her.

Emotionally, she was a whirlpool of sensations. There was embarrassment at first, but that had melted away under the care and attention, replaced by a burgeoning confidence in her own sexuality.

She felt cherished, the intimacy of the act making her feel seen and desired in a way that was both comforting and exhilarating.

The physical pleasure was undeniable, sending waves of warmth through her body, but there was also a deep emotional connection, a trust that transcended the physical act.

I couldn't help but laugh softly, breaking the tension with a playful remark. "Bella, it's like I'm trying to sweep the ocean—no matter how much I wipe, this little slit just keeps getting covered in your sticky fluid."

Bella's cheeks turned an even deeper shade of red, the embarrassment mixing with her undeniable arousal. She tried to laugh it off, but the quiver in her voice gave away how turned on she was. "Daddy, stop it!~" She murmured, but her protest was weak, more a plea than a command.

I continued, wiping over her pussy again, the towel now slick with her love juice. Each time I passed the towel over her slit, it would come away wetter, her body responding to the stimulation despite the embarrassment.

It was like a cycle; clean, wet, clean, wet. Her clit was swollen now, peeking out from between her labia, each brush sending little shivers through her.

"Unghh!~ Yes!~ Ohhh!~"

"Look at this." I chuckled, showing her the damp towel, the evidence of her arousal clear. "You're making my job impossible here." I teased, my tone light but my eyes full of affection.

Bella hid her face with her hands, the mix of embarrassment and pleasure playing across her features. "I can't help it." She admitted, her voice muffled by her hands, her legs trembling slightly from the continuous stimulation.

I wiped again, slower this time, savoring how each stroke made her react, her hips lifting slightly off the counter, seeking more of the touch. The fluid was sticky, making the towel cling to her skin, pulling at her sensitivity with each movement.

"Mmm!~ Ohh!~ Ahh!~ Uhhh!~"

"It's like I'm trying to mop up a fountain." I said, my voice lowering as I watched her, the playful teasing giving way to a deeper, more intimate tone. "But I guess that's part of the fun, isn't it?"

Her embarrassment was palpable, yet there was a thrill in this vulnerability, in being seen in such an intimate state. She peeked at me through her fingers, her eyes wide with a cocktail of emotions—embarrassment, desire, and a hint of mischief.

"Squelch!~ Drip!~ Gloop!~ Splat!~"

Each time I wiped, it was as if I was drawing more of her essence out, the act becoming more about the connection than just cleaning. Bella's breath was coming in shallow gasps now, her body no longer fighting the tide of her arousal but surrendering to it.

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

Her love juice was a testament to her body's response to my touch, to the trust and intimacy we shared in this moment.

"I can't keep going like this, Bella; you keep getting wetter." I said with a mock sigh, a grin tugging at the corners of my mouth. "I think we need to let all that fluid out first."

Before Bella could even begin to process my words, I moved with intent. My fingers found her entrance, and without further ado, I began to finger her aggressively...

Chapter 513: A Layer Of Cream

"Gloop!~ Squelch!~ Thwap!~ Splat!~"

Bella's eyes widened in surprise, a mix of shock and arousal flashing through them. "Daddy, what are you—?" She managed to stutter out, her voice a flustered mix of protest and pleasure. Her hands

flew to my wrist, trying to slow me down, but her grip was weak, her body betraying her with every thrust.

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

My fingers, slick with her arousal, parted her folds, finding her entrance with a precision born of desire. I slid one finger inside her, the warmth and tightness enveloping me like a velvet glove. Bella's breath hitched, her eyes fluttering closed as she felt the intrusion, the sensation of being filled in such an intimate way sending shivers through her body.

"Splurt!~ Splish!~ Gloop!~ Sploosh!~"

I added another finger, stretching her slightly, feeling the resistance give way to welcoming heat. My fingers moved in and out, each thrust deliberate, slow at first, allowing her to feel every inch of my touch.

"Squelch!~ Glug!~ Thwap!~ Squish!~"

The walls of her pussy hugged my fingers, the flesh soft yet firm, pulsating with her heartbeat. I could feel every ridge and contour, her body responding with a subtle clench, pulling me deeper.

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

I then began to pick up the pace, my fingers now moving with more urgency, in and out, the rhythm becoming more aggressive. Each time I thrust in, my fingers curved slightly, brushing against her G-spot, eliciting a gasp from Bella. Her pussy was incredibly wet, the sounds of our connection filling the air, a symphony of lust.

Bella's protests were breathless, "Daddy, it's too much!~"

But her body told a different story. Her hips bucked against my hand, seeking more, her pussy gripping my fingers, not wanting to let go. The sensation for her was overwhelming; each stroke felt like it was reaching deeper, touching places that seemed to ignite with pleasure. The friction was intense, her inner walls slick with her love juice, making my movements glide effortlessly yet with undeniable force.

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

I could feel her body quivering around my fingers, her muscles tensing, trying to hold on, to not let go just yet. The sensation was like nothing else; the warmth, the wetness, the way her pussy seemed to mold around my fingers, offering no resistance yet demanding more.

It was as if every nerve ending inside her was alight, every thrust sending electric waves of pleasure through her.

"Ohhh!~ Aahhh!~ Mmmm!~ Unghh!~ Yes!~ Ohhh!~"

Her clit, neglected yet stimulated by the motion, was engorged, begging for attention, but my focus was on the depth, on the feeling of being inside her, feeling her, knowing her in this most intimate of ways, while Bella was caught between the pleasure and the intensity, her protests fading into moans, her body arching, seeking more, even as she felt on the brink of losing herself to the sensation.

"Mmm!~ Ohh!~ Ahh!~ Uhhh!~ Yesss!~ Ohh!~"

Wanting to bring this to a swift culmination, I decided to intensify the sensation even further.

While my fingers continued their relentless dance inside her, I leaned in, my mouth finding her clit. The moment my lips closed around it, Bella's protests turned into a sharp intake of breath, her body shuddering.

"Ahhh!~ Nooo!~ No, Daddy, noo!~"

My tongue flicked out, teasing the swollen nub with precise, controlled movements. I started with slow, deliberate licks, tracing the contours of her clitoris, feeling its hardness against my tongue.

"Mmmph!~ Ahh!~ Slurp!~"

The taste of her was intoxicating, a mix of her natural sweetness and the tang of her arousal. Each stroke of my tongue was calculated, designed to send waves of pleasure through her.

"Ooh!~ Mmm!~ Smack!~"

I alternated between soft, broad strokes and quick, sharp flicks, my tongue dancing over her clit in a rhythm that matched the thrusts of my fingers. I could feel her clit swell even more under the ministrations of my tongue, pulsating with her heartbeat.

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

I sucked gently, pulling it into my mouth, then released it, only to circle it with the tip of my tongue, teasing, coaxing.

"Ahh!~ Mmmph!~ Slurp!~"

Bella's moans grew louder, her protests forgotten in the wave of sensation.

"Daddy, oh god, Daddy!~" She gasped, her voice a mixture of desperation and ecstasy.

The dual stimulation was overwhelming her; my fingers inside her, filling and stretching, while my tongue worked her clit with a fervor that was almost primal.

"Mmm!~ Nnn!~ Suck!~ Ahh!~"

I felt the texture of her clit against my tongue, the way it seemed to respond to every touch, every flick. There was a rhythm to it, a dance between my fingers and tongue, both parts of me working in concert to push her towards the edge.

The warmth of her pussy around my fingers contrasted with the coolness of the air against my wet lips, creating a sensory experience that was as much for me as it was for her.

"Lick!~ Mmph!~ Ahh!~ Suck!~"

Her hips were now moving in time with my actions, her body seeking more, unable to escape the pleasure even if she wanted to. The way she reacted to each movement of my tongue, each thrust of my fingers, was intoxicating, feeding my own arousal as much as hers.

I could feel her getting closer, her body tensing, her breaths coming in short, sharp pants, her moans a continuous melody. "Ahh!~Daddy, please, oh, please!~"

The crescendo of Bella's pleasure finally reached its peak. With a shudder that shook her entire body, she let out a cry, "Daddy, I-I'm cumming!~!" as she squirted, the release so intense that it seemed to come from deep within her, a boatload of fluid gushing out, drenching everything around her—the counter, my hand, the floor.

"Squelch!~ Drip!~ Gloop!~ Splat!~"

"Plop!~ Thwap!~ Slosh!~ Glug!~"

I watched in awe, my fingers still inside her, feeling the spasms of her orgasm around them. And after the initial wave, her body continued to convulse with aftershocks, her breathing ragged and heavy.

Once the intensity subsided, I gently withdrew my fingers, reaching once again for the towel, now warm from the room's heat. With careful, tender strokes, I began to wipe her down, cleaning the aftermath of her release. The towel moved over her sensitive skin, absorbing the wetness, her body still trembling slightly with each touch.

"There, now we can proceed, Bella." I said with a satisfied smirk, my voice calm but laced with affection. I looked up at her, her face flushed, eyes wide with a mix of embarrassment and awe at what had just happened.

I then reached into the cupboard above the sink, pulling out the shaving kit. The metal of the razor gleamed under the bathroom light as I set everything on the counter. Next, I grabbed the can of shaving cream, giving it a good shake before I dispensed some onto my fingers.

"Alright, this might feel a little cool, so bear with me." I warned Bella, rubbing the cream between my fingers to warm it slightly, though the initial chill was unavoidable.

The cream was thick and white, frothing up between my fingers as I prepared to apply it.

I started at the top of her mound, where the fine hairs were most visible. My fingers, cool from the cream, touched her skin, spreading the foam in gentle, circular motions. The contrast between the

warmth of her skin and the coolness of the cream made Bella shiver slightly, a small gasp escaping her lips.

"Ahhh!~ Nnn!~ That tickles, Daddy!~"

I then worked the cream down, covering every area where the razor would go. The cream coated her outer labia, my fingers gliding over the soft, sensitive skin, ensuring a thorough application. I took my time, making sure the cream was evenly distributed, the sensation of my fingers against her now shaved area adding to the intimacy of the moment.

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

I spread the cream down between her labia, the touch more delicate here, mindful of her sensitivity post-orgasm.

My fingers traced the contours of her pussy, the cream providing a slick, cooling sensation that contrasted with the heat of her arousal.

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

I made sure every fold, every curve was covered, the foam making her skin appear almost hidden beneath its protective layer.

"Feeling okay?" I asked, my voice gentle, my eyes meeting hers for reassurance.

Her nod was slight, her breathing still a bit labored from earlier, but the care in my touch seemed to ease her.

I moved my fingers methodically, ensuring no spot was missed, the cream now creating a barrier between her skin and the razor to come. The act was methodical yet intimate, the coolness of the cream a soothing balm after the heat of passion, preparing her for the next step with care and precision.

"Done." I announced, giving Bella a reassuring smile as I set the can of shaving cream aside. "Time to move onto the main part." I picked up the razor, inspecting it closely to ensure it was in good condition—no nicks, the blade sharp but not too aggressive.

Bella's eyes widened with fear when she saw the razor, her voice trembling as she asked, "Will it be alright? I mean, that looks so sharp against..." Her words trailed off, the thought of the blade touching her sensitive skin clearly daunting.

I met her gaze, my expression one of calm confidence. "I promise, you'll be alright, Bella...Just trust me and this will all be over in a jiffy. " I assured her, my voice steady, hoping to transfer some of my confidence to her. I held her eyes with mine, showing her my resolve, my care.

Seeing the steadfastness in my eyes, Bella nodded timidly, her fear slowly giving way to trust. Then, in a moment of shy courage, she spread her legs wide for me, a coy look on her face.

The act was both an invitation and a display of vulnerability, revealing her tender pussy, now adorned with a layer of shaving cream, ready for its intimate haircut.

"Good girl." I whispered, more to soothe than to praise, as I positioned myself closer.

I dipped the razor into the warm water to ensure a smooth glide, then I gently began to shave her tight little cunt, my movements slow and precise...

Chapter 514: Moth To A Flame

I began at the top of her mound, where the hair was the thickest. With a steady hand, I applied the razor, moving it in long, gentle strokes down the centre, the blade cutting through the shaving cream and hair with ease.

"Hmmm!~ Slowly, Daddy!~"

The feel of the razor against her skin was initially a shock, the cool metal contrasting sharply with her warm flesh. I could see Bella's muscles tense slightly, but as the razor moved, leaving behind smooth skin, her tension seemed to melt into something more akin to anticipation.

Moving to the sides, I angled the razor to follow the natural curve of her body, the blade gliding along the contours of her outer labia. Here, the hair was finer but still required careful attention. Each stroke was deliberate, the razor barely touching her skin, the sound of it almost hypnotic.

"Ahhh!~ Shhh!~ I-It's so sharp!~"



Bella's breath caught with each glide, the coolness of the blade against her sensitive area sending a shiver down her spine, her fear turning into a different kind of thrill.

I then gently spread her outer lips to work on the inner labia, where the hair was sparse but still present. This part required even more precision; my fingers delicately held her skin taut, ensuring the razor could move smoothly without catching.

"Nnn!~ Hmm!~ Ahhhh!~"

The sensation here was intense for Bella; the vulnerability of the act, combined with the sensation of the blade so close to her clit, was intoxicating. She could feel every movement, the coolness of the razor enhancing the warmth of her arousal.

I then approached her perineum, the area between her vagina and anus, with utmost care. Here, I used shorter, more controlled strokes, the razor moving with a meticulous rhythm.

"Haugh!~ Huaghh!~ Hhhh!~"

The feeling here was uniquely erotic for Bella; the touch of the blade in such a sensitive area, where the skin was thin and the nerves close to the surface, turned the act into something deeply sensual. Her body responded, the coolness of the blade against her now smooth skin sending waves of pleasure through her.

Finally, I cleaned up any remaining hair around her inner thighs, where stray hairs might have escaped my earlier passes. The razor moved with ease, the last strokes feeling like a gentle caress after the intensity of shaving her more intimate parts. Each glide was a promise of care, a confirmation of trust, leaving her skin not just smooth but sensitised, every touch now amplified.

"Hahh!~ Haaah!~ Haaah!~"

By the time I was finished, Bella's fear had completely transformed into arousal. Her pussy, now completely bare, felt every subtle shift in the air, every movement of my hand, her body humming with a new kind of sensitivity.

The act, which started as something potentially scary, had turned into an intimate dance of sensations, her moans now soft affirmations of pleasure rather than fear.

I couldn't help but notice the glistening moisture returning, a clear sign she was getting wet again. With a playful smirk, I teased, "Looks like someone's getting turned on by a little shave, huh?"

Bella's cheeks flushed a deeper shade of red, her voice a flustered mix of denial and embarrassment. "No, no, I'm not, it's just...I-It's the water." She stammered, trying to convince both of us, though her body told a different story.

"Oh, come on, your body's betraying you." I chuckled, not buying her denial for a second. To prove my point, I took the razor, ensuring the blade was safe and not at an angle to cut, and gently began to rub the back of the razor against her now exposed and sensitive clitoris.

"No, wait, Daddy, don't!" Bella's protests were immediate.

But her words were contradicted by the way her hips subtly moved towards the touch, her body seeking more. The cool metal against her warm, swollen clit was a sensation unlike any other, sending electric shivers through her.

"Ahhh!~ Noo, D-Daddy!~ Nnnn!~"

Her protests turned into gasps and soft moans, the eroticism of the moment overwhelming her initial resistance. The sensation of the razor against her clit, though unconventional, was undeniably stimulating, the coolness and the smooth surface providing a new kind of friction that only heightened her arousal.

"You see, your reactions don't lie." I teased, my voice low and laced with desire as I continued this delicate play, watching her closely for any sign of discomfort, ready to stop if needed.

With an intense and risky touch, I took the razor, ensuring every move was controlled and slow, and gently, with the utmost caution, allowed the sharp edge of the blade to kiss her clitoris, not to cut but to glide over it with a feather-like touch. The blade was so sharp that it barely needed any pressure, the edge just whispering against her swollen, sensitive clit.

"T-That' dangerous!~ Noo!~ Ahhnnn!~"

The sensation was like nothing Bella had experienced before; the sharpness of the blade, even without applying pressure, provided a sensation of cool metal against the warm, engorged flesh of her clitoris.

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

It was a dance of danger and desire, the sharp edge moving with such precision that it didn't break the skin but instead sent waves of intense, almost electric pleasure through her.

I increased the pressure slightly, the edge now pressing more firmly against her clit, moving back and forth in a rhythm that mimicked the motions one might use with a finger.

Each stroke was calculated, the metal edge providing a unique friction against her sensitive flesh. It wasn't the sharpness of the blade but the cool, smooth curve that was doing the work, the edge of the handle brushing over her clit, each pass sending little shocks of pleasure through her.

"Ahhh!~ Stop!~ Mmph!~ You shouldn't!~ Nnn!~ Oooh!~"

The sensation was both foreign and intensely erotic; the coolness of the metal against her warmth, the smooth glide over her most sensitive spot, created an experience that was hard to describe. It was like a cold kiss on her clit, the metal edge not cutting or scraping but rather stimulating with its hardness and coolness.

"Shhh!~ Nnn!~ Aughh!~"

Bella's body responded in kind, her clit swelling even more under this unusual stimulation, the nerves there firing off signals of pleasure mixed with the surprise of the sensation. Her hips moved subtly, seeking more of this new, intriguing feeling, her protests now weak, overtaken by the increasing arousal.

"N-No!~ Mmm!~ Aughh!~"

The edge of the razor, with its smooth, cool surface, was like nothing she'd felt before; it wasn't just the physical sensation but the psychological thrill of such an unconventional act. Each stroke over her clitoris was a dance between danger and pleasure, the edge of the metal providing a unique texture that was both soothing and stimulating, pushing her arousal to new heights.

The sensations overwhelmed Bella to the point of surrender, her body and mind unable to resist the flood of pleasure any longer. "Okay, okay, I admit it!" She gasped out, her voice a mix of embarrassment and arousal. "I-I really do get turned on by this...I really do get excited by something dangerous like this!"

Her confession brought a delighted grin to my face. "Glad you admitted you're a bit of a pervert...Guess it runs in the family." I teased, my voice full of affection rather than judgement.

And with that, I leaned in, pressing a gentle kiss directly to her now bare, sensitive pussy, my lips feeling the smoothness of her skin against them. I then followed the kiss with a soft squeeze, my hand cupping her pussy, feeling the warmth and the slight pulse of her arousal.

"All done," I declared with satisfaction, pulling back slightly. "Next time you can follow what I did or just call me over once...I'll most definitely help you out." My tone was playful, knowing this would fluster her even more.

Bella's face turned an even deeper shade of red, her embarrassment clear but mixed with a shy smile. "Y-You're terrible, Daddy!" She managed to say, though there was no real annoyance in her voice, just a playful acknowledgement of how deeply our intimacy had just gone.

I chuckled, standing up to clean up the mess we'd made, leaving her there, still catching her breath, her mind a whirlwind of emotions and sensations, the cool air now feeling even more pronounced against her newly shaved skin.

And while I was in the midst of cleaning, my mind already shifting to the calm of the living room, Bella's voice, thick with desire, suddenly called out to me, "Daddy~"

Turning at the sound to see what she was calling me for in such a seductive tone, my breath caught in my throat.

There she was, legs spread wide on the bathroom counter, her gaze piercing through me with a sultry, almost predatory look. Her body was an open invitation; her newly shaved pussy was on full display, the pink, wet flesh beckoning me back.

"Just like I told you..." She purred, her voice dripping with seduction. "I'm still a little turned on right now." With a teasing, coy smile, she brought her fingers down, parting her lips to reveal her

glistening arousal, the wetness catching the light in a way that was almost hypnotic. "So, could you help your daughter out and calm this excitement of mine?" She asked, her voice a sultry whisper, her fingers spreading herself further, invitingly.

My surprise quickly morphed into a visceral reaction of desire. The sight of her, so brazenly inviting, sent a rush of heat through my veins.

"You really are insatiable, Bella." I murmured, my voice low with lust as I stepped back towards her, my eyes locked on her open, wet pussy.

The air was thick with anticipation, her scent filling the space, drawing me in like a moth to flame...

Chapter 515: Fill Me Up! ~

I leaned closer, my breath mingling with hers, ready to give in to her demand, to touch, to taste, to satisfy this mutual craving that seemed to pulse between us.

"What kind of father would I be if I couldn't even help out my little girl when she needs a favour?" I said, my voice dripping with a mix of reproach and genuine desire. With that, I unzipped my pants, pulling out my cock, the sight of which made Bella's eyes widen with a mix of fluster and anticipation.

I stepped closer, positioning myself between her legs, and with a deliberate, teasing slowness, I slapped my heavy cock against her wet pussy, the sound echoing slightly in the bathroom.

Thwack!~

The contact made her gasp, the warmth and weight of my cock against her sensitive flesh sending shivers through her.

"Look at you..." I murmured, rubbing my shaft along her slit, feeling her wetness coat me. "How much does my baby girl want this cock?" My voice was low, watching her eyes darken with lust.

Bella met my gaze with a lewd look, her voice a sultry whisper, "I want it so much, Daddy!~ I need it!~" Her words were like fuel to the fire already burning between us.

"Is that so?" I teased, dragging my cock back and forth over her clit, watching her body react, her hips lifting to seek more contact. "You need me to fill you up, huh?"

"Yes, please!~" She begged, her eyes never leaving mine, her need palpable in the air.

"Say it!" I demanded, my voice thick with lust. "Say out loud you want me to shove my cock inside you!"

With a lewd, unabashed look in her eyes, Bella moaned out, "I want you to shove your cock inside me, Daddy!~ I want you to mess my little pussy up!~" Her words were like an electric shock to my system, her desire laid bare in the most erotic way.

Without another moment's hesitation, I gave her what she craved, ramming my cock into her with one swift, powerful thrust.

"Aughh!~"

Her body arched, a cry of pleasure escaping her lips as she was filled completely. The sensation was overwhelming, the tightness of her around me, the heat, the wetness, all of it combining into a perfect storm of sensation.

"Ahhh!~ Mmm!~ Suck!~ Ooooh!~"

Mmmm!~ Nnnn!~ Smack!~ Ahhh!~"

With each thrust, I felt Bella's body respond, her pussy clenching around me, drawing me deeper into her. Our bodies moved in a rhythm that was both primal and intimate, the bathroom now filled with the sounds of our passion.

"You feel so tight, Bella." I growled, my hands gripping her hips, pulling her onto me with each movement. "Does my little girl like how Daddy fills her up?"

"Yes, Daddy, I love it!~" Bella moaned, her voice a mix of innocence and corruption, her eyes glazed with pleasure. "Your cock feels so good inside me!~ Ahhh!~ I-I don't think I can live without it!~ Annn!~"

I leaned forward, capturing her lips in a hungry kiss, our tongues dancing as I continued to thrust into her. "Tell me you're Daddy's good girl." I whispered against her lips, my pace quickening, each push sending waves of pleasure through us both.

"I'm your good girl, Daddy!~" She gasped, her nails digging into my back, urging me on. "Only yours!~"

"Ooooh!~ Mmmm!~ Suck!~ Ahhh!~ Suck~ Mmmph!~ Lick~"

The playful words intensified our connection, each declaration of ownership and need amplifying the erotic charge. I shifted her slightly, angling to hit that spot inside her that made her eyes roll back, her moans turning into cries of ecstasy.

"Daddy, please, harder!~" She pleaded, her voice breaking with the intensity of her arousal.

"Ooooh!~ Mmm!~ Yes, just like that!~ Aaahhh!~ Unghh!~ Ohhh!~"

I complied, driving into her with more force, watching as her breasts bounced with each thrust, her body shuddering under the pleasure.

"Yesss!~ Ahhh!~ Mmmm!~ Ooooh!~ Unghhh!~ Ohhh, yes!~"

The intensity of the moment was too raw, too consuming to end so soon. Sensing the need for a change, I withdrew from her, watching her pant, her chest heaving with desire and anticipation.

"Turn around, baby girl." I instructed, my voice thick with lust, guiding her gently by the hips.

Bella complied, turning around on the counter, presenting her back to me, her perky, pale, white ass slightly lifted and inviting with its every sway.

I positioned myself behind her, marvelling at the sight of her, so eager, so ready. My hands roamed over her back, down to her hips, pulling her back against me.

I lined myself up, feeling the heat of her pussy against my tip, and with a groan, I pushed back into her, this new angle allowing me to go even deeper.

"Aughhh!~ Ann!~"

"I love this view, Bella...I just love how your meaty ass jiggles around every time I smack into it." I murmured, my hands now gripping her ass, guiding her movements against me. Each thrust was met with a moan from Bella, her body arching, pushing back to meet my every move.

"Yesss!~ Ahhh!~ Mmmm!~ Ooooh!~ Unghhh!~ Ohhh, yes!~"

"Tell me how good it feels, baby." I demanded, my rhythm steady, each stroke intended to drive her wild.

"It feels so good, Daddy!~" She gasped out, her voice a mix of pleasure and desperation. "You're so deep t-that I can't even breath!~"

I leaned over her, my chest against her back, my breath hot against her ear as I asked, "You like Daddy taking you from behind, don't you?"

"Yes, Daddy, I love it!~" She moaned, her hands gripping the edge of the counter for leverage, her body rocking back into mine with each thrust. "I love it more then anything in the world!~ Ahhh!~"

"Ooooh!~ Yesss!~ Mmm, yes!~ Ahhh!~ Mmmph!~ Ohhh!~"

The change in position intensified everything: the angle, the depth, the sounds of our bodies coming together. I reached around to stroke her clit, adding to her pleasure, feeling her pussy tighten around me in response.

"Are you going to be Daddy's good girl and take all of me?" I asked, my voice rough with desire, the pace of our movements building.

"Yes, Daddy, all of you!~" She whimpered, the combination of my cock inside her and my fingers on her clit sending her spiralling towards another peak.

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



Our rhythm was relentless now, the change in position unlocking new depths of pleasure for both of us. I could feel every inch of her, the way her body responded to each thrust, pulling me in deeper, begging for more.

"You're so tight, baby girl." I growled, my fingers still working her clit in circles, feeling her body quiver with each touch. "Daddy's going to fill you up so good."

"Please, Daddy!~" Bella moaned, her voice laced with a need that matched my own, her hips moving back to meet my thrusts, creating a perfect harmony of motion. "Fill me up until my tummy is full of you!~"

"Yesss!~ Ahhh!~ Mmmm!~ Ooooh!~ Unghhh!~ Ohhh, yes!~"

I shifted my grip, one hand steadying her waist while the other continued its assault on her clit, my thrusts now more forceful, hitting that spot inside her that made her cry out with pleasure.

"Look at you, so eager for Daddy." I teased, my voice a low whisper in her ear as I leaned in closer, my body covering hers, the intimacy of our positions heightening every sensation. "You love being Daddy's little plaything, don't you?"

"Yes, Daddy, I love it!~" She admitted, her words punctuated by her moans, her body tensing as she neared another climax, the edge of control slipping.

I could feel my own climax building up, the heat and friction between us almost unbearable in its intensity. "Not yet, baby girl." I murmured, slowing my pace just enough to keep us both on the edge, prolonging the exquisite torture of our shared desire.

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

Bella whimpered, her body trembling under me, her pussy gripping me tighter, her need palpable. "Daddy, please, I can't hold back!~" She begged, her voice breaking with the strain of holding back her release.

"Just a little longer." I coaxed, my voice a mix of command and affection, my thrusts becoming more deliberate, each one a promise of the release to come.

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

The room was filled with the sounds of our passion, our bodies moving in sync, the tension building to a crescendo we both knew would be explosive when finally allowed to break free.

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

The tension was palpable, the air thick with our combined arousal. I fought to hold back, to prolong this moment of exquisite torture, but the way Bella's body responded, her moans escalating, her pussy tightening with each thrust, was too much.

"Alright, baby girl, let go for Daddy." I finally commanded, my pace quickening once more. I felt her body tense, her breath catching in her throat as she teetered on the edge.

"Daddy, oh god, Daddy!~ I-I'm cumming!~ I'm cumming so much!~" She cried out, her voice a mix of relief and ecstasy as she finally let go.

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

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

Her orgasm hit like a tidal wave, her pussy convulsing around me, pulling me deeper into her, her body shaking with the force of her release.

"Thwap!~ Schlurp!~ Squish!~ Sploosh!~"

Her climax triggered mine; I couldn't hold back any longer. With a deep groan, I thrust into her one final time, my cock pulsing as I came inside her, filling her with my hot release.

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

The sensation was overwhelming, the warmth of my cum mingling with her own fluids, creating a new level of intimacy between us.

As we stayed locked together, I could feel our combined liquids start to leak out from her, a warm, sticky sensation that traced down her thighs, a tangible sign of our shared ecstasy.

Slick~

Slowly, I pulled out, watching as more of our mixture escaped, glistening in the light, marking her skin with the evidence of our passion.

"You did so good, Bella." I whispered, turning her gently to face me, my hands soothing over her skin, grounding her back to reality from the heights of ecstasy.

Bella, still flushed and breathless, leaned into my touch, her eyes meeting mine with a mix of satisfaction and lingering desire. "T-Thank you, Daddy." She murmured as her lips approached mine.

"Smooch!~ Smooch!~ Kiss!~ Smooch!~ Sip!~"

We shared a kiss, slow and deep, the bathroom now quiet save for our calming breaths as both of us were still aware of the warm reminder of our union still dripping from her lower garden that was quite swollen at the moment...

Chapter 516: I'm On A Call Right Now

Bella laid limp on the bathroom counter, her chest rising and falling as she tried to catch her breath, too exhausted to move. Her flushed face turned slightly toward me, her lips parting as if she wanted to speak, but no words came.

I zipped up my pants, fastening my belt with calm efficiency. Glancing at her, I said simply, "I'm going to check on your mom and see if this surprise of yours is ready or not. You can...well rest up here."

Her eyes widened faintly, a flicker of something unspoken passing through them, but she stayed silent, too drained to respond.

Straightening my shirt, I turned and opened the door, pausing only briefly before stepping out and letting it close softly behind me.

I headed downstairs, the faint murmur of Camila's voice drawing me toward the living room, and there she stood by the window, bathed in the golden glow of late afternoon, the phone pressed to her ear as she spoke in that smooth, deliberate tone of hers.

"...Yes, it needs to arrive as soon as possible." She said, her voice calm but insistent. "And make sure everything is accounted for. No surprises, please, as we thought we would've already received the package by now."

I paused in the doorway, leaning against the frame as I watched her. My curiosity prickled again, the same question I'd been turning over all day rising to the surface.

What was she planning?

Camila rarely asked me to stick around without a reason, and the way she'd smiled when she told me there was a surprise waiting had left me intrigued—and suspicious.

I stood in the doorway, arms crossed, watching as she resumed her conversation on the phone. She paced slowly near the window, her voice calm and precise.

"Yes, it's fragile, so ensure the packaging is secure. Double-layered if necessary." She instructed, her tone carrying a subtle edge of authority.

Her hips swayed naturally as she moved, the soft rhythm catching my attention despite myself.

The curve of her body was impossible to ignore—the way the sunlight traced along her figure, emphasizing the fullness of her hips and the shape of her ass. She wasn't trying to be alluring; it was just...effortless.

I shifted my stance, swallowing hard as my eyes lingered.

"And try to bring it as quickly as you can, please." She continued, gesturing slightly with her hand as she turned, her movements fluid. "It should be there at least in half an hour or so."

She turned again, resuming her slow pacing, the sway of her hips almost hypnotic. Her voice was calm and focused, but I wasn't hearing her words anymore. All I could focus on was the way her presence seemed to fill the room, how every slight movement drew me in.

Before I knew it, I had stepped into the room. My feet moved without conscious thought, and within moments, I was behind her, close enough to catch the faint, intoxicating scent of her perfume.

"... Yes, I'll need a confirmation email—" She was saying when I reached out and wrapped my arms around her waist, pulling her gently but firmly into a hug.

As my arms wrapped around her waist, the first thing that struck me was how soft she was.

Her body was a masterpiece of curves, and now, pressed firmly against me, I could feel every inch of her lush figure.

My hands rested just above her hips, where her waist dipped in smoothly, accentuating the flare of her wide, inviting hips.

But it was her ass that truly commanded my attention—full, round, and impossibly soft, with just the right amount of firmness to make my grip tighten instinctively.

It pressed back against me perfectly, a temptation I couldn't ignore, my fingers twitching with the urge to explore further. The way it moved subtly with even the slightest shift of her stance made it impossible not to notice, a magnet for my focus as my hold lingered.

Her hair also brushed against my face as I leaned closer, thick and silky, a cascade of jet-black waves that smelt like jasmine-sweet, floral, and utterly intoxicating. It was a scent that suited her perfectly, subtle yet commanding, drawing me in deeper as I closed my eyes for just a moment to savour it.

But before I could lose myself completely, Camila's voice cut through my thoughts, sharp and pointed.

"Kafka..." She said, her tone laced with surprise as her body stiffened against me. She craned her neck, casting a sharp glance back over her shoulder as she asked while covering her phone, "What the hell are you doing? Can't you see that I'm on the phone"

I smirked, holding her firm but without forcing her. My fingers flexed slightly on her hips as I leaned in closer, my voice low and teasing. "With you swaying your plump ass like that, Camila..." I murmured, letting the words roll out slowly. "...How could you expect me to resist? It's like you're asking me to come over here and embrace you."

She rolled her eyes dramatically, her head shaking in exasperation.

"Are you serious right now? I'm on the phone, Kafka." She hissed, keeping her voice low but sharp as she gestured with the hand not holding the receiver. "I don't have time for this nonsense. Let go and go away!"

But I didn't budge. If anything, I pressed myself closer against her, letting her feel just how much I wasn't about to let her brush me off.

Her full hips fit perfectly against me, and I leaned down just enough for my lips to hover near her ear. "If you really want me to stop..." I said softly, dragging out the words for effect. "...then I'll just leave. No waiting around for this so-called surprise you've been teasing me with. I'll head straight home right now."

Her body tensed further, and she froze, clearly caught off guard by my threat. Her hand gripped the edge of the counter as she tilted her head slightly, her expression somewhere between frustration and hesitation.

"You wouldn't..." She muttered, though there was a faint uncertainty in her tone that told me she wasn't entirely sure I wouldn't follow through.

"Try me...I can just go back home and embrace another beautiful woman like you who wouldn't do anything to fight back because of how timid she is in front of her son." I grinned, my voice dipping even lower as I brought my mother into the conversation.

There was a pause, long enough for her to consider her options. Finally, with a reluctant sigh that practically oozed irritation, she muttered, "Fine. Whatever. Do what you want."

Her words brought a spark of triumph to my chest, but she wasn't done.

"But..." She continued, her voice firmer now. "You'd better stay quiet. I'm trying to finish this call, and if you make any noise, I'll throw you out myself." She shot me a glare over her shoulder, her eyes narrowed in warning.

I chuckled softly, brushing my lips against her hair just enough for her to feel it. "Quiet as a shadow." I promised, my tone smug as I settled more comfortably against her.

She muttered something under her breath, likely unflattering, before turning her focus back to the phone.

"Yes, sorry." She said into the receiver, her voice quickly switching back to that smooth, professional tone as though nothing had happened. "Where were we? Oh, so you're already nearby and need the direction...Let me help you out."

Camila pressed the phone closer to her ear, her tone growing sharper as she tried to guide the delivery person. "No, it's the second driveway on the left." She said, her voice calm but edged with frustration. "Yes, the one with the old bridge and the tall oak trees. It's not hard to find."

I smirked behind her, watching the way she tried to maintain her composure, utterly absorbed in her conversation.

She always had this way of multitasking, of juggling her charm and sharpness effortlessly. But I was still too wound up, and the sway of her hips earlier had left me restless, which made my restless hands take a step further.

Carress~

Leaning in closer, I let my hands slide up from her waist, brushing against the soft fabric of her blouse until they settled higher, cupping her full, pale breasts through the thin material. My thumbs pressed lightly against hers, the warmth of her body seeping through the fabric as I squeezed gently.

Camila stiffened immediately, her breath hitching audibly. She turned her head slightly, glaring at me out of the corner of her eye, her cheeks already tinged with pink. "Kafka, you..." She hissed under her breath, keeping her tone low so the person on the other end wouldn't hear.

I didn't reply, just hummed softly as my fingers traced over her, enjoying the way she squirmed in irritation.

"No, not you, miss." She quickly said into the phone, her tone sharp as she tried to cover for her reaction. "I'm talking to...someone else. Yes, the region code is 1256. Did you get that?"

I chuckled quietly against her ear, my lips brushing just barely against the soft skin of her neck. "You're so tense, Camila." I murmured, my hands kneading her breasts a little more firmly. "You should relax...Let me help with that."

Her glare sharpened, and she tried to twist slightly in my hold, but I held her firmly, my fingers teasing at the curves of her chest. "Kafka..." She muttered again, her voice a mixture of annoyance and fluster. "I swear, if you don't stop-"

"Relax." I murmured, cutting her off with a teasing grin. "I'm being quiet, just like you asked...You're the one getting all worked up."

Chapter 517: No, I'm Not Speaking To You

Camila's blush deepened, but she refused to let it break her focus entirely. "Yes, I said 1256." She repeated into the phone, though her voice wavered slightly now. "Once you're through the gate, take the path on the right...Yes, the one with the gravel."

Camila's voice was a mix of sharpness and strain as she continued her directions, her body pressed against mine, a captive to my touch.

Stroke~

I let my hands wander further, my fingers tracing the contours of her breasts through her blouse, feeling the way they filled my palms, their weight and warmth intoxicating. The fabric was thin, almost non-existent under my touch, allowing me to sense every reaction her body gave.

Feel~

I could feel her nipples hardening beneath the material, responding to my slow, deliberate movements. My thumbs circled them, pressing down just enough to make her inhale sharply, the sound barely contained.

Each touch seemed to send a ripple through her, her body tensing and then relaxing in a rhythm that matched my teasing, her breasts rising and falling with her increasingly erratic breaths.



"O-Once you're through the gate, take the path on the right." She said into the phone, her voice trembling slightly.

Caress~

My hands were gentle, almost reverent in their exploration, squeezing softly, then with more intent, feeling the give of her flesh, the way it moulded to my touch. I could sense her struggle, the conflict between her need to finish the call and the pleasure that was slowly uncoiling within her.

"Yes, once y-you've seen that building, take a left...Nnn!~"

As she continued her conversation, her voice was a strained melody, fighting to maintain professionalism while my actions did everything to distract her.

My fingers, which had been teasing her through her blouse, now sought more direct contact. With a swift motion, I slipped my hands beneath the hem of her blouse, feeling the warmth of her skin against my cold hands.

The fabric of her blouse bunched up as I pushed it upwards, revealing the smooth expanse of her back before my hands ventured around to her front.

My fingers grazed the lace of her bra, the texture contrasting sharply with the smoothness of her skin. I traced the outline of her breasts through the bra, the cups filled to perfection, the soft flesh spilling slightly over the edges.

"Mmmm!~"

Her body shivered at the touch, her breath catching in her throat. She shot me a look, her eyes wide with a mix of warning and something else, something darker. "Ahh!~ Y-Yes, straight until you see the pond. Mmm!~" She said into the phone, her voice now a whisper of its former self.

Ignoring her silent protest, I unhooked her bra with practiced ease, the clasps coming undone with a small sound that was drowned by her voice.

I pulled the straps down her arms, letting the bra fall away, revealing her breasts, pale and full, the nipples already hardened from my earlier treatment.

Bounce~

Camila's eyes fluttered closed for a moment, her head tilting back slightly, giving me more access.

My hands cupped her, feeling the weight of her breasts without the barrier of fabric, the warmth and softness overwhelming. I squeezed gently, my thumbs brushing over her nipples, now free and sensitive to the air, to my touch.

Grope~ Caress~ Grope~

"Take the left p-path by the pond. Annn!~" She managed, her words strained, her focus wavering. I leaned in, my lips grazing her neck, my breath hot against her skin as I continued to explore her body.

My hands were now more daring, lifting her breasts as if weighing them, my fingers pressing into the soft flesh, feeling the fullness, the way they responded to my touch.

I kneaded her breasts with a sensual rhythm, my fingers tracing circles around her nipples before pinching them lightly, pulling at them, eliciting a soft gasp from her that she tried to stifle.

The sensation for me was intense, the nakedness of her skin against my hands, the slight give under my firm touch, her nipples hard and responsive.

Grope~ Stroke~ Grope~

Her body was a canvas of arousal, each touch painting a new shade of desire on her skin, the contrast of her pale flesh against the darker room around us making everything more vivid. I could feel her leaning back into me, her resistance fading, her body betraying her with its responses.

"Mmm!~ Y-Yes, you'll see the house then. Ahh!~" She murmured into the phone, her voice now laced with the undeniable signs of her arousal, her words a struggle between maintaining the conversation and succumbing to the sensations I was drawing from her.

But then suddenly, Camila's voice broke the spell momentarily as she realised her mistake. "Wait, no." She said quickly into the phone, her tone urgent. "That road is blocked. You'll have to take the long way around, through the back entrance."

The news meant more time for us, more time for my 'torture', as she would probably call it. Her frustration was palpable, but it mixed with the undeniable arousal I was stoking within her.

I didn't waste the opportunity. My hands, still warm from the heat of her breasts, slid down her body, tracing every curve and dip, the softness of her skin a stark contrast to the roughness of my touch. I felt her stomach tense under my fingers, her breath quickening as I moved lower, my intentions clear.

Reaching her pants, I hooked my fingers into the waistband, pulling them down slowly, the fabric sliding over her hips, revealing the smooth curve of her ass.

Her panties, a delicate barrier, clung to her form, accentuating her shape. I took a moment to admire her, her ass full, round, and inviting, the flesh soft yet firm, a perfect blend of curves that filled my hands.

I then descended to my knees, my eyes level with her backside, taking in the sight. Her skin was pale, almost luminous, contrasting with the darker lace of her panties. The roundness of her cheeks, the slight jiggle as she shifted her weight, all of it was a feast for the senses.

Camila was still on the call, her voice now more strained, trying to concentrate on giving new directions. "G-Go past the old barn, then take the second r-right. Mmm!~" She instructed, her words faltering as my hands made contact with her skin.

Grope~

I started with gentle caresses, my hands running over the expanse of her ass, feeling the warmth, the texture of her skin. My fingers dug in slightly, kneading the flesh, watching as her body responded, the muscles tensing then relaxing under my touch. I spread her cheeks slightly, admiring the sight, the intimate vulnerability of the moment.

Caress~

My hands were thorough, exploring every inch, squeezing, lifting her ass as if to appreciate the weight, the fullness. I could hear her breath catching, her attempts at maintaining her conversation becoming more desperate.

"Ahhh!~ Y-Yes, that's correct, you'll see the gate then. Mmm!~" She said, but her voice was now laced with frustration and arousal.

With her pants already around her ankles, I didn't hesitate to slide her panties down as well, letting them fall to join the rest of her clothes.

The sight of her completely bare ass before me was breathtaking, the flawless curves and the soft, inviting skin begging for more than just a touch.

I pressed my face into the fullness of her cheeks, the warmth enveloping me, my nose and lips sinking into the soft flesh. Her skin was smooth, slightly cool at first, but quickly warmed by my breath.

Smush~

I inhaled deeply, the scent of her, intimate and arousing, filling my senses. The mix of her natural fragrance and the slight muskiness of her arousal was intoxicating.

Sniff~

My hands then gripped her hips, pulling her back slightly to give me better access, her ass cheeks parting naturally under my touch, letting me gently bite into her flesh, not enough to hurt but enough to leave a mark, to let her feel the pressure of my teeth, the slight pain mingling with pleasure.

"Ahhh!~ N-No, Kafka!~" Camila gasped, her voice faltering on the phone, her body tensing under the sensation.

"N-No, not you, Miss. Mmm!~ You can just continue ahead. Ahhh!~" She managed to say, her words breaking as I moved from biting to kissing, my lips and tongue exploring every inch of her.

My kisses were slow and deliberate, tasting the saltiness of her skin, leaving wet marks where my mouth had been.

Kiss~ Kiss~ Kiss~

Then, with a devilish intent, I spread her cheeks wider, exposing her completely. My tongue found her anus, circling it first, the tip of my tongue teasing the sensitive skin, feeling her shudder.

"Ahh!~ Haugh!~ Nnn!~"

I could hear her breath hitch, her grip on the phone tightening, her attention divided between the call and the overwhelming sensations.

I began to lick her, my tongue pressing against her, exploring the tight ring of muscle, tasting her in this most intimate of ways. The texture was different here, more intimate, more forbidden, and I savoured every moment, every taste.

My tongue moved in slow, deliberate strokes, then with more pressure, penetrating slightly, eliciting a soft moan from Camila that she barely managed to suppress.

"Nnnn!~ Augh!~ Haa!~"

Her body was responding in ways she couldn't control; her hips moved subtly, pushing back against my mouth, seeking more of the sensation. My hands roamed over her ass, squeezing, pulling her closer as if to consume her entirely with this act.

"Y-Yes, you should...y-you should see it now. Aughh!~" She said, her voice trembling, the words coming out in short bursts as she struggled to maintain any semblance of normalcy in her conversation.

Chapter 518: Awkward Silence

I continued my exploration of Camila's little pink asshole, my tongue now more insistent, lapping, circling, occasionally dipping inside her, driving her further into a state of distracted arousal. The taste, the texture, the act itself was an aphrodisiac, pushing us both into a realm where only pleasure mattered.

And then realising our time was fleeting, I shifted my strategy.

My fingers, wet from her arousal and my own saliva, found her anus, the tight entrance still pulsing from my earlier ministrations. I pressed one finger against her, the pad of my finger circling her rim before pushing in with a deliberate, firm motion. The initial resistance was followed by the slow, tight embrace of her body, her muscle yielding to my invasion.

"Hnnnn!~"

I didn't give her time to adjust; with a second finger, I intensified my assault, pushing both in, stretching her wider.

"Ahhhh!~"

My fingers moved with purpose, in and out, each thrust more aggressive than the last. I angled my fingers slightly, searching for that spot inside her that would make her knees buckle.

"Ahhnn!~ D-Don't mind me and take...take the left...Hnnn!~" Camila managed to say into the phone, her voice trembling with the effort to concentrate as I began to move my fingers in a rhythm, pulling nearly out before plunging back in, each penetration deeper, more forceful.

"Squish!~ Splish!~ Glug!~ Plop!~"

I could feel her body respond, the slickness increasing, her anus becoming wetter with each thrust, the lubrication from her arousal and my saliva making the slide smoother, more erotic.

"Gloop!~ Squelch!~ Thwap!~ Splat!~"

The pressure of my fingers was relentless, curling inside her, pressing against the front wall, hitting that sensitive spot that made her breath catch. I added a slight twist to my movements, a corkscrew motion that seemed to drive her wild, her body tensing and releasing with each twist and thrust.

"It's!~ ...I-It's the second house on the right!~ Aughh!~" She gasped, her words broken by the sensations coursing through her.

Her twitching anus was now incredibly wet, the sounds of my fingers working her filling the room, a testament to how aroused she was.

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

I increased the pace, my fingers moving faster and deeper, the aggressive penetration mixing with the stimulation of her clit, creating an overwhelming wave of pleasure.

"Squelch!~ Drip!~ Gloop!~ Splat!~"

I could feel her body reaching its limit, her muscles contracting around my fingers in rhythmic spasms.

"Plop!~ Thwap!~ Slosh!~ Glug!~"

And then with one final, deep push, my fingers curled to press against her most sensitive part from the inside while my thumb pressed down on her clit, the dual stimulation pushing her over the edge.

"Mmm!~ You'll!~...See!~...T-The!~...Blue mailbox on the—Aughhhh!~"

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

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

The result was explosive; she squirted powerfully, not just from her pussy but from her anus too, the intensity of her orgasm causing a double release.

"Thwap!~ Schlurp!~ Squish!~ Sploosh!~"

Her body shook, her legs trembling as she climaxed, the wet sounds of her release mixing with her muted cries of pleasure, her voice breaking on the phone.

"Y-Yes, that's...Oh!~...the place. Nnn!~" She managed to say, barely audible as the last waves of her orgasm washed over her.

With those words, her legs gave out, and she collapsed onto the floor, her body mostly naked except for the bunched-up blouse around her waist, landing directly in the puddle of her own love juices. Her pants, discarded earlier, were now soaked through where they lay, a testament to the intensity of her release.

But even after going through all that intense stimulation, she didn't seem to give up on the package that was coming as she looked up at me, her face flushed with the afterglow and embarrassment, her eyes wide with the realization of her state.

"Kafka..." She said, her voice a mix of fluster and command. "Go...Go receive the package. I can't...I-I can't go like this." She gestured weakly at her drenched pants and the mess around her.

I stood over her, watching with a triumphant smirk, enjoying the sight of her dishevelled and vulnerable.

"No." I replied simply to her shock, my tone teasing but firm. "Whatever you have in store is a surprise, isn't it? So wouldn't I ruin the surprise if went and picked it up myself."

Camila's pretty blue eyes flashed with irritation, cheeks burning even brighter as she pushed herself up slightly, sitting in the wet aftermath of her climax.

"I'm not going out like this, Kafka!" She exclaimed, her voice rising with frustration, and she continued saying, "I'll ask Bella to go instead."

I chuckled, squatting down to be eye-level with her, my gaze roaming over her exposed form. "Bella can't go either." I said, my voice dripping with amusement. "She's in a similar state, thanks to me." I added with a smirk, implying that I had left Bella in no condition to answer the door.

Camila's frustration was palpable, her breath coming in quick, indignant huffs as she wondered if giving someone like me a surprise was even worth it.

"Fine! I'll do it myself!" She finally snapped, though there was a quiver of defeat in her voice.



She then scrambled to her feet, her legs shaky, her body still glistening with sweat and fluids. She hastily pulled her blouse down, covering herself as best she could, and pulled up her pants, which were atrociously wet.

She then moved towards the door, her movements uncertain, her dignity somewhat salvaged by her resolve to not let the situation defeat her entirely. I watched her go, the sight of her trying to regain composure amusing and arousing all at once.

Camila paused, her hand trembling on the doorknob, the reality of her dishevelled state finally sinking in. She adjusted her blouse, the fabric doing little to disguise the sweat clinging to her skin and the faintly damp patch between her thighs. Her cheeks burnt hotter than ever as she tried to summon some semblance of composure.

When she finally cracked the door open, the delivery woman stood there, her face bright with an easy smile and a large box balanced against her hip.

But the smile on her face faltered as her eyes took in the scene: Camila's flushed face, the rumpled blouse, and, most damningly, the utterly ruined state of her pants. A flicker of surprise flashed across her features, her gaze dropping to the unmistakable wetness, then darting back up to Camila's mortified expression.

"I—um—your package." The woman stammered, her own cheeks beginning to colour as though absorbing the tension radiating from Camila.

She shifted awkwardly on her feet, her professional demeanour crumbling in the face of such an unexpected sight. The delivery woman's own sense of embarrassment grew as her imagination raced, painting vivid, scandalous scenarios about what might have unfolded behind that door, especially since she kept on hearing rather suspicious sounds on the phone.

Camila's breath hastened, her lips parting as if to explain—or perhaps to deny—but no words came.

Both women stood there, caught in the spiralling awkwardness of the moment. Camila's fingers brushed her damp hair self-consciously, and the delivery woman averted her eyes, her own cheeks flushed as if she'd stumbled upon something far more intimate than a simple delivery...

Chapter 519: My Wife Is Quite Sensitive

The door wasn't even fully closed before I stepped into the moment, Camila's rigid posture and the delivery girl's burning red face practically begging for my intervention—or, more accurately, my

mischief. I slid up beside Camila, my hand settling firmly on her bare shoulder, the slight tremble of her body under my touch like music to my ears.

"Well, well..." I murmured, letting my voice carry a teasing weight as I glanced at the delivery woman. Her face was a masterpiece—eyes wide, cheeks flushed, lips parted slightly in stunned silence. "You've met my wife, I see."

Camila stiffened under my hand, her head snapping toward me with a desperate, pleading look.

Oh, she wanted saving, alright, but not the kind I had in mind...The fire in her eyes only spurred me on.

"Apologies for her state." I said, squeezing her shoulder just enough to let her know she wasn't going anywhere. "You see, we've been having quite a bit of fun today. Haven't we, darling?" My gaze slid down to her blouse, clinging to her damp skin, and lower still, to the unmistakable wet stain marking her thighs.

Her face burnt so hot I could feel the heat radiating from her, her breath catching in her throat as she stared at me like she might explode, not expecting to turn on her at the moment. She wanted to scream, to throw something, but the delivery woman was watching—caught in this web I was spinning.

The girl clutched the box in her hands like a lifeline, her own face flushing deeper as her eyes flicked between us, unable to look away. She tried to keep her gaze level and professional, but it betrayed her. I could see where her focus wandered, the dart of her eyes down to Camila's soaked pants, then back up, as if to confirm what she'd seen.

"You'll have to forgive her." I continued saying, my voice as smooth as silk, carrying just enough teasing warmth to make it impossible to ignore. "Camila's always been quite sensitive. Sometimes it doesn't take much at all..." My other hand slid lower, casually, deliberately brushing down her side until it rested against her hip.

Camila's ears turned red, her body stiffening like a spring wound too tight. She turned her head toward me, her mortified eyes wide with disbelief, but I was far from done. The delivery girl stood frozen, her gaze darting between us, her red face betraying the fact that she couldn't stop herself from watching every movement.

"Like just now..." I added, letting my hand drift to the apex of Camila's thighs, the damp fabric of her pants clinging to her skin, unmistakably soaked.

And just like that, I gave her a gentle pat, right there, the wetness squelching audibly under the pressure.

Sploch~

The sound was obscene—a soft, wet sploch—and it echoed in the silent space between us. The delivery girl's eyes widened even further, her mouth parting in silent shock as the noise painted a vivid picture of exactly how compromised Camila was.

"She's such a mess...Truly she is." I said, the faintest hint of a chuckle under my breath as my fingers pressed lightly against the wet fabric again, eliciting another faint squelch. "See what I mean? She couldn't help herself."

Camila's entire body burnt against me, her head snapping toward me with a mix of fury and humiliation, but no words came out—just a trembling exhale. She was caught, her mind clearly racing for a way out, but there was none. Not now.

The delivery girl seemed to falter, her hands tightening around the box, her cheeks blazing as she stood rooted in place, too shocked—or too intrigued to move. Her gaze lingered on Camila's crotch, the wetness undeniable, and then darted back up to me, a silent question in her wide eyes.

I just smiled at her, my hand leaving Camila's thigh with an almost lazy, deliberate slowness. "And thank you for bringing this by, Miss." I said, my tone light, playful, as though nothing at all was amiss. "I'll get her cleaned up properly now. She's had quite the...eventful day."

I gave the delivery girl one last playful smile, the faintest glimmer of mischief in my eyes as I took the box from her trembling hands.

She was frozen in place, her face an exquisite shade of crimson, her lips parted as though she wanted to speak but couldn't summon the words. Her gaze darted between me, Camila's burning face, and the undeniable wetness marking her thighs.

"Well then..." I said, my tone unbothered, as though nothing was out of the ordinary. "Thank you for the delivery. We'll take it from here." My hand lingered on the edge of the door, deliberately slow, savoring the way her wide eyes followed even the smallest of my movements.

I then swung the door shut with a soft click, locking us back in our little world of chaos. But her world?...Oh, her world had just unraveled.

Outside the door, the delivery girl stood rooted to the spot, her mind reeling as everything she'd just witnessed replayed in vivid detail. The wet squelch of Camila's pants, the casual way I'd pressed against her, the sheer confidence of it all—it was overwhelming. Wrong. But also....Intoxicating.

Her body betrayed her. A warmth began pooling between her legs, a subtle dampness spreading against the fabric of her own panties. She stiffened in shock, her thighs clenching involuntarily as she felt the unmistakable beginnings of arousal creeping in.

"What the hell is wrong with me?!" She whispered to herself, her voice barely audible as the heat in her cheeks burnt even hotter.

She couldn't believe it—couldn't believe that something so lewd, so outrageous, had affected her like this. Her heart raced as she clutched her clipboard tighter, her fingers curling into the edges like they might anchor her sanity.

But it was no use. The image of Camila's soaked thighs and her trembling form, coupled with the way I'd so brazenly touched her, was seared into her mind. She felt a pulse between her legs, a soft throb of shameful need, and that was the final push she needed to break free.

She turned back in a frenzy and hurried back toward her van, her steps quick and uneven as though she were fleeing the scene of some unspeakable crime. Her breath came in shallow gasps, her thoughts a chaotic mix of embarrassment and disbelief.

"I'm so lewd!" She thought, her inner voice trembling as much as her hands were. "What kind of person gets turned on by something like that?" She shook her head, trying to clear the images, but they lingered, every detail sharp and vivid.

By the time she climbed into the driver's seat, her thighs were pressed tightly together, her panties damp against her heated skin. She dropped the clipboard onto the passenger seat and gripped the steering wheel, her knuckles white as she stared out the windshield, trying to steady her breathing.

She didn't move for a long moment, her mind racing, her body betraying her in ways she couldn't ignore.

"I need to get out of here...O-Or else."

She muttered, finally starting the engine and pulling away, the events of the delivery burnt into her memory in a way that wouldn't fade anytime soon...

Chapter 520: Did You Wet Your Pants?

The moment I shut the door, I let out a soft laugh, the kind of quiet, self-satisfied chuckle you only make when you know you've gotten away with something outrageous. The box was tucked snugly under my arm, and I made my way toward the living room with what I thought was all the stealth of a thief in the night.

I was halfway there when I felt it. That heavy, unspoken tension in the air. My instincts screamed at me to look up, and when I did, I froze.

Camila stood in the middle of the room, her arms crossed, her blouse still clinging damply to her skin. Her hair hung in soft, dishevelled waves around her flushed face, but it was her eyes that stopped me cold.

They were narrowed, glinting like shards of ice. Cold. Calculating. Dangerous.

...And locked on me.

"Well, well." She began, her voice low and sharp, each word laced with venom. "Look who's crawling back silently like he did nothing wrong. Care to explain yourself, Mr Kafka?"

I opened my mouth to respond, some half-baked excuse ready to tumble out, but she took a single step forward, her bare feet silent against the floor. She reached up and caught my ear between her fingers with a precision that bordered on surgical, tugging me down just enough to make her point.

"C-Camila!" I yelped, stammering her name out in my panic. "Wait! Wait! Let's talk about this!"

Her grip tightened, and I winced, trying to shift without losing the box or my dignity. "Talk about what, Kafka?" She asked mockingly, her tone dripping with sarcastic curiosity. "How you just humiliated me in front of that poor delivery girl? How you made a complete spectacle of me?" She leaned in closer, her gaze boring into mine like twin daggers. "Give me one good reason why I shouldn't pinch your ear so hard it starts bleeding."

I swallowed hard, my mind racing. "Okay, okay! I have reasons! Great reasons!" I blurted, raising my free hand in a gesture of surrender. "First of all, today's supposed to be a good day, right? You planned something special for me, a pleasant surprise, something you put your heart into. Do you really want to ruin that by turning it into a bloodbath?...I mean, imagine trying to enjoy whatever you've got planned with me bleeding all over the place. That's not exactly festive."

Her brow arched slightly, but her grip didn't loosen. I scrambled to continue.

"Second." I said quickly. "If you pinch my ear and I bleed, you're going to feel so guilty afterward that you'll have to take care of me. And do you really want to add 'Kafka's nursemaid' to your list of responsibilities today? I mean, you've already had a lot on your plate."

Her lips tightened into a thin line, her expression somehow colder than before.

"Third!" I pressed on, desperation creeping into my voice. "You love me too much to actually hurt me, Camila...Admit it. Deep down, you know it's true. You'd never forgive yourself if you caused me actual pain."

Her gaze didn't waver, but I saw the faintest flicker of hesitation in her eyes. She was thinking about it. Her fingers twitched against my ear, and for a moment, I thought she might actually go through with it.

But then she let out a long, exasperated sigh and released me.

"Damn you, Kafka." Camila muttered, rubbing her temple as though I'd given her the worst headache of her life. "You're lucky I can't stand seeing you hurt. Otherwise..." She trailed off, her tone thick with warning, leaving the rest unsaid but perfectly clear.

I didn't waste a second. The moment she released me, I placed the box carefully on the table, keeping my movements slow and deliberate, like a man treading on thin ice. Then, before she could change her mind—or worse, remember to follow through on her earlier threat—I slipped behind her.

Her shoulders were still tense, her arms crossed in lingering frustration. Gently, I placed my hands on her neck, my thumbs pressing lightly into the stiff muscles there.

She tensed at first, a sharp inhale the only sign of her surprise, but as I worked my fingers into her skin, her shoulders began to relax bit by bit.

"Of course, you couldn't bear to hurt me, my dear Camila." I murmured, letting my voice drop into a softer, more soothing tone. "Because you're merciful. Kind beyond reason. A paragon of forgiveness."

Her brows furrowed slightly, but she didn't stop me, so I pressed on.

"Honestly..." I continued kneading her shoulders with care. "Your mercy knows no bounds. You're the kind of person who'd stop traffic to help an ant cross the road. The kind who'd bake cookies for someone who just keyed your car...Why, you're practically a saint!"

At that, she turned her head slightly, one perfectly arched brow lifting in disbelief. "A saint?" She repeated dryly, her lips twitching as though fighting the urge to smile.

"Yes! A saint!" I said earnestly, leaning in slightly as though confiding in her. "The kind of saint legends are written about. They'll build statues in your honour someday, Camila—marble ones, with inscriptions about your infinite patience for foolish men like me."

She let out a soft snort, clearly trying to hold back her amusement. "Is that so?" She asked, her voice laced with skepticism.

"It is." I said, my hands continuing their gentle rhythm along her neck and shoulders.

Camila then turned fully to face me now, her brow still raised, but there was a spark of mischief in her eyes. "Only merciful and kind?" She asked, her tone cheeky. "Not...anything else?"

Ah, I knew what she wanted, and I wasn't about to disappoint.

"Of course, you're more than that!" I said immediately, stepping closer, my hands sliding down to rest lightly on her arms. "You're beautiful, Camila. No, that's an understatement. You're breathtaking. You're..." I paused, letting my eyes soften as I tilted my head slightly.

"I'm what?" She looked back and asked, her voice teasing.

"You're the moon." I said dramatically, sweeping my arm as though painting a picture in the air. "Bright, radiant, untouchable. Every star in the sky envies you."

"...When you walk into a room, it's like night giving way to a perfect silver glow. People can't help but stop and stare, drawn in by your beauty like moths to a flame."

That did it. Her lips parted for a moment, as though caught off guard, before she burst into laughter—a warm, genuine sound that made my chest ache in the best way.

"The moon, huh?" She asked, shaking her head as her laughter trailed off into a soft chuckle. "That's...quite the comparison, Kafka."

I grinned, leaning just a bit closer. "Well, I don't think the sun would do you justice. The moon suits you better—mysterious, captivating, impossible to look away from."

Her cheeks flushed faintly, but she tilted her head at me, her eyes narrowing slightly as though scrutinising me. "You're laying it on a bit thick." She said, though her voice was light, teasing.

"Thick? Maybe." I admitted, letting my hands drop to my sides. "But it's all true."

Her gaze lingered on me for a moment longer before she sighed, shaking her head again. "You're such a cheeky brat, Kafka...Always finding ways to give me a headache." She muttered, though there was no bite in her words. "But I'll give you this—you're good at getting out of trouble."

I offered her my best grin, prepared to ride this victory all the way to safety, but before I could respond, Camila's eyes flicked around the room. Her brow furrowed slightly, the sharp edge of her practical mind kicking back in.

"Wait..." She said, looking toward the hallway. "Where's Bella? Weren't you two supposed to be fixing the leak in the bathroom? Or did she somehow manage to flood the place instead?"



"Mom?" As if summoned by the words, a small, trembling voice called out from the hallway.

Camila's head snapped toward the sound, her brows lifting in surprise. I turned, following her gaze, and there was Bella, slowly making her way into the living room from the bathroom.

Her steps were hesitant, almost sheepish, and as she stepped fully into the light, the reason for her hesitance became obvious.

Her hair was slightly damp and clinging to her face, her cheeks were flushed, and her pants—oh, her pants were unmistakably wet in several places, dark patches spreading unevenly across the fabric, probably from her love juice that splashed all over the place.

Camila's eyes widened for a moment before narrowing into a sharp, incredulous squint.

"Bella..." She said slowly, her tone teetering between concern and exasperation. "Don't tell me...Did you actually pee yourself in the bathroom?"

Bella's face turned a deeper shade of red, her hands immediately flying to cover the wet patches on her thighs. "What? No! Of course not!" She stammered, her voice a high-pitched mix of fluster and defiance.

Camila crossed her arms, tilting her head with a look of mock disbelief.

"Are you sure? Because I'm seeing wet pants and I'm seeing you trembling. And, oh yeah, you were literally in the bathroom, a step away from the toilet. Do you need diapers, Bella? I think I still have your old ones somewhere. Because this is a little—how should I put it?—childish."

Bella's mouth dropped open, her embarrassment shifting into full-blown indignation. "I didn't pee myself, Mom!" She snapped, her voice cracking slightly as she stomped her foot.

Camila raised an eyebrow, clearly unimpressed by the outburst.

"Oh? Then how do you explain..." She gestured vaguely at Bella's pants, the teasing smirk on her face only making the poor girl more flustered.

Bella huffed, crossing her arms in a mirror of her mother's pose before letting her eyes drop—and then they landed on Camila's pants. Her expression shifted instantly, the responses in her head turning before her lips curled into a sly smile.

"You shouldn't be saying anything, Mom." She said, her voice gaining confidence. "Look at your pants! They're also drenched!"

Camila blinked, glancing down at herself as if she'd momentarily forgotten the state she was in. Her pants clung to her thighs, the damp patches from earlier far too obvious to deny.

"So maybe you need diapers too, huh?" Bella let out a triumphant little harumph, her chin tilting up as if she'd won the greatest argument of her life.

Camila's jaw dropped, and for a moment, she seemed at a complete loss for words. Her gaze shifted to Bella's smug expression before snapping to me, her narrowed eyes boring into mine.

The silent accusation in her stare was deafening, and she seemed to be saying: This is entirely your fault.