

## God of Milfs 531

Chapter 531: Hand Me My Phone

Kafka then exhaled softly, his smile unwavering as he finally spoke.

"I see." He murmured, his tone light, almost casual. "If that's how you see me, then I suppose there's nothing I can do about it."

His words were simple, his demeanour relaxed, but Bella's father took them as something else entirely. He mistook them for acceptance, for submission. And that only made him go even more out of control.

He leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms over his chest, a smug expression settling on his face. "At least you understand that much." He said, his voice dripping with self-indulgence.

Bella clenched her fists, barely holding herself back. 'He doesn't understand anything about him...He doesn't.' She thought bitterly.

Kafka then tilted his head slightly, a spark of amusement flickering in his eyes. "But sir, even though I understand what you're saying, I am curious about one thing." He continued casually. "If I'm not good enough, then tell me—what exactly does your perfect son-in-law look like?"

Her father raised an eyebrow, as if surprised by the question, before scoffing.

"That's easy." He said, straightening his posture. "A man worthy of Bella has to meet a certain standard...I wouldn't let just anyone near her."

Bella bit the inside of her cheek, already dreading what was coming next.

"A good job is essential." Her father began, his tone confident, as though he were stating the obvious. "Something respectable. High-ranking. Something that matters. None of those dead-end careers where you waste your time scraping by...I want someone who actually has a future."

Kafka hummed softly, nodding as though he were listening intently. "A stable career." He echoed, "What else?"

"A proper education." Her father continued. "None of this 'self-taught' nonsense. He needs to have gone to a good school, a prestigious one. Degrees, qualifications, proof that he's actually worth something."

Bella felt a fresh wave of disgust roll through her.

"A man like that should also have good manners." Her father went on, his voice taking on an air of authority. "He should respect his elders, speak properly, and carry himself with dignity, unlike someone in front of me."

Kafka merely raised an eyebrow. "Dignity." He repeated, his voice almost teasing.

Her father didn't seem to notice.

"Of course." He continued, warming up to his own words. "He should come from a respectable family. Not just any ordinary background. A name that means something. A family with prestige, with power...Connections matter after all."

Bella felt dizzy as she heard her father's rant while Kafka gave a slow nod, his expression unreadable. "So, status." He mused. "A wealthy background."

"Exactly." Her father said smugly. "Status is everything. You can tell a lot about a man by the family he comes from. If he's from an ordinary background, what does that say about him?...That he's average? Mediocre?" He scoffed. "Not good enough for my daughter."

Bella inhaled sharply, as she didn't even try to hide her disgust anymore.

Her father, completely oblivious to the effect his words were having on her, continued proudly, as if giving a lecture.

"And at the end of the day..." He said, his voice turning downright arrogant. "...what matters most is money and power."

Bella's jaw clenched.

"Love? Compatibility?" He let out a short laugh. "That's what fools focus on. A relationship should be practical; I won't accept some average nobody who can't even provide properly."

"...A man needs to have influence, wealth, and the ability to elevate his family—not drag them down."

Bella felt sick...Sick that he was talking about her like she was some bargaining chip.

Sick that he thought so little of what she wanted.

Sick that she had once looked up to this man as her father.

But most of all—she was sick of his arrogance.

And just when she thought it couldn't get any worse, he proved her wrong.

What made her stomach truly churn, what made her fingers twitch with the overwhelming urge to grab something and throw it across the room, was what he said next.

Her father tapped his chin, as if considering something, then let out a small chuckle. A smug, pleased chuckle that sent a fresh wave of revulsion down Bella's spine.

"You know." He said, tilting his head slightly. "Now that I think about it, I already know someone who fits every quality I just listed."

Bella felt an instant, gut-wrenching sense of dread crawl up her throat.

Her father smiled, completely oblivious to the way her hands clenched into fists.

"He's the son of my boss."

Bella's entire body stiffened.

Her father's eyes gleamed with satisfaction, like he had just revealed a masterstroke.

"He's perfect." He continued. "He comes from a very powerful family. Their company has influence everywhere. He's well-educated, extremely well-mannered, and set to inherit an empire."

Bella could barely breathe.

"And, in fact..." Her father added, as if he were dropping the best part. "I've already told him about you, Bella."

A sharp ringing sound filled Bella's ears.

"He was interested the moment he saw your picture." Her father said with a self-satisfied chuckle. "And guess what? He's coming here soon. He wants to meet you."

Bella felt like she was going to throw up.

Her father's smile widened, as if he were announcing fantastic news.

"If everything goes well—and if you behave yourself—this could turn into something real." He said, his tone dripping with self-importance. "An engagement. A marriage. Imagine it, Bella." He leaned forward slightly, his eyes gleaming. "Our family on a whole new level...Can you even comprehend what an opportunity this is?"

That was it.

Bella snapped.

Her vision blurred with rage. Every muscle in her body locked up, then exploded with the uncontrollable urge to lunge across the table, flip it over, grab her father by the collar, and shake him until he understood exactly what kind of sickening garbage was coming out of his mouth.

To sell her off—because that's what this was—to some random rich boy just to elevate his own status?

No.

No.

She was going to break something.

She was going to break him.

Her hands shot forward—

But then, she saw it.

Kafka's gaze.

Cold. Silent. Calculated.

Bella's breath stopped like she saw a ghoul. Her body immediately froze, her fingers twitching slightly as her overwhelming rage simmered down into something else entirely.

A deep, unsettling expectation...Because she knew.

Bringing up another man in front of Kafka?

That was the last straw.

Her father had no idea what he had just done.

Bella swallowed, her hands trembling slightly in her lap. She had been this close to losing control. To cause a scene.

But now?...She wouldn't have to.

Because Kafka was about to give her father a lesson he would never forget.

Kafka finally moved.

His head tilted slightly, his eyes locking onto Bella's father with a gaze that sent a slow, creeping chill through the room. His expression remained composed, the ghost of a smirk still playing on his lips, but Bella—who had spent enough time around him—knew exactly what that meant.

It was over.

Her father had already lost.

"So..." Kafka said in an amused manner. "Since you've made it clear that money, power, and status are what truly matter to you when it comes to Bella's marriage...I have a question."

Her father narrowed his eyes, his smugness flickering slightly at Kafka's confidence. "What is it?" He asked, though his voice carried a note of suspicion.

Kafka leaned forward slightly, his elbows resting on his knees, his smirk widening just a fraction. "What would you do if someone far, far more competent came forward as a potential candidate?"

"What do you mean?" Her father's brows furrowed.

Kafka's voice remained calm as he stared at Bella's father's wrinkly face. "I mean..." He continued. "...what if someone came along who had many times more money, many times more power, and many times more influence than this son of your boss?"

"...Someone with enough resources to erase that very company you're so desperate to latch onto with just a few words?"

The room fell silent.

Bella's father blinked, his posture shifting slightly. His expression—once smug, once filled with self-importance—suddenly sharpened into something else entirely.

Interest...His eyes lit up.

He leaned forward slightly, licking his lips, and let out a short chuckle. "Then I'd be an idiot to ignore that opportunity." He said, his voice carrying a new kind of enthusiasm.

Bella felt her stomach drop.

Her father let out another short laugh, rubbing his chin as though genuinely considering the scenario. "If a man like that were interested in Bella..." He continued. "I'd do everything in my power to secure him."

Bella clenched her teeth, revolted by her father's behaviour.

Her father barely took a second to consider it—barely even hesitated to throw away this "perfect match" he had just been praising in favour of someone better.

Someone stronger...Someone richer.

And just when she thought it couldn't get worse, he added, "If he had that much status, I wouldn't even hesitate to get on my knees and beg him to marry my daughter."

Bella's breath caught in her throat.

She couldn't believe what she was hearing.

Her father—the man who always pretended to be so composed, so dignified—was openly admitting that he would grovel without shame if it meant elevating himself higher.

It wasn't about Bella...It was never about Bella.

Before she could even process how shameless he sounded, Kafka shifted beside her.

With the same casual smile on his face, he turned slightly, glancing at Bella.

"Bella..." He said lightly, as if they were discussing dinner plans. "Can you be a dear and please bring me my phone?"

Bella froze...She barely had time to register what he had just said before his gaze flicked back to her father, his smirk sharpening just slightly.

"Sir, if you're really willing to get on your knees for the right person." Kafka said, his voice mocking and slow. "Then let's see if you live up to your own words."

The room plunged into silence. Bella's heart stopped.

Her father blinked, his brows furrowing in confusion. "...What?"

But Bella knew exactly what Kafka was about to do, even though she didn't know how exactly he was about to accomplish such a feat when he was simply a high school kid.

And for the first time since this conversation started, her father was about to learn what true power looked like...

Chapter 532: Why Don't You Buy Her A New House?

Even though Bella was still very confused about what was happening, she still went to the next room and brought over his phone.

Kafka reached for his phone with the same casual smile still resting on his lips. His fingers moved effortlessly, dialling a number with practiced ease, as if he had done this a thousand times before.

Bella swallowed, her mind racing.

'He wasn't really going to-'

"Bella..." Kafka said, his tone relaxed, as if he were simply asking for the time. "What's the name of the company your father works at?"

Bella's heart skipped a beat.



Her father's eyes narrowed in suspicion. "Why?"

Kafka didn't even look at him. His attention remained on the phone screen, waiting for the call to connect. "Could you please answer the question?" He said lightly.

Bella hesitated. She didn't know how, but something told her that whatever was about to happen next...it was real. Very real.

Still, against her better judgement, she exhaled sharply and said the name of the company.

Her father scoffed loudly, shaking his head. "Are you serious?" He barked, a short, humourless laugh escaping him. "You're making a damn fool of yourself. What do you think you're doing, calling someone? You think you can do something just because you have a little phone?"

Kafka ignored him, and the call connected.

On the other end, a composed, professional-sounding woman picked up immediately. Her tone was crisp and efficient—but more importantly, respectful.

"Sir..." She greeted, her voice steady. "Do you have a request?"

'Sir? Who's calling a kid like him sir?' Bella's father blinked.

Kafka leaned back on the sofa, his expression unchanged. "Yes...I do." He said and then continued saying a devastating statement like he were simply ordering a coffee. "I need you to erase a company. Can you do that?"

Silence...Absolute silence from both father and daughter, who had flabbergasted looks on their faces.

Her father then snorted, shaking his head in disbelief. "You're kidding me, right?" He muttered. "You're seriously—"

But the woman on the phone didn't hesitate.

"It can be done immediately." She responded without missing a beat.

Bella's stomach dropped.

Her father's smirk faltered. "...W-What?"

Kafka's smirk widened slightly. "Good." He said, glancing at Bella's father as he spoke his next words. "And when the owner—CEO, boss, or whoever's in charge—realises their downfall, make sure they know exactly who caused it."

He paused, letting his words sink in.

"Make sure they know." He continued, his voice cold and deliberate. "That it was all because of the man sitting right in front of me."

Bella's father stared at him in disbelief.

His mouth opened, then closed. Then opened again.

A dry, nervous laugh escaped him. "This is a joke." He scoffed, though it was weaker than before. "You're delusional. You're trying to scare me—"

"Understood, sir." The woman on the phone said without hesitation. "Everything will be carried out immediately."

And then she ended the call. The soft click of the call disconnecting echoed through the silent room.

But Bella's father didn't move.

So did Bella.

The air felt thick, suffocating, like the moment before a storm ripped through everything in its path.

Kafka, on the other hand, simply placed his phone down on the table. Then, at last, he looked at Bella's father properly and smiled.

That same casual, relaxed smile like nothing had happened.

Bella's father let out a dry, forced chuckle, though there was a slight hesitation in his voice. "You're ridiculous, you know that?" He muttered, shaking his head. "I won't be fooled by such childish tactics."

His words were firm and dismissive—but Bella saw the slightest flicker of unease in his eyes.

Because no matter how absurd it sounded, no matter how much logic screamed that this was impossible, something about Kafka right now...felt wrong.

Her father couldn't place it.

Logically, this should have been laughable. Kafka looked like nothing more than a college kid—some aimless young man who had gotten lucky with words.

And yet—the calm in his voice. The absolute, unwavering confidence in his expression. The way he didn't even try to defend himself, didn't scramble to prove anything—

It was throwing him off.

Kafka ignored his attempt at bravado and merely shrugged. "You should be getting a call sometime soon." He said smoothly. "Might want to keep your phone ready."

Her father scoffed. "Hah! You really think—"

Before he could finish, Bella stood up and, without a word, retrieved his phone from where it was charging. She placed it on the table between them and then sat back down next to Kafka, her face unreadable.

Her father blinked. His eyes flicked between her and the phone.

His lips pressed into a thin line. "...Whose side are you on, Bella?" He asked, suspicion laced in his voice.

Bella didn't respond. She simply crossed her arms and leaned back into the sofa, keeping her expression neutral.

Kafka chuckled softly. "Relax." He said, his voice carrying that same smooth amusement. "We've got time before the call comes in. While we wait, let's do something else that's interesting."

"And what would that be? A game of chess?...Well I doubt you even know how to play that with how dull you look." Bella's father narrowed his eyes.

Kafka tilted his head slightly as he said, "Well, since you care about wealth so much, I assume that means you have a lot of money, right?"

Her father's lips curled into a smirk at the question. Finally, something he could talk about with full confidence.

He leaned back onto the sofa, a proud, almost boastful air settling over him. "Of course." He said, his chest puffing slightly. "I've been working as a top salesman in my company for years. The commissions I pull in are abundant. I don't live pay cheque to pay cheque like some common office worker."

Bella resisted the urge to roll her eyes.

Her father continued, his confidence growing. "In fact, the only reason I'm even staying in this house is because your mother is adamant about it, as it was the house she grew up in." He gave a sharp look toward the kitchen, where Camila was. "If it were up to me, I would've already bought a mansion in the city."

Bella gritted her teeth at the way he spoke about her mother, as if she were holding him back instead of being the one holding the entire family together.

Kafka, however, simply hummed, as if mildly interested. "A mansion?" He echoed.

Her father smirked. "That's right." He exhaled, shaking his head as if lamenting his 'sacrifice'. "I make enough to live wherever I want, but I chose to stay here because I'm a responsible husband and father. And yet, this is the thanks I get."

'He says that like he's ever done anything for us.' Bella clenched her fists.

Kafka's smirk remained, his fingers still tapping lightly against the armrest as he spoke again, his voice smooth as silk.

"A mansion in the city, huh?" He mused. "That should cost a couple of million if it's in a decent area, shouldn't it? Maybe even in the tens if it's really fancy."

Bella's father hesitated for a split second before nodding. "Yeah...around that much." He said, his voice slower, more cautious now. He narrowed his eyes slightly. "Why do you ask? Are you going to buy one?...What a joke."

Kafka smiled. A slow, deliberate smile that made Bella's expression twist—not in fear, but in anticipation.

"Well..." Kafka said, stretching slightly before settling back into his seat. "One of the reasons Bella doesn't want to go back to university is because of her dorm friends."

"Why is he bringing this up now?' Bella tensed at her involvement in this already absurd scenario.

"So." Kafka continued. "Since we're on the topic of housing anyway...Why don't you buy her a new place?"

The room went completely silent.

Bella's father blinked. Bella stared like she was wondering if her hearing had gone bad.

Kafka kept going, his voice completely casual, as if he were suggesting something mundane. Something as simple as picking up groceries.

"Instead of staying in the dorms." He said, his fingers drumming lightly against his knee. "She could live in her own house. No roommates. No issues. Just her own space."

He tilted his head slightly, his smirk deepening. "It only costs a couple of million...Right?"

Bella's mouth fell open. Her father visibly stiffened, his posture losing a fraction of its arrogance as his brows furrowed.

"...Are you joking?" He asked, his voice lower now, as though he needed Kafka to confirm that this was just some insane joke.

Kafka simply raised an eyebrow. "Do I look like I'm joking?"

Bella's father let out a short, incredulous laugh, shaking his head. "No matter how much money I have, I can't just gift my daughter a house." He scoffed. But there was something different in his voice now. His confidence wasn't as absolute as before.

Bella swallowed, still in shock at what Kafka had just casually dropped into the conversation.

"A h-house?" She finally managed to say, still staring at him like he had just suggested they move to the moon.

Kafka turned to her, giving her a relaxed smile. "Why not?" He said simply. "It's just money."

'It's just money?' Bella's breath caught in her throat.

Her father scoffed again. But this time, it was shaky. "That's absurd." He said, his voice growing a little tighter. "People don't just buy houses for their kids like that. Do you even realise how much that is?"

Kafka didn't flinch. If anything, his smirk grew even wider, his amusement deepening as he leaned back slightly.

"Oh, I most definitely do." He said, while nodding his head. Then, in a perfectly casual tone, he added, "But tell me. What kind of father are you if you can't even give your daughter a little gift? Especially after being away for so long?"

Silence. Pure, stunned silence.

'A little gift? A house?' Bella felt the world tilt for a moment. She turned sharply to Kafka, her mouth slightly open.

Her father looked equally flabbergasted, blinking rapidly, his earlier confidence cracking under the sheer ridiculousness of the statement.

Kafka's smirk didn't falter. His eyes gleamed with something dark. Something knowing.

"It's fine." Kafka continued smoothly, tilting his head slightly. "If you don't love your daughter enough to want to gift her a house."

Bella's father stiffened, his lips parting in shock, as if the words had physically hit him.

Kafka exhaled softly, his smile widening. But there was something colder behind his expression now. "Luckily." He mused, his voice deceptively light. "Unlike you...I cherish her dearly."

Bella's eyes went wide; a tint of pink appeared on her cheeks.

And then, just as casually, Kafka said, "So. I'll take it as my responsibility to buy her one."

The air froze. Bella's entire body locked up like she was thrown into an ice-cold pond.

Even her father, who had been full of arrogance moments ago, looked genuinely unsettled now.

There was something wrong about the way Kafka said that. Not the words themselves. But the certainty behind them.

Bella's heart pounded. She swallowed, her throat dry, before hesitantly turning toward him.

"Kafka..." She started, her voice slightly unsteady. "Are you...alright? Do you know what you're saying?"

"Hmm?" Kafka turned his head, looking at her with a relaxed expression.

Bella's eyes wandered like she was thinking of what to say before she let out a shaky breath. "How...?" She asked carefully, her brows furrowing. "I mean, how are you going to do that?"

Her father scoffed again. Though this time, it sounded more forced.

"That's right." He said, straightening slightly as if trying to regain control of the situation. "How exactly do you plan to pull that off? A house isn't pocket change, boy."

Kafka chuckled softly, shaking his head. "Oh?" He mused. "Well then. Why don't I just show you?"

And with that, he casually picked up his phone once again, ready to do the unthinkable...

Chapter 533: Monstrous Amount Of Wealth

Bella's stomach twisted into knots. She didn't know what Kafka was about to do. But something in her gut told her it was going to be big.

Kafka tapped his screen a few times, his expression unreadable, his movements smooth and effortless. His fingers moved so quickly across the phone that it barely looked like he was doing anything at all.

Then, after a brief pause, he looked at Bella. His smirk widened just slightly.

"Bella." He said, his voice filled with absolute confidence. "Check your bank account."

Bella's heart stopped almost as if someone had plucked it out of her supple chest when she heard Kafka's words.

"W-What? Check my b-bank account?" Her lips parted, confusion flashing in her eyes.



Kafka's gaze remained steady.

Her hands trembled slightly as she hesitated, staring at him, searching for something. An explanation. A sign that he was just messing with her.

But his expression didn't change.

And that terrified her.

She let out a slow, shaky breath before fumbling for her phone. Her fingers were clumsy as she unlocked it.

Her father scoffed beside her, crossing his arms.

"Tch. What kind of game is this?" He muttered. Though Bella barely heard him.

Her hands felt cold as she navigated to her banking app. She hesitated; she hesitated so much as if this was all a joke. Kafka would feel humiliated, and she didn't want that at all costs.

Then, choosing to believe the confidence in Kafka's clear gaze, swallowing thickly, she clicked on her savings account.

And the moment she did—Her knees almost gave out.

Her breath hastened violently as her fingers tightened around her phone.

Her eyes widened so much that they almost hurt, her pupils trembling as she stared at the screen.

Her mouth opened, but no sound came out.

Because what was once a modest savings account with maybe a couple hundred dollars at best—

...Had just turned into tens of millions.

Bella couldn't breathe. The number was so absurd, so incomprehensible, that for a moment, she genuinely thought she was hallucinating.

Her father froze when he saw his daughter's exaggerated reaction. He blinked, frowning. "What? What's wrong?"

Bella's breathing came in short, unsteady bursts. Her hands shook as she slowly—hesitantly—turned the phone around and placed it on the table in front of them.

The numbers were clear.

Her father leaned forward, his eyes narrowing as he looked at the screen.

Then—

His entire face drained of colour.

His hands clenched against the table as his breathing shuddered in disbelief.

Bella, still in shock, then ignored her father, who looked like he was going to start hyperventilating, and slowly turned to Kafka.

He was watching her in a calm, amused, and relaxed...Like this was nothing to him.

Like transferring millions into her account was as casual as ordering lunch.

"...What did you do?" She asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

Kafka chuckled, resting his chin against his hand.

"What?" He said, his smirk deepening. "I just transferred over a little bit of money...Why do you look so surprised about that? Has your mother never sent you a little change for your expenses?"

'A little change...' Those words repeated in her head as she started to feel a little dizzy.

Her father?...He looked like he had just seen a ghost and was shaking his head like he was trying to get rid of the image that he had just seen on his daughter's phone.

He then composed himself and let out a short, nervous laugh, as if trying to shake off the reality of what he was seeing. His lips then curled into a sneer.

But the unease in his eyes was impossible to miss.

"There's no way that can be true." He scoffed, though his voice wasn't as steady as before. "This has to be some kind of joke. A fake app, maybe. Or some prank you cooked up to mess with me."

Bella didn't respond at first.

She was still staring at her phone, her mind struggling to process what she was looking at.

The numbers didn't change.

The statements were all there.

It was real.

Slowly, she swallowed, her voice quiet but firm when she finally spoke.

"This is my official bank account." She murmured, still in disbelief. "The same one I've been using for years."

Her father snorted. "That doesn't mean anything."

"There are statements of the transfer." Bella cut him off, lifting the phone slightly. "It's all here. The details. The sender. Everything."

She hesitated for only a second before extending the phone toward him. "Check it yourself."

Her father's face twitched. But he grabbed the phone from her, scrolling through the details with a scrutinizing gaze.

Bella watched closely, waiting for him to find something. Anything that would disprove this. That would make it all make sense.

But then...His expression changed.

The skepticism in his eyes faded. The sneer disappeared from his lips.

And for the first time...He looked shaken.

His hands clenched around the phone as his eyes darted over the screen. Scanning everything over and over, as if desperate to find a loophole.

A flaw...Something that would prove that this wasn't real.

But there was nothing.

There was no way of falsifying what was right in front of him.

This wasn't just some random transfer.

It was several times his own net worth. Sent within seconds. Without hesitation.

His hands began to tremble.

And then—Kafka's voice, still painfully casual, drifted through the silence.

"Bella." He said smoothly. "I sent you enough so you can buy a couple of houses in the city if you want."

His tone was so nonchalant, so light, as if he were telling her she had enough to buy a few snacks at a grocery store.

When Bella heard his statement, she snapped her head toward him, her entire body going rigid. She stared at him, her breath hitching. "You—what?"

Kafka simply smiled. "A couple of houses." He repeated casually. "I figured since the topic came up, you might as well have some options."

Bella felt like the air had been sucked out of her lungs.

Her fingers twitched violently. And suddenly, she was gripping her phone like it was about to explode in her hands. "I don't—I don't want any houses!" She burst out, her voice rising in pure panic. "And I definitely don't want this much money!"

Her fingers moved frantically over the screen, her mind racing as she tried to undo whatever he had just done. "I—I need to send this back." She muttered, her voice shaking. "I can't—how do I even —"

She had no idea how to return this much money.

Kafka, still looking relaxed as ever, tilted his head slightly.

"It's yours now." He said it without a care in the world.

Bella gulped as she took in what had just happened in these few minutes. Her father—who had been completely silent since confirming the truth—suddenly snapped his head toward Kafka.

Kafka's smirk deepened.

"And don't stress about it." He added lightly. "Even if you don't want a house. Just use it as pocket change."

Bella's vision tilted. She felt dizzy and felt like she was going to collapse.

Her grip on the phone tightened as she struggled to process what the hell was happening.

'Pocket change?'

She had just gone from having a couple of hundred in her account to enough wealth to outright buy properties in one of the most expensive cities in the country. And Kafka was telling her to use it as pocket change?

Bella's throat was dry, her heartbeat thundering while her father looked like he had just witnessed the collapse of everything he had ever believed in.

Bella's breath came in short, panicked bursts, her mind unable to process the sheer weight of what had just happened.

"N-No." She stammered, shaking her head quickly. "No, no, no—you have to take it back." She pushed the phone toward Kafka, as if it physically burnt to hold onto it. "I—I can't keep this! This is insane! I'm scared just looking at it!"

Her father's eye twitched, his hands clenching at his sides.

'Stupid girl...She's actually trying to give back money?'

If it were him, he wouldn't have hesitated to accept it. Not for a second.

Bella wasn't done. She clenched her fists and stared at Kafka with wide, disbelieving eyes. "And you—how can you just give this away?!" She demanded. "You—you can't just dump all your money onto me like this! You need to take it back!"

Kafka's lips curled into a soft, joking smile.

"Who said that was all the money I had?" He said as he enjoyed the adorable reactions Bella was showing.

"W-What?" Her father stiffened. "Are you saying that you have m-more?"

Kafka let out a small chuckle, his tone light, almost playful. "That?" He gestured lazily toward Bella's phone. "That's probably a minute fraction of what I have."

Bella's breath hitched. Her father's face twitched violently.

Kafka leaned forward slightly, resting his chin against his palm, his smirk deepening. "If you don't believe me." He said smoothly. "I can show you."

And just like that, he casually unlocked his phone. Tapped his screen a few times. And then held it out toward Bella.

Bella didn't move...She couldn't move.

Her hands shook as she hesitantly reached out, fingers barely gripping the phone as she pulled it toward her.

She lowered her gaze.

And then—

The world tilted.

Bella's breath caught in her throat.

Her entire body slumped back into the sofa, her phone slipping slightly from her grip as she stared blankly at the ceiling.

Her lips opened slightly, her voice barely above a whisper.

"...So many zeroes..."

Her fingers twitched against the phone as her pupils trembled.

"...How are there so many zeroes...?"

Her father, now completely unnerved by Bella's reaction, snatched the phone from her hands.

And the moment his eyes landed on the screen—

His entire body froze.

His mouth fell open.

His hands trembled violently.

His knees...They buckled.

With a sharp, shaky breath, his legs gave out from under him. And he collapsed onto the floor with a loud, ungraceful thud, his grip on the phone slipping slightly as his fingers twitched.

Bang~

His lips quivered, his face draining of all colour.

Because what he saw...It wasn't just wealth. It was an absurdity.

It was the kind of number that shouldn't be real. The kind of money that didn't just buy houses. It bought entire conglomerates.

Probably even entire towns.

His breath came out in short, ragged bursts as the reality of it crushed him.



Kafka...This boy who came out of nowhere and humiliated him like it was his duty wasn't just rich.

He was absolutely monstrous...And he had never stood a chance.

#### Chapter 534: Pick Up The Phone

A noise from the living room broke the quiet air of the evening, making Camila whip around in concern. She had just finished setting the table, the aroma of the freshly made pasta filling the house, when the sound of something—or someone—hitting the floor reached her ears.

Frowning, she quickly wiped her hands on a kitchen towel and walked toward the living room, her brows furrowed.

"What happened?" She asked, her voice carrying an edge of worry as she stepped inside.

But the sight in front of her made her stop in her tracks.

Bella was slumped on the sofa, her posture completely limp, her phone still loosely clutched in her trembling fingers. Her eyes—normally sharp and filled with expression—were glazed over, as if her mind had completely left the room. Her lips were slightly parted, but no words came out.

And then there was him...Her husband.

He wasn't in his seat. No, he was on the floor—his knees bent, his body slouched as if the weight of the world had just come crashing down on his shoulders. His fingers gripped Kafka's phone too tightly, his knuckles white, and his expression—

Camila had seen many expressions on his face before...Arrogance. Pride. Irritation.

But never this.

His eyes were wide, his mouth slightly open, and his face was pale. He looked like he had just seen something that shattered him. Something that defied every ounce of logic he had ever built his beliefs upon.

The room was heavy, so eerily silent, that Camila felt a prickle of unease creep up her spine.

"...What the hell is going on here?" She demanded, her gaze flicking between Bella's blank stare and her husband's ghostly complexion.

Her voice cut through the silence, snapping the stillness of the room.

Kafka, however, remained completely unbothered. He stretched slightly, before letting out a lazy sigh.

"Nothing serious." He said casually, too casually, as if this were just a mundane inconvenience. He waved a dismissive hand in the air. "We were just trying to find the TV remote. Got a little tired in the process."

Camila blinked.

"...What?" She said flatly.

"Yep." Kafka tilted his head toward Bella. "Isn't that right, Bella?"

Bella, who had barely moved, still looked lost in her thoughts. Her mind was still trying to grasp reality. Trying to process the numbers she had just seen. Kafka's words barely registered, but somehow, she nodded.

Camila eyed her skeptically, while Bella looked shell-shocked.

"...The remote?" She repeated, now eyeing Kafka suspiciously.

Kafka smiled. "Yep." He said casually. "Just a remote."

Camila exhaled sharply, rubbing her forehead. "You all are way too dramatic." She muttered before letting her gaze sweep over the room.

Then, within seconds, she spotted the remote sitting right there on the nearby shelf.

She grabbed it effortlessly, turned, and held it up.

"Seriously? This wasn't hard to find at all." She said, shaking her head as she walked back toward them.

Kafka grinned, reaching out to take it from her. "Ah." He mused. "What would we do without you?"

"Clearly suffer." Camila deadpanned, rolling her eyes.

Kafka didn't deny it. Instead, he simply gave her an amused look before gesturing slightly with his hand.

"Come a little closer." He said as he gestured towards her.

"Why?" Camila frowned.

"Just for a second. Come here." Kafka only smiled.

Camila hesitated, glancing at him warily. But eventually, she sighed and leaned in slightly, bending down to his level.

And then, before she could process it, Kafka reached up. His fingers, cool to the touch, grazed the corner of her lips.

She froze, her heart suddenly skipping a beat. She felt his touch—slow, deliberate—as he wiped something from her lips.

And then, she saw him bring his finger to his mouth.

And taste it.

Kafka's gaze flickered slightly, amusement dancing in his eyes as he deliberately swiped his tongue across his fingertip, tasting the sauce he had just taken from her lips.

"Sweet." He murmured, which made Camila's face erupt in heat.

Her breath stalled, her mind momentarily short-circuiting as she realised exactly what had just happened.

"Wha—" She sputtered, immediately stepping back, her hand instinctively covering her lips.

Kafka simply leaned back comfortably, watching her with an unreadable look.

Camila's heart raced in her chest. She whipped her head around, her body tensing in panic, afraid her husband had seen.

But, he wasn't even looking.

He was still frozen. Still gripping the phone like a lifeline. Still staring at the numbers on the screen as if they had just shattered everything he ever believed in.

Camila exhaled sharply, pressing a hand to her chest, trying to steady her breath.

But as the initial relief settled, irritation flared in its place.

She turned sharply toward Kafka, her lips pressing into a thin line. "You—" She started, narrowing her eyes.

He was playing games in front of her husband.

That lazy smirk, that devious glint in his eyes—he was enjoying this way too much.

And Camila wasn't about to let him get away with it.

Without thinking, she raised the spatula in her hand, intending to knock him on the head—not hard, just enough to make her point.

But before she could, Kafka's hand shot up, catching the spatula with ease.

Camila stiffened. She whimpered slightly as she felt the strength in his grip—he barely exerted any effort, yet she couldn't move it an inch.

Kafka's lips then curled into a dangerous smirk, his fingers tightening slightly around the spatula.

And he pulled...Not harshly. Not aggressively.

But just enough to try and pull her in.

Camila's heart lurched, and she instinctively dug her heels into the floor, but she knew—knew—that she had no chance against him if he actually wanted to pull her closer.

Her arms tensed as she tried to pull away, her face heating up as she felt the shift in tension, her fingers gripping the spatula tightly for a second.

But her husband was still here.

And even though he was still dazed, still reeling from whatever reality-shattering truth he had just seen, Camila couldn't risk it.

So, without another second of hesitation, she let go. The second she did, she turned on her heels and walked off—no, ran off—toward the kitchen.

"Dinner will be ready in a few minutes!" She called out over her shoulder, her voice slightly rushed, as if desperate to regain her composure.

Kafka let out a low chuckle, watching her disappear around the corner.

His fingers lazily twirled the spatula in his hand before setting it aside, a small, satisfied smile still lingering on his lips.

But the moment she left the room, a sound cut through the silence.

Riiiling~ Rililing~

The sudden ringing of a phone.

Bella and her father immediately snapped out of their daze.

Not because of the sound itself, but because of what Kafka had said earlier.

The call he had predicted. The call that was about to change everything.

Bella felt her body tremble, her fingers clenching into the sofa. Her father—who had been frozen moments ago—stiffened violently, his eyes widening in horror.

And then, his gaze slowly lowered to his phone.

The name on the screen sent an icy chill down his spine.

Bella saw the way his hands shook.

And she knew this was it; this was the moment he would realise exactly who he had just insulted.

The phone kept ringing.

The sound echoed through the dead silence of the room, a rhythmic, impending chime that seemed to stretch time itself.

Bella's father stared at the screen, his breathing shallow and uneven, his hands clammy against his thighs. His mind raced, caught in the impossible space between denial and horrified anticipation.

Should he pick it up?

Every fibre of his being screamed that this was just some ridiculous bluff. That Kafka was nothing but an arrogant brat spouting nonsense.

That the numbers in his daughter's bank account—the absurd, stomach-turning number of zeroes—were some kind of illusion.

But—

The moment he saw Kafka's own bank balance, something inside him broke.

That—that was not fake. That kind of money did not belong to an ordinary man.

And now, the phone was ringing. And it was his boss.

His heart pounded violently in his chest, his stomach twisting into a cold, paralyzing knot.

He couldn't pick it up...He didn't want to pick it up.

But before he could even process his next thought, Bella picked it up for him.

He whipped his head toward her, his eyes widening in pure horror as she answered the call and tossed the phone onto the table in front of him.

Like she had just thrown a grenade in his lap.

"Wha—Bella, you—" He choked, his voice rising in panic, but Bella only smiled innocently.

"I-I also want to know what's going to happen next." Bella said in a guilty manner, as she couldn't handle the suspense of what was going to happen next, and answered the phone herself.

Her father swallowed thickly, staring at the phone like it was a loaded gun pointed at his head.

He had no choice now. His hands trembled as he pressed the speaker button, his voice straining to sound composed.

"H-Hello?" He rasped, his throat dry, his stomach churning violently. "Sir, I—why are you calling so late at night?"

For a brief second—

There was silence.

Then—

It erupted.

**"WHY THE HELL DO YOU THINK I'M CALLING YOU AT THIS HOUR, YOU USELESS PIECE OF SHIT?!"**

The voice on the other end boomed through the speaker, shaking the walls with its sheer fury.

Bella's father flinched so violently that he nearly dropped the phone, his skin breaking out into a cold sweat.

"W-What—" He stammered, his voice trembling.

**"WHAT?!"** His boss screamed even louder, so loud that it felt like the phone itself would explode. **"YOU TELL ME, YOU DAMN IDIOT! YOU THINK I'D BE CALLING YOU AT MIDNIGHT FOR A CASUAL CHAT?! YOU THINK I'M JUST BORED?!"**

Bella's father felt his pulse skyrocket, the wrinkles on his face twitching.

"S-Sir, I don't—"

**"YOU DON'T KNOW?! YOU DON'T KNOW?!"**



A loud bang sounded on the other end—something had been slammed down violently, maybe a table, maybe a phone—maybe a chair had been kicked across the room in blind rage.

Bella's father squeezed his eyes shut, his lips quivering. "P-Please, sir, just tell me—"

"TELL YOU?!" His boss roared. "HOW ABOUT YOU TELL ME WHY MY ENTIRE COMPANY IS GOING TO HELL BECAUSE OF YOUR DAMN NAME?!"

His breath stopped.

What?...His name?

His hands turned ice-cold. "I—"

"YOU USELESS WASTE OF SPACE!" His boss spat. "DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT KIND OF NIGHTMARE I JUST WOKE UP TO?! I WAS RELAXING IN MY DAMN POOL, DRINKING MY DAMN COCKTAIL, LIVING MY DAMN LIFE—WHEN SUDDENLY, OUT OF NOWHERE, I GOT A CALL FROM MY INVESTORS SAYING THEY'RE ALL PULLING OUT!"

All the investors?...Gone?

His boss wasn't done.

"ONE AFTER ANOTHER! BAM! BAM! BAM! ONE CALL, THEN ANOTHER, THEN ANOTHER—EACH ONE TELLING ME THEY'RE PULLING THEIR FUNDING, THEIR ASSETS, THEIR EVERYTHING—UNTIL MY ENTIRE COMPANY IS COLLAPSING BEFORE MY EYES!"

His voice was hoarse with fury, but it only grew wilder with every word.

"AND YOU—YOU HAVE THE NERVE TO ASK ME WHAT'S WRONG?!"

Bella's father was frozen, his face turning pale as death, his throat so dry that no words came out.

He felt terrified. This couldn't be real. This was a nightmare. But then, his boss's next words shattered him completely.

"AND YOU KNOW WHAT THE BEST PART IS? DO YOU?!!!"

His voice turned ragged, as if he had been screaming for hours.

"THEY ALL TOLD ME THE SAME DAMN REASON!"

Bella's father stiffened, his breath stopping short.

Kafka's words from earlier rang in his ears—

"And when the owner realizes their downfall, make sure they know exactly who caused it."

His boss took a ragged breath, his fury boiling over into something purely unhinged.

"THEY SAID IT WAS ALL BECAUSE OF YOU!"

Bella's father felt his soul leave his body. His limbs went numb. His lips parted slightly, but no sound came out...And his boss wasn't done.

"AND YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT ELSE?! I PANICKED SO MUCH I PEED MY DAMN PANTS!"

Bella blinked, caught off guard by the statement that came out of nowhere

Kafka chuckled softly, thinking that the person on the other end of the phone was rather hilarious.

But the man on the other end of the line was still going ballistic.

"AND EVERY CALL I GOT ONLY MADE IT WORSE! EVERY CLIENT I HAD, EVERY CONNECTION I BUILT—ONE BY ONE, THEY ALL STARTED PULLING BACK! NO EXPLANATION, NO NEGOTIATION—JUST GONE!"

His father felt his head spinning, his stomach twisting into knots so tight it hurt. His breath came out in shallow gasps, his hands shaking as reality crashed into him.

This was real...Kafka had actually done it.

He had single-handedly erased the entire foundation his father had been leeching off for decades...And he had done it like it was nothing.

His eyes slowly, slowly, lifted toward Kafka, who was watching him with a casual, lazy smirk—

Like this was just another evening for him.

Like this was just a game, destroying another man's life just because of a little disagreement.

Chapter 535: Grovel For A Favour

The voice on the other end of the phone didn't stop. It only grew more furious, more frantic, and more unhinged as the pressure of what was happening continued to crush the man speaking.

"This is your fault!" His boss shouted, his voice raw from all the yelling. "Everything is falling apart because of you! Do you hear me?! You!"

Bella's father sat there, frozen, sweat dripping down his back as the words drilled into him.

"And if you don't fix this—" the voice on the other end spat, venom dripping from every syllable. "—then you better start digging your own grave, because you won't be able to handle the consequences!"

Bella's father's mouth went dry, his throat closed up as his fingers twitched on the table.

"I-" He croaked out, licking his lips as he struggled to find his voice. "How...How am I supposed to fix this?"

"I don't care how!" His boss snapped. "All I know is that this mess started because of you, so you're going to clean it up!"

His voice lowered into something sharp, cutting, and final.

"You don't want to know what happens if you fail."

And then—

Click.

The call ended...Silence.

Bella's father stared blankly at the phone, his fingers still hovering over it like he wasn't sure if he had just imagined the entire thing.

He could hardly breathe. His chest felt tight, like a rope had been wrapped around his ribs and was slowly being pulled tighter and tighter with each passing second.

His mind raced in circles, trying to find some way out of this, some sliver of hope that this was all some sick joke, that he hadn't just lost everything in a single night.

But the weight of reality crushed down on him, unrelenting and suffocating. His entire life, his entire career, all of it had been built on the foundation of power and control, of knowing that he held the upper hand in every situation.

And yet, in the span of just a few minutes, all of that had crumbled to dust beneath the casual whim of the man sitting in front of him.

The silence in the room was unbearable, pressing in on him like a living thing. He swallowed hard, trying to steady his breathing, but no matter how much he tried to pull himself together, the shaking in his hands wouldn't stop.

His gaze lifted hesitantly, trailing up to Kafka, who still sat there, one leg crossed over the other, watching him with the same relaxed amusement as if this were nothing more than a mildly interesting television show playing out before him.

There was no anger in his expression, no overt cruelty, nothing that screamed revenge or spite. It was worse than that...It was indifference.

And that indifference sent a fresh wave of fear crawling up his spine.

Then, Kafka sighed, stretching slightly as if he had grown a little bored with the entire situation.

"Wow." He mused, shaking his head with a small chuckle. "Losing your job like that? That's got to be rough." His voice was light, almost playful, but the words stabbed through his heart. Bella's father flinched, his throat tightening as the humiliation of his situation began to settle in as he continued, "All that hard work, all those years of dedication, all the pride you took in yourself... gone just like that."

The words felt like a slap across the face, like someone had reached inside his chest and squeezed the last bit of air out of his lungs. He clenched his hands into fists, nails digging into his palms as he struggled to maintain what little composure he had left.

"But you don't have to worry too much." Kafka continued, leaning back against the couch, his smirk widening just slightly. "I hold your family pretty dear, so even if you end up completely broke, I wouldn't mind taking care of them."

His gaze flicked toward Bella for a brief moment before settling back on him.

"Of course, that just leaves you to figure things out for yourself. Maybe get a new job, start from the bottom again, and work your way back up? I'm sure you can manage something."

The casual way he spoke, as if none of this really mattered, as if it was just an idle conversation and not the complete destruction of his life, sent a deep chill through Bella's father's bones.

He had thought he understood power. He had spent his entire life chasing after it, climbing the social ladder, making connections, and manipulating those beneath him to get ahead. But this...this was something else entirely.

This was not power as he had known it. This was something greater, something terrifying in its ease, in the way Kafka wielded it like it was just an extension of himself, something as natural as breathing.

The realisation hit him like a hammer to the chest.

He was going to lose everything.

Not just his job, not just his career, but his reputation, his standing, everything he had worked so hard for would be wiped away, and in its place, he would be left with nothing. He would be no one.

Panic surged through him, swallowing the last remnants of his pride, and before he even realised what he was doing, he was already moving.

His knees hit the floor with a dull thud, his body lurching forward as he scrambled toward Kafka, his trembling hands grasping onto the younger man's leg like a drowning man clutching at driftwood.

"Please." He gasped, his voice breaking as he sucked in a desperate breath. "Please, I'm sorry! I-I was wrong! I take back everything I said!" His fingers dug into the fabric of Kafka's pants, his grip tight as if letting go would send him spiralling into the abyss. "I didn't know who you were! I didn't know what I was saying! Please, just...just take back what you did! Undo it, I beg you!"

Kafka didn't move. He simply watched, his expression unreadable, his lips curling ever so slightly at the corners as if he were observing something mildly interesting but ultimately insignificant.

Bella, on the other hand, let out a sharp scoff, crossing her arms as she stared down at the scene before her with nothing but disdain.

This was the same man who had lorded over their family for years, who had spoken down to her mother as if she were nothing more than an accessory to his life, the same man who had always told her to behave, to listen, to obey because he knew best.

And now, that very same man was on his knees, grovelling, pleading, reduced to nothing more than a pathetic mess.

"Please." He continued, his voice growing more desperate, more frantic, as he clung onto Kafka like a lifeline. "Please, I—I swear I won't ever say a word against you again! I'll do whatever you want, anything! Just—just fix this! I'll—I'll apologise properly, I'll make it up to you, just...please!"

For a long moment, Kafka said nothing. He let the silence stretch between them, let the weight of the moment sink deeper and deeper until the sheer humiliation of it all was carved into the man kneeling before him.

Then, slowly, he exhaled, leaning forward just slightly as he rested his elbows on his knees, his gaze locking onto Bella's father with an air of complete control.

"Tell me." Kafka said, as he stared into the man's trembling eyes. "How does it feel?"

Bella's father blinked, his lips parting slightly, confusion flickering in his eyes as he struggled to comprehend the question. "W-What?"

Kafka tilted his head, his smirk deepening. "How does it feel..." He repeated, his voice dropping just slightly. "...to be the one begging instead of the one looking down?"

A violent shudder ran through Bella's father's body as the words sank in. His face burnt with shame, his pride utterly shattered, but even still, he didn't loosen his grip...He couldn't afford to.

"Please..."

Kafka chuckled softly, though there was no real emotion in it. Then, he leaned back once more, drumming his fingers lightly against the armrest as if pondering something unimportant.

For a moment, he let the silence hang, watching the man trembling on the floor before him, his fingers still clutching at the fabric of his pants like some desperate beggar. The sheer contrast between the arrogant man who had strutted into this house and the pathetic creature groveling before him now was almost laughable.

Finally, Kafka sighed, tilting his head slightly as if coming to a decision. "Well....I could fix everything for you." He said. "But that depends on whether or not you keep your word."

Bella's father's breath caught, as his swollen eyes flickered up, uncertain. "M-My word...?" He croaked.

Kafka smiled, but there was nothing kind about it.

"Yes. You remember, don't you?" He said with a knowing gaze. "You once said that if you ever met a man so powerful, so above you in every way, you'd fall to the ground and grovel for his favor." He leaned forward slightly, his voice dropping into something silkier, almost amused. "Well...Here I am."

For a second, Bella's father didn't move.

He had forgotten.

Or maybe he had never expected to find himself in such a situation, never thought there would be a day where he would have to make good on such a statement. His mind reeled, trying to grasp at any sense of pride, any last vestige of dignity to cling to. But no matter how much he tried to fight it, the cold, suffocating reality crashed down on him like a wave.

He had no choice.

His hands clenched into fists, shaking violently. The idea of doing this in front of a kid—someone young enough to be his son—disgusted him to his very core. But the alternative...

The alternative was losing everything.

Bella watched in horror as her father slowly, painfully, began to shift his position. She didn't want to believe it. She couldn't believe it. But right in front of her, step by step, he lowered his body further, moving inch by inch until his forehead touched the floor.

And then, in a single, terrible moment, he began to rub his head against the ground.

Chapter 536: I Want Your Daughter And Wife

Bella couldn't believe what she was seeing.



The man she once called her father, the man who had always boasted about his strength, his power, and his dominance over those weaker than him, was now crawling like an insect.

She felt disgusted.

She had already lost respect for him long ago, but this...this stripped away even the most basic remnants of human dignity.

She couldn't even bring herself to look at him.

She could only stare down with hollow eyes, watching her father writhe and degrade himself, feeling an overwhelming sense of disgust that made her stomach churn.

Kafka, on the other hand, merely sighed, as if he had seen this a thousand times before. "There, that wasn't so hard, was it?" He said casually. "A man should always keep his promises, after all."

Bella's father didn't answer. He was too busy swallowing the last scraps of his pride.

Then Kafka leaned forward slightly, his gaze sharpening. "That being said." He continued, tilting his head in thought. "I have been considering something else."

Bella's father stiffened, barely raising his head.

Kafka smiled. "I want your daughter, Bella." He said simply.

Bella froze. Her father's breath came out in short, uneven gasps.

"I think I'd like to make her mine." Kafka went on, his voice slow and lazy, as if he were discussing the weather. "But after everything you said earlier about how I wouldn't be good enough, I feel like I should hesitate a little, don't you think?"

Bella's father clenched his fists against the floor, his nails digging into his own skin.

He knew what Kafka was doing...He knew this was another test.

And yet, he had no choice but to participate.

His mouth opened, his lips trembling, but before he could force the words out, Kafka did something that made his blood run cold.

He lifted his foot. And slowly, deliberately, he pressed it down on the back of his head.

Bella's father shuddered as Kafka let the full weight of his foot rest against his skull, pressing him further against the floor.

His entire body tensed, his pride screaming, his muscles locking up in absolute humiliation.

Bella gasped, her face twisting violently as she took a half step back.

She couldn't believe what she was seeing.

The sight of her father, once so proud, so cruel, so untouchable, now being stepped on like a discarded piece of trash—

It was too much.

She felt her stomach turn, her fingers curling into her palms as a deep, festering disgust welled up inside her.

"Go on." Kafka said, his voice dripping with amusement. "Continue."

Her father's mouth opened, but no sound came out.

Seeing this, Kafka shifted his foot slightly, his heel pressing just a little harder.

Bella's father sucked in a sharp breath.

And then—

He begged.

"Please." He whispered at first, his voice shaking. "Please, take care of my daughter. I—I would be honoured if you accepted her."

"Mm...Try again." Kafka said as he moved his feet around, trying to find his bald spot.

His father squeezed his eyes shut. His body trembled violently under the weight of the foot pressing him down. His fingers clawed at the carpet, his lips quivering, his entire being burning with shame and regret.

But he had no other choice.

He had already lost...So he did what he had to do.

"Please." He gasped, his voice cracking as his breath hitched. "I beg you, please take care of my daughter. Please, take her as yours."

Bella closed her eyes.

She had nothing left to say to this man.

Because to her, he wasn't a man anymore.

He was just an insect grovelling at the feet of something far, far greater.

The room was thick with tension, the silence stretching unbearably as Bella's father lay beneath Kafka's foot, his forehead pressed into the floor, his entire being soaked in humiliation.

He had given up. He had surrendered his daughter without a fight, sacrificing his pride, his dignity, everything, just to cling onto what little hope he had left of salvaging his own life.

For a moment, he thought it was over.

He thought he had suffered enough.

And then—

Kafka spoke again.

"You know." He said, his voice carrying that same casual tone as if he were merely tossing out an idle thought. "Bella isn't the only one I've taken an interest in."

Bella's father stiffened beneath him, already having a horrible premonition of the words that were going to be spoken next.

"I've also got my eye on your wife."

Everything in Bella's father's body locked up at once when he heard his words. His heart beat violently, his muscles going rigid as something white—hot and blindingly furious—ignited in his chest.

Kafka continued as if he hadn't just dropped a bomb on the room. "Camila's quite the woman, isn't she?" He said, tapping his fingers idly against the armrest. "Beautiful, graceful...devoted. A bit wasted on you, don't you think?"

Bella's father felt something snap inside him.

A deep, primal rage erupted from the pit of his stomach, an anger so raw and overwhelming that it nearly made him lunge up and tear Kafka's throat out with his bare hands.

This wasn't about love.

It wasn't about devotion.

It wasn't even about Camila herself.

It was about him.

It was about his pride, his ownership, the ultimate humiliation of having another man look him in the eye and say, I'll take what's yours.

His fingers curled into fists against the carpet, his nails digging in so hard they nearly drew blood. His teeth ground together, his entire being screaming for him to act, to fight back, to kill this smug little bastard where he sat.

But then, he felt it...The weight on his head.

Kafka's foot was still pressing him down, a constant, silent reminder of the power dynamic in the room.

A chilling realisation slithered down his spine.

If he acted now—

If he dared to fight back—

He wouldn't just lose his job.

He wouldn't just lose his money, his career, his reputation...He would lose everything.

His body trembled, the anger still boiling inside him, but it was met with something far stronger.

Fear.

The words tasted like poison in his mouth, but he forced them out anyway.

"If...If that's what you want." He whispered, his voice barely audible, his throat so tight he could barely breathe. "Then...I'll allow it."

"Too half-hearted." Kafka remarked smoothly. "I need something clearer than that."

Bella's father clenched his fists even tighter, his body shaking violently.

He wanted to vomit...He wanted to die.

But he had no other choice.

He squeezed his eyes shut, his breath coming out in ragged gasps before he finally forced the words out, loud and clear.

"You can have them!" He shouted, the last of his pride shattering into dust. "You can take them both! My wife and my daughter—both of them are yours! Do whatever you want with them!"

A deep silence followed.

Bella didn't react.

She didn't flinch.

She didn't even blink.

She just stood there, her gaze devoid of any emotion, watching him with the same detached, hollow look one might give to a cockroach crawling on the floor.

Kafka sighed, lifting his foot off his head at last and flicking his feet as if he were scared that he might have gotten lice from keeping his feet on his head before giving a satisfied nod.

"Now, that's more like it." He said, smirking.

Thud!~

Bella's father collapsed fully onto the floor, his body limp, drained, and broken.

He had nothing left...Not even his dignity.

And hearing the loud commotion and the sound of her husband shouting, Camila walked in hurriedly, her expression a mix of concern and suspicion as she took in the scene before her.

Her husband was sprawled on the floor, his breathing ragged, his entire posture that of a man who had been utterly crushed.

Bella stood off to the side, looking down at him like he was nothing, while Kafka sat comfortably on the couch, the remnants of an amused smirk still lingering on his lips.

Camila frowned, her eyes narrowing as she tried to make sense of what she was seeing.

"Okay, what the hell is going on here?" She asked, her voice firm. Then, after a moment, her gaze flicked toward the phone lying on the table, then back to her husband, and her suspicion deepened. "And don't tell me you're looking for the remote again...I'm not buying that twice."

Bella let out a soft scoff before calmly stepping over her father, as if he were nothing more than an inconvenient obstacle in her path.

Camila's brows furrowed slightly at the action, but before she could say anything, Bella turned toward her, her expression eerily composed despite the storm that had been raging just moments before.

"Nothing happened, Mom." Bella said casually, her voice carrying a gentleness that was so obviously forced it made Camila narrow her eyes even further. "I'm just really hungry right now. Can we eat?"

Camila blinked, still clearly suspicious, but before she could press the issue, Bella gently took her by the shoulders and began pushing her toward the kitchen. "Come on, Mom, I don't want the food to get cold."

"Wait, but—"

Camila tried to glance back at the room, still utterly confused as to why her husband was lying on the floor like a corpse, but Bella was persistent, steering her forward with a determined grip.

Kafka chuckled softly as he watched them go before getting up from the couch, giving a little wiggle to let his blood flow as if he had just finished an easy workout.

"Well, a deal's a deal." He said, stepping over Bella's father just as easily as Bella had. "Now that you've given both of your women to me, I suppose I should hold up my end and change everything back."

Bella's father stiffened when he heard his words, biting his teeth like a dog as his entire body trembled with barely contained rage.

And just before stepping into the kitchen, Kafka paused, then glanced back, a teasing lilt in his voice. "Oh, and hurry up, old man." He called out, grinning. "It'd be a waste not to eat after all that grovelling, wouldn't it?"

Bella's father remained motionless, his breath coming out in harsh, ragged bursts, his entire frame coiled tight with fury.

He wanted nothing more than to tear Kafka apart and drink his blood, even though he doubted a monster like him had warm blood running through his body.

But he knew...

He knew that the moment he tried, his entire existence would be wiped out without a second thought.

So he stayed where he was, his entire body shaking with the weight of his own humiliation, as the sound of laughter and clinking dishes echoed from the kitchen...

Chapter 537: Insignificance

Kafka stepped into the kitchen and dining room, where the table was already set, the rich aroma of freshly cooked pasta filling the air. The dishes had been plated beautifully, steam rising from them, the scent of garlic, herbs, and tomatoes mingling perfectly, making the entire space feel warm and inviting.



His eyes immediately landed on Camila, who was finishing up setting the table, carefully placing the last set of utensils down with practiced ease. The golden light from the dining room cast a soft glow on her, making her look effortlessly elegant despite the simple task.

"It smells wonderful." Kafka said, his voice carrying an unmistakable warmth. "Looks like you've outdone yourself again."

Camila glanced at him with a wry smile, shaking her head. "It's the same pasta I always make." She said, her tone dry but playful. "You shouldn't get your expectations too high."

Instead of answering, Kafka walked up behind her and, without warning, slipped his arms around her waist, pulling her into a sudden embrace.

Camila tensed at first, caught off guard, but before she could protest, he murmured against her ear. "No matter how many times I eat your cooking, I'll never get tired of it."

His voice was gentle and teasing, but there was a genuine warmth to it, a quiet appreciation that made Camila's heart skip for just a second.

"The recipe may be old." He continued, pressing his chin lightly against her shoulder. "But the love put into the dish is still fresh and pumping."

Camila rolled her eyes, but the faint pink dusting her cheeks betrayed her.

"Ugh." She scoffed, reaching back to push at his arms. "That was way too cheesy."

"But it made you a little happy, didn't it?" He countered, grinning against her shoulder.

She let out a small sigh, unable to hide the little smile tugging at her lips. He wasn't wrong.

But then, reality crashed back in.

She stiffened slightly, suddenly remembering who was just in the next room...Her husband.

The man she had spent years tied to, the man who still had his name written on her marriage certificate—no matter how little meaning it held now.

Her hands shot up to his, prying him off her as she took a quick step forward, putting some distance between them.

"Kafka." She whispered urgently, giving him a warning glare. "My husband is in the other room."

Kafka only chuckled, utterly unbothered. "So?" He asked with a lazy smile, leaning casually against the dining table. "Who cares if he's right next to us? I wouldn't even bother even if he were to watch me get a little touchy with his wife."

Camila stared at him, her lips parting slightly in disbelief.

'This man...He really wasn't scared of anything, was he?' Camila rubbed her temple, trying to shake off the conversation before it spiralled into something she wasn't ready for.

"Whatever." She muttered, shaking her head. "More importantly—what exactly happened in there?"

She gestured toward the living room with a frown, referring to her husband, who was still suspiciously silent after all the commotion earlier.

Kafka only gave a small shrug.

"Nothing much." He quickly said, brushing past her to grab a plate. "Just a little chat between men."

Camila's frown deepened. She didn't buy that for a second.

"That didn't sound like just a little chat." She muttered, her fingers tightening around the back of a chair.

Kafka ignored her, already moving to help set the table.

Camila sighed, shaking her head again, knowing that she wasn't going to get anything out of him before walking over to stop him.

"I don't need help." She said, gently but firmly placing her hand over his. "Instead, why don't you do something useful and cheer up Bella?"

Kafka raised an eyebrow, following her gaze toward the dining table.

Bella had already seated herself, but she hadn't taken a single bite of the dinner before her. Her expression was tense, frustrated—hurt.

"She's been sulking ever since she got back here." Camila's voice softened.

Kafka studied her for a moment, noticing the way her shoulders were slightly hunched, the way her lips were pressed into a thin, uneasy line.

Something about her felt...defeated.

With a small smirk, he picked up his own plate and walked toward the table, sliding into the seat beside her.

Camila watched him go, then exhaled quietly, turning back to the kitchen. She still had a lot of questions, but for now...She'd let him handle Bella.

Bella sat alone at the dining table, her chin resting on her palm, her fork lazily twirling the pasta on her plate.

The steam still rose from it, the scent rich and inviting, but she hadn't taken a single bite. Her mind was elsewhere, caught in a storm of emotions she wasn't sure how to process. Her expression was distant, her brows slightly furrowed, her lips pressed into a faint pout.

Then, out of nowhere, two hands reached in from behind her and pulled at her cheeks.

Pull~

Her eyes widened in surprise as she felt her skin stretch, a playful tug forcing her lips into an awkward, exaggerated smile.

"What's with that frown?" Suddenly came a smooth, teasing voice from right beside her. "It doesn't suit you at all."

She barely had time to react before Kafka's face appeared in her peripheral vision, grinning at her as he continued to tug at her cheeks mercilessly.

"You'd look much cuter if you smiled." He added, his tone dripping with playfulness as he pulled on her cheeks that felt like meat buns.

Bella let out a small scoff, reaching up to poke at his hands irritably until he finally let go. She rubbed her cheeks, now slightly pink from his teasing, before turning to give him an unimpressed look.

"Easy for you to say." She muttered, nudging his arm away with her elbow before dropping her fork back onto her plate. "You were raised by wonderful parents who love you so much they'd be willing to do absolutely anything for you."

Her voice was quiet but firm, carrying the weight of something far deeper than simple envy.

Her fingers curled slightly against the table, her gaze dropping to her plate as her expression turned wistful.

"While I..." she hesitated, her eyes turning limpid, unfocused, lost in thoughts she had buried for too long.

She took a shaky breath.

"I got stuck with a father who just—" Her voice caught slightly before she forced herself to say it. "—sold his own daughter off for the sake of his job and position."

The words hung in the air, heavy and raw.

Her lips twisted bitterly as she continued, her tone laced with something between disappointment and sheer exhaustion.

"I mean, I always knew." She admitted, shaking her head slightly, as if trying to convince herself. "Ever since that incident—the day I found out the truth about him—I realised he wasn't the man I thought he was. And after that, it just...everything started to change. I started seeing him for what he really was. And the more I understood, the more I despised him."

Her fingers clenched around the edge of her plate, her nails scraping against the porcelain.

"I used to look up to him." She confessed, her voice quieter now, like she was speaking to herself more than to him. "I used to think he was this strong, capable man—someone who always knew what was best. And because of that, I let him turn me against my own mother." She let out a shaky breath, her eyes flickering with something close to shame. "He made me treat her like an enemy. Like she was the problem, when in reality...he was the one ruining everything."

Her fork clattered softly against the ceramic as she let go of it.

"But even after all of that..." She said, her voice hollow. "Even after I stopped seeing him as my father, even after I realised what kind of man he really was...I never thought..." She swallowed thickly, blinking hard. "...I never thought he'd be that horrible."

Her lips trembled as her shoulders tensed.

"I never thought he'd just..." Her voice wavered, her hands tightening into fists in her lap. "...give me away like that. Just like that. No hesitation, no second thoughts. Just...gone."

She laughed softly, but there was no humour in it.

"For some reason." She murmured, shaking her head. "It actually hurts."

She scoffed, like she was angry at herself for feeling this way.

"I shouldn't care, right?" She whispered, biting her lower lip. "I don't even care about him anymore. I know he's worthless. I know that. But the fact that he did it so easily, like I didn't even matter—" She stopped, inhaling sharply, her voice barely above a whisper.

"It makes me feel so...insignificant."

Silence...Kafka didn't say anything.

His usual teasing smirk had faded, replaced with something far more solemn.

Bella kept her gaze lowered, her lips pressed into a tight line, her fingers still curled into her lap as if she were holding herself together by sheer will alone.

The silence between them lingered, thick and heavy, neither of them quite knowing how to break it.

Bella still had her gaze lowered, her mind reeling from the emotions she had just poured out. For the first time in a long while, she had spoken about how she truly felt, about the hollow ache that had settled inside her after what her father had done.

And for the first time since she had known him, Kafka wasn't teasing, wasn't smirking, or joking around.

He was simply listening to her with a reminiscent look in his gaze like he were thinking about his own past at this moment which he felt was similar in one way or another...

Chapter 538: I'd Like To Be Your Second Chance

Then, after a brief pause, Kafka finally spoke.

But his voice was different...It was softer, more gentle.

There was a quiet, almost reminiscent tone to it, as if the words he was about to say weren't just for her, but for himself as well.

"You know." He said, a faint smile tugging at his lips as his eyes flickered with something unreadable. "You're comparing my family to yours, saying I had it better. But at the very least...you had a family from the start, didn't you?"

Bella's eyes lifted slightly, blinking at his sudden shift in tone.

Kafka leaned back against the chair, his gaze drifting slightly, as if looking at something far beyond the dining room.

"You had a mother who cared about you, who would do anything in the world for you." He continued, his voice light, almost thoughtful. "No matter what happened, no matter what you went through, at least you had her."

His smile twitched at the edges, and then, with a small chuckle, he added, "But do you know that I didn't even have that much."

Bella's expression shifted instantly...Her heart clenched.

She had heard about his past before. Her mother had told her bits and pieces, though it was always vague, never going into too much detail.

She knew that Kafka's family situation was difficult. She knew that his childhood hadn't been easy. But hearing him speak about it so casually, like it was just some passing joke.

...It stirred something inside her.

Kafka's fingers drummed lightly against the table, his smile never faltering, but his eyes—his eyes—held something else entirely.

"The truth is my birth mother didn't want me." He said lightly, as if it were the simplest fact in the world. "She thought I was useless and left me. Just like that. No hesitation, no second thoughts. Just...threw me away without a care in the world."

Bella gulped even though her throat felt dry at the moment.

He said it so easily, so naturally, like it was just some ordinary thing that happened, like it hadn't shaped his entire existence.

"Can you imagine?" He continued, still smiling, though there was something deeply unsettling about it now. "What kind of baby gets thrown away like that? A child should be loved, right? Should be cherished, should be wanted."

"...But my own mother looked at me and thought, 'Nope. Not worth it.' "

His fingers stilled, his gaze drifting toward his own reflection in the untouched surface of the pasta sauce.

"I always wondered." He mused, tilting his head slightly. "What I did wrong. What was so bad about me that even as a helpless newborn, my own mother took one look and decided I wasn't worth keeping."

Bella's chest tightened. Her fingers curled tightly against the fabric of her dress.

His voice wasn't shaking. His expression wasn't breaking. He wasn't crying or showing even an ounce of vulnerability in his posture.

But something about the way he said those words—so casual, so empty—made her heart burn.

"Maybe I was some kind of devil." He continued with a small laugh, as if the thought actually amused him. "I mean, what other reason could there be, right? A baby wouldn't be abandoned unless it was cursed, unless it was something...unnatural."

Bella's eyes trembled. Her throat felt tight, as if something was lodged in it, making it impossible to speak.

Kafka still had that damn smile on his face, but now—now she could see through it.

And what she saw hurt.

"And do you know that I actually used to hate myself?" He admitted, his voice quieter now, almost distant. "I'd lie awake at night wondering why I even existed. If my own mother didn't want me, then what was the point?"



"...I mean, why should I even be alive when my own mother saw no worth in staying in my life?"

The moment those words left his lips, Bella felt something deep inside her snap.

'Why should I even be alive?'

The thought of Kafka—this arrogant, smug, infuriatingly confident man—ever thinking of his life as meaningless was something she couldn't handle.

Her breath stopped, her fingers clenching around the edge of the table, her chest tightening with something painful and urgent.

She wanted to interrupt him, to stop him from speaking any further, to tell him he was wrong, that he should have never felt that way, that—

But before she could say anything, Kafka's expression changed.

Suddenly...Completely.

Like a switch had been flipped, that solemn, distant look in his eyes vanished, replaced by something else entirely—something bright, warm, and filled with so much life that it almost caught her off guard.

A slow smile stretched across his lips, not the usual teasing smirk he always wore, but a genuine one—one that radiated warmth, nostalgia, and something achingly joyful.

"But that all changed..." He said, his voice carrying none of the heaviness it held before. "...Because I realized something."

Bella blinked, stunned by the shift.

"W-What was it?" She asked hesitantly, her heart still hammering in her chest.

Kafka chuckled, leaning forward slightly, his elbows resting on the table.

"I realized..." He said, his tone laced with an almost childlike amusement. "...that my mother leaving me was actually a blessing in disguise."

Bella's eyes widened slightly. Her brows furrowed, confusion flickering across her face.

"A...b-blessing?" She repeated, as if she hadn't heard him right.

Kafka grinned, nodding.

"Of course!" He said easily, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. "If she hadn't abandoned me, I never would have met my two current mothers—the ones who actually wanted me."

Bella's breath caught. For a moment, she just stared at him, caught between lingering sadness and something unexpectedly warm.

Kafka's expression softened even further, his eyes glowing with unfiltered affection.

"Those two..." He continued, his voice quieter now, but in an entirely different way than before—not distant, not hollow, but full of love. "They took me in when I had nothing. Raised me. Gave me a home. Taught me what it actually meant to be cared for....To be loved."

His gaze drifted for a moment, as if lost in memories, his smile gentle, wistful, full of gratitude.

"I got lucky, you know?" He admitted, his fingers lightly tapping against the table. "Because instead of growing up with someone who didn't want me, I got to grow up with two women who loved me more than I could ever deserve."

Bella's twinkling blue eyes widened. She had seen Kafka smirk, tease, taunt, even mock others countless times.

But she had never seen him look so sincerely joyful.

It was strange, in a way—how he had been recounting the darkest, most painful part of his life just moments ago, and yet, now...now he was smiling like all of that had been worth it, like every ounce of suffering had led him to something precious.

Bella felt her chest tighten again—but this time, it wasn't from sadness.

It was from relief.

Kafka leaned back slightly, a soft chuckle escaping him as he ran a hand through his hair, his expression light but filled with unmistakable warmth.

"You know..." He began, his voice carrying a quiet certainty. "I wouldn't trade my mothers for anything. Not for money, not for power...not even for a hundred versions of the woman who gave birth to me."

Bella watched him, her lips curling into a small, genuine smile as he spoke. There was something truly rare about the way he talked about them.

"They raised me." He continued, his voice growing softer, more reflective. "They shaped me into who I am. They made me feel wanted. And even when I made mistakes, even when I was at my worst, they still...chose me. Every single time."

His fingers absentmindedly tapped against the table as he exhaled, a small wistful smile playing on his lips.

"I guess that's what real family is, huh? It's not about blood, not about obligation—it's about choice. And they chose to love me."

Bella nodded, listening intently, her heart warming at the clear adoration in his voice. She could tell, this wasn't just gratitude. It was love—pure, unconditional love.

For a while, he just sat there, basking in the memories, his gaze distant but filled with a quiet sort of joy.

And then—

He looked at her.

It was sudden, almost abrupt, the way his eyes flickered toward hers, locking onto them with something different this time.

Bella felt her breath hitch slightly at the hesitation in his gaze, the way his fingers stilled against the table, like he was trying to figure out how to say something he wasn't used to saying.

The shift in his demeanor was subtle, but noticeable. His usual confidence seemed to waver just slightly, replaced by something far more uncertain.

And then, finally—

He spoke.

"But, you know..." He started, his voice lower now, almost careful, as if he wasn't sure how she would take his next words. "Even though my past was like that, I...I got a second chance."

Bella frowned slightly, tilting her head in curiosity.

Kafka exhaled softly, his fingers curling slightly on the table, his eyes flickering with something vulnerable.

And then, hesitantly, almost shyly, he said,

"And if you're willing to give me a chance..."

Bella blinked. He hesitated for a second, his gaze searching hers, and then, in a tone so uncharacteristically gentle that it made her chest tighten, he continued.

"...I-I'd like to be your second chance."

Bella's heart skipped a beat as his words slowly settled into her mind.

Kafka's cheeks also tinged with the faintest shade of pink, and he rubbed the back of his neck, clearly embarrassed by his own words.

"I mean..." He quickly tried to recover, his voice slightly flustered. "I don't want to sound narcissistic or anything, but...I-If you'd let me, I'd like to be your second chance."

"...The father you never had, who I promise to cherish with all my heart."

Chapter 539: The Blessing Of Family

Bella froze...For a moment, she couldn't breathe.

She had expected anything but that.

Her hands trembled slightly on the table as she stared at him, her throat tightening, her emotions whirling in chaos inside her.

He wasn't joking.

There was no teasing smirk, no playful lilt to his voice.

Kafka—the same arrogant, smug, unshakable Kafka—was sitting there, vulnerable, waiting for her answer like it actually mattered to him.

Like she mattered to him.

A warmth spread through her chest, something overwhelming, something she didn't know how to name.

Her eyes burned slightly, and she bit her lip, trying to process what had just happened, what he had just offered her.

A second chance...A real one.

Not out of pity...Not out of obligation.

But because he wanted to...Because he chose her.

Her fingers curled like she was trying to create some warmth in the cold as she swallowed hard, trying to steady herself.

And for the first time in a long time, she felt safe.

Kafka shifted slightly in his seat, suddenly very aware of the words that had just left his mouth.

'What the hell did I just say?'

It wasn't like him to get sentimental—not like this, not so openly, and definitely not with his own emotions laid bare on the table.

The weight of his own words settled on him like an unexpected realization, and a rare warmth crept up the back of his neck. His fingers tapped anxiously against the wood of the table, resisting the urge to rub at his face in embarrassment.

He hesitated, contemplating whether he should turn his head slightly, maybe just enough to get a peek at Bella's reaction—just to gauge what she was thinking, whether she thought he had gone completely insane or was simply joking with her.

But before he could even move, something soft and warm collided into his chest.

Kafka barely had time to process it before he felt arms wrap around him tightly, pressing into him like she never wanted to let go.

His dark eyes went wide, his body instinctively stiffening for a split second before he realized—

Bella was hugging him.

No, not just hugging him—clinging to him, burying her face against him, her entire frame trembling slightly as if she were desperately trying to keep herself together.

She who wasn't arguing with him like usual, she wasn't punching him, she wasn't scoffing, teasing, or rolling her eyes at him.

She was simply holding onto him, as if she was afraid he would disappear if she let go.

Kafka blinked, momentarily caught off guard.

Then, slowly, he felt himself relax.

A small smile pulled at his lips as he let out a quiet exhale, his arms gently encircling her, one hand resting on her back, the other lightly patting the top of her head.

"So." He murmured, his voice low, teasing but warm. "Can I take that as a yes and your bestowing me the opportunity of me being your second chance?"

Bella thought about it for a second before nodding against him, her grip tightening slightly around his shirt, as if she still wasn't quite ready to let go.

Kafka's chest loosened with relief, a genuine warmth spreading through him as he closed his eyes briefly, resting his chin lightly against the top of her head.

For once, there was no need for words.

This moment, this feeling, was enough.

But then—

"Alright, alright, that's enough, you two!"

The sudden voice made them both freeze.

Kafka lifted his head lazily, while Bella groaned against his chest, already knowing who it was.

Camila stood at the entrance to the kitchen, arms crossed, her eyes narrowing slightly at the scene before her.

"Let go of each other." She huffed, marching closer. "You two can cuddle all you want after a certain someone leaves. But if your father walks in and sees this, he's going to throw a tantrum!"

Bella immediately lifted her head, her expression darkening in an instant.

"Who's my father?!" She scoffed, her voice full of disdain. She harumphed, crossing her arms before leaning back into Kafka's chest like a stubborn child. "I don't know who you're talking about, as Kafka is the only father I have!"

Kafka's eyes widened slightly, his arms still loosely wrapped around her.

Camila's lips parted, her brows raising slightly in surprise, but before she could even react, Bella—as if to emphasize her point—hugged him even tighter.

"See? Daddy won't me go even if you say so." She said firmly, not budging an inch.

"Unbelievable...I just don't what you said to her Kafka that's she's hugging onto you like a little monkey, when she looked so sombre a minute ago." Camila exhaled sharply, pinching the bridge of her nose as her daughter sided with her lover without batting an eye.

Kafka, meanwhile, was trying not to laugh.

Bella's childish stubbornness, Camila's exasperation, the entire situation—it was all so ridiculous, and yet...So, so perfect.

This was his family now.

And Kafka knew that he wouldn't trade this moment for anything in the world.

But just as the mood in the kitchen was starting to become harmonious, the sound of heavy footsteps echoed through the hallway, each one deliberate, slow, and seething with frustration.



Bella, despite all her earlier defiance, instinctively tensed at the approaching presence.

She had no fear of the man walking toward them—he was nothing to her anymore.

But she didn't want to make a scene. Not right now.

So, begrudgingly, she loosened her grip around Kafka and slid back into her seat, her expression cool, composed—like she hadn't just been clinging to him moments ago.

But just as Kafka thought that was the end of it, Bella suddenly leaned in again and, with the swiftest motion, pressed a quick kiss against his cheek.

Kiss~

Kafka blinked. His eyes widened slightly, caught completely off guard as the warmth of her lips lingered against his skin.

And just as his fingers reached up to touch his cheek, to confirm that it had actually just happened, her father entered.

The air in the room shifted instantly.

The man stepped into the kitchen, his expression deathly, hollow, utterly drained.

He looked like a shell of the arrogant man who had walked in earlier. The pride, the smug confidence—it was all gone.

Replaced by something ugly, bitter, festering with resentment.

Camila's brows furrowed the moment she saw him. "Why do you look like that? You look like you just walked out of your grave." She asked bluntly, already pulling out his chair.

But he didn't answer.

He just stood there, his gaze locked onto Kafka, his indignant eyes burning with something he couldn't even put into words.

A mixture of hatred and helplessness.

Kafka, on the other hand, looked utterly unfazed.

He sat there, leaning back against his chair, his face completely relaxed, as if he hadn't just wrecked the man's entire life. His fingers still rested against the cheek Bella had kissed, his lips curled into the faintest smirk.

Seeing his calm demeanor, her father clenched his fists at his sides before huffing under his breath and looking away. He finally lowered himself into his chair, though every motion was stiff, reluctant, as if just sitting at the same table as Kafka was a personal humiliation.

Camila watched the entire exchange with slight confusion but ultimately sighed, deciding not to push further.

If he wanted to sulk, he could sulk. She had no energy for his tantrums tonight.

Instead, she picked up the bottle of apple juice from the table and started pouring it into everyone's glasses.

"Alright." She said, settling into her own seat beside Kafka. "Since I made the meal, it's only fair that you're the one to give the toast."

"Me?" Kafka raised an eyebrow, glancing at her with a smirk.

"Yes, you." She confirmed, placing the juice bottle down.

Bella, already sensing his reluctance, perked up immediately, her lips curling into a mischievous grin. "C'mon, Daddy, give us a good one!", not even caring that she was calling him 'Daddy' in front of her actual father.

Kafka sighed, running a hand through his hair, feigning exasperation, but there was a hint of amusement in his expression.

"Fine, fine." He muttered, lifting his glass lazily.

But then—

His gaze softened.

He turned his head slightly, looking at Bella and Camila, the two women who had somehow become the center of his world in ways he never expected.

And as he did—his smirk melted into something much more genuine.

He let out a quiet breath, his lips curving into a smile—a real, heartfelt one.

"To the most beautiful and wonderful mother-daughter pair I was lucky enough to meet." He said, his voice gentle but sure, filled with an undeniable warmth.

Bella and Camila both froze for a split second.

"I thank God for the blessing of bringing you two into my life." He continued smoothly, tilting his head slightly. "I don't know what I'd do without you."

Silence.

And then, both Bella and Camila blushed.

It was brief, barely noticeable, but Kafka caught it.

Bella immediately cleared her throat and snatched her glass, clinking it against his hurriedly.

"Alright, enough of that, drink up!" She said, deliberately diverting the conversation.

Camila, also flustered, quickly followed suit, lifting her glass and clinking it against his as well. "Yes, yes, drink up before the food gets cold!"

Kafka laughed, shaking his head, fully amused by their reaction. But he didn't push it.

Instead, he took a sip of his drink, smiling against the rim of his glass.

This...This was home.

The laughter, the clinking of glasses, the lighthearted teasing—This was what life was about.

But while they were having fun, Bella's father barely heard any of it, barely processed the warmth and joy radiating from the other side of the table. His mind was elsewhere, trapped in a suffocating storm of resentment and frustration.

His gaze remained locked on his plate, his fork pushing around the pasta he didn't even want. His jaw clenched.

Camila...She hadn't listened to him.

He had asked her to make something else—had told her he didn't want pasta.

And yet, here it was, steaming on his plate, as if his words had meant nothing at all.

In the past, if he had made such a request, she would have changed the meal immediately, without hesitation, without question.

She had always been attentive, always making sure her family's needs came first.

But now?...Now, she didn't even spare him a glance.

Instead, she was laughing at Kafka's jokes, pouring juice for him, checking to see if he was enjoying the food—the way she used to with him.

His fingers curled tightly around his fork, the sharp tips scraping against the table.

And then there was Bella.

She always sat beside him at the table, always his little girl, always within his reach, always listening to his words, valuing his opinions.

Now...Now she was sitting next to him.

To that boy.

That damn boy who barged into his life uninvited, who turned his daughter against him, who made his wife ignore him.

He felt like an outsider in his own home.

A humiliated stranger at his own table.

This was supposed to be the night he came back to his perfect wife, his obedient daughter, the life he had so carefully built—the one he thought would always be there waiting for him.

But now...Now, it was ruined.

Because of him.

That devil who somehow slithered his way in and took everything from him.

Chapter 540: Violent Outrage

As he watched the happy scene before him, veins popped up on the side of Bella's father's neck, his frustration building and building, swelling inside him like a volcano about to erupt.

And just when he thought it couldn't get any worse.

His eyes landed on the stacked jars in the corner of the room.

He blinked.

There were so many of them—lined up neatly, labels printed far too professionally to be some kind of casual kitchen hobby.

Something about them looked off, like they didn't belong there, like they were important in a way he didn't understand yet.

And then—it clicked.

A bad feeling crawled up his spine as his lips parted slightly, his breath catching.

And before he even realized what he was doing, he cut through the conversation.

"What are those?"

The lively atmosphere at the table instantly shifted.

The laughter halted. The conversation froze.

Camila, Bella, and Kafka all turned to him, surprised by the sudden sharpness in his tone.

"Why are there so many of them? What the hell is all that?" He gestured toward the jars, his eyes narrowing.

Camila's expression remained neutral, but there was a brief flicker of something—caution, calculation—before she responded smoothly. "They're just some sauces we've been working on."

"We?" He asked back, his tone more indignant.

Camila hesitated.

For a moment, she considered her words carefully, wondering if she should even bother explaining everything to him.

'Would it make a difference? Would he listen?'

But then she pushed those thoughts aside.

This was good news—for her, for Bella, for everyone who had worked so hard on this. There was no reason to hide it. No reason to feel like she had to ask for permission.

So, lifting her chin slightly, she spoke with calm confidence.

"It's a business." She said, her voice unwavering. "Bella and I started making sauces to sell. We've already made arrangements, and soon, they'll be hitting the shelves in local stores."

The words had barely left her lips and—

CRASH!~

The violent sound of shattering ceramic ripped through the room, making Bella flinch as the plate smashed against the floor, its broken pieces scattering in every direction.

The dining table was suddenly a mess—forks clattered to the ground, sauce splattered against the surface, the once peaceful meal completely ruined in the blink of an eye.

Camila's heart lurched, her breath catching in her throat as her eyes snapped toward her husband—

And what she saw made her face twist in cold dread.

His face was contorted in pure fury, his eyes wild with rage and disbelief, his fists trembling violently at his sides.

Bella stiffened in her seat, her hands clenching onto the table for support, her entire body going rigid at the sight of him unraveling before their eyes.

Her father had already been barely holding on—she could see it in the way his jaw twitched, the way his breathing had grown heavier throughout dinner, the way his fingers had gripped his utensils with too much force.

But this...This was the final straw.

Camila had crossed a line.

A woman? Starting her own business? Without his knowledge? Without his approval?

It was unacceptable to him.

It was a direct challenge—a betrayal—like she was trying to usurp him, trying to break free from the control he thought he still had over her.

His voice exploded into the air, shaking with undiluted rage.

"HOW DARE YOU?!"

His chair scraped against the floor as he abruptly stood up, his body practically radiating fury.

"HOW COULD YOU DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS BEHIND MY BACK?!" He roared, his glare piercing into Camila, his hands shaking with restrained violence.

"You think you can just make decisions on your own?!" He seethed, his entire body tensing like a predator ready to strike. "YOU THINK YOU CAN JUST IGNORE ME AND DO WHATEVER YOU WANT?!"

Camila didn't flinch...She didn't shrink away.

She held his gaze, her expression calm—cold even, as she watched him rage.



She wasn't the same woman who used to bend under his authority for the sake of maintaining her family.

She wasn't the same woman who bit her tongue and endured.

She wasn't the same woman who believed she had no choice.

Her voice, when she finally spoke, was steady, even, unshaken.

"I didn't do anything behind your back." She said as she took a step forward, her gaze sharp, unwavering. "I simply didn't think I needed your permission."

That was it.

That was all it took.

Something inside him snapped completely.

His eyes darkened, his expression twisting into something ugly, something vile.

"You should know your place!" He spat, stepping toward her, his hand twitching slightly at his side. "A woman should NEVER forget her place!"

Bella froze, her heart feeling like it was going to jump out at the storm that was erupting before.

She saw it. She saw the way her father's musclesmuscles tensed, saw the way his rage boiled over, saw the way his fingers curled into a fist as he took another threatening step forward.

And for a split second—she thought he was going to hit her.

But before she could move—before she could even think of reacting—

She saw her mother expression and she stood completely still.

Why?...Because her mother wasn't scared.

She wasn't cowering, wasn't shrinking away, wasn't bracing for impact.

She was standing tall. Staring him down.

Her chin lifted ever so slightly, her posture unshaken, unmoving, unbreakable

Daring him...Daring him to try.

Daring him to see what happens if he laid a hand on her.

And for the first time ever, Bella saw her father hesitate.

His fury flickered.

His rage wavered.

Because in that moment, he knew that if he raised his hand against her this time, it wouldn't end the way he thought it would.

Camila wouldn't just stand there and take it.

She wouldn't just accept it.

Being the proud woman she was, she would fight back.

And he wasn't sure if he'd win.

His fingers twitched again, his teeth grinding together so hard it was audible.

But in the end—

He was a coward.

And like all cowards do when they realize they can't win—

He ran.

Letting out an incoherent scream of rage, he abruptly turned, shoving the chair out of his way as he stormed toward the door, his steps thundering through the house.

"YOU'LL REGRET THIS, CAMILA!" He bellowed, his voice dripping with impotent fury. "YOU HEAR ME?! YOU'LL REGRET THIS!!"

He slammed the door open, his body practically shaking with frustration.

And then, he was gone.

The moment the door slammed shut, silence fell over the house.

For a few seconds, nobody moved.

Bella let out a shaky breath, her hands still digging into her lap, her heart pounding so hard it hurt.

And then, slowly, she turned to look at her mother.

Camila was still standing tall, her gaze still locked on the door, her face unreadable.

But then, after a long pause, she let out a soft exhale, shaking her head slightly.

"Well." She said with a casual look on her face like what had just happened was some kind of joke in her eyes. "That was unnecessarily dramatic, wasn't it? And he has the gall to us ladies are the ones that overreact over anything."

Bella giggled at her mother's comment and she was just about to let out a deep sigh of relief, her shoulders loosening ever so slightly after the chaos that had just unfolded.

But then, her mind snapped to attention.

Something was wrong.

Her brows furrowed slightly as she turned to the side—only to realize Kafka wasn't sitting next to her anymore.

Her eyes went wide and so did her lips. A sharp panic gripped her chest as she abruptly shot up from her chair, whipping her head around the room.

"Mom!" She called out frantically, her voice rising in alarm. "Where's Daddy?! He's not here—he's going to do something hasty!"

Camila, who had still been composed a moment ago, immediately stiffened at those words.

Bella was right...Kafka wasn't the type to just let things go.

He had watched everything happen in silence, but that didn't mean he had accepted it.

And now—he was gone.

Her heartbeat picked up. Her mind immediately jumped to the worst possibility.

Had he gone after her husband?

Was he chasing him down right now?

Was he about to do something irreversible?

Without a second thought, she moved, her body reacting before her mind could even catch up.

But just as she was about to bolt for the door, her eyes flickered downward and she froze.

Kafka...He...He hadn't gone anywhere.

He was right there.

Not standing...Not storming after her husband.

But, crouching on the ground next to the broken plate.

Bella also found his seated figure and stared at him, completely dumbfounded.

"What the—?" Camila, just as shocked, hesitated for a moment before slowly walking toward him.

Her first thought was that he had gotten hurt. Maybe when the plate shattered, a shard had cut him, or maybe something had happened that she hadn't noticed in the chaos.

But as she stepped closer, her confusion only deepened.

Because Kafka...Kafka was actually eating.

He was eating the pasta that had fallen onto the floor.

She couldn't help but blink at the sight, her eyes widening as she crouched down next to him, hesitant to even ask.

Kafka looked up at her as if nothing was out of the ordinary, his usual easy smile on his face, a fork in his hand as he twirled some of the fallen pasta onto it.

"Ah." He said when he saw Camila approaching, lifting the fork to his mouth and taking another bite, chewing with clear satisfaction. "I was right. It really is delicious."

"W-What?" She watched in stunned silence as he picked up another forkful from the mess on the floor, his expression completely serene, as if he were sitting at a five-star restaurant instead of crouching beside a shattered plate.

"K-Kafka." Her voice came out slow, careful, unsure, like she was still trying to process what she was looking at.

He glanced at her, unbothered, and swallowed his bite before speaking.

"You said it's the same recipe you always use." He said, his tone genuinely thoughtful. "But somehow, I feel like it just keeps tasting better every time you cook it."

Camila's lips parted slightly. Her brain short-circuited.

She had no idea how to respond to that.

For a second, she just stared at him, trying to figure out if she was hallucinating, if this was some kind of elaborate joke, if Kafka had actually lost his mind.

Finally, after a moment of stunned silence, she forced herself to ask the obvious question.

"Why..." She said slowly, carefully. "Why are you eating pasta off the ground?"