

God of Milfs 541

Chapter 541: I've Waited Long Enough...

When Kafka heard Camila's question, he smiled wider, almost as if she had asked him something completely normal.

"Why? Of course, it's because it would be a waste if no one ate this slid pasta." He said simply, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "So I'm taking it as my duty to do so."

Camila let out an exasperated sigh, her patience hanging by a thread as she reached for Kafka's arm, firmly trying to pull him up from the floor.

"Kafka, stop this nonsense." She said, her voice laced with irritation and concern, unable to understand why he was suddenly behaving like a dog that had spotted some food on the floor. "It's already touched the floor, it's dirty—just get up and eat the food on your plate!"

But Kafka—

Kafka simply smiled.

Not his usual teasing, smug grin.

Not a lazy smirk meant to annoy her.

But a gentle, warm, almost reverent smile.

And then—he spoke.

"I sadly can't do that Camila, since you see, ever since I had my first spoon of your cooking..." He said, his tone carrying something undeniably sincere. "...I decided that I wanted to keep eating your wonderful food for the rest of my life."

Camila was taken aback by his sudden praise that came out of nowhere. Her grip on his arm slightly loosened, her breath catching at his words.

But he wasn't finished.

He lowered his gaze for a moment, as if recalling a precious memory, before meeting her eyes again, his expression unwavering.

"And so, I solemnly swore to myself that day..." He continued, his voice unwavering in its conviction. "...that I would never waste anything you made. No matter how small, no matter how simple—if you made it, I would cherish it."

"...I would appreciate the time and effort you put into every dish."

Camila's chest tightened, her fingers unconsciously clenching against the fabric of her dress.

"So..." Kafka exhaled softly, twirling another forkful of pasta, his kind gaze still locked onto hers.

"If I let your cooking go to waste just because it fell on the floor." He murmured, his voice quiet, but heavy with meaning. "I'd be breaking that promise."

His smile warmed.

"And I can't do that, can I?"

And then—He kept eating.

Camila just...stared and something inside her broke.

There was a man who had once promised to love her for a lifetime.

Who had stood at the altar, who had vowed to cherish and respect her, who had told her she was the most precious thing in his world.

And yet, he couldn't even keep that promise for a fraction of that time.

Couldn't even hold onto his commitment when it mattered the most.

Couldn't even be a decent husband, a decent father.

And yet, here was Kafka.

A man who had made no grand vows.

Who had never stood before an altar with her.

Who had no obligation, no duty, no reason to hold onto something so small, so insignificant.

And yet, he did.

He was sitting on the floor, eating pasta off the ground, just because of a promise he made to himself.

Just because he wanted to honor the effort she put into something.

Camila felt her chest ache, a wave of overwhelming emotion swirling inside her, twisting deep into places she didn't know she could still feel.

Her heart clenched painfully, but not out of sadness—

Out of gratitude.

Out of love.

Out of sheer, unfiltered appreciation for this ridiculous, wonderful, infuriating, loving man in front of her.

Her eyes softened, warmth filling her gaze in a way that made her feel lightheaded, like something inside her had just melted completely to the extent that it looked like someone that was in heat and was looking for someone to feast on.

And before Kafka could even react, she suddenly grabbed onto his shoulders.

Her grip on Kafka's shoulders was firm—almost too firm.

Before he could even register what was happening, she pulled him up, her strength catching him completely off guard.

There was something different about her expression—something so intense, so overwhelming that it made Kafka pause.

Her eyes...They were filled with something deep, something unspoken, something that bordered desperation, devotion...and lust even.

Kafka barely had a chance to open his mouth, to ask what she was doing, but she didn't let him speak.

Before he could utter a word, she grabbed his wrist and started dragging him away.

"Oi—Camila?" He said, blinking rapidly. "Where exactly are we going?"

But she didn't answer.

She just kept walking, her grip tight, possessive, unwavering.

"Mom?" Bella's voice cut through the air, her expression a mixture of shock and growing horror as she saw the direction her mother was leading him toward.

She felt heat crawl up her neck, her ears burning red as she suddenly realized—

She was taking him to her bedroom.

Bella almost choked on air.

"MOM?!"

Camila still didn't respond, her mind seemingly somewhere else entirely as she pulled Kafka along like she couldn't bear to let him go.

Bella's heart raced wildly, panic kicking in as she instinctively shot up from her chair, ready to follow them.

But just as she moved, her foot bumped into something solid on the ground.

She froze.

Her eyes flickered down and a sharp chill crawled up her spine.

Lying on the floor, barely noticeable amidst the broken plate and spilled food, was a butcher's knife that her mother used to cut bones with.

Bella's heart stopped for a second

'W-Why was that there?' Her brows furrowed slightly as she took a slow, hesitant step forward.

And then—

A memory surfaced.

A fleeting moment, barely a second long, but now that she was thinking about it, it stood out like a bloodstain on a white canvas.

She remembered—

Her father's hand, raised in anger.

And—

Kafka...Standing there, silent, unmoving, expression unreadable—

Holding that very knife in his hand.

And just when her father had lifted his arm all the way up—

She swore she saw Kafka lift the knife just as high.

Like he was waiting.

Like he was prepared to cut his head off in one single chop and dye the entire kitchen in his dripping blood.

Bella stared at the knife, her throat dry, her entire body tense as the realisation crept in.

Had she...imagined it?

Had it been a trick of her adrenaline, her panic making her see things that weren't there?

Had it been real?

She swallowed hard, the weight of that possibility sending a deep shiver down her spine.

Because if it had been real, then her kitchen wouldn't have just been stained red with pasta sauce...It would have been something else entirely.

A sharp breath left her lips. She shook her head, trying to clear her thoughts.

But one thing was certain—

She was glad her father had backed off.

Because if he hadn't, if he had actually struck her mother in that moment.

...Well, Bella wasn't sure what Kafka would have done and she wasn't sure she wanted to know.

Pushing down the unease in her chest, she quickly turned away from the knife, shaking the thought from her mind.

She had more pressing concerns right now.

Like figuring out what the hell her mom was about to do behind closed doors.

And with that, she rushed after them leaving behind the innocent knife that was used to slice through beef and chicken, which almost turned into a murder weapon that was about to cut into the throat of a full grown man and lob his head right off.

Bella rushed after her mother and Kafka, her mind a whirlwind of conflicting emotions. She caught up just as her mother pushed Kafka into her bedroom, his expression still one of bewildered confusion.

"Mom, what are you—" Bella started, reaching for the door handle to follow them in, driven by a mix of concern for Kafka and curiosity about the situation.

But as she attempted to enter, she was met with resistance. A soft, yet firm, push sent her stumbling back from the doorway. It wasn't until she looked up that she realized it was her mother's plump chest that had gently but effectively blocked her entry.

The realisation made her blush, her mind briefly wandering to the thought of how had to grow her assets as well if she wanted to match her mother's physical presence.

"M-Mom, what are you going to do with Daddy?" Bella stammered, her face burning with embarrassment as she tried to regain her composure.

Camila stood in the doorway, arms crossed, her gaze knowing and slightly amused.

"Oh, Bella dear, I think you know exactly what your mother is going to do." She said with a playful tone, alluding to what had been happening between Bella and Kafka whenever they went behind closed doors, while she was still at home. Camila then smirked with a lustful look in her blue eyes and said, "It's my turn to take him for the night...I've been on the sidelines for far too long."

Bella's cheeks turned an even deeper shade of red at her mother's words, her eyes wide with shock and a bit of intrigue.

Camila continued, her voice lowering to a conspiratorial whisper, "Maybe I'll even let you join us when I'm done, but for now, wait by the door if you wish. Listen for when we call you...And...Well...Ignore the other noises that will also come out."

With a cheeky chuckle and a wink, Camila shut the door, leaving Bella in the hallway, her mind racing. She then heard a muffled laugh from behind the door, followed by other, less identifiable sounds that sparked her curiosity further.

Bella stood there, torn between retreating back to her dinner or succumbing to her curiosity.

And finally, because of her innate perverted nature that longed for anything taboo in nature just like her mother, the latter won out. She leaned closer to the door, her ear pressed against it, trying to catch every whisper and movement, her heart pounding with anticipation and a touch of envy.

As she waited, her thoughts were a mix of excitement, embarrassment, and a newfound respect for her mother's directness.

And she hoped that she wouldn't have to wait too long before her mother called her in, as she could already feel her lower body throbbing at the thought of the night that was about to unfold, and she didn't know if she could hold back enough long enough that she wouldn't barge in herself and join them in their night of pure pleasure...

Chapter 542: Pity And Remorse

While Bella was standing outside, her mind a whirlwind of emotions, inside the room, Kafka was coming to terms with his new environment.

His eyes darted around Camila's bedroom, taking in the familiar yet suddenly alien surroundings. The soft lighting, the gentle scent of lavender from her candles, everything seemed to amplify the intimacy and strangeness of the moment.

He was about to speak, perhaps to ask what this was all about and why she left Bella back there and brought him here, that was until the sound of the lock clicking into place snapped his attention back to the door. His head whipped around just in time to see Camila turn the key, sealing them off from the rest of the world.

As she turned to face him, her movements were deliberate, almost choreographed. Her gaze was unlike anything he had seen from her before; it was predatory, intense, and filled with an unspoken promise. Her eyes locked onto his, and for a moment, time seemed to slow as he felt the weight of her stare.

"C-Camila, what's going on? Why did you drag me all the way here?" Kafka asked, feigning ignorance as he tried to navigate the sudden shift in atmosphere. He gestured towards the door, his voice carrying a note of urgency. "We should really go back to dinner or else the food will get cold...We don't want to be eating ice cold pasta, would we?"

But Camila didn't seem to care about the pasta and her smile was anything but innocent, her eyes dancing with mischief.

"Dinner can wait, Kakfa." She murmured, her tone playful yet charged with intent. She then looked him over, her gaze lingering provocatively on his crotch as she continued saying, "It can wait as there's something else I'd much rather indulge in."

Before Kafka could fully process her words, Camila moved with surprising agility. She stepped forward, her hands firm on his shoulders, pushing him backward. He stumbled, the backs of his knees catching on the bed, and he sat down abruptly at the edge.

Sit~

Confusion painted his features as Camila leaned in, her presence overwhelming. She tilted his chin up with her fingers, her touch both gentle and commanding.

Then, without any further preamble, she kissed him.

"Kiss!~"

It wasn't just a kiss; it was a statement, deep and passionate, her lips claiming his in a way that spoke of long-held desires finally unleashed.

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

Camila's kiss was an assault on Kafka's senses, immediate and relentless. Her lips crashed against his, not giving him a chance to catch his breath, to think.

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

She was the aggressor, her tongue pushing past his defenses, seeking, claiming, with an intensity that left no room for misunderstanding. It was raw, direct, and full of unspoken longing.

"Peck!~ Peck!~ Kiss!~ Peck!~ Taste!~"

Her mouth worked against his with a hunger that was almost visible, her tongue not just touching but intertwining with his, sucking with an intensity that sent shivers down Kafka's spine.

Each movement was deliberate, passionate, as if she were trying to convey years of suppressed desire in that single, intense moment.

"Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Smack!~ Mmm!~ Lick!~"

Kafka was undeniably aroused by the intensity of the moment, his body responding with a natural fervor to Camila's dominant kiss.

Yet, amidst the physical response, there was a battle within him; he fought the urge to return the kiss, to give in to the passion that was being thrust upon him.

His concern for Camila, however, was more potent than his arousal. She had always shown a dominant streak, but this was different, unprecedented in its intensity, and it worried him.

Grasping her hips, Kafka managed to pull her away slightly, his breath coming in short, ragged bursts. "...Camila, are you alright?" He asked, his voice laced with genuine concern, trying to catch her eye, to read her through the storm of desire. "Why are you suddenly so aggressive—"

But Camila was not deterred.

Ignoring his question, she continued her assault, her lips finding the sensitive skin of his neck, kissing with a fervor that was both possessive and consuming.

"Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Mwah!~ Kiss!~ Sip!~"

Her hands, deft and determined, began unbuttoning his shirt, each button undone revealing more of him to her voracious affection.

With his shirt now fully unbuttoned, revealing the expanse of his skin to the cool air and her warm breath, Camila's path of kisses was nothing short of an art form.

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

Starting at his collarbone, she pressed her lips against him with a fervor that seemed to sear his skin. Each kiss was a branding, a claim, her lips lingering just long enough to feel the pulse of his heart through his flesh before moving on.

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

She traced the line of his collarbone with her mouth, her kisses alternating between soft, feather-like touches and harder, more possessive presses that made his breath hitch.

Her lips were warm, almost feverish, as they explored the hollow at the base of his throat, where she paused, her tongue darting out to taste the salt of his skin, a silent acknowledgment of possession.

"Peck!~ Peck!~ Kiss!~ Peck!~ Taste!~"

Moving downward, her kisses became a cascade over his chest.

She kissed the firm muscles there, her lips molding to the contours of his pecs, nibbling gently at times, then sucking at others, leaving behind a trail of red marks that would linger as a testament to this moment.

Her breath was hot against his skin, each exhale sending shivers through him, making his skin prickle with goosebumps despite the warmth of her touch.

"Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Smack!~ Mmm!~ Lick!~"

As she moved further down, over the plains of his abdomen, her kisses became more deliberate, tracing the lines of his abs with a reverence that was almost worshipful.

"Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Mwah!~ Kiss!~ Sip!~"

Each muscle was greeted with a kiss, her lips lingering over the dips and rises, her tongue occasionally tracing the outline, making Kafka's stomach muscles tense under the onslaught of sensation.

Kafka, caught in the tempest of her affection, felt every kiss like an electric shock, his body reacting with a fervor that matched hers, yet his mind was a whirlpool of concern and arousal, trying to decipher the intensity behind her actions while succumbing to the undeniable pleasure they brought.

His senses swam in a haze of conflicting desire and concern as Camila's kisses continued their relentless journey along his skin.

His body began to yield to her touch, each kiss and caress sending ripples of pleasure that made him want to surrender completely. For a few blissful moments, he let himself drift in the intensity of her affection, almost forgetting the undercurrent of worry that tugged at his heart.

Then, amid the cascade of sensations, he became aware of a new, unmistakable shift.

His eyes widened as he saw Camila's hand slide lower, her intent unmistakable as she inched toward his waistband. The soft rustle of fabric and the subtle sound of her movements snapped him back to reality.

In that instant, Kafka realized that the situation was spiraling beyond his comfort zone. He didn't want her to continue—especially not when he suspected she might be grappling with her own inner turmoil.

So, before she could unbutton his pants, Kafka's hand darted forward and gently but firmly grasped both of Camila's cheeks, holding her while tilting her head up so that their eyes locked.

The sudden contact halted her, and the playful lust in her eyes was replaced by a flicker of surprise as she paused, still crouched near him.

"Camila." He murmured, his voice low and earnest. "What's wrong? Why are you acting like this all of a sudden? You know you can talk to me if you're going through something...if something's bothering you." His gaze searched hers, pleading for an explanation amid the tangled emotions.

But Camila didn't seem to hear the solemnity in his tone as she chuckled softly, tucking a stray lock of hair behind her ear, her eyes glimmering with mischief.

"Oh, Kafka..." She said, her voice playful, almost teasing. "You always take everything so seriously."

She leaned in slightly, her lips curving into a knowing smile.

"It's not anything that you're thinking at the moment...I just want a taste of you." Her tone was flippant, lighthearted, as if she were stating the obvious. "A taste of that meaty member you have hanging down there...It's been a while, hasn't it?"

After saying her excuse, Camila expected him to roll his eyes, to smirk at her teasing and let her continue what she was doing.

For a moment, she even felt him relax, his grip on her cheeks loosening, as if he was finally letting go of whatever had been bothering him.

But then—

He sighed.

And before she could even process what was happening, Kafka started to get up.

Camila's heart lurched.

A flicker of panic shot through her chest as she instinctively reached forward, her arms wrapping around his waist in a desperate attempt to stop him from leaving.

"Wait—" Her voice came out hurried, flustered, her fingers gripping onto him tightly.

"W-Where are you going?" She asked quickly, her heart hammering in her chest. "Are you thirsty? Do you need anything? I can bring you water, or—your dinner that you want so much? Just stay here, I'll get it for you."

Kafka paused, his expression unreadable as he glanced down at her.

His gaze, usually so playful, so full of warmth, now carried a trace of something quieter, something gentler—something distant.

He exhaled softly, his fingers grazing the back of her hand as if to soothe her.

"I don't need anything, Camila." He said, his voice light, but undeniably firm. "I just—"

He hesitated.

"I just want to leave the room."

Camila stiffened...For some reason those words stung.

"Why?" She asked, her voice almost a whisper now, though she wasn't sure she wanted the answer. "D-Did I do anything wrong? Did I say anything that displeased you?"

Kafka looked at her then, really looked at her, as if searching for the right words.

And then, he smiled.

That soft, affectionate smile of his, the one that always made her feel like she was the most precious thing in the world.

"It's not like that." He reassured her, his hand reaching up to cup her cheek gently.

"There's nothing you could ever do to bother me." He murmured, his thumb brushing lightly against her skin, his voice low, sincere.

"You're too wonderful for that, Camila."

She blushed, the heat creeping up her neck before she could stop it. But before she could even process the warmth his words brought her, he spoke again.

"It's just that..."

His eyes softened, a trace of concern settling in them now.

"You have a certain sadness in your eyes right now."

His voice grew quieter, more careful.

"And I can't ignore that."

Camila froze.

Sadness?...She hadn't even realized it herself.

But Kafka had...He always did.

"And because of that." He continued, his gaze steady. "I can't just sit here and let the woman I love indulge me when she's clearly going through something."

He shifted slightly, as if he were about to get up again—

But this time, Camila understood.

And before he could move, she held onto him even tighter.

"It's not sadness, Kafka! It's not sadness at all, like you think!" She blurted out, surprising even herself.

Kafka paused, his brows furrowing slightly.

Camila took a deep breath, steadying herself, choosing her words carefully.

"It's not sadness I'm feeling right now, Kafka." She repeated in a whisper.

She looked up at him, searching for something in his gaze—for understanding, for acceptance.

"It's pity...Not sadness but pity and remorse for what I've done."

Kafka's expression shifted. He settled back down, his full attention now on her, his usual teasing demeanor completely gone, ready to hear what Camila was about to say.

Chapter 543: I'll Be Taking Charge

"Pity?" Kafka echoed, his voice gentler now, urging her to explain.

Camila exhaled slowly, her hands still resting against his chest, feeling the slow, steady beat of his heart beneath her fingertips.

"Yes." she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper. "I feel...pity for you."

Kafka opened his mouth, caught off guard by the mention of himself.

But before he could even question it, she smiled suddenly, a soft, genuine smile that carried a different kind of warmth—one filled with relief, gratitude, and something even deeper.

"But before I say anything about you, I'll tell you what I feel at the moment, Kafka, so that you stop worrying."

She continued, shaking her head slightly, her tone lighter now.

"I'm happy, Kafka. Really, truly happy."

She let out a breathless little chuckle, as if realizing it herself in real time.

"For the first time in so long...I feel free. I feel like I can breathe, like I'm not shackled to something that's been holding me down for years, after everything that's happened tonight."

She pulled back just slightly, just enough to look at him properly, to let him see the peace in her expression.

"Tonight, I finally feel like...I'm where I'm supposed to be."

Kafka searched her face, his usual teasing air completely gone, replaced with something softer, so much more real.

And he saw it...She wasn't lying.

There was no doubt in her eyes, no hesitation in her words.

She looked...content.

But then—

The light in her eyes dimmed.

Her gaze lowered slightly, the weight of something else settling in. And Kafka noticed immediately. He stayed silent, waiting, knowing she had more to say.

And after a long pause, she finally spoke.

"But...what I feel for you..." She said, her voice dropping lower now. "...is pity."

Kafka's brows furrowed slightly, but he didn't interrupt.

She swallowed, her fingers lightly gripping his shirt, like she was afraid of the words coming out of her own mouth.

"For so long, I kept you away." She admitted, her voice trembling slightly.

She let out a small, self-deprecating laugh, shaking her head.

"Even though you insisted...even though you wanted more...I still kept you at a distance. All because I told myself I had to hold on to something that didn't even exist anymore."

She clenched her jaw for a second before exhaling slowly.

"I thought I was doing the right thing." She whispered.

"I thought...I couldn't lose my faith in my vows. That no matter how I felt, no matter how much I wanted you, I had to be loyal to a promise I made years ago."

She finally looked up at him again, her eyes glistening, raw with emotion.

"But tonight...I realized something."

She took a shaky breath.

"That vow I was holding onto so desperately?"

Her lips curled bitterly.

"It was worthless."

She blinked quickly, pushing away the sting of emotion, trying to keep her voice steady.

"I was pushing you away for something that never even meant anything to him. And for what? For the sake of a marriage that was dead long before I accepted it?"

Her fingers tightened slightly against him.

"I hate it." She admitted.

"I hate that I kept you waiting for so long."

Her throat tightened, her voice quieter now, more vulnerable.

"I hate that I was always the one receiving happiness from you...while I pushed you away."

She shook her head, a deep, aching guilt settling in her chest.

"And what makes me feel even worse..." She murmured. "...is that you never argued with me about it."

She let out a breath, her lips pressing together.

"You never complained. You never made me feel bad about it. You just...waited."

Her voice cracked slightly, and she hated herself for it.

"You waited for me."

She exhaled sharply, shaking her head again.

"And you never asked for anything in return."

She finally looked at him again, her heart in her eyes.

"Who does that, Kafka?" She whispered, her voice breaking slightly.

"Who waits for someone like that? Who loves someone so much that they're willing to put their own happiness on hold—just because they're not ready yet?"

Kafka...stayed silent.

He didn't smile. He didn't tease. He just watched her, his gaze steady, patient, like he was giving her all the time she needed.

And Camila...Camila swallowed hard, forcing herself to say the last thing weighing on her chest.

"The reason I've been so... aggressive tonight..." She admitted, her lips trembling slightly. "...isn't just because I can't contain my love for you anymore."

Her breath hastened as she painfully bit her lips.

"It's because I was scared."

Kafka's brows lifted slightly, but he didn't speak.

Camila forced herself to continue.

"I was scared that if I make you wait any longer..."

She swallowed.

"You'll lose interest in me."

Her fingers gripped his shirt tighter, her voice barely a whisper now.

"And that you'll move on from me."

A shudder ran through her body as she spoke those words out loud, as if she had just exposed her deepest, darkest fear.

As if she had just given him the power to break her completely.

And for a moment, silence hung between them.

A beat...A second.

Then, Kafka exhaled deeply, almost like he had been holding his breath this entire time.

And then smiled...A real, genuine, heart-melting smile.

And before Camila could react, he cupped her face gently, tilting her chin up just slightly, forcing her to look at him properly.

"Camila." He murmured in a tone that wasn't teasing, wasn't lighthearted, wasn't distant.

It was soft, steady, and unwavering.

"Do you really think..." He whispered. "...that I would ever stop loving you?"

Camila's eyes widened slightly, her breath catching in her throat. Kafka's thumbs grazed her cheeks, his touch so gentle, so careful.

"I've loved ever since the moment I met you." He continued, his voice like silk against her raw emotions.

"And because of my love for you, I've waited all this while."

His eyes softened, the warmth in them enough to melt her completely.

"And know that for the very same reason, the reason which is that I can't think of a day without you in my life, I'd wait for you for a hundred more..." He whispered. "...if that's what it takes."

Camila's heart stopped, her entire world stopping for a moment.

"So let me tell you I'm not going anywhere." Kafka murmured, his lips barely inches from hers.

"You don't have to rush. You don't have to prove anything to me. I'm already yours."

His fingers traced her jawline, his touch sending warmth through her entire body.

"And you, Camila?" He whispered.

His eyes searched hers, like he was trying to memorize every inch of her soul.

"You were always mine, so don't you think you can get away from me even if you wished to do so."

And in that moment, in that very moment—

Camila knew.

She had never loved anyone more.

And she never would ever again, no matter how many lives she may live.

Looking at the dreamy look Camila was gazing at him with like she had lost her soul in his gaze, Kafka let out a soft chuckle, the tension in the air shifting into something lighter, warmer, and undeniably playful. He then leaned in slightly, his voice dropping to that familiar teasing murmur that always sent shivers down Camila's spine.

"Well...." He said, tilting his head slightly, his lips curling into a mischievous grin. "...now that we've cleared everything up...should we continue where we left off and let you 'devour' me like you said or should I take charge and devour you instead?"

His tone was casual, easy, but the gleam in his eyes told a different story.

Camila blushed, the warmth rising to her cheeks faster than she could control.

But then, she quickly looked up at him, her gaze steady, filled with newfound resolve.

"No."

Kafka blinked, caught slightly off guard.

Camila took a slow breath, gathering her thoughts, before stepping closer, her soft fingers trailing up the collar of his shirt, gripping the fabric just lightly enough to hold his attention.

"This time." She murmured, her voice low but firm, "I'm going to be the one on the offense."

Kafka raised an eyebrow, his amusement deepening.

"Oh?" He drawled, intrigued by this sudden shift in control.

"I'm tired of you always pampering me." She continued, her eyes gleaming with determination. "You always take care of me, always make sure I feel safe, always put me first."

She paused, holding his gaze, her fingers lightly fisting his shirt, pulling him just a little closer.

"This time." She whispered, her lips barely inches from his. "I want to take care of you."

Kafka exhaled softly, a flicker of something fond, tender, and slightly caught off guard passing through his features.

"You do take care of me, Camila." He murmured, his hand brushing against hers, his thumb tracing over her knuckles.

But Camila simply shook her head, determination burning brighter in her eyes.

"Not like this." She corrected, her voice unwavering. "Tonight, I want you to just sit back and let me take care of you for once."

Kafka smirked, about to playfully protest, but—

The moment he opened his mouth, Camila's expression shifted.

Her eyes narrowed, sharp and ice-cold.

And just like that, Kafka felt a shiver down his back.

He swallowed, his usual confident smirk faltering just a little.

"Well if you want to take charge, be my guest." He muttered, clearing his throat as he looked away for a second, feeling oddly cornered almost as if he were a hen pecked husband who couldn't disobey his wife.

Camila's lips curved into a slow, satisfied smile.

"Good boy." She murmured, her fingers lightly tracing the base of his throat before pulling away entirely, stepping back just enough to watch his reaction.

Camila then said nothing more, as her eyes slowly drifted down to Kafka's crotch where a prominent bulge had formed, undeniable in its presence.

She swallowed hard, her resolve steeling as she decided to take the lead.

With a mixture of anticipation and nervousness, she reached for his pants, undoing them with deliberate, almost reverent movements. As she pulled down his underwear, his cock sprang free, its size making her eyes widen in both awe and a touch of fear.

It was massive, perhaps as long as her forearm, standing erect and pulsing with life. Camila found herself momentarily lost in a daze, the reality of its size striking her like a physical force even though she had seen it many times before.

The thought of accommodating such a member was both exhilarating and terrifying. She couldn't help but wonder how her daughter had managed, a mix of pride and competitive jealousy stirring within her.

A warm, insistent heat also began to pool between her legs, her body responding to the sight before her with a primal urge. She felt a flush of desire, mixed with the daunting challenge of what she had just committed to.

Her gaze lingered, tracing the contours of his arousal, the veins, the way it seemed to beckon her closer.

And then without breaking her silence, Camila moved forward, her heart pounding with a cocktail of emotions—apprehension, desire, and an unexpected surge of empowerment, she was about to take charge in a way she never had before, and the sheer magnitude of the task in front of her only fueled her determination.

She would take care of Kafka, just as she had promised, in her own way, on her own terms and send him to heaven tonight...

Chapter 544: Desire To Please

Camila's gaze never wavered as she let her hand trail slowly down to him, her touch on his throbbing dick both gentle and passionate.

With deliberate care, she gathered his massive length in her palm, feeling its warmth and pulsing rhythm through the fabric of his skin. Her eyes—wide with a blend of nervous anticipation and deep, tender affection—locked onto his member as she brought his engorged tip closer, and then slowly, almost reverently, she leaned forward and placed a soft kiss on the very top, as if greeting a cherished lover.

"Kiss!~"

The kiss was light at first—a delicate brush of her lips against his sensitive crown—but as she lingered, it deepened into something more deliberate and passionate.

The tender warmth of her kiss coaxed a subtle, yet unmistakable reaction; his length swelled even further in her gentle grip, a silent affirmation of the desire that flowed between them.

Encouraged by the silent conversation in his eyes, Camila let her nervousness melt into a determined affection.

With measured slowness, she began to circle her lips around the bulbous tip, planting soft, lingering kisses along its sensitive edges.

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

Each kiss was careful and unhurried—a quiet, loving gesture meant to convey all the unspoken feelings in her heart.

Her tongue, soft and tentative at first, traced gentle patterns that both teased and cherished him, as if she were savoring every secret he had long kept hidden.

"Peck!~ Peck!~ Kiss!~ Peck!~ Taste!~"

Between each kiss, she would occasionally lift her eyes to meet his, searching for a hint of reassurance or delight.

In those moments, the air seemed to shimmer with an intimacy that went far beyond the physical; it was as if every tender kiss was an affirmation of all that they had shared—and all that they still longed to discover together.

"Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Smack!~ Mmm!~ Lick!~"

Her hand continued to caress him, steadying him as her lips took their time, each movement a promise that tonight, she was determined to express every ounce of her affection in a way that was entirely her own.

"Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Mwah!~ Kiss!~ Sip!~"

Her tongue then moved below, and she started to trace the bulging veins that ran the length of him, each vein a path of pleasure she explored with meticulous precision.

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

Her movements were slow and deliberate, her tongue gliding over the pronounced ridges and curves of his erection, sending electric pulses of pleasure through Kafka.

"Ahh!~ Mmmph!~ Slurp!~"

From the tip, where the veins converged in a sensitive knot, she descended, her tongue pressing into each vein, feeling the pulse of his arousal against it.

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

She savoured every inch, her tongue not just following but dancing along his veins, the wet, warm slide of her tongue making every nerve ending scream with sensation.

The texture of her tongue against his smooth, heated skin was exquisite torture, the tip flicking over the small, branching veins, tasting the salt of his skin, the essence of his desire.

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

As she moved back up, reversing her path, her tongue traced each vein with even more fervour, her breath hot against his skin, adding another layer of sensation.

"Mmm!~ Ahhh!~ Slurp!~ Nnn!~"

She paused at certain points, her tongue circling around the most prominent veins, her lips occasionally joining in to suck gently, pulling at the skin, her saliva cool against the warmth she left behind.

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

The sounds were intimate, wet, and deeply erotic—her tongue lapping, the soft sounds of her kisses and sucks creating an auditory landscape of lust.

Kafka shuddered, the intensity of her movement making his body tense with pleasure, each stroke of her tongue like a spark igniting a deeper, more primal need within him.

Her dedication to his pleasure was evident, her tongue never straying from its path, worshipping him in a way that was both sacred and profane, turning the act into a ritual of love and desire.

And as Kafka gripped onto the sheets to contain himself, Camila's eyes caught sight of Kafka's swollen balls below, hanging heavy with desire, and an untamed urge surged through her.

The sight of him trying to hold back his moans, the tension in his jaw, and the slight quiver in his breath fuelled her wildness.

So, she moved with a sudden, feral grace, descending to his balls with an intent that made Kafka's eyes widen in shock.

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

She began with a slow, sensual stroke from the base of his balls, her warm breath preceding the wet, velvety touch. The saltiness of his skin met her lips, an intoxicating mix that made her crave more.

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

Camila then focused on one ball, circling it with a light, teasing touch, the tip of her mouth sending tiny shocks of pleasure through Kafka.

"Mmmph!~ Ahhh!~ Nnn!~ Suck!~"

The contrast between the cool air and the heat of her mouth was stark, each kiss a blend of warmth and moisture that made his skin prickle with goosebumps. She applied more pressure, her mouth now moulding to the shape, savouring the texture, the firmness beneath the silky skin.

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

And then, switching to the other, her mouth danced with equal reverence, the moisture from her leaving a trail that glistened in the light.

And then feeling even more daring, her mouth enveloped one of his balls, her lips sealing around it, her tongue rolling over the sensitive skin, tasting him in the most intimate way, which caught Kafka off guard, who never expected his balls to get treated as well.

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

Camila sucked gently at first, her cheeks hollowing with the effort, the wet, sucking sounds filling the room, a stark contrast to the silence of their previous intimacy. She could feel the weight of him in her mouth, the heat, the pulsating life, and it only spurred her on.

"Nnn!~ Slurp!~ Mmmph!~ Ahh! ~"

And then with a daring hunger, she attempted to take the other ball into her mouth as well, her jaw stretching wide, the act of trying to accommodate both at once both shocking and exhilarating.

"Ahhh!~ Mmph!~ Nnn!~ Suck! ~"

The sensation was overwhelming for Kafka; he couldn't believe what she was doing, the feeling of both balls being sucked into the warmth of her mouth, her tongue moving between them, lapping, teasing, driving him into a state of disbelief and pleasure.

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

Her actions were raw, unfiltered, each movement of her tongue and the suction of her mouth vividly clear, painting a picture of uncontrolled desire.

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

Kafka's control slipped further, his moans escaping despite his best efforts, each one an obvious tell to the wild, dirty ecstasy Camila was subjecting him to.

This wasn't just pleasure; it was an act of primal possession, her mouth claiming him in the most base, erotic way, pushing boundaries, exploring depths of intimacy they'd never ventured into before.

Her eyes, when she glanced up at him, were alight with a fierce, unapologetic lust, her actions a clear message of her need to consume him, to take him in every way possible.

Seeing and feeling all of this, Kafka was overwhelmed by the intense surge of pleasure, his body reacting to Camila's primal possession with an urgency he couldn't control.

"S-Slower, Camila, please..." He gasped, his voice strained with the effort to hold back his climax. "I think I'm going to cum soon."

His plea, however, only fuelled Camila's desire to push him further, to take him to the very edge of Nirvana.

With a wicked gleam in her eye, she ceased her activities on his balls, her fingers taking over, massaging them with a gentle, yet firm touch, rolling them with a rhythm that matched his heartbeat. The sensation was still overwhelmingly stimulating but allowed him a brief respite from the edge.

And then without a moment's hesitation, she then shifted her attention upwards, her gaze locked onto his bulbous tip with a fierce, unapologetic lust, as her mouth opened wide, and in one fluid, surprising motion, she took his entire length into her mouth, his tip hitting the back of her throat.

"Guuuk!~"

The sudden, deep engulfment made Kafka's eyes widen in shock, a guttural moan escaping his lips as the heat and tightness of her throat enveloped him.

"Gruukk!~ Gok!~ Huggg!~"

The sound of her swallowing him whole was lewd, the wet, tight constriction around his cock an assault on his senses.

Camila also didn't pause to adjust; instead, she used her position to massage his cock with her throat, her lips sealed tightly around his base, taking in his scent, his essence.

Kafka felt a wave of concern wash over him even as pleasure surged through his body, worried about Camila pushing herself too hard for his sake.

He was about to speak, to tell her not to force herself, but his words were cut off by the overwhelming sensation that followed.

"Gluk!~ Gluk!~ Lick!~ Ahhh!~"

Camila began to bob her head, her rhythm deliberate, each descent and ascent of her head marked by the wet, lewd sounds of her mouth enveloping him.

The constriction of her throat around his cock was like a velvet vise, tightening with each movement, making Kafka clench his teeth to stifle a moan. The feeling was intense, her throat muscles clenching in a way that was both a massage and a claim, each bob a stroke of pure ecstasy.

"Suck!~ Glook!~ Guck!~ Ahhk!~"

And just like Kafka had thought, Camila was indeed suffering; this was her first time taking him so deeply, and the sensation was overwhelming.

Her breathing was laboured, each breath through her nose a struggle as she felt like a pole was being shoved down her throat.

Her eyes watered, tears beginning to streak down her cheeks from the effort, yet the desire to please Kafka, to bring him to the heights of pleasure, overrode her discomfort.

Despite the difficulty, she continued to bob her head, the motion creating a rhythm that was both torturous and divine.

"Gruukk!~ Gok!~ Huggg!~ Ahhh!~"

With each descent, the tip of Kafka's cock pushed against the back of her throat, eliciting a gagging reflex that only intensified the lewd sounds filling the room. Yet, she didn't stop; her determination was unstoppable.

"Ahhh!~ Mmph!~ Nnn!~ Suck! ~"

Her tongue, amidst the struggle, worked tirelessly. She pressed it against the underside of his cock as she moved, the wet muscle sliding along his length, adding an extra layer of sensation.

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

Each time she pulled back, her tongue would trace the sensitive ridge of his head before she plunged down again, her mouth a hot, wet cavern of pleasure.

The dual action of her throat's constriction and the massaging of her tongue created an erotic dance that was both punishing and sublime.

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

"Gluk!~ Ahhk!~ Glock!~ Glook!~"

Her lips remained locked around him, her cheeks hollowed with the effort of sucking, adding to the suction, making each withdrawal and plunge more intense. The saliva that escaped from the corners of her mouth added to the messiness, to the raw, unfiltered passion of the act.

Even as she fought for breath, her eyes, now glistening with tears, met Kafka's, a silent communication passing between them—a mix of struggle, love, unyielding desire, and also a sigh that he was on the brink and about to finish.

And just as that realisation dawned on her, Kafka let out a loud, uncontrolled shout, "Camila! I-I'm coming!"

And then with a primal reflex, which he had no control over, he thrust her head down, his hands gripping her hair with a desperation that matched his climax. His cock buried itself deep within her throat, the angle and force making her gag slightly, unprepared for the sudden depth.

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

Then it hit—her senses were assaulted by the first hot jet of his cum, shooting directly down her throat, a thick, viscous stream that she could feel more than taste.

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

It was like a molten flood, the warmth and texture unlike anything else, filling her mouth and throat with his release.

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

Her eyes widened in shock, the sensation of his cum a graphic, visceral experience, the taste a salty, musky burst that overwhelmed her. She gagged again, the reflex causing her to swallow in large, audible gulps, her throat muscles contracting around him, milking every spurt.

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

Each swallow was a struggle, her throat visibly working to accommodate the volume, her lips sealed tight around his base, ensuring nothing escaped.

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

The sounds were also unimaginably dirty—the wet, sucking noises of her mouth, the choking gulps as she tried to manage the flow, the harsh breathing through her nose.

Not to mention how the overflow of cum mixed with her saliva, dripping from the corners of her mouth, painting a vivid picture of their intimate, messy connection.

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

But even as she battled to take it all in, feeling Kafka's tip relentlessly pressing against her throat, Camila swallowed with a fierce, loving obedience.

Her eyes, brimming with tears, held an intensity of emotion that spoke volumes of her love for him.

This night was about her love for Kafka, a love so profound that for him, she was ready to endure any hardship, to push beyond her limits to please him...

Chapter 545: I Want To Coddle You All Night

As his nerves settled and the haze of his climax cleared, Kafka was hit with a wave of surprise at his own actions, realising he had shoved Camila's head down in the throes of passion.

Instantly, he released her, his hands leaving her hair as he muttered apologies, his voice laced with concern. "S-Sorry, Camila!...I didn't mean to...My hand just moved on its own—"

Camila didn't seem to hear his words as she slowly pulled her head back, gradually revealing more and more of his length, the slickness of her saliva making it glisten.

When she finally withdrew completely, her lips still glistening with the aftermath of the intense deepthroat she had given, she looked up at him with a gaze filled with lust and reassurance.

"I'm fine, Kafka...You don't have to worry." She managed to say, her voice slightly hoarse, but overall she didn't seem to mind at all. She then gave a mischievous smile and continued saying, "And in actuality, I had a really bad itch at the back of my throat, and your long stick seems to have done the trick of scratching that itch."

Her words were accompanied by a look that was both playful and provocative, making Kafka swallow hard, a flush of embarrassment and arousal colouring his cheeks.

Her eyes held his, conveying that her discomfort was secondary to the pleasure she took in pleasing him, her lustful gaze igniting a fresh wave of desire within him, even as he felt a mix of guilt and excitement at her reaction.

Camila also couldn't help but smile as she took in the sight before her—Kafka, still a little flustered and adorably red-faced, looked utterly irresistible in that moment. His cheeks were painted a delicate shade of pink that made him seem vulnerable and endearing all at once.

So seizing the opportunity to tease him further, she playfully climbed onto his lap, positioning herself so that she could be as close to him as possible.

"Well, aren't you just the cutest, most handsome little man blushing so adorably?" She cooed teasingly, her tone light and full of mischief. She rested her hands lightly on his chest, as if to steady him even as her eyes danced with playful delight.

Kafka's eyes widened, and he immediately tried to pull back. "Camila, no—" He stammered, the protest mixed with a bashful laugh as he attempted to regain his composure.

But the playful sparkle in her eyes and the warmth in her voice made it nearly impossible to resist her charm.

"Oh, come now, Kafka." Camila teased, her voice soft and affectionate. "You know you don't mind at all. You look just too cute when you blush like that." She leaned in a little closer, her fingers gently trailing over his collarbone as she lowered her voice to a sultry whisper. "I mean, just look at you—so flustered, so cute...it's almost irresistible."

Kafka's protest turned into a shy chuckle as his embarrassment deepened. "I-I'm not a little man, Camila. Stop teasing me." He insisted, though the tremor in his voice betrayed his fluster.

"Teasing? Perhaps." She replied with a playful smirk. "But only because I can't help it when you're this adorable." With that, she reached up and pressed a tender kiss onto his cheek—soft, lingering, and filled with warmth. Her eyes sparkled as she pulled back just enough to study his reaction. "Oh, you look even redder now, you little tomato." She murmured, her tone both teasing and sincere.

Kafka's face turned an even deeper shade of crimson as he was quite weak to these sorts of coddling attacks, and he tried to clear his throat, a feeble attempt to regain his composure.

"Camila, you're...you're doing too much." He managed, half-chuckling and half-murmuring in a tone that mingled both flattery and exasperation. "You can't say such things to a man like that."

Undeterred, Camila's smile widened. She leaned in again and planted another soft kiss, this time on his forehead, then on the other cheek—each kiss seeming to erase his earlier reservations.

"Oh, Kafka." She laughed softly, her voice teasing yet affectionate. "I could kiss you all night if you let me. Every time you blush like that, I just can't stop."

He tried to protest, but his words were reduced to a low, gentle murmur.

"Camila, please...you're making it very difficult to concentrate." He said with a frown, though the shy gleam in his eyes betrayed his delight.

"Oh, please...." She replied with a flirtatious laugh, brushing a stray lock of hair from his forehead. "I know you enjoy it, you know. Besides, when you look this vulnerable when you're always so confident, how can I possibly resist?"

Slowly, she began a series of affectionate kisses across his face—cheeks, tender smooches on his temples, alternating between soft pecks on his cheeks and a gentle, lingering kiss on his nose that made him squirm slightly in his seat.

"Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Mwah!~ Kiss!~ Nibble!~"

"Stop it, Camila." Kafka said, half-laughing, half-pleading, though his protest was more playful than serious. "You're driving me absolutely crazy here." His voice was light, laced with both admiration and a hint of exasperation at the intensity of her affection.

"Maybe that's exactly what you need." Camila replied, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "After all, my handsome little man deserves a little pampering too. And tonight, I'm in charge."

Her words were punctuated with another soft kiss to his cheek, as if to emphasise her point with both tenderness and a dash of humor.

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

Kafka's shy grumbles mingled with soft sighs as Camila continued her delightful assault of kisses.

"You know, I've never seen you look so...so timid and shy." she said between kisses. "Every time you tremble when I make a move, it just makes me want to kiss you even more. I swear, you're like a ripe little apple that I just can't help but take a bite into."

Kafka let out a theatrical scoff, trying—and failing to mask the lingering smile at the corner of his lips.

"Well, of course I'm going to act this way." He teased, his voice betraying both humor and fluster. "You've been spoiling me with all that affection tonight. You can't possibly expect me to stay composed with you doting on me like this."

Camila, still perched on his lap, tilted her head. Her playful gaze roamed over his features, quickly noticing the rosy tint at the tips of his ears. The corners of her own lips curved up knowingly; she could sense he was secretly enjoying being fussed over.

"Mmm." She hummed lightly, still pressing close.

But just as Kafka was starting to openly enjoy the coddling he was receiving, he suddenly felt something poking onto his chest when Camila pressed herself onto him, and when he looked down to see what it was, his expression changed and his eyes lit up.

"You know, Camila..." He began, softly clearing his throat. He glanced down between them, and a slight grin made its way onto his face. "Speaking of excitement...you're not exactly hiding yours right now, you know."

Camila blinked, taken off guard. She pulled back just enough to follow his gaze—and realised exactly what he was referring to.

The rigid outline of her nipples was visible through the thin fabric of her top and bra, so pronounced they were almost grazing against his chest. A pleasant warmth rushed to her cheeks, and she could feel a stir of excitement coil in her stomach.

"Ah." She breathed, arching an eyebrow. "Well...I guess you're not the only one feeling a little worked up, right now."

Kafka tried to maintain a neutral expression, but his lingering smile betrayed him. "They're practically scratching my chest." He teased, gaze slipping from her eyes to the noticeable peaks beneath her clothes. "Hard as diamonds."

Camila couldn't help but laugh softly. "Is that right?" She pushed herself up straighter, arching her back just enough to peer down. Sure enough, her nipples were indeed pressing insistently against the fabric, forming unmistakable points.

A faint rush of warmth spread through her body, heightening the arousal she already felt.

Still brimming with playful confidence, she turned her attention back to Kafka. "Well, however they may be, you seem...quite interested." She purred, tipping her head to the side in false innocence. "Tell me—would you like to see them without all this pesky fabric in the way?"

Kafka's grin faltered for just a second as embarrassment crept in. He could never quite figure out how Camila could turn the tables so swiftly, making him the flustered one.

He swallowed, trying to school his features into something cool and unaffected, but failing miserably. "I mean." He managed. "If that's what you want, I...I wouldn't mind taking a glance...F-For your satisfaction, of course."

But Camila was not having any of his bullshit as she gave him a frosty look, crossing her arms under her chest for emphasis—pushing her breasts just a little higher. "That's what I want?" She echoed, arching an eyebrow. "Is that so...And here I thought you were the one who wanted to look."

Kafka shifted uncomfortably, unable to deny the temptation thrumming through his veins. "Well." He said, voice dropping a bit. "I do. But I...I mean, I don't want to force—"

"Ah-ah." Camila cut him off with a gentle shake of her head. She leaned in with a sly smile that spoke of confidence and command. "If you really want to see them, Kafka, you need to ask for it properly."

"...Or else you'll be getting nothing from me."

This time, he froze. There was something undeniably powerful about the way her gaze pinned him in place—like a queen expecting deference. She wasn't bullying him or anything like that; it was

more that she was so self-assured and in control, and for once, Kafka found himself savouring the slight thrill of submission.

But his pride prickled; he'd never been so easily cowed before. Yet, the weight of her stare and the warmth of her body so close to his made it impossible to deny her.

He gulped, his throat suddenly dry. "C-Camila." He started. "I really want to see them." Each word felt heavy with unspoken longing. "Please..."

A dazzling smile lit up her face—soft, yet victorious.

"That's more like it." She leaned in and brushed the faintest of kisses along his jaw. "Now was that so difficult?"

Before he could reply, Camila moved with decisiveness. She slipped her arms under her top, lifting the fabric in one smooth motion and casting it aside.

In the next breath, her bra followed suit, and with a gentle flourish, she let her plump breasts drop to the floor.

Freed from every barrier, her breasts settled into view.

Kafka's gaze quickly descended, his eyes widening at the sight before him.

Camila's milky breasts were revealed in the soft, mellow light, their fullness and shape a full show to her enchanting allure. Her skin was flawless, a canvas of smooth temptation, and her flesh seemed even softer than the clouds up above.

But it was her nipples that commanded his attention—pink, hard, and perked, they stood out like the peaks of two perfect mountains, eager for the touch of the sun. They were not just erect but seemed almost to quiver with anticipation, the color a vivid contrast against her skin, drawing his eyes like magnets.

No matter how many he had seen before, he couldn't help but lost in his own dream world when he saw them.

Camila's cheeks flushed a deeper shade when she saw his fervent gaze, the heat of her excitement visible. But she maintained her poise, her own arousal feeding off the awe in Kafka's eyes.

Kafka's gaze was also transfixed on Camila's bare form, his heartbeat thundering in his ears as he took in every curve and contour of her exposed skin.

Even the delicate flush spreading across her cheeks only seemed to heighten the magnetism radiating from her. There was something about the way she sat there—so confident, so inviting—that made it nearly impossible for him to hold back.

He swallowed hard, his eyes flicking up to meet hers just in time to see her part her lips, as if she were about to speak.

But before a single word could escape, Kafka surged forward with a sudden, unguarded desire.

His hands found her waist, gripping her gently yet firmly, and he buried his face against her chest, lips searching hungrily for the very warmth he'd been admiring, which made Camila let out a little moan as she felt him submerge his lips into her perky nipples...

Chapter 546: Baby Making Vessel

"K-Kafka...!" Camila called out in surprise, her voice catching as his mouth latched onto one of her breasts.

"Ooh!~ Mmm!~ Smack!~"

A gasp rippled through her the moment she felt the heat of his lips, followed by a jolt of pleasure as he drew her sensitive nipple into his mouth. The suddenness of it all left her lightheaded, but she quickly adapted, letting her hands slide up to cradle the back of his head.

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

There was a certain kind of fervor in him tonight—an urgency that made him suck and nip at her flesh with near—reverent intensity. He was like a man starved, simultaneously rough and tender as he explored her skin with his mouth.

"Ahh!~ Mmmph!~ Slurp!~"

Each time he switched from one breast to the other, Camila also couldn't hold back the breathy moans that spilled forth, punctuating the silence with soft, heated exhalations.

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

Yet even amidst the pleasure, her sense of humor and warmth remained. Gently ruffling his hair, she tilted her head to look down at him, a small smile curving her lips.

"Goodness." She teased between ragged breaths. "You really do...look like a baby right now...the way you're latching on like that."

Kafka grunted in response, a muffled sound of protest mixed with desire, but he didn't stop.

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

His mouth closed around her other nipple, his tongue pressing hungrily against the hardened peak, sucking eagerly as if to stake his claim.

A low growl rumbled in his throat whenever her body quivered beneath him, fueling his determination to continue.

"Mmm!~ Ahhh!~ Slurp!~ Nnn!~"

Camila continued to cradle Kafka's head gently, her fingers laced through his hair, offering soft, affectionate strokes as he lavished attention on her breasts.

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

Each new flick of his tongue, each gentle—or sometimes not-so-gentle-bite, sent a delicious tremor of heat through her. Yet, amidst those heated sensations, a reflective smile tugged at her lips, and she couldn't resist speaking the stray thoughts that had surfaced in her mind.

"You know, Kafka." She began, her voice breathy but warm. "Back when Bella was a baby, I used to hear the other young mothers in my neighborhood talk about how their baby boys were so...enthusiastic when feeding."

"They'd talk about little ones biting down, or tugging too hard, or even fussing when they didn't get enough milk quickly." She paused to catch her breath as Kafka's mouth grazed a particularly sensitive spot. With a slight shiver, she continued, "Some of them even said it could be really painful when it happened."

Kafka's muffled response vibrated against her chest; she could feel rather than hear it, the soft hum of curiosity or acknowledgement.

"Ahh!~ Mmmph!~ Slurp!~"

He didn't stop sucking at her breast, but rather seemed to slow his pace slightly as if to listen better—though whether that was a conscious choice or a byproduct of her calming touches was hard to say.

Camila let out a fond chuckle, patting his head in a motherly gesture as she continued speaking.

"But Bella...My sweet Bella was such a gentle baby. She never bit me, never fussed like that. She was always so patient and delicate when she fed." Her eyes grew distant for a moment, reflecting on memories that felt both tender and bittersweet. "I remember being grateful—relieved, really—because I'd heard enough horror stories from my friends."

Kafka pulled back just a fraction to catch a breath, though he quickly shifted to lavish attention on her other breast.

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

Even as his mouth latched on again, Camila felt the warmth of his gaze flicking up at her, as if encouraging her to go on.

"But because of what I heard, I used to wonder." She said, her voice airy as she tried to keep composure under his lips that won't stop sucking on her perky nipples like her were trying to squeeze out some creamy milk. "I used to wonder whether the difference was because Bella was a girl and the others had boys."

"...It all sounded like nonsense, of course—babies are babies—but when you're a new mother, you hear so many theories and old wive tales."

Her breath stopped when Kafka's teeth grazed her skin, a reminder of the present moment's intensity. Despite the pulse of desire in her own veins, she found herself smiling down at him.

"So, yes." She went on, picking up where she left off. "I wondered a lot about that what they said—whether baby boys were somehow more...assertive." She paused as his mouth brushed lower along her breast, drawing out a gentle sigh from her throat. "But I guess I never got the chance to find out." She murmured, her tone adopting a mild note of fond nostalgia. "Bella was my only child. And I love her dearly, of course, but...part of me couldn't help imagining what might've been different if I'd also had a son."

She drew in a slow breath, as though gathering the scattered fragments of her thoughts, and then let her voice take on a lighter note. "But seeing you, like this, so...determined to have your fill?"

A pink flush rose in her cheeks, contradicting her teasing tone.

"It's almost proof enough that maybe there was some truth to those stories. Who would've guessed that about this?"

At her words, Kafka's face colored, and he pulled himself a bit more upright.

"H-Hey." He started, sounding vaguely affronted. "You're not implying—?"

Camila smothered a laugh behind a half-curved fist.

"I'm just saying." She replied lightly. "That maybe I've gotten a tiny glimpse of what those mothers experienced. Even though I never had a son, tonight I got to see firsthand exactly how...active a boy can be when he sees a woman's breasts."

Immediately, Kafka's eyes darkened, and he sat up even straighter. The playful atmosphere in the room crackled as he shot her a look of mock irritation.

"Camila, you...I hope you're not treating me like some baby." He said pointedly, failing to mask the fluster in his voice. "Because I'm definitely not a kid, and I'm sure as hell not your son." A light huff escaped him. "You do remember I'm old enough to drive right, right?"

Camila flashed him an indulgent grin, well aware she was walking a teasing line. She waved her hand in mock dismissal.

"Oh, hush." She teased, unable to resist. "If I close my eyes and imagine you at, say...two or three years old, it wouldn't be so hard to picture. You'd probably have been the cutest little boy—quiet and polite one moment, then full of mischief the next, no doubt."

Kafka's mouth fell open in mild exasperation.

"Camila!" He protested, voice cracking slightly with a mixture of embarrassment and amusement. "You...Are you seriously imagining me as a toddler?"

She gave a languid shrug, her grin widening as she continued.

"Well, why not? Think about it: I've always heard that baby boys can be so affectionate, clinging to their mom's leg, wanting to be cuddled at night. And you have this sweet side, you know?"

"...You can be so gentle and thoughtful—though you hide it behind that sarcasm of yours."

She spoke in a lilting, playful tone, leaning forward as she ticked her fingers in the air as if listing points.

"You'd be the type to hold my hand all the time...give me big, sloppy baby kisses...fuss when you're hungry."

Kafka covered his face with his hand, groaning in disbelief.

"Please stop." He murmured, shaking his head. "You're making it so weird."

But undeterred, Camila carried on, eyes dancing with mischief.

"And I'd get to dress you in adorable little outfits." She said, punctuating her words with an exaggerated sigh of longing. "We'd go shopping together, pick out bright baby clothes. Maybe a little cap with cat ears on it—"

Her words were cut short as Kafka's hand abruptly shot up, palm outward.

"Alright, alright." He groaned, though the corners of his eyes crinkled like he was trying to hold back a smile. "I get it, I get it. Just stop already."

He took a moment to compose himself before looking up at her with a mischievous smirk.

"I can never be your son, Camila, since I already have two mothers back at home who would be devastated to hear that they have more competition."

"...But if you really want a baby boy so badly, Camila..."

Camila's heart skipped a beat, her eyes widening in surprise. The sudden shift in his demeanor was electric, and she felt a thrill of anticipation as she waited for him to continue.

"I could...I could just give you one myself." He said, his voice dropping to a lower octave, thick with innuendo. "If you're that eager for it."

The room grew still, the air thick with a tension that was no longer entirely playful. Camila felt a warm flush spread over her body, the heat of his words sinking into her skin.

She would've passed off any comment of his as she wasn't someone who was that easily flustered or embarrassed. But when the topic of babies was brought up which was a weakness to any lady her age, she couldn't help but get a little worked up and also a bit curious at the mention of it.

"How...How exactly do you propose to do that?...T-That is giving me a baby." She asked, her voice a breathy whisper.

She couldn't help the way her eyes searched his, looking for a hint of what he was really saying.

Kafka's smirk grew more pronounced as he leaned in closer, his breath hot against her skin.

"How?...Why exactly how babies have been made since the beginning of mankind." He murmured, his hand sliding down from her waist to cup the curve of her ass. "I'd have to fuck you so thoroughly, so completely, until a baby boy pops out of that tight, sweet pussy of yours."

Her cheeks burned, a heady blend of embarrassment and arousal.

"You...You can't just say things like that!" She exclaimed, trying to sound scandalized despite the way her body was reacting. But she couldn't keep the smile off her face, and she knew he knew it.

He chuckled, his hand sliding up to trace the line of her spine, sending a shiver through her.

"But it's true, isn't it?" He said, his voice a gentle challenge. "You want it. You want me to take you like that—like you're my baby-making vessel."

The directness of his words was almost too much to handle, and she found herself leaning back, trying to put a little space between them. But the heat of his body was intoxicating, and she couldn't help but crave more.

"K-Kafka." She stuttered, her mind racing with the vivid image he'd painted. "That's...That's not how it works."

"Oh, I know." He said, his voice a soft growl. "But that doesn't mean we can't pretend."

Before she could protest further, Kafka's hand slid between her legs, his fingers brushing over the damp fabric of her panties. He stroked her lightly, the barest touch that sent a bolt of pleasure through her. Camila's breath hitched, her eyes closing involuntarily.

"Look at you." He murmured, his voice a dark whisper. "So wet, so eager for it. You want me to make you feel like you're being bred, don't you?"

The words were crude, but the way he said them sent a thrill through her, making her pussy clench around nothing. She bit her lip, trying to hold back the whimper that wanted to escape.

"Tell me, Camila." His voice was low, his eyes intense. "Do you want me to fill you up?"

Her eyes snapped open, meeting his gaze. There was something in the way he was looking at her that made her feel like she could tell him anything. So, she leaned in, her voice barely above a murmur.

"Yes." She breathed. "I want you to fuck me like that. Like I'm your...your baby-maker."

The words were out before she could even think to hold them back, and she watched as Kafka's eyes lit up with desire. He leaned in, capturing her mouth with his in a kiss that was fiery and demanding. His tongue thrust into her mouth, claiming her as his own.

"Peck!~ Peck!~ Kiss!~ Peck!~ Taste!~"

Their kiss was a clash of passion, lips and tongues battling in a fervor that spoke volumes of their mutual desire. Kafka's hands roamed over her, pulling her closer, deepening the kiss until they were both breathless.

"Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Smack!~ Mmm!~ Lick!~"

Pulling back slightly from the kiss, his voice was a low, husky command. "Take off your clothes, Camila." He said, his eyes burning with anticipation. "I want to see you...I want to see all of you without a cloth in sight."

Her cheeks still flushed with arousal and embarrassment, Camila nodded slowly and got up as her hands moved to her clothes. She peeled away each layer with a deliberate slowness, her eyes never leaving his, feeding off the intensity of his gaze.

Bending forward, she allowed her panties to slip down her thighs, exposing her ass first, the cheeks round and firm, like two perfect moons of milky white against the backdrop of the room.

The action of bending over emphasized the curve of her back, leading the eye down to the sight of her bare skin. As she straightened, the last of her underwear fell away, leaving her in a state of complete nudity.

Her pussy was now fully revealed, the lips plump and inviting, a gentle pink that seemed to blush under the scrutiny of his gaze. The delicate folds were slightly parted, a glistening promise to her arousal, each contour and curve a promise of pleasure.

This was all under the scrutiny of Kafka's hungry gaze, making her feel both exposed and adored at the moment like she was most coveted woman in the world at the moment...

Chapter 547: Make Me Your Breeding Cow!

"Now, stand up over me, Camila" Kafka instructed, his voice thick with lust. "Show me where the babies you speak of come from."

Camila moved towards him, her legs slightly shaky from the excitement and the weight of his words. She positioned herself over him, one leg on either side of his body. His eyes followed her every movement, the air between them charged with electricity.

With a deep breath, she reached down, her fingers finding the soft, wet folds of her pussy. She hesitated for just a moment, the intimacy of the act not lost on her, but then, driven by the desire in his eyes and the thrill of the moment, she spread herself open for him.

Spread~

Her pussy lips parted, revealing the pink, glistening interior, the place where all life begins. Her fingers held her open, showing him her most intimate secret, her arousal evident in the way her body responded to the exposure.

As Camila stood there, exposed and vulnerable, Kafka couldn't resist the pull any longer.

He leaned forward, his breath warm against her skin, and began to slowly suck on her pussy, his tongue tracing the contours of her inner lips with an almost reverent care.

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

"Is this where your daughter came from, Camila?" He asked between soft, wet kisses, his voice muffled by her flesh. His tongue ventured deeper, tasting her, savoring the exoticness of the act.

"Mmm!~ Ahhh!~ Slurp!~ Nnn!~"

Camila let out a shuddering breath, her hands moving to rest on his shoulders for support, her body responding to his antics with a flood of sensation.

"Y-Yes!~" She managed to say, her voice quivering with both pleasure and the memory of a different kind of intensity. "Bella...she came from here...From my vagina that you're sucking on so devotedly."

Kafka's tongue circled her clit, then dipped back into her, his actions both a question and an exploration. "I see. How did you feel...while giving birth to her?" He asked, his voice a low murmur, his hands gently supporting her thighs, drawing her closer to his mouth.

Camila's breath hastened as she felt the warmth of Kafka's mouth against her, his tongue exploring her with a tenderness that contrasted with the memories she was about to share.

"It was...incredibly painful." She started, her voice trembling with the recollection, each word punctuated by a soft moan as he continued to suck and lick. "I'd never felt anything like it in my life. Every part of me was stretched, pushed to its limits..." Her body shivered, the sensation of his tongue inside her mingling with the memory of labor, creating a complex mix of pain and pleasure.

"But then..." She continued, a smile breaking through her narrative as the pain in her voice transformed into warmth. "I saw Bella's face for the first time."

Her voice softened, the pleasure from Kafka's tongue now intertwined with the joy of that moment.

"All the pain, all the intensity...it was all worth it at the end." Her hands tightened on his shoulders, a physical manifestation of the emotions she felt as she spoke. "Seeing her, holding her...It was like nothing else mattered. That moment, that connection...it was everything."

Her words flowed with the ease of a mother sharing her most treasured memory, even as her body responded to his touch, her arousal a testament to the layers of her experience, from the pain of birth to the pleasure of the present.

Kafka looked up, his eyes not just meeting hers but searching for the truth of her heart.

"And after all the pain you've gone through..." He said, his voice thick with emotion. "...would you truly be willing to bring my children into this world again?"

Camila's smile was like a beacon of warmth, her eyes shining with love as she leaned down, her touch gentle as she kissed his forehead, a gesture that spoke of lifetimes of love. She held the kiss for a moment, letting her love seep into him through that simple act.

As she pulled back, her hand remained on his cheek, her eyes never leaving his.

"Kafka..." She whispered, her voice trembling with emotion. "If it's with you...If it's with you, I would bear any number of children for you, even hundreds, no matter how painful it might be."

"Because with each child, we'd have more mini Kafkas running around, filling our home with laughter and love."

"...And I'd want nothing else other than to see same eyes of the man that saved me from the awful life I was living and the only man that I actually truly fell in love with in several of my own children...Ah, I mean, our children." Her voice broke slightly, tears of joy and anticipation welling in her eyes.

Kafka felt a rush of warmth, his heart swelling with both love and the responsibility of her words.

"You mean that, don't you?" He asked, his voice barely a whisper, as if speaking too loudly might shatter the moment.

"With every fiber of my being." Camila replied, her voice firm despite the emotion. "When I think about the pain, I also think about the joy, the absolute miracle of bringing new life into the world with you. If it's with you...if we're building our family, our little reflections of love, then no amount of pain could outweigh the beauty of that."

Kafka felt his throat tighten with emotion, the love and commitment in Camila's words enveloping him like a warm embrace.

He knew that if he dwelled on this love, on the vision of their future together, he might not hold back the tears that were already threatening to spill.

So shaking his head to clear the overwhelming feelings, he managed to muster a sly smile, his eyes still bright with emotion.

"A hundred babies, then?" He asked, his voice teasing yet filled with an underlying seriousness. "Are you really willing to birth that many for me, my beautiful Camila?"

Camila's response was a cheeky, playful smile, her love for him shining through her playful demeanor.

"Of course." She said with a light laugh, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "As long as you're willing to fill me up that many times."

Kafka's eyes darkened with desire, his tone shifting to something more provocative.

"Oh, you'd be my breeding cow then, huh?" He teased, his voice a low growl. "Giving birth to that many children, you'd be the epitome of fertility, my own little baby factory."

Camila's cheeks flushed, but she matched his tone with her own daring reply, her eyes challenging him.

"And you'd be the stud, wouldn't you? Filling me up until I'm overflowing. You'd love that, wouldn't you? Having me swollen and round with your children, my belly a show to how thoroughly you've claimed me."

The air between them crackled with the heat of their words. Kafka's hand slid up her thigh, his touch possessive.

"I'd never get enough of watching you grow with my seed, your body changing, adapting to carry our offspring... You'd be so fucking irresistible, Camila, I'd want to fuck you even when you're pregnant, just to see if I could get you even more pregnant."

Camila let out a breathy laugh, her body responding to his touch and his words.

"And I'd let you, every single time. I'd spread my legs for you, no matter how big my belly gets, because nothing would feel as good as you inside me, reminding me who I belong to."

Their heated and vulgar words escalated, each word stoking the fire of their arousal.

"You'd love it, wouldn't you?" Kafka continued, his voice thick with lust as he felt her slowly descend and rub her wet pussy against his tip. "Feeling my cum deep inside you, knowing it's making you more and more mine with every thrust?"

"Yes, yes." Camila gasped, her own desire now visible in her trembling blue eyes, her hands clutching at him. "I'd want you to fill me so completely, to stretch me, to make me yours in the most dirty way."

"...I'd beg for your cum, beg for you to make me your breeding bitch."

Kafka's heart beat violently in his chest, his hands gripping her hips, guiding her movements as he felt the heat and wetness of her against him.

"God, Camila, you're going to drive me insane." He groaned, his voice thick with need as he felt his slowly entering and exiting her. "I need to be inside you, now."

Camila's eyes glinted with a mix of mischief and desire as she leaned down, her voice a sultry whisper against his ear.

"Promise me, Kafka." She breathed, her movements teasingly slow. "Promise me you'll keep my pussy stuffed for the rest of my life. Make it your responsibility to keep giving me children."

Her words sent a shiver of arousal through him, his grip on her hips tightening as he felt the overwhelming need to fulfill her demand.

"I promise." He growled, his voice a mixture of devotion and raw desire. "I'll fill you up, over and over, until you're carrying our children, until your body knows no other purpose but to be filled by me, to bring our babies into the world."

His words ignited a fire within Camila, a primal urge that matched the intensity of his promise.

Without another moment's hesitation, she slammed down her pussy that was teasing his bulging tip with all her weight, taking him in fully for the first time.

"Ahh!~ Ahhhh!~ Haughh!~"

The sensation was explosive; she was stretched to her limits, filled in a way that bordered on pain but quickly transformed into pleasure so intense it bordered on divine.

"Kafka!~" She screamed, the sound raw and unfiltered, a cry of both conquest and surrender.

The fullness was overwhelming, his cock touching places inside her that had never been reached, igniting every nerve ending with a blaze of sensation.

Kafka's grip on her was almost bruising, his fingers digging into her flesh as he met her descent with an upward thrust of his own.

"Fuck, Camila!" He groaned, the intensity of the moment reflected in his voice, which trembled with both need and possession. "You're mine, completely mine!"

The union was more than physical; it was an intense, visceral claiming, where every moan and shout was a written will to their bond, their future, their shared desire to merge not just their bodies but their lives.

...And just like their night of temptation and lust had begun.

Chapter 548: You Belong To Me

Kafka's restraint shattered as the primal urge to possess her took over.

He started fucking her with a wild, desperate energy, each thrust deeper and more forceful than the last. "Fuck, Camila, your pussy!" He growled, his voice a mix of awe and lust. "It's so tight, so fucking perfect. It doesn't feel like a mother's pussy at all, it's like I'm taking a virgin."

"Ohhh!~ Yesss!~ Mmm, yes!~ Aahhh!~ Unghhh!~ Mmm!~"

Camila's moans were loud, her body responding to his every movement, her own words coming out in heated gasps.

"Because you're stretching me, Kafka, making me feel like it's my first time!~" She panted, her voice laced with both pleasure and challenge. "You're the only one who can make me feel this new, this raw!~"

His hands moved to grip her thighs, pulling her down onto him with each upward thrust. "I love how you clench around me, trying to keep me in." He said, his voice a dark promise. "Your pussy's begging to be filled, to be bred by me."

Camila's nails raked down his chest, her body rocking against him with equal fervor. "Then fill me, Kafka!~ Make me feel like your personal virgin every time. I want you to break me, remake me with your cock!~ Ahhh!~"

"Mmm!~ Ooooh!~ Yesss!~ Ahhh!~ Mmm, perfect!~ Unghh!~"

His pace was relentless, the sound of their bodies colliding a testament to their passion. "I'll fuck you until you forget you even has a husband, until you only know the feel of my cock inside you!" He groaned, his words dripping with possession. "Your pussy, Camila, it's mine to claim, mine to ruin for anyone else."

"Nnn!~ Yes, ruin me for anyone else!~" She moaned, her voice breaking with the intensity of her pleasure. "I want to be ruined, fucked, owned by you. Make me yours in every way!~ Haugh!~"

Their vulgar talk was a fuel to their fire, each word, each moan, drawing them closer to the edge. Kafka felt the tension building, his need to claim her in the most raw sense overwhelming him.

"You'll be walking around with my cum inside you, knowing who you belong to!" He promised, his voice a growl of impending release.

"And I'll love every second of it!~" Camila declared, her body trembling, her pussy tightening around him as if to pull him deeper. "I want to be marked by you, Kafka, claimed, bred!~ Give it to me, give me everything!~"

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

The intensity of their connection, both physical and emotional, pushed them to the edge of ecstasy. Kafka's thrusts became erratic, his grip on her tightening as he felt the wave of his climax building.

"You're mine, Camila, all fucking mine!" He growled, his voice thick with impending release.

Camila's body responded with its own urgent rhythm, her moans turning into cries of pleasure, her nails digging into his skin as she felt him swell inside her. "Yes, Kafka, claim me, fill me up!~" She screamed, her voice a mix of desperation and triumph.

Kafka's movements were now almost feral, each thrust a declaration of ownership.

"I'm going to mark you, make you remember who you belong to!" He panted, his breath hot against her neck.

"I want to be marked, want to be yours forever!~ Ahnn!~" Camila gasped, her body arching, her pussy gripping him as if to milk him of every last drop. "Give it to me, Kafka, give me all of you!~"

With one final, deep thrust, Kafka let go, his body tensing as he filled her with his cum, his voice a low, satisfied groan.

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

"Take it all, Camila, every drop!" He murmured, his words a mix of command and adoration.

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

Camila felt the warmth spreading inside her, a physical manifestation of their bond, her own orgasm triggered by the sensation of him filling her. She screamed his name, her body convulsing around him, her pleasure echoing through the room.

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

"Kafka, oh god, Kafka!~ I'm cumming as well!~ Ahhh!~ I can't stop!~"

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

As the waves of her orgasm crashed over her, Camila's moans turned into a high-pitched cry of pure ecstasy. Her body shuddered violently, the pleasure overwhelming her senses.

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

Suddenly, she felt a release like no other, a gush of warmth and wetness as she squirted, her juices splashing across Kafka's chest.

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

"Oh, Kafka!~" She moaned, her voice a mixture of shock and delight, her body trembling with the force of her climax.

The sight of her release was both erotic and intimate, her fluids marking him as much as he had marked her.

Kafka watched in awe, his chest slick with her arousal, the warmth of it adding another layer to their connection.

"Fuck, Camila." He breathed out, his voice filled with admiration and a hint of pride. "You're incredible."

Camila's legs shook, her breathing ragged as she slowly came down from her high, the intensity of her squirt leaving her momentarily speechless. She was absolutely exhausted, her body feeling heavy and sated, the warmth of Kafka's cum inside her spreading a comforting, possessive heat.

And then a smile crept onto her lips, one of contentment and fulfillment, but it was short-lived as she felt her position suddenly change.

Whoosh~

In a swift, unexpected move, she found herself on all fours, her heart skipping a beat with surprise.

Turning around, her eyes widened when she saw Kafka behind her, his cock still hard and now positioned at the entrance of her pussy once again.

"K-Kafka?" She gasped, her voice a mix of shock and anticipation, her body already reacting to his proximity.

His response was a low, hungry growl, his hands gripping her hips firmly. "Oh, I'm not done with you yet, Camila." He said, his voice thick with desire. "I need to feel you again, need to make sure you're thoroughly claimed."

"W-Wait I...I need a—...Ahhhggg!~"

Before she could fully process his words, he thrust into her, the familiar stretch reigniting her senses, pulling another moan from her lips as she felt him fill her once more.

"Ooooh!~ Mmmmmm!~ Aaaah!~ Ughhhh!~ Nnnnn!"

Camila's moans filled the room as Kafka entered her again, her body responding despite her exhaustion.

"Hnn!~ Kafka, I...I need a break." She managed to gasp out, her voice a plea mixed with the undeniable pleasure of his thrusts.

Kafka's response was immediate and unyielding, his voice a sultry growl as he leaned over her, his breath hot against her ear.

"A breeding cow like you doesn't need breaks, Camila." He said, his tone both possessive and degrading. "You're only here to take my cock, to be filled until you can't walk straight." His thrusts didn't slow; if anything, they became more intense, each one a reminder of his dominance.

"Aaaah!~ Ooooh!~ Mmmmm!~ Ughhhh!~ Nnnmmm!"

Her body shivered, the mixture of his words and the physical sensation overwhelming her.

"P-Please, Kafka. Hnnn!~" She moaned, her voice trembling, torn between her need for rest and the pleasure coursing through her.

"No breaks, Camila." He continued, his hands gripping her tighter, pulling her thick ass back onto him with each thrust. "Your pussy is mine to use, to stretch, to fill with my cum. You're my breeding bitch, made to take it all."

His filthy voice was relentless, his words both degrading and arousing, pushing her towards another peak despite her protests.

"Mmmm!~ Aaaah!~ Ooooh!~ Unghhh!~ Nnnmm!"

Her ass rippled around him as he slammed into her, the sensation so intense she couldn't hold back the scream that escaped her throat.

"Look at that ass..." He groaned, slapping it hard. "So fucking fat and tight, begging to be used." His hand left a stinging imprint on her flesh, which only served to make her wetter, her body betraying her own desires.

"You love it, don't you?" He said, his voice a mix of amusement and lust. "You love having my cock deep in your ass, claiming you, making you mine." He leaned back, his hands on her hips, watching his shaft disappear into her with a perverse fascination. "It's like your body was made for this, for me to fuck you senseless."

"Ohhh!~ Mmmh!~ Aaaah!~ Ughhh!~ Nnnmmm!~"

Camila bit her lip, unable to deny the truth in his words. She did love the way he talked to her, the way he claimed her body, the way she felt like a mere object of his lust.

It was intoxicating, a drug she couldn't resist, even as she felt the beginnings of a powerful orgasm building deep within her.

"Mmm!~ Ohhh!~ Aaaah!~ Uhhhh!~ Nnnn!"

With a sudden jolt, Kafka grabbed her fat tits from behind, his calloused hands kneading them roughly as he whispered into her ear.

"These are so fucking sexy, Camila. Imagine them heavy with milk, leaking all over the place." The thought sent a jolt of arousal through her, making her nipples tighten into hard peaks.

"Mmh!~ Hnnn!~" She murmured, her eyes rolling back as he continued to fuck her ass with the same punishing rhythm, his grip on her tits tightening.

The image of herself, swollen with milk, her body used for his pleasure alone, was almost too much to handle. It was depraved, but it turned her on like nothing else ever had.

"You'd look so good, so desperate, begging for me to empty your tits." He said, his breath hot and ragged in her ear.

Camila felt a warm trickle between her legs, her pussy clenching around his cock as she imagined herself in that state of need.

It was a side of her she had never explored before, but here, in this moment, with Kafka, it was all she could think about.

"Mmm!~ Ohhh!~ Aaaah!~ Uhhhh!~ Nnnn!"

The sensation grew, her moans becoming more desperate, her body shaking with each powerful thrust.

"Ooooh!~ Mmmmmm!~ Aaaahh!~ Unghhh!~ Nnnmm!"

As he continued to thrust into her, Kafka's eyes caught the sight of her exposed anus, a pink, puckered star amidst the milky expanse of her skin. His fingers, previously occupied with her breasts, now traced down her back, teasing the sensitive area.

"Look at this tight little hole." He murmured, his voice dripping with lustful intent. "So pink, so inviting. I bet it's just begging to be fucked, isn't it?" His fingers circled her anus, applying just enough pressure to make it twitch under his touch, a sign of her body's unwilling yet eager response.

"Ahhh!~ Mmmmmm!~ Ooooh!~ Ughhhh!~ Nnnnn!"

Camila felt a flush of humiliation mixed with arousal at his words, her body betraying her with the way her anus clenched and released, as if trying to pull him in. "Kafka...D-Don't..." She managed to moan, her voice a mix of protest and desire, her dignity slipping away with each dirty word he spoke.

"You like the idea, don't you?" He teased, his finger now pressing more insistently against her anus, the tip just beginning to breach her. "Thinking about me finger fucking this tight little ass of yours, stretching it out, making you feel even more owned by me." His voice was a low growl, filled with perverse delight.

"Ohhhh!~ Twitch!~ Mmmm!~ Aaaah!~ Uhhhh!~ Twitch!~ Nnnmmm!"

Her anus twitched again, the sensation of his finger starting to invade her causing a mix of discomfort and an unexpected thrill. She could feel herself getting wetter, the heat of her arousal mingling with the shame of her body's response to his words and actions.

Kafka chuckled, the sound dark and filled with lust.

"Hehe...Why am I just thinking about it when I can just do it?" He mused aloud, his voice thick with ownership. "After all, you belong to me, Camila."

Before she could voice any protest, he spat onto her anus, the warm saliva trickling down, preparing her for what was to come.

Ptoo~

And then, without further warning, he slid two fingers into her, the sudden invasion causing her to gasp in shock.

"Ah!~ Ahh!~ N-Nooo!~ Ahnnnn!~"

The mix of pleasure and discomfort was immediate, her body tensing around his fingers even as the sensation sent a jolt of arousal through her.

"Oh, fuck, Kafka!~ Y-You can't!~ Ahnnn!~ That feels!~ That feels so good!~"

Camila moaned, her voice a mix of disbelief and ecstasy, the humiliation of the act making her feel both degraded and incredibly turned on which was obvious with now she was arching her ass out like she was begging him to push his fingers deeper inside of her...

Chapter 549: Crawl To Me, Bella

Kafka began to finger fuck Camila's anus in rhythm with his thrusts, his fingers sliding in and out as he maintained a punishing pace with his cock.

"Look at how this tight little ass sucks my fingers in." He growled, his voice a symphony of lust and possessiveness. "It's like you can't get enough, Camila. So fucking dirty, watching your ass take my fingers like that."

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

Camila's moans were loud, a mix of shame and pleasure as she felt the dual invasion, her body responding with an intensity that betrayed her arousal. "Kafka!~ Ahhh!~" She gasped, her body rocking back against him, her anus clenching around his fingers, pulling them deeper with each thrust.

"Nooo!~ Don't!~ Suck!~ You naughty thing!~ Mmmph!~ Ahhh!~"

"You're loving this, aren't you?" He taunted, his fingers twisting inside her, stretching her further. "Your ass is practically begging for more, so greedy, so filthy. You look so good with my fingers buried in you, Camila. So fucking owned."

"Ooooh!~ Mmmmm!~ Aaaah!~ Ughhhh!~ Nnnnn!"

Kafka's teasing words, combined with the physical sensations, was driving Camila towards the edge. Each word painted a picture of depravity that she found herself craving, her body reacting with a visceral need that matched his own.

"Aaaah!~ Ooooh!~ Mmmmm!~ Unghhh!~ Nnnmmm!"

Kafka, driven by his own need to hear her confession of pleasure, grabbed Camila's head from behind, tilting it back so she was forced to meet his gaze.

His fingers continued their relentless work in her ass while his hips thrust forward, filling her completely.

"Tell me, Camila." He demanded, his voice a mix of command and desire. "How do you feel right now? Tell me how good it feels to be fucked and fingered like this."

"Mmmm!~ Aaaah!~ Ooooh!~ Unghhh!~ Nnnmm!"

Camila's eyes, wide and filled with a mix of lust and submission, locked onto his. Her voice was shaky, laced with the raw edge of her arousal.

"Kafka, it feels!~...It feels so fucking good!~" She admitted, her words spilling out between moans. "Your fingers...in my ass, your cock stretching me...I feel so possessed, so dirty, so full. I love how you're making me feel like your little slut, like I'm just here for your pleasure!~"

Her words, dirty and laden with her own lust, seemed to fuel his passion even more.

His grip on her hair tightened, his movements becoming more insistent, as if her confession had unlocked another level of desire in him. "Keep talking, Camila." He said, his eyes dark with want. "I want to hear how much you love being my filthy little toy."

Camila's breath hitched, her body trembling under the intensity of his gaze and the relentless pleasure he was giving her.

"I love it, Kafka!~" She gasped out, her voice a sultry confession. "I love how you claim me, how you make me feel like I'm just a vessel for your pleasure. Ahhh!~ Every thrust, every finger, it's like you're marking me from the inside out. Hnn!~"

"Ohhh!~ Mmmh!~ Aaaah!~ Ughhh!~ Nnnmmm!~"

Her words were punctuated by her moans, her body moving in sync with his, her hips pushing back to meet his thrusts, her anus clenching around his fingers with each confession.

"I want more, I want to feel you deeper, to be so full of you that I can't think of anything else!~" She continued, her voice breaking with desire. "You make me feel so...so used, so perfect for you!~"

The raw honesty in Camila's eyes, combined with her dirty confessions, pushed Kafka to the brink. He couldn't handle the intensity of her gaze, the truth of her words fueling his own primal need.

Gripping her ass with both hands, he pulled her back onto him with a ferocity that spoke of his impending release.

"I'm going to fill you up again!" He growled, his voice thick with lust and possession. "You're going to take every drop, Camila, because you're mine to breed, mine to fuck until I'm empty."

"Mmm!~ Ohhh!~ Aaaah!~ Uhhhh!~ Nnnn!"

Camila's moans turned into cries of pleasure, her body responding to his words, his actions, with an intensity that matched his own. "Yes, yes, Kafka, fill me, mark me!~ Fill me up with your baby seed!~" She begged, her voice a desperate plea for more.

And then with one final, deep thrust, Kafka felt his climax overtake him, his body tensing as he released deep inside her, his voice a guttural groan of satisfaction.

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

"Take it all, you filthy, beautiful thing!" He said, his grip on her ass bruising as he held her against him, ensuring every drop of his cum stayed inside her.

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

As Kafka's climax surged through him, Camila felt the warmth of his load filling her, the sensation so intense it seemed to reach her very womb.

Her eyes rolled back, her face contorted in an expression of pure ecstasy, as if she had transcended into a state of nirvana. Her body quivered with the overwhelming pleasure, her cries echoing in the room.

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

When Kafka finally pulled his cock out, a rush of his cum followed, flowing from her pussy, evidence to their intense union.

Camila slumped to the side, her body heavy with exhaustion, her breathing ragged as she tried to come down from the high.

Her pussy continued to throb, pulses of aftershock running through her, each one a reminder of the depth of their connection and the intensity of the pleasure they had shared.

But even though Camila looked like she was absolutely done for, Kafka's cock was still rock hard, his spirit undiminished, yearning for more.

However, he knew better than to push her any further in her current state. As he contemplated what to do with his throbbing erection, an evil smile slowly formed on his lips as a thought crossed his mind.

Getting off the bed, he walked towards the door, his steps purposeful.

And upon opening it, he was met with a sight that confirmed his suspicions—Bella, her body slumped against the frame, her eyes clouded with a dazed look of arousal.

She was lying in a small, glistening pool of her own love juice, her thighs slick and parted, evidence of her own climax that had evidently come from eavesdropping on the intense session inside.

Kafka's grin turned predatory as he surveyed the scene before him. "Well, well, looks like someone couldn't help but listen in." He remarked, his voice low and thick with lust.

His eyes roamed over Bella's flushed body, taking in her hardened nipples visible through her shirt, the way her chest heaved with ragged breaths, and the unmistakable scent of her arousal filling the air.

His cock twitched, eager to claim another participant in this night of debauchery.

Bella herself gulped, her throat dry from the shock of being caught, her eyes wide as they locked onto Kafka's rock-hard penis, which seemed to loom before her like an intimidating monument.

The sight alone made her heart race, her body still tingling from her own release.

Seeing the mixture of fear and desire on her face, Kafka chuckled, a sound both teasing and dark. "Do you want a taste, Bella?" He asked, his voice a sultry invitation.

Bella, caught in the web of her own arousal and curiosity, nodded her head, her lips parting slightly as she leaned forward, intending to take him into her mouth.

But to her surprise, Kafka pulled back, just out of reach, his cock bobbing slightly with movement.

"If you want it, you'll have to follow it on your knees." He instructed, a wicked gleam in his eyes as he began to slowly walk backward into the room.

Bella hesitated for only a moment before her desire won out.

She got onto her knees, her eyes never leaving his erection, and began to crawl towards him, her movements slow yet driven by an undeniable hunger.

She moved with a mix of hesitation and eagerness, her body low to the ground, her knees shuffling across the floor.

Her hands pressed into the carpet, supporting her as she crawled forward like a dog in heat, her eyes fixated on Kafka's impressive erection.

Her breasts swayed with each movement, her nipples brushing against the fabric of her shirt, adding to her arousal. Her ass, still slightly wet from her earlier climax, was on full display, swaying provocatively with each crawl.

Kafka watched this display with a mix of amusement and lust, his steps backward measured, leading her on a slow, sensual chase.

His cock stood out, a beacon for her desires, each step he took a tease, a promise of what awaited her. The sight of Bella, submissive yet eager, was intoxicating, her body language speaking volumes of her need.

They moved like this until Kafka reached the bed, where got on top of it and sat back against the frame, his legs spread, his cock still rigid and glistening with the remnants of his previous activities. Camila lay beside him, her body recovering from their earlier encounter, her breathing steady, her eyes closed in exhaustion.

Bella, now at the foot of the bed, didn't stop.

She continued her crawl, her gaze locked on her target, her lips slightly parted in anticipation.

Her body was a storm of desire, her movements both graceful and primal, her eyes filled with a hunger that Kafka found utterly captivating.

And finally, as she reached him, she paused, her face inches from his cock, her breath hot against his skin, her position one of complete submission, ready to serve and to take whatever pleasure or command he would offer next.

Kafka, seeing the wild look in Bella's eyes, a mix of hunger and submission, gave her a nod of permission, his voice low and commanding. "Go on, do what you want." He urged, his tone both a challenge and an invitation, like he was commanding a dog to eat its food.

Bella didn't need to be told twice.

With a desperate eagerness, she opened her mouth wide, taking his cock deep into her throat in one swift motion.

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

Her lips sealed around him, her tongue sliding along the underside of his shaft, tasting the mix of him and her mother's arousal.

"Mmm!~ Ahhh!~ Slurp!~ Nnn!~"

And then, she began to bob her head with a fervor that bordered on the obscene, her eyes locked onto his, wild with desire and the thrill of this taboo act...

Chapter 550: Mother And Daughter

"Mmm!~ Ahhh!~ Slurp!~ Nnn!~"

Bella sucked hard, her cheeks hollowing out as she drew him deeper, the head of his cock hitting the back of her throat, making her gag slightly, but she didn't relent. Her saliva coated him, making wet, lewd sounds as she moved up and down his length.

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

She used her hand to stroke the base, coordinating her movements so that every inch of him was stimulated. Her other hand cupped his balls, massaging them gently, then with increasing pressure, as if coaxing out more of his pleasure.

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

Her eyes never left his, conveying a mix of defiance and submission, her pupils dilated with lust.

She pulled back for a moment, her tongue flicking over his tip, collecting the pre-cum that had gathered there, before plunging back down with a moan that vibrated around his shaft.

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

She was relentless, her blowjob a wild, dirty display of her own arousal, her actions both an attempt to please and a claiming of her own desire.

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

Kafka watched, entranced by her performance, the sensation of her mouth, warm and wet, enveloping him, was driving him towards another peak.

Her enthusiasm, the wild look in her eyes, it all fed into the moment, making it raw, animalistic, a perfect blend of domination and surrender.

"Mmmph!~ Ahhh!~ Nnn!~ Suck!~"

Camila, stirred by the vulgar noises piercing through her post-coital haze, opened her eyes to a sight that shocked her to the core.

There was Bella, her own daughter, on her knees, giving Kafka a blowjob with such fervor and dirtiness that it left Camila flustered and speechless. The scene was so raw, so unlike the sweet, innocent girl she knew, that it took her a moment to process what she was seeing.

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

Bella's actions were uninhibited, her head bobbing with a wild abandon, her eyes locked onto Kafka's with a look of lust that Camila had never imagined seeing on her daughter's face.

There was an undeniable sluttiness to Bella's demeanor, her lips stretched around Kafka's cock, saliva dripping down her chin, her hands working in tandem with her mouth.

Camila's mind raced with confusion and a strange mix of arousal and concern. 'How did my sweet, innocent girl turn into this?' She wondered, her gaze shifting between the debauched act before her and Kafka, who seemed to revel in Bella's enthusiasm.

But despite her shock, Camila couldn't help but feel a flush of heat spread through her own body, the sight stirring something primal within her.

Kafka, sensing Camila's gaze, turned his head slightly, a smirk forming on his lips as he caught her eyes.

"Look who's watching, Bella." He said, his voice thick with amusement and provocation, not missing a beat in the rhythm of Bella's antics.

Bella, without missing a stroke, glanced sideways towards her mother, her eyes meeting Camila's for a brief, electric moment.

There was a flicker of acknowledgment, a recognition of the situation's absurdity and intimacy, but instead of stopping or showing any sign of embarrassment, she returned her focus to Kafka's cock with renewed vigor.

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

The knowledge that her mother was watching seemed to spur Bella on, her actions becoming even more theatrical, her moans louder, her eyes occasionally flicking back to Camila with a challenge or perhaps an invitation in them.

"Nnn!~ Slurp!~ Mmmph!~ Ahh! ~"

She sucked harder, her movements more deliberate, as if she was performing for both Kafka and her mother, embracing the role of the wanton daughter with a boldness that was both shocking and undeniably arousing.

"Ahh!~ Mmph!~ Nnn!~ Suck! ~"

Camila, still feeling the heat spread through her, was caught in a whirlwind of conflicting emotions—shock, arousal, and a strange pride in her daughter's newfound confidence, even if it was in such an unexpected and scandalous manner.

Kafka, with a mischievous smile, announced, "I'm about to cum again, Bella..." His voice laced with both warning and delight. "...Let's make it a sight your mother never forgets."

Without any further warning, just as the peak of his pleasure was about to overtake him, he thrust his hips forward, pushing his cock deep into Bella's throat.

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

He came with a force that made his body tense, his cum shooting directly into her, filling her mouth and throat.

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

Bella's eyes widened in shock and pleasure, the overwhelming sensation causing her to gag slightly as cum began to seep out from the corners of her mouth, dripping down her chin.

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

The intensity of the moment, the raw claim of Kafka's act, triggered her own climax.

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

She squirted, her body convulsing with the dual sensations of her orgasm and the feeling of him emptying inside her, the liquid evidence of her pleasure pooling beneath her.

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

Camila watched this scene unfold with a mix of awe and disbelief. The sight of her daughter, so overtaken by lust and pleasure, was both shocking and oddly beautiful in its intensity.

She saw the transformation in Bella, from innocence to this moment of unbridled passion, and felt a complex swirl of emotions, witnessing an act that would indeed never fade from her memory.

Kafka then pulled his cock out of Bella's mouth with a wet pop, his length still impressively hard despite the climax. He chuckled, looking down at himself with a mix of amusement and pride.

"Looks like there's still more work to be done before this goes down." He remarked, his voice teasing yet filled with intent.

His gaze then shifted to Bella, who had slumped over to her mother's side, her body still trembling from her orgasm, and then to Camila, who met his eyes with a mix of shock and intrigue. An evil smile spread across his face as he surveyed them both.

"Well, it's a good thing I have a mother-daughter pair to help me out with that." He said, his tone dripping with salacious promise, the implication clear in his look and words.

Camila didn't even have the chance to fully process Kafka's words before she felt her legs being spread apart.

Spread!~

And before she could react, a soft yet heavy weight settled on top of her, and she immediately realized it was Bella, her daughter, who had been lazily placed over her by Kafka's directive.

Their bodies were pressed together, skin to skin, the warmth of their flesh mingling.

Camila's breasts, softer and more plump, brushed against Bella's, whose nipples were firm and showing signs of growth from the recent activities.

The sensation was intimate, their nipples touching, one set mature and robust, the other youthful and budding, creating a contrast that was both erotic and surreal.

What made the situation even more taboo was the way they were positioned; Camila could feel Bella's pussy directly on top of hers, their most intimate parts pressed together, her pussy that still had a tuft of hair pressing against her daughter wet cunt that had just been recently shaved and was scratching her own pussy.

The sensation was enthralling, the warmth and wetness of Bella's arousal mingling with her own, creating a slick, slippery contact that sent shivers through both of them.

Their clits, swollen with desire, were now in direct contact, Bella's youthful firmness rubbing against Camila's more experienced sensitivity.

Each subtle movement caused their clits to brush against each other, sending jolts of pleasure through Camila. The fluids from their arousal mixed, creating a storm of sensations, their pussies grinding together in a dance of forbidden intimacy.

The taboo of the act, the mixing of their fluids, the intimate clash of their most sensitive parts, painted a vivid picture of a mother and daughter bound by more than just blood, now connected in the most primal way.

Kafka sat between them, his gaze taking in the sight with an appreciative eye, a smile curling his lips. "Look at how beautiful you both are like this." He remarked, his voice a mix of lust and admiration. "I can't help but think of anything else I'd rather be admiring."

His words seemed to pull Bella from her daze, her eyes snapping open, awareness flooding back as she realized the position she was in with her mother. Her cheeks instantly flushed a deep red, the blush spreading down her neck as she locked eyes with Camila.

Camila, feeling the weight and warmth of her daughter, met Bella's gaze, and the realization of what they were doing caused a similar flush to color her cheeks. The intimacy of their connection, now acknowledged, made the moment even more charged.

Both mother and daughter were engulfed in a wave of embarrassment and arousal, their bodies reacting to the taboo nature of their position, their eyes conveying a mix of shock, desire, and a silent question about what would happen next.

Kafka, with a wicked grin, positioned himself so that his still-hard cock rubbed against both Camila's and Bella's pussies, the slickness of their arousal easing his movements.

"I want to fuck you both so hard, you know." He growled, his voice thick with desire and mischief. "But with this being so taboo, I'm not sure if I should continue."

His words, spoken in such a teasing, almost taunting manner, caught both women off guard. They'd been braced for the continuation of their shared debauchery, not for this hesitation. Their surprise was palpable, their bodies tense with anticipation.

Noticing their reactions, Kafka's smile broadened.

"Of course, if I hear from the people involved that they want me to proceed...Then..." He added, his tone dripping with mock innocence, his cock still teasingly rubbing against them.

Both Camila and Bella shot him a glare, their expressions a mix of exasperation and lust.

The way he had brought them to this point only to tease them with the possibility of stopping was infuriating, especially after he had orchestrated this scandalous scene.

And then at the same time, both of them couldn't help but chuckle, shaking their heads at Kafka's teasing nature, yet they both recognized it as one of the reasons they had fallen for him.

With a shared, knowing look, a bright smile passed between them, an acknowledgment of the absurdity and the intimacy of the moment.

Without a word, they each reached down, their hands finding their own pussies, spreading themselves open in an invitation that was both bold and dirty.

"Fuck us, Kafka!~"

Camila purred, her voice heavy with lust.

"Fill our pussies, make a mess inside us, Daddy!~"

Bella added, her tone equally provocative, her eyes shining with a mix of defiance and desire.

Kakfa simply smiled at this sight, thanking the gods once again for bringing him into this wonderful world...