

God of Milfs 551

Chapter 551: Situation In The Celestial Realm

Kafka didn't hesitate any longer. With a primal urgency, he positioned himself and jammed his cock into Bella's pussy, driving it all the way in with one forceful thrust.

"Ahhh!~ Daddy!~"

He began to fuck her with a rhythm that was both relentless and precise, each movement drawing out moans from Bella.

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

"Fuck, Bella, your pussy is so tight." He growled, his voice laden with lust. "Just like your mother's, squeezing me like it doesn't want to let go." His words were taboo, designed to inflame, to push the boundaries of their shared debauchery even further.

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

Camila watched, initially with a hint of worry as she saw her daughter's body rocked by Kafka's thrusts. Bella's back arched, her moans filling the room, a mix of shock and pleasure.

But as Camila met Bella's eyes, she saw a look of pure ecstasy, the kind of pleasure that transcended the physical into something almost spiritual. The worry melted away, replaced by an understanding that Bella was not just enduring but reveling in the experience, her face a mask of lust and satisfaction.

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

Kafka continued his verbal assault, his words a mix of praise and provocation. "You love this, don't you, Bella? Being fucked like this, right in front of your mother?" His pace didn't falter, each thrust deep and claiming, as if marking her from the inside out.

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

Bella, caught in the throes of pleasure, responded to Kafka's dirty talk with an abandon that matched his intensity. "Yes, Daddy!~" She moaned, her voice a mix of breathlessness and desire. "It feels so fucking good!~ Ahhh!~ I-It's also so thrilling, doing this with my mother watching!~"

Her words were a confession of her arousal, an acknowledgment of the perverse thrill of the situation.

Kafka's response was immediate, his voice a dark, possessive growl. "That's right, my little girl." He said, his thrusts becoming even more forceful, as if driven by her words and then with a surge of possessive desire, grabbed Bella's hands, pinning them above her head as he continued to thrust into her. "You're mine, aren't you, my dirty little daughter?" He said, his grip firm, his movements unyielding. "I'm going to fuck you until you can't think of anything else but Daddy's cock inside you."

Bella's moans were louder, her body arching under his control, her hands held captive by his. "Yes, Daddy, yes!~" She gasped, her voice a mixture of submission and lust. "I'm all yours, use me, fuck me like only you can!~"

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

His pace was relentless, each thrust punctuated by his dirty words. "Look at you, so eager to be fucked by Daddy, in front of your mother no less. Does it make you feel like the naughty girl you are?" He leaned down, his breath hot against her ear. "You love this, don't you? Being Daddy's little slut."

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

Bella's response was a mix of moans and affirmations, her body trembling with the intensity of his words and actions. "I love it, Daddy, love being your slut!~ I want more, harder, make me feel it all!~" Her plea was desperate, her body moving in sync with his, seeking more of the pleasure he was giving her.

"Mmmmm!~ Aaaah!~ Ooooh!~ Unghhh!~ Nnnmm!"

"Take it all, Bella!" Kafka commanded, his voice thick with lust and the promise of possession. "Take my seed into your womb. Imagine us, mother and daughter, both with swollen bellies in the future, filled with my children!" His words were a mix of fantasy and command, pushing the boundaries of their taboo encounter.

And then with a final, deep thrust, he released, his climax overtaking him as he pumped his load into her, the warmth and volume of it filling her to the brim.

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

As he pulled out, his cum began to pour out of Bella, a testament to the intensity of his release.

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

Bella gasped, her body shuddering with pleasure, her face buried into her mother's breasts for support, her moans muffled against Camila's skin.

Camila in response cradled her daughter in a tender, caring embrace, her hands gently caressing Bella's exhausted form. "You can rest now, sweetheart." She whispered soothingly, her voice a stark contrast to the earlier intensity. "I'll take rest of the torment for you."

Bella, still catching her breath and dazed from her own experience, didn't fully grasp her mother's words at first. But then she felt a rocking motion, her body moving forward not from her own actions but from the force of something else.

Lifting her head slightly, the realization hit her as she saw her mother's face, eyes closed, an expression of mingled pleasure and surrender etched across her features.

Kafka had already moved on, his cock now deeply embedded in Camila, beginning to thrust with the same vigor he had shown with Bella.

Camila's body responded, her hips moving to meet his, her moans soft yet undeniable signs of her arousal.

Bella watched, a mix of exhaustion and awe, as her mother took on the 'torment' she had spoken of, absorbing the pleasure and pain with a grace that spoke of both love and lust.

Bella looked at her mother with a worried gaze, concern etching her features. "M-Mom, are you alright? You've already been through so much." She asked, her voice filled with care despite the situation.

Camila, even amidst her moans, managed a chuckle, her body rocking with each of Kafka's thrusts. "Do we really have a choice, sweetie? Your father over there..." She said, her tone playful yet strained with pleasure. "...seems to be on a rampage. He doesn't look like he'll stop for anyone."

Bella turned her head to look behind her, and indeed, Kafka appeared to have lost all control. His movements were wild, unrestrained, his face contorted with a mix of pleasure and determination.

He was fucking Camila with an intensity that spoke of a man driven by a raw need, his thrusts deep and relentless, showing no signs of slowing down.

"He really seems to have lost it, look at that silly face." She commented, her voice laced with laughter.

Despite the chaotic passion unfolding, both mother and daughter couldn't help but chuckle, finding a moment of levity in the midst of their shared predicament. As their eyes met, there was an unspoken understanding of how close they were in this bizarre, intimate moment.

"Luckily, we have each other right now." Bella added cheekily, her smile brightening even in this context. "We won't have to go through this torment alone."

Camila nodded, her expression softening with affection. "I was thinking the exact same thing." She replied, her voice warm with the love of a mother for her daughter.

She then wrapped her arms around Bella, pulling her into a comforting embrace, offering support not just from the physical act but from the emotional whirlwind they were experiencing.

Bella nestled into her mother's embrace, finding solace and strength in their closeness, their bond transcending the bizarre circumstances, turning a moment of potential isolation into one of profound connection.

While on one side, Kafka was engaged in the act of passionately, almost wildly, fucking both mother and daughter, on the other, there was this tender, wholesome moment unfolding. It painted a

By the end, their pussies were completely clogged with his cum, the thick, white fluid spilling out with each thrust, each movement, until it seemed there was no space left for more.

He'd watched in fascination, almost pride, as their bodies struggled to contain him, their arousal and his seed mixing into a mess that was both erotic and overwhelming.

But when they had finally collapsed, exhausted and spent, he'd taken on the task of cleaning them up. It had been a slow, meticulous process, his hands gentle as he wiped them down, using warm, damp cloths to clean their skin, to ease the soreness and the stickiness.

He'd done it every time more cum had seeped out, his touch careful, almost reverent, as he tended to them while they slept, their bodies limp and trusting in his care. It had taken time, longer than he'd expected, but he'd done it without complaint, knowing it was part of the responsibility he'd taken on in this bizarre, loving dynamic.

"I really worked up a sweat tonight, haven't I?" He murmured, his voice a mix of exhaustion and amusement. "I mean, look at you two, completely out of it. I must've fucked you both into oblivion, huh?" He chuckled again, shaking his head. "And those pussies...God, they were so full, I thought they'd burst. Had to keep wiping you down, over and over, like I was cleaning up after a damn flood. But you both looked so peaceful, so...satisfied. Guess I did my job right."

He glanced down at Camila, her face serene, her lips slightly parted in sleep, her body pressed so close he could feel the steady beat of her heart. "You, Camila, you took it like a champ, didn't you? Every time I thought you'd tap out, you'd just pull me closer, begging for more. And Bella..." His gaze shifted to the girl on top of him, her arms still tight around him, her breathing soft and even. "You surprised me, spreading your pussy no matter how swollen your lips became. You both...you're something else."

Kafka lay there, the warmth of Camila and Bella's bodies pressed against him, a comforting cocoon in the quiet aftermath of their wild night. But his mind, however, wasn't as still as their sleeping forms.

A question began to nag at him, one that seemed to bubble up from the depths of his post-coital clarity.

"Why in the world..." He murmured to himself, his voice barely above a whisper. "...didn't the goddesses watching from above send me some kind of request while all this was going on? They usually do. And come to think of it, I didn't get the acknowledgment message from Evangeline for my last request either. Were they asleep or something?"

He chuckled softly at the thought, imagining the celestial beings dozing off during his most chaotic moments.

"I mean, it's not like I'm complaining, but it's weird. Usually, they're all over me with their demands, especially Evangeline. She's always got something for me to do, some test or trial. But tonight? Nothing. Just silence."

Almost as if his thoughts had pierced through the veil between realms, a voice, soft and resonant, echoed in his mind.

It was Evangeline, the Goddess of Order, her tone apologetic and tinged with a hint of embarrassment.

"Kafka, I must apologize." She began, her voice clear as if she were standing beside him. "First, for not providing a conclusive message regarding your previous request, and second, for not sending any requests during your...current situation."

Kafka blinked, surprised by the sudden intrusion, but then shook his head with a wry smile.

"There's no need to apologize, Evangeline." He said, keeping his voice low so as not to wake Camila or Bella. "Honestly, I'm not complaining. I'm actually glad, you know? No request looming over me, no 'do this or be cut into a million pieces' hanging over my head. It's a nice change of pace, especially with...Well, everything that's been going on here." He chuckled, the sound a mix of enjoyment and relief. "I mean, can you imagine trying to focus on some divine task while I'm in the middle of...this? I'd probably mess it up and end up dead or something."

Evangeline's response was a soft laugh, a sound like wind chimes in a gentle breeze.

"I understand, Kafka, and I'm relieved to hear you say that. But still, it was not right of me not to communicate properly. You deserve clarity, especially given your dedication to our requests."

He waved a hand dismissively, though he knew she couldn't see it. "Nah, don't worry about it. Like I said, I'm good. But, you know, now that you're here, I've got to ask—what happened? Why no requests tonight?"

"...I'm not complaining, but it's not like you guys to miss a chance to throw some divine curveball at me. Did you all get bored of me already? Am I old news up there in the celestial realm?"

Evangeline hesitated, her silence heavy with an unspoken weight.

"Of course not, Kafka." She finally replied, her tone earnest. "Almost every goddess tunes in to watch your journey. You're...quite the spectacle, if I may say so. Your actions, your choices, they're fascinating to us."

"...But, well, there was...a situation in the celestial realm that forced us to stop the trial for a moment."

Chapter 552: Anger That Shook The Heavens

Kafka raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "A situation, huh? What kind of situation? Don't tell me you guys had some kind of divine drama going on while I was down here making a mess of things. Did someone break a sacred rule or something? Or maybe you all got into a fight over who gets to give me a request next?" He chuckled, the idea amusing him more than it should.

But to his utter shock, Evangeline gave a sigh like she was shaking her head in dismay like she wished it were that simple and said,

"No, Kafka...It something that involves your mother, Lady Vanitas."

Kafka's eyes snapped open, his heart skipping a beat. Anything involving his mother always had that effect on him, a visceral reaction that he couldn't shake, no matter how much he claimed to despise her.

"My mother?" He repeated, his voice low, almost a whisper, as if saying her name too loudly might summon her presence. "What did she do this time? Don't tell me she tried to break the barrier between realms again and embarrassed herself after failing for the umpteenth time."

He chuckled, trying to mask the sudden tension in his chest with humor.

"She must really hate me bad, huh? Wanting to kill me so desperately like that." His smile was rueful, a mix of bitterness and resignation, as if he'd long accepted her animosity.

But Evangeline's response was not what he expected.

"No, Kafka." She said, her voice heavy with concern. "No such thing happened. Something...Something even more devastating occurred."

Kafka's curiosity piqued, the seriousness in her tone catching him off guard.

"Devastating?" He echoed, his brow furrowing. "What do you mean? If it wasn't her usual antics, then what happened? It sounds like a big deal, Evangeline. Don't leave me hanging here."

There was a pause, a silence that seemed to stretch on, heavy with the weight of what she was about to reveal.

"You see, your mother, Lady Vanitas." Evangeline began, her usual calm voice almost trembling. "She...She started crying."

Kafka froze, his mind struggling to process the words. "She cried?" He repeated, his voice barely above a whisper, as if saying it aloud might make it more real. "You mean...she actually let tears fall from her eyes?"

"Yes." Evangeline confirmed, her tone laced with concern. "And if it were any other goddess, Kafka, it wouldn't have been such a shock. We all have emotions, after all. Tears, joy, anger—they're not uncommon among us."

"...But for Lady Vanitas, the God of Vanity, to give up her pride like that, to cry in front of the other goddesses...It was unprecedented."

"For eons, she's maintained this cold, unyielding facade, her face always a mask of disdain or indifference. So to see tears streaming down her face—it was like witnessing the impossible. Some of the goddesses even wondered if they'd gone blind, if what they were seeing was real."

Kafka sat up slightly, careful not to disturb Camila and Bella, his mind racing.

"What was even more confusing." Evangeline continued, her voice laced with a mix of confusion and curiosity. "Is that no one really knows why tears suddenly streamed down her cold face as she watched the trial. But it happened exactly when you started talking to Bella about how your mother had abandoned you in the past and the devastating impact it had on your life."

Kafka was taken aback, his mind racing to connect the dots, unable to fathom why such an event would trigger any emotional response from Lady Vanitas. "She cried because of that?" He asked, his voice a mix of shock and disbelief.

"Yes..." Evangeline said, her words chosen carefully. "And because of this, several of the goddesses believe it has something to do with you and her. There's...there's a theory, Kafka." She hesitated, her voice softening as if she were walking on sacred ground. "It might be because she's sad about abandoning you in the past. She might...might regret dropping you into the mortal world."

Evangeline knew that Kafka wouldn't react lightly to such a matter because of how much he despised his mother...But little did she know that what she thought would happen was nothing compared to the actual reaction.

The moment those words left Evangeline's mouth, Kafka's expression darkened.

His eyes, already shadowed, seemed to deepen into abysses of anger, his emotions so potent that they resonated with the world itself.

Boom!~ Boom!~ Boom!~

And then to her shock, thunder erupted outside, a deafening, savage explosion that shook the very walls of the house.

Lightning tore across the sky, illuminating the room in stark, white bursts, while the rain morphed into a relentless deluge, hammering against the windows with such force that it seemed as if the heavens themselves were unleashing their fury to match his inner chaos.

Kafka oblivious to the fact that he had caused a massive storm in the world he was residing in then forced a smile, one that was more grimace than mirth, and spoke in a quiet, intensely controlled whisper.

"Evangeline, please, never say such a thing. The woman up there, the one I'm forced to call my mother, would much rather see me die a billion times than regret anything she did in the past."

"...Don't make up ridiculous stories. She doesn't care; she never has."

The sheer force of his anger was visible, not just in the physical realm but unbelievably even reaching into the celestial one.

As he spoke, not only did the earth react with its thunderous roar, but the celestial realm itself seemed to tremble for a brief, startling second.

Evangeline, despite her divine composure, felt a shiver run through her, the unexpected power of a mortal-god causing such a phenomenon.

She then quickly composed herself and gave a wry smile to herself, whispering in her mind, 'He truly is Lady Vanitas's son,' acknowledging the raw power that seemed to course through his veins, a testament to his lineage.

However, she masked her reaction from Kafka, not wanting to add fuel to his already burning anger. Instead, she spoke with a calm, apologetic tone.

"I'm sorry, Kafka. It was my mistake for suggesting such a thing. I shouldn't have speculated without understanding the full context."

Kafka, feeling the surge of his emotions subside slightly with her words, took a deep breath, his eyes closing for a moment as he tried to regain control.

"No, I'm sorry for getting angry." He admitted, his voice softening. "I shouldn't have snapped like that. It's just...the idea of her regretting anything, especially something like that...it's hard to believe. I've lived with the reality of her absence, her disdain, for so long. To think it might mean something different to her now...it's unsettling."

Evangeline's tone was warm, filled with understanding.

"I understand, Kafka. The complexities of family, especially with divine beings, can be...overwhelming. But know that your journey, your emotions, they resonate in ways we might not fully comprehend. We'll continue to watch over you, support you, as best we can. And I'll be more careful with my words in the future."

Kafka nodded, the tension easing from his shoulders. "Thanks, Evangeline. And...if you hear anything more, or if there's any truth to why she cried, let me know. I might not want to believe it, but I need to understand."

"Of course, Kafka." Evangeline assured him, her voice a soothing balm to the turmoil of the night. "I will. Rest now, and take care. Your path is not an easy one, but you're never alone in it and have us goddess by your side."

As the connection with Evangeline faded, Kafka lay back, his mind swirling with conflicting thoughts about his mother, her unexpected tears, and the strange, powerful bond he shared with the celestial realm.

The weight of it all threatened to pull him deeper into confusion, his thoughts tangled in a web of past pain and present uncertainty.

Why had she cried? Was it really about him, or was it something else entirely?

The questions gnawed at him, each one leading to another, like a labyrinth he couldn't escape.

But just as he felt himself sinking further into that maze, a soft, sleepy voice broke through the storm.

"Daddy..." Bella murmured, her voice adorable and dreamlike, the word slipping out in her sleep with a gentle, childlike innocence.

It was a sound so pure, so unexpected, that it snapped Kafka back to reality like a lifeline thrown into a turbulent sea.

He blinked, the tension in his mind dissolving as he looked down at Bella, her face peaceful, her lips curled into a faint, dreamy smile. A chuckle escaped him, low and warm, the sound a balm to his own unease.

"Why am I even thinking about all that useless stuff about my mother?" He muttered to himself, shaking his head with a wry smile. "Here I am, worrying about some goddess who probably doesn't give a damn about me, when my real family is right here, right by my side."

He gazed down at both Camila and Bella, their beautiful faces serene in sleep, their features softened by the dim light of the room.

Camila's arm was still draped across his chest, her body curled against him like she was seeking his warmth even in her dreams. Bella, sprawled on top of him, clung to him tightly, her cheek pressed against his chest, her breaths slow and steady.

The sight of them, so trusting, so loving, filled him with a warmth that pushed away the shadows of his earlier thoughts.

"Look at you two." He whispered, his voice filled with affection. "My girls, my family. You're all I need, you know that? All that mess up there, all those goddesses and their drama—it doesn't matter...Not when I've got you right here." He reached down, gently brushing a strand of hair from Camila's face, then doing the same for Bella, his touch tender, almost reverent.

Leaning down, he pressed a gentle kiss to Camila's forehead, her skin warm against his lips. She stirred slightly, a faint smile tugging at her lips, her arm tightening around him in her sleep, as if even in her dreams she felt his love.

He then turned to Bella, planting a soft kiss on her forehead as well, his heart swelling as she, too, smiled unconsciously, her grip on him tightening, her body nestling closer, as if she never wanted to let go.

"There we go." He murmured, his voice a soft, soothing rumble. "Sleep tight, both of you. You've been through a lot tonight, haven't you? But you're safe here, with me. Always will be." He chuckled again, the sound a mix of amusement and contentment. "Man, what a night. I mean, look at us, all tangled up like this. It's...It's perfect, isn't it? Messy, crazy, but perfect."

As he settled back, his eyes began to close, the exhaustion of the night finally catching up with him. But one last thought lingered, a spark of anticipation that made his smile widen.

"Now that I've wrapped up matters with Camila, too..." He whispered to himself, his voice fading into a sleepy murmur. "...all that's left is Nina."

Chapter 553: I Missed You

The warm glow of the lanterns flickered gently inside the quiet lobby of the hot spring, casting a soft golden hue over the wooden interior. The faint sound of bubbling water from the private baths could still be heard in the background, along with the occasional creak of the floorboards as customers shuffled out for the night.

But Nina?...She wasn't paying attention to any of it.

She sat behind the counter, resting her cheek against her palm, lazily fiddling with a small coin between her fingers, spinning it absentmindedly.

Her verdant eyes—usually sharp and commanding—were now glazed over with boredom, half-lidded and far too distracted.

Because, once again, she was thinking about him.

Kafka...That annoying, frustrating, stupid man who refused to leave her head no matter how much she tried to push him out.

It was starting to get ridiculous.

At first, that she would simply think of him a few times and then move on with her day. But it didn't.

It only got worse.

Whether she was at work, trying to deal with customers, or at home, soaking in the baths to relax, somehow, his face always came to mind.

And now?

Now she was ignoring actual customers just because she was too busy staring at the entrance, wondering if Kafka would walk through the door at any moment.

She sighed, stealing a glance toward the doorway, her long ears twitching slightly as if expecting to hear his footsteps.

Nothing.

She puffed out her cheeks, feeling annoyed. "That idiot." She muttered under her breath, crossing her arms as she leaned back into her chair. "Why didn't he come to meet me today?"

A second later, her expression softened as she let out a small huff, quickly making excuses for him.

"He's probably busy."

"Or maybe he's helping Bella with something."

"...Or maybe Camila dragged him somewhere again."

Her eyes narrowed at the thought, and she immediately scowled.

Of course, Camila got to see him all the time. She lived right next door to him.

She could just knock on his door whenever she wanted and visit him whenever she pleased. Meanwhile, she had to sit here like a complete fool, waiting for him to decide to visit her.

She clicked her tongue, rolling her eyes. "It's so unfair." She grumbled, resting her chin on the counter, pouting like a child.

But before she could fall any deeper into her sulking, the clock chimed. Her ears perked up, and she glanced over at the time.

"Already closing time?" She murmured, sitting up straighter.

She let out a deep sigh, realizing that she had wasted most of her shift staring at the entrance like some kind of lovesick fool.

"...Guess there's no chance he's coming today." She muttered, feeling a small pang of disappointment in her chest.

With a resigned sigh, Nina rose from her seat, stretching her toned arms over her head as she made her way toward the entrance of the shop.

The night air was cool and crisp, the scent of the natural hot springs lingering around her as she stepped outside.

It was quiet. The streets were mostly empty, save for the occasional flickering of lights from the shopfronts. The soft sound of flowing water from the baths echoed in the distance, adding to the peaceful atmosphere of the night.

Nina reached up, grabbing the metal shutter of the entrance, preparing to close up for the night, when suddenly—

A voice came from behind her. A smooth, playful voice, dripping with mock disappointment.

"Ahhh...The hotspring is already closed? And here I thought I could go for a dip in the night."

Nina froze. Her ears twitched slightly, but her reflexes kicked in before her brain did.

"I'm sorry." She said automatically, turning slightly over her shoulder, not yet processing who it was. "We don't allow late-night bathers. One guy fell asleep once and nearly drowned." She chuckled, shaking her head at the memory. "Can't have that happening again, so we close up early. But if you come back tomorrow, I'll—"

She stopped. Mid-sentence. Mid-breath.

Because suddenly—

Her brain caught up with her ears.

That voice. That voice was too familiar.

And when she slowly turned her head, a giddy excitement already rising in her chest, her eyes widened.

Kafka.

He was right behind her, standing casually, hands in his pockets, his usual lazy grin stretching across his face as he tilted his head at her.

"Since bathing at night seems so dangerous..." He joked. "...maybe I should just head back and—"

He didn't get to finish. Because the moment Nina registered that he was real, standing in front of her after all the time she spent longing for him—

She pounced.

Like a cat who had spotted its prey, she leaped at him, arms wrapping tightly around his waist as she latched onto him completely, nearly knocking him off balance.

Hug~

Kafka barely had time to react before she buried her face against his chest, her entire body molding into his like she was afraid he would disappear if she didn't hold on tight enough.

Then, she tilted her head up and, to Kafka's absolute shock—

She bombarded his face with kisses.

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

Soft, rapid, scattered kisses all over his cheeks, his nose, his jawline, anywhere she could reach.

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

Each one accompanied by a rushed, breathless sentence in between.

"I missed you!"

"Kiss!~"

"I was thinking about you all the time!"

"Kiss!~"

"Kiss!~ Kiss!~"

"How could you not visit me for so long?!"

"Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Kiss!~"

Her voice was pouty, her tone soft and adorable, completely unlike the fierce, intimidating image she always projected.

Kafka, stunned, could only laugh, lifting his hands in surrender as he tried to keep up with the affectionate onslaught.

"Nina, hold on—"

"Kiss!~"

"Okay, okay—"

"Kiss!~ Kiss!~"

"I get it, I get it—"

"Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Kiss!~"

Nina finally pulled back, but not by much, still keeping a tight grip on his waist as she looked up at him, her eyes sparkling with both frustration and pure joy.

Her eyes gleamed, a perfect mix of frustration and pure, undeniable joy, and then—

She pouted.

"Do you even know how long I've been waiting for you?" She huffed, her grip tightening just slightly, her fingers curling into his shirt as if to emphasize her suffering.

Kafka raised an eyebrow, amused by her dramatics. "I have a feeling you're about to tell me."

"Of course, I am!" She snapped, completely missing the teasing glint in his eye. "You don't understand, Kafka! I've tried everything to get you out of my head today!"

She counted on her fingers as she launched into a rant, her voice growing more and more dramatic with each word.

"I tried working extra hard and focusing on customers—but no! All I did was stare at the entrance like a fool, waiting for you to walk in!"

She held up another finger.

"I tried relaxing in the springs, taking a long soak to clear my mind—but no! I ended up sitting in there, daydreaming about you like an idiot!"

Another finger.

"I even went out to eat my favorite snacks, thinking maybe I just needed a distraction—but guess what? All I could think about was how much I wanted to share them with you instead!"

Kafka couldn't stop the wry smile from creeping onto his face as he listened to her go on and on.

"And the worst part..." She added dramatically, throwing her arms up. "...is that you keep popping into my head all the time, like some annoying little bug no matter what I do to distract myself!"

Kafka chuckled, shaking his head. "You're exaggerating." He said, lifting a hand to ruffle her hair, which only made her puff out her cheeks even more. "You literally saw me yesterday."

But the moment he said that, Nina shook her head furiously, her wild dark green hair swaying with her movements as she disagreed with every fiber of her being.

"That's too long!" She argued, her voice filled with genuine complaint. "It feels like an eternity, Kafka!"

Kafka smirked, tilting his head slightly. "An eternity?"

"Yes!" She huffed, stomping her foot that was wrapped around slightly like an adorable, grumpy cat.

"Alright..." He humored her, deciding to test the limits of her clinginess. "But what if I had visited you this morning? Would you still feel lonely?"

"Of course, I would!" She answered immediately, puffing out her cheeks again, as if the mere thought of not seeing him for a few hours was unbearable.

Kafka laughed, shaking his head. "But you'd have seen me just a few hours ago."

"That doesn't matter!" She insisted, pressing herself against him. "Because after that, I wouldn't see you for the rest of the day!"

Kafka smirked, his amusement growing. "What if I saw you an hour ago?"

Still, Nina shook her head stubbornly, her eyes flashing with genuine distress.

"Every minute without you feels like an eternity!" She whined, grabbing onto his shirt and burying her face into his chest like a spoiled kitten.

Kafka felt his heart swell at the sheer shamelessness of her words.

She was being completely honest. No hesitation, no pride, no holding back.

"With all that you're saying, it's almost like you can't even live without me anymore." He sighed, shaking his head with a soft smile.

But to his absolute shock, Nina nodded her head without hesitation, big, wide, pleading eyes staring straight into his.

"I can't!" She whined, snuggling even closer into his chest, nuzzling against his neck like she was trying to mold herself into him.

And then, with a voice so soft yet so incredibly shameless, she whispered,

"If I don't take in your scent every day...I'll plop down and die."

Kafka exhaled sharply, half in disbelief, half in amusement, as he glanced down at her.

"Nina..." He drawled, his voice carrying that lazy, teasing lilt. "Is that why you're sniffing me like crazy right now?"

He didn't have to look to know—he could feel it.

She was practically ravaging his neck, her soft nose brushing against his skin, inhaling deeply, her warm breath fanning over him as she nuzzled even closer, her body molding against his like a needy kitten.

"Obviously!" Nina huffed, like it was the most natural thing in the world, not remotely ashamed of being caught. And then, without missing a beat, she tilted her head up, her eyes flashing as she declared,

"I'm recharging my Kafka batteries."

Kafka stared...He blinked once. Then twice.

"...Your what now?"

"My Kafka batteries." She repeated, burying her face back into his neck, nuzzling even deeper. "I ran out while waiting for you, and now I need to recharge. If you stop me now, you'll be responsible for my murder."

Kafka let out a low, exasperated laugh, shaking his head.

"You're doing too much, you know?."

"I know."

She rubbed her cheek against him again, letting out a small, content sigh, and then she glanced up at him.

Suddenly, the playfulness in her eyes softened, shifting into something different.

Her lashes lowered, her gaze turned sultry, and the corner of her lips curled up slightly as she looked away on purpose, her fingers lightly gripping the fabric of his shirt.

"But..." She murmured, her voice turning delicate. "I suffered so much while waiting for you, you know...?"

Her eyes flickered back to him, almost like she was testing the waters.

"There's no one as pitiful as me." She sighed, biting her lower lip just slightly, just enough to be tempting.

Kafka's throat went dry. He knew exactly where this was going.

Nina had one goal in mind—and she was waiting for him to take the hint. Still, he hesitated, glancing slightly to the side, like he knew something she didn't.

"Maybe..." He started slowly. "Maybe not here."

Nina's brows furrowed immediately.

"We're still in public, you know? Maybe some other time since you know someone might be watching us." He continued.

For a moment—

Silence.

Then—

"...Are you serious?"

Nina's face twisted in adorable outrage as she immediately pushed back slightly, her hands still gripping his shirt as she pouted up at him.

"Kafka, you bastard!" She whined, stomping her foot slightly. "What do you mean not here?!"

"Exactly what I said, Nina. We're literally outside." He gave her a sharp gaze, trying to indicate what he was trying to say.

"And?"

Kafka raised a brow. "And people can see us."

"So?" Nina scoffed, crossing her arms. "It's not like you ever cared about that whenever we go outside."

Kafka sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose. "Nina, do you have any shame at all?"

"Nope."

Kafka almost choked on a laugh.

Nina huffed, her ears twitching in irritation, before she moved forward again, pressing her breasts against him like it was a way of intimidating him.

"Don't tell me you're ashamed of being seen with me?" She accused, her eyes narrowing as she glared up at him.

Kafka blinked. "What? No, that's not—"

"Then why can't we be a little intimate in public, huh?" She challenged, poking his chest with her finger. "Are you embarrassed? Are you saying you don't love me as much as I love you? Because I'd be willing to do anything for you, Kafka!"

At this point—

Kafka realized something. She wasn't going to let this go. No matter how much he tried to reason with her, Nina was dead set on getting what she wanted.

Kafka let out a heavy sigh, rubbing the back of his neck. "You really want this?"

Nina nodded eagerly, her eyes bright and expectant.

"You won't complain later?"

"Not even a little."

Kafka exhaled slowly, and then—

In one swift motion, he grabbed her chin and tilted her head up. "Alright, then." He murmured, his voice lowering as he leaned down. "Don't regret this."

Before she could even process his words, his lips captured hers in a deep, intoxicating kiss.

Kiss~

Nina froze for a split second, her eyes fluttering shut as the warmth overwhelmed her senses.

And then—

She melted.

A shiver ran down her spine, and she gripped his shirt tighter, tilting her head to deepen the kiss, her body completely pressing against his.

This was exactly what she wanted.

Her heart pounded against her ribs as the world around them blurred, all noise fading away...Except for him.

And she thought, Yes, this was worth waiting for.

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

Nina melted into the kiss, her entire world narrowing down to Kafka's warmth, the press of his lips, the way he claimed her so effortlessly yet so tenderly.

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

Her fingers curled into the fabric of his shirt, tugging him closer, wanting to feel his warmth even more.

The kiss was deep, intoxicating, sending shivers down her spine as her heart pounded wildly against her chest. She felt lightheaded, dizzy, completely lost in him—but she didn't care.

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

If this was what drowning in someone felt like, she'd gladly let herself sink deeper.

Kafka's hands were firm yet gentle, one resting at the small of her back, keeping her anchored to him, while the other tilted her chin just right, letting him deepen the kiss further.

A soft, desperate sound escaped her lips, her breath hitching, her body pressing flush against his.

She wanted more.

She wanted everything.

And just as she was about to pull him even closer, her hands sliding up to tangle in his hair—

A voice, light and teasing, cut through the moment like a blade.

"Wow, Abi, I've only ever seen her act like a feral cat—so feisty and aggressive all the time. It's honestly kind of shocking to see her like this, all soft and cute, clinging onto someone like a lovesick kitten."

The words hit Nina like a lightning strike, sending an instant jolt of horror through her body.

Her entire frame stiffened.

Her lips froze against Kafka's.

Then, another voice, gentler, but just as amused, followed in response.

"It really is surprising." Abigail murmured, her tone carrying a soft chuckle. "But I have to admit...it's cute. She really does look like a little kitty right now."

Silence. Nina's stomach dropped.

No. No. No. No. No.

Slowly—painfully slowly—she peeled herself away from Kafka, her lips tingling, her breath still uneven.

She didn't want to turn her head. She really didn't.

But she had to.

With a face paler than the moon, she finally looked over her shoulder—

And there they were.

Camila and Abigaille.

Watching...Observing...Amused.

Enjoying every single second of her flustered misery...

Chapter 554: Family Dynamic

Camila, standing with her arms casually crossed, had a wicked smirk dancing across her lips, her teasing eyes gleaming as if she was witnessing the most entertaining thing in the world.

Meanwhile, Abigaille, standing gracefully beside her, looked as serene as ever, her gentle smile warm and encouraging, like she was silently telling them, 'Oh, don't mind us. Keep going.'

Nina felt like dying on the spot.

Her ears burned. Her face was on fire. Her entire body screamed in secondhand embarrassment.

For a long moment—she just stood there, frozen, her lips still parted, her brain refusing to process anything except the pure mortification flooding through her system.

Kafka, on the other hand—

Was smirking.

The bastard was smirking. Enjoying this. Completely unbothered.

As if getting caught shamelessly making out in public was just another ordinary Tuesday for him.

Nina, however—

Wasn't okay at all.

And before Camila could open her mouth to deliver another soul-crushing tease, Nina did the only thing her panicked brain could think of.

She ran back into her place and lock the door so that no one could find her.

But before she could actually escape, Kafka's arms tightened around her waist, holding her in place effortlessly, his low chuckle rumbling against her ear.

"Where do you think you're going, my little tigress?" He murmured, his voice dripping with glee at how flustered she was at the moment.

Nina let out a strangled noise.

"K-Kafka, let me go! I need to—I need to go bury myself alive!" She whined, flailing weakly in his grasp.

Camila laughed openly, shaking her head. "Aw, come on, Nina. There's no need to be so shy now." She teased. "You were all over him just a second ago—so aggressive, so passionate. What happened?"

"I hate you." Nina deadpanned, her voice muffled as she hid her face in Kafka's chest.

But Camila—Camila was ruthless.

With a wicked smirk, she clasped her hands together in mock adoration, then dramatically threw her arms around absolutely nothing as if embracing an invisible Kafka.

"Ohhh, Kafkaaaa~" She cooed in an over-the-top, sickly sweet voice, swaying side to side as if she were holding onto someone. "You don't know how much I missed you! I thought about you every second of the day! Every time I tried to work, your face just kept appearing in my mind! I couldn't even focus on my customers because I was too busy longing for you!"

Then, as if her performance wasn't already humiliating enough, she puckered her lips dramatically and kissed the air—several times—making obnoxious smooching sounds.

That was the last straw.

Nina let out a scream of sheer embarrassment, thrashing in Kafka's arms like a wild animal caught in a trap, her legs kicking while her hands pounded weakly against his chest.

"KAFKA, LET ME GO, I NEED TO KILL HER—!!" She wailed, violently flailing, but Kafka only laughed, easily holding her in place as if she weighed nothing.

Meanwhile, Abigail sighed softly, shaking her head at Camila's antics.

"Camila, you really shouldn't make fun of her so much." She said gently, her voice carrying its usual warmth. "She's suffered enough. Don't you think it's too pitiful?"

At those words, Nina instantly stopped struggling, her golden eyes shimmering with gratitude as she peeked up at Abigail like she was her savior, her one and only light in the darkness.

"Abi..." She murmured, eyes welling with emotion.

Finally, someone on her side.

Someone who understood her pain.

Someone who would protect her from Camila's cruelty—

"Oh, but still..." Abigail suddenly tilted her head, a mischievous smile creeping onto her lips. "It's really cute that she calls Kafka her Kafka batteries. The idea of her recharging herself with him every day is just...so precious."

Silence...Nina's entire soul shattered.

Her jaw dropped. Her heart broke into a million tiny pieces.

Her sweet, kind, gentle Abigail...had betrayed her.

"YOU TOO?!" She screeched, tears welling in her eyes as she pointed an accusatory finger at Abigail.

She sniffled dramatically, turning to Kafka like a kicked puppy.

"K-Kafka..." she whimpered, gripping onto his shirt as if clinging to life itself. "It's one thing for Camila to do this to me—she's been bullying me ever since we met in school!"

She then turned her head and glared at Camila, huffing. "Like, remember the time in high school when I tripped in front of the entire cafeteria, and instead of helping me up, you just shouted 'AND SHE'S DOWN!' like I was a fallen wrestler?"

Camila snorted, completely unapologetic. "Oh, come on, it was funny."

"And what about the time when I failed that one test and told you not to tell anyone, and you immediately went around showing my paper around to everyone?"

"...But the answers you wrote were too funny for me to not share it everyone else."

"It was traumatising!"

Nina groaned loudly, burying her face into Kafka's chest again.

"But Abi..." #he mumbled, sniffing dramatically. "Even you? Even you, Abi?!"

Abigaille laughed softly, resting a hand over her heart. "I really am sorry, Nina. I didn't mean to upset you."

"...Liar."

Kafka chuckled, rubbing Nina's back in slow, comforting circles. "There, there." He murmured, his voice gentle and soothing, like he was calming a child. "You've had a rough night, haven't you?"

Nina let out a pitiful whimper, nodding against his chest. Then, Kafka looked up, his amused gaze shifting to Camila.

"She's suffered enough." He said, his tone playfully reprimanding. "Don't tease her anymore."

Camila blinked. Then, she grinned.

"I can't make any promises." She sang, completely unrepentant.

Kafka sighed, then turned his attention to his mother.

"And you too, Mom." He said while thinking that she was getting too influenced by Camila. "Especially since Nina looks up to you so much. You know she treats you like a caring big sister."

Kafka's words weren't an exaggeration.

The moment Nina met Abigaille, she had been drawn to her warmth, her kindness, the effortless way she carried herself with such genuine care.

They were the same age, yet Abigaille had this nurturing presence, something so soft yet unwavering, that Nina couldn't help but cling to her like a little sister desperate for affection.

At first, it had been subtle—Nina enjoyed being around her, admired the way she spoke, the way she handled everything with such grace. But before she knew it, she was cuddling up to her, going to her whenever she had worries, frustrations, or even just nonsense to rant about.

And Abigaille welcomed it all with open arms.

She was steady, gentle, and always listened—and Nina adored her for that.

But then, there was Camila.

Camila, on the other hand, was nothing like Abigaille.

Where Abigaille was nurturing and kind, Camila was sharp, confident, and endlessly teasing.

If Abigaille was like a warm embrace on a cold night, Camila was like a gust of wind that pushed you forward whether you were ready or not.

And Abigaille?

Abigaille adored Camila.

To Abigaille, Camila was the epitome of a cool, reliable older sister—the kind she always wanted to have. She idolized her in a way that wasn't obvious at first glance, but anyone who paid attention would notice.

The way she leaned closer when Camila spoke, the way she admired the effortless confidence she carried, the way she smiled just a little brighter when Camila praised her.

Camila, however, wasn't blind to this—and she loved it.

She loved being adored, loved the feeling of being relied on, and if Abigaille wanted a big sister to admire?

Then Camila would happily take that role.

And Nina?

Nina was both her best friend and her personal entertainment.

Sure, she teased her relentlessly, pushed her buttons every chance she got, and made fun of her without mercy—but at the end of the day, Nina was someone she truly cherished.

Camila just had a funny way of showing it.

So, in the tangled web of their relationships, their dynamics formed something unique.

Abigaille idolized Camila like a cool older sister, someone she wanted to be like.

Nina clung to Abigaille like a nurturing big sister, someone she found comfort in.

And Camila?

Camila teased Nina like a best friend, spoiled Abigaille like a beloved little sister, and despite all her antics, she held them both close to her heart.

And right in the center of it all—

Kafka.

The connecting point between all of them.

It was funny how one person could bring them all together, and yet, somehow, it felt natural.

Like they were always meant to find each other.

Abigaille stepped forward, her expression soft and sincere, as she looked down at Nina, who was still hiding her face in Kafka's chest, clearly too flustered to function.

Her voice, as always, was gentle and warm, carrying that natural soothing quality that made her so easy to adore.

"Nina." She murmured. "I really didn't mean to tease you."

Nina grumbled something unintelligible, still burying herself into Kafka's embrace like a cat that refused to come out of hiding.

Abigaille smiled at the sight before her. "It's just..." she continued, a small laugh escaping her. "You were so absolutely adorable, I couldn't help myself. Just a little."

At that, Nina's ears twitched sharply, her body going rigid. She was ruthless on the outside, always so strong, so fierce, so aggressive—but there was one thing that always made her melt.

Being called cute.

And Abigaille knew it.

Slowly—hesitantly—Nina peeked out from Kafka's chest, verdant eyes still shining with embarrassment as she looked at Abigaille with a sharp, pointed stare.

"Y-You..." She huffed, her voice high-pitched and flustered. "You really think I'm cute right now? Not embarrassing?"

Her expression was so vulnerable, so ridiculously precious, and yet her tone was so demanding.

Like she would absolutely know if she was being lied to.

Abigaille tilted her head, her warm smile never fading. Then, with the same softness as a mother reassuring her child, she reached out and gently patted Nina's head.

The moment Nina felt the touch, her ears twitched slightly, her whole body stiffening for a second—and then, just like that, she completely relaxed into it.

Abigail continued, her tone nothing but sincere.

"Of course, I think you're cute." She said, slowly stroking Nina's soft hair. "In fact, while I was watching, I kept thinking to myself—'how can someone possibly be this adorable that I just want to hug and never let go?'"

And that was it. Nina's face turned red instantly, her long ears lowering down, her fingers gripping the fabric of Kafka's shirt in utter helplessness.

And then—like a kitten who had just been offered a warmer lap—Nina let go of Kafka without a second thought, turned to Abigail, and launched herself right into her arms.

"Abi!!" She cried out, immediately wrapping her arms around Abigail's waist and pushing her face into her plump chest.

Abigail barely stumbled back as Nina clung onto her tightly, snuggling into her warmth.

"You're so warm...!" Nina mumbled into her, her voice muffled but filled with contentment. "And your voice is so soft...It's soothing me already...Ahhh, this is heaven..."

She nuzzled deeper, practically melting into Abigail's embrace, like she had finally found her safe place in the world.

Abigail herself let out a small, fond laugh, wrapping her arms around Nina's smaller frame, holding her like a true older sister.

"There, there." She murmured, her fingers lightly running through Nina's hair, soothing her even further, while Nina purred in satisfaction.

Camila, watching this scene unfold, raised an eyebrow.

"Wow." She deadpanned. "She just switched laps without a second thought."

Kafka chuckled, watching Nina cling onto Abigail like a lost kitten.

"What can I say?" He said, moving back slightly, his arms now completely free of Nina's grip. "She's a wild cat who wants to be petted by everyone."

"Guess she really does need her 'Abi batteries' too." Camila snorted.

At this, Nina weakly lifted a hand from where she was snuggled against Abigaille, and—without even looking—flipped Camila off.

Everyone burst into laughter.

And Nina, still buried in Abigaille's warmth, simply sighed happily, completely ignoring them all as she recharged herself in peace...

Chapter 555: Call Me A Good Girl

Camila crossed her arms, tapping her fingers against her elbow as she watched Nina practically melt into Abigaille's embrace.

It was such a strange sight—Nina, her best friend, who was usually so bold, blunt, and absolutely ruthless, now clinging onto Abigaille like a lost little kitten.

This was the same Nina who had once broken a guy's wrist for trying to lay hands on her, the same Nina who never hesitated to speak her mind, who mocked weakness, and who never, ever acted this soft in public.

Yet here she was, snuggling into Abigaille's chest like a needy child, sighing happily every time Abigaille gently ran her fingers through her hair.

Camila couldn't help it.

She tilted her head, giving Nina a sharp look, before letting out a dramatic sigh.

"You know, I have to say..." She dragged, her voice dripping with exaggerated judgment. "...even though Abi just said all those nice things about you, I still think this is embarrassing as hell."

Nina, who was still nestled in Abigaille's chest, stiffened immediately. Abigaille, ever patient, continued stroking Nina's hair as if Camila's words didn't exist.

Camila, however, wasn't done yet.

"I mean, seriously." She continued, shaking her head in mock disappointment. "You're a grown woman, Nina. Acting like this in front of everyone? Clinging onto someone two decades younger than you like a spoiled brat?"

At this, Nina finally moved, lifting her head just enough to glare at Camila, though her face was still half-hidden in Abigaille's bountiful breasts that were big enough to cover two of Nina's faces.

Camila smirked at her reaction but kept going.

"And not only that." She added. "But you're doing this in public, outside of your own shop as well. With customers still inside. Have you no shame?"

She sighed dramatically, shaking her head.

"We were supposed to be the ones guiding the younger generation." She lamented. "Setting examples. Teaching them about dignity. And here you are, rolling around in some kid's arms like a house cat...Society is really falling apart."

Nina bristled. She was just about to bark back—to tear into Camila for talking so much shit.

But before she could, Abigaille, ever the peacemaker, suddenly narrowed her eyes at Camila, her usual gentle expression sharpening just a little.

Camila noticed the change immediately and stiffened slightly, sensing danger.

Then, with a knowing smile, Abigaille spoke.

"...You sure it's okay for you to say all that, Camila?"

Camila froze, while Abigaille tilted her head, still smiling.

"I mean, you're talking about how bad it is to be coddled by someone so much younger..." She continued, her voice slow and deliberate. "But after what I walked in on that day...I'd say you should be a little more careful about calling others embarrassing."

Camila's expression twitched.

She took a second too long to respond.

And that was all Nina needed.

Her ears perked up immediately. She slowly pulled away from Abigail, her eyes now laser-focused on Camila, practically glowing with curiosity.

"Wait..." Her voice was sharp. Suspicious. Intrigued. "...What exactly did you walk in on, Abi?"

Abigail giggled, clearly enjoying this far too much.

"Oh, I wasn't going to bring it up." She said sweetly. "But since Camila's being so mean to you, I figured you deserve to hear it."

Camila's eyes widened in panic.

"Abi."

Her voice was warning. But Abigail ignored her completely.

"So..." She began, clasping her hands together. "One day, I went over to Camila's house to borrow some sugar..."

Nina leaned in closer, her grin widening.

Camila shook her head rapidly.

"Abi. Stop."

Abigaille, smiling innocently, continued anyway.

"...But instead of just getting sugar, I found something even sweeter."

Nina gasped dramatically, eyes sparkling with amusement. Camila groaned, burying her face in her hands, A while Abigaille pressed on.

"Apparently." She said cheerfully. "Kafka was teaching Camila a new cooking style—something difficult to master."

Camila let out a slow breath, praying that was the end of the story. But Abigaille wasn't nearly done.

"I wasn't going to intrude." She continued. "But then I saw something really interesting."

Nina's grin widened. Camila, fully flustered now, stood up straight.

"Abi. I'm warning you."

Abigaille smiled sweetly.

"I saw Camila—the same Camila who just called you embarrassing—shyly tugging on Kafka's sleeve and even coughing to get his attention, so that he would notice what she did and praise her."

Nina's jaw dropped.

Camila immediately turned to glare at Abigaille.

"You—"

"She did it every time she got something right." Abigaille continued, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

"And every time he praised her, she looked so pleased. And when he wasn't paying attention, she'd just...hover nearby until he noticed her again."

Abigaille's smile widened, her eyes twinkling with mischievous glee.

"And..." She continued, voice light and teasing. "She'd even pout when he noticed her but didn't praise her right away. She'd mumble to herself like a sulking child."

Camila's entire body tensed. "Abi...Please." She warned, her tone low, but Abigaille was on a roll now.

"Oh, and the best part." She added, her voice full of dramatic anticipation.

Camila's eyes widened in horror.

No...She knew where this was going.

She had to stop her. Now.

"A-Alright! That's enough! You've had your fun!" Camila cut in hastily, waving her hands in front of Abigaille's face as if trying to physically push the words back into her mouth.

But Abigaille simply leaned to the side, effortlessly dodging Camila's frantic attempt to silence her.

"At one point—"

"ABI, NO—"

"—she was so happy with the praise she was getting..." Abigaille announced triumphantly. "...that she told Kafka to tell call her a good girl she was."

Silence. For one blissful second, Camila thought maybe, just maybe, the moment would pass.

That Nina wouldn't react.

That Kafka wouldn't say anything.

That maybe she could somehow salvage her dignity—

But then...

Nina exploded into laughter.

"Hahahaha!~"

It was instant, merciless, and absolutely uncontrollable.

She threw her head back, her voice ringing through the empty shop, as she clutched her stomach, doubling over like she had just heard the greatest joke of her life.

Camila's face went bright red.

"SHUT UP!" She shouted, her hands balling into fists at her sides.

But Nina was gone. She was laughing so hard that she slumped against her shop for support, her shoulders shaking violently.

"Y-YOU—" Nina gasped between wheezes, tears forming at the corners of her eyes. "You told him to call you a good girl?!"

Camila crossed her arms defensively, her entire body burning with humiliation.

"SO WHAT?" She snapped. "It was in the heat of the moment!"

Nina wiped at her eyes, still laughing breathlessly.

"You—you said all that crap about me acting like a baby with Abi." She pointed at her, still giggling uncontrollably. "But you were out here begging Kafka—Kafka, who is literally younger than your own daughter—to call you a good girl?!"

She let out another laugh, clutching her stomach again.

"Are you a dog, Camila?!" She teased mercilessly. "Is Kafka your master?!"

"OH, SHUT UP, YOU DAMN CAT!" Camila's eye twitched violently.

"NO, NO, WAIT!" Nina gasped between giggles, waving her hands frantically, like she had just thought of something even worse.

"Oh my God." She wheezed, covering her mouth to hold in her laughter. "Did you—Did you ask him to pet your head while he called you a good girl, too?!"

That did it. Camila lunged at Nina, fuming.

"YOU'RE DEAD!"

But before she could grab her, Nina dodged and darted behind Kafka, still laughing uncontrollably.

"Help me, Kafka!" Nina giggled, clutching his arm for dear life as Camila advanced on her.

Kafka, who had been watching all of this unfold with an amused grin, sighed dramatically and shook his head.

"I can't believe my dear Camila is such a hypocrite." He said mildly, his tone dripping with playful disappointment.

"Not you too!" Camila whipped her head around to glare at him, her face still flushed.

Kafka simply chuckled, watching Camila's cool composure break apart.

"I mean, really." He mused, smirking at her. "Calling me Master would've been less humiliating, then asking me to tell you good of a girl you were."

"...Bella would be dissapointed if her mother was asking of such shameless favours."

Camila froze, her entire body going rigid.

"...What?!"

That was it. That was the last straw.

She lunged for Kafka next.

"You're dead too, Kafka!"

But before she could tackle him, Abigaille swooped in this time, smoothly wrapping her arms around Camila from behind, stopping her from committing murder.

"There, there, Camila." Abigaille said, patting her head soothingly like she was calming down a child.

But Camila squirmed violently in her grip, refusing to quiet down.

"Let! Me! Go!"

"Now, now, 'good girls' don't resort to violence, do they?" Abigaille added on to the teasing which made Camila let out an unintelligible screech of rage and embarrassment.

Kafka and Nina burst into laughter again out how the tables had turned, while Abigaille smiled sweetly, still holding onto the now-fuming Camila.

As laughter still lingered in the air, the sound of a window creaking open abruptly cut through the moment.

All four of them turned their heads to see an elderly woman—one of the long-time residents in the neighborhood—peering out from her window, her expression one of mild annoyance.

"Nina!" She called, her voice a mix of exasperation and amusement.

Nina immediately straightened up, as if caught in the act.

The old lady clicked her tongue, shaking her head.

"I don't care if you young folks want to fool around with that handsome boy of yours, but do it inside! I'm trying to watch my evening drama, and I can't hear a damn thing over all the racket you're making!"

Nina's face turned crimson.

"S-Sorry, Auntie!" She squeaked, bowing her head. "I-I'll keep it down!"

The old woman gave a huff, but there was a small smile tugging at her lips before she disappeared back into her house, the window shutting with a decisive snap.

The moment she was gone, Nina spun around, her expression horrified.

"INSIDE!" She yelled, herding the three of them in like a panicked shopkeeper trying to shut down for the night.

Camila barely had time to snicker before Nina shoved her through the doorway. Kafka was next, grinning the entire time, while Abigail followed with a small, amused giggle.

Once everyone was inside, Nina slammed the door shut behind them, exhaled deeply, and leaned against it, still flushed from the embarrassment.

She was about to demand why the hell they all came over unannounced, but before she could get a word out, she noticed something odd.

Kafka was grinning.

And not just his usual charming smirk.

It was...something else entirely.

A weird grin.

Like he knew something they didn't.

Like he was enjoying something way too much.

Chapter 556: Honestly Goes A Long Way

Camila's eyes narrowed immediately, crossing her arms as she said, "I just knew that one day, all this time spent with Nina would finally push him over the edge."

"I mean, it's basic psychology." She continued, a smug look spreading across her face. "You spend enough time around stupid, and eventually, some of it's bound to rub off on you. It's like osmosis, or something."

Nina, overhearing the comment, was furious. "Hey! What's that supposed to mean?" She retorted, her hands on her hips. "If anyone poisoned his brain then it's probably you, by making all those experimental dishes you used to give me in the past!"

"...Remember? How I used to be a guinea pig for your new creations and even ended up losing my sense of taste after eating the horrifying creations you made like dried squid and peanut butter?"

Nina shivered at those horrible memories and hated herself for being such a glutton that she always at whatever she gave him, while Camila shrugged like she had no idea what she was talking about

At that moment, Abigail, who had been quietly observing, tilted her head curiously and spoke in a gentle voice.

"Kafi." She called to her son sweetly. "You seem really happy about something."

Kafka turned to her, smiling lazily. "Mmm? What gave it away?"

Abigail giggled. "Because your grin hasn't left your face since we got inside. Did something good happen?"

Nina and Camila immediately went silent, zeroing in on Kafka.

He stretched lazily, before flashing a cocky smirk.

"Nah." He said nonchalantly. "Nothing that amazing. Just..."

He paused for dramatic effect.

"...Hearing you guys talk, seeing how you all act with me..."

His grin widened, a smug, knowing glint in his eyes.

"I can't help but think about how much you all love me."

The room went silent.

Camila froze.

Nina stared at him.

Abigail simply smiled softly.

"...Excuse me?" Nina finally said.

Kafka leaned back comfortably, crossing his arms.

"I mean, look at you guys." He said, a small smile playing on his lips. "It's honestly kind of cute how much you're both into me." He chuckled softly. "But seriously, you don't have to fight over me. There's plenty of me to go around." He teased gently. "You can share." He winked, making sure the lightheartedness of his comment landed. "No need for any duels or anything. I appreciate the enthusiasm, though."

Camila and Nina immediately recoiled, making identical faces of disgust and then look at him with disdain. The cocky tone was not appreciated.

"Oh, please!" Nina scoffed, rolling her eyes.

"Don't flatter yourself, Kafka. We tolerate you, that's all." Camila also added, her pride wouldn't allow her to admit the truth, even to herself.

Abigaille, however, tilted her head thoughtfully.

Then, to their horror, she stepped forward, gently wrapping her arms around Kafka in a warm, tender embrace. She rested her chin on his shoulder, her voice soft, affectionate, and absolutely sincere.

"That's right." She cooed.

Camila and Nina stared in horror.

Abigaille snuggled closer, smiling sweetly.

"It's just like you said...I love Kafi more than anyone else in the world." She declared, her voice dripping with saccharine sweetness. She clasped her hands together, a dreamy look in her eyes. "Honestly, sometimes I just look at him and I can't believe that he's beloved. He's just...perfect in so many different ways. The most handsome, charming man in the entire world, if you ask me. And also intelligent just like his mother, who's so proud of him." She added with a little giggle. "But yes, Kafi...My Kafi. He's my everything."

The disgust on Camila and Nina's faces was priceless.

"Abi?!" Nina gasped, looking betrayed.

Camila's eye twitched. "You were supposed to be on our side!"

Abigail simply giggled, hugging Kafka a little tighter. Kafka, meanwhile, grinned triumphantly.

Kafka, basking in his mother's affection, clicked his tongue haughtily, shaking his head with mock disappointment.

"Tsk, tsk." He tutted. "At least someone here is honest about her feelings. Someone who isn't afraid to openly admit their admiration for yours truly ." He emphasized the last word, his eyes glinting with playful mischief as he glanced pointedly at Camila and Nina and then continued saying, "... Definitely unlike two other individuals I could mention, who are far too prideful to acknowledge their love for me in front of others, when they are basically attached to my hip when we're alone."

Seeing Kafka acting so haughtily, Nina let out a small, indignant "Humph!", while Camila simply leveled him with a cold stare, her lips pressed into a thin line. She wasn't about to give him the satisfaction of a reaction, but the intensity of her gaze suggested she was far from amused.

Kafka, sensing the challenge in Camila's silent glare, took it as a personal invitation to further his teasing. He saw this as a game, and he was determined to win.

"You know." He continued, his voice laced with playful smugness. "I'm really happy my mother can be so open about her feelings for me. It's refreshing, you know? No games, no pretenses. Just pure, unadulterated...love even though its the kind of taboo love that a mother should never have towards her son." He drawled the last word, again glancing at the two women, while his mother blushed at his comment.

"...And such honesty deserves reciprocation, don't you think?" He added with a smirk on his face.

And before either Camila or Nina could retort, Kafka suddenly pulled his mother closer, his eyes locking with hers. Then, to the utter surprise of all three women, he leaned in and kissed her on her lips.

"Kiss!~"

It wasn't a quick peck; but shockingly a lingering kiss, a clear demonstration of affection.

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

Camila and Nina's eyes widened to the size of saucers. Nina's jaw dropped, and Camila's carefully constructed composure finally cracked, her eyebrows shooting up in astonishment.

Even his mother, though clearly pleased by the gesture, was initially taken aback. Her eyes widened slightly in surprise as Kafka's lips met hers.

But only for a moment.

As the kiss deepened, his mother's surprise melted away, replaced by a soft smile. She closed her eyes, slowly melting into the kiss and returning it with equal passion.

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

Her arms tightened around her son, pulling him closer as she leaned into the embrace, clearly enjoying the moment. It was a passionate kiss between a mother and son, a clear message to Camila and Nina that his mother was indeed, as Kafka claimed, unabashedly affectionate towards him.

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

Kafka, feeling bold and emboldened by his mother's reciprocation, deepened the kiss, his tongue gently tracing the outline of her lips. His mother, with a soft sigh, parted her lips, granting him entrance.

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

The kiss became more passionate, a dance of tongues and soft moans, a display of affection that was both taboo and sensual. Something that Nina especially had heard about from Camila, about Kafka and his mother's strange relationship that she eventually accepted.

Nina didn't know why, but she felt her loins heat up at the taboo sight of a son and mother kissing, especially when she was so used to them being the picture of wholesome affection.

Abigaille had always seemed like the epitome of innocence and purity in Nina's eyes—gentle smiles, warm hugs, and a nurturing demeanor that felt almost saintly.

But now, watching her with Kafka, Nina saw something entirely different.

Abigaille wasn't just reciprocating; she was the one pressing forward, her movements greedy and unreserved, her hands pulling Kafka closer as if she couldn't get enough. The shift from that familiar, tender maternal figure to this bold, almost ravenous woman stirred something unexpected in Nina.

Rather than jealousy, she felt a rush of excitement, her pulse quickening at the raw, forbidden energy unfolding before her.

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

Breaking the kiss momentarily, Kafka began trailing kisses down his mother's cheek, his lips soft and feather-light. He peppered her face with affection, pausing to nuzzle her nose and whisper sweet nothings in her ear, causing her to giggle and lean further into his touch.

"Mwah!~ Mwah!~ Smack!~ Mwah!~ Sip!~"

He moved lower, his lips finding the sensitive skin of her neck, leaving a trail of warm kisses that elicited soft sighs and contented murmurs from her.

"Peck!~ Peck!~ Mmm!~ Peck!~ Lick!~"

Throughout this intimate display, Kafka would glance towards Camila and Nina from time to time, a subtle smirk playing on his lips. It was as if he were silently saying, 'This is what you could have had. This is the affection you could have received, if only you had been honest about your feelings for me.'

Nina, who had just shared a kiss with Kafka earlier, didn't react as strongly as Camila. She'd experienced his kisses recently, knew the warmth of his embrace.

But even so, watching him lavish such attention on his mother stirred something within her.

Not only did Nina want Kafka's attention, but she also found herself craving a taste of his lips—lips that had just been pressed against his mother's, still carrying the lingering warmth and forbidden thrill of that taboo connection.

The thought sent a shiver through her, a mix of desire and curiosity that she couldn't quite shake. She'd kissed him earlier, felt the heat of his embrace, but this was different.

Knowing where his mouth had just been, witnessing the intimate dance between him and Abigaille, made her want to claim that same intensity for herself—to share in that provocative, unspoken secret.

But it was the prideful Camila who was truly affected. She watched the scene with a cold gaze, her lips pressed into a thin line.

She knew exactly what Kafka was doing. He was deliberately trying to provoke her, to make her jealous, to make her regret her pride.

And the worst part was...it was working.

A pang of jealousy pierced through her carefully constructed composure.

She did feel jealous. She did regret not being honest. She imagined herself in Abigaille's place, receiving those tender kisses, those whispered sweet nothings. A bitter taste rose in her throat.

She bit her lip, trying to suppress the wave of regret that washed over her. And the worst part of it all that made her even more hateful was the fact that Nina also had her share of Kafka today and she was the only one left out.

This made her glare at Nina with a resentful gaze, while Nina looked back at her with an absurd look on her face wondering why this crazy bitch was looking at her as if she was the one trying to make her jealous, when she was also one of the victims here...

Chapter 557: Too Easy

Just as Kafka leaned in, presumably to bestow another kiss upon his mother, Nina scoffed, interrupting the tender moment.

"Hmph...Don't you dare try to make me jealous, as such cheap tricks won't work on me." She declared, trying to project an air of nonchalance, even though, deep down, she was feeling a pang of...something.

'Definitely not jealousy. Just...a mild curiosity about what those kisses were like. Yeah, curiosity.' She thought to herself.

"I'm immune to your charms, Kafka, so don't even try." She finished lamely.

Kafka, however, seemed to have other plans. He glanced at Nina, a mischievous glint in his eyes. "Oh, here I was, thinking of rewarding you with a thousand kisses in return for being making you watch a sight." He said offhandedly, his tone laced with deliberate provocation.

Nina's eyes widened for a split second. 'A thousand kisses?' The thought sent a shiver down her spine. But then, she quickly recovered, realizing it was a trap, a ploy to elicit a reaction.

"Hmph!" She huffed, crossing her arms. "I don't want your stinky kisses. You can keep them all to yourself." She tried to sound dismissive, but her rapid heartbeat betrayed her bravado.

But Abigaille, sensing an opportunity, seized it with surprising quickness. "Well..." She said sweetly, turning to Kafka with an innocent smile. "If Nina doesn't want them, I'll gladly take them in her place, Kafi." Her eyes sparkled with playful mischief.

Nina's jaw dropped.

'That sneaky little...!'

She hadn't expected Abigaille to be so...strategic when it came to winning Kafka's affection. She was usually so gentle and unassuming. This sudden display of competitive spirit took Nina by surprise.

"Oh no, I appreciate your willingness, Mom, but I couldn't possibly do that to Nina." Kafka said, his gaze shifting back to Nina, a playful smirk dancing on his lips. "That particular offer..." He continued, his voice dropping to a low, teasing murmur. "...is reserved exclusively for my dearest Nina."

Nina's heart did a little flutter-kick.

'My dearest Nina?'

The words echoed in her mind, sending a warm wave of sunshine through her.

'Pride.' She told herself. 'It was just pride. Pride at being singled out, at being deemed worthy of such a grand gesture...A thousand kisses!'

The image flashed through her mind again, and she had to suppress a sudden urge to throw herself at him right then and there.

Why? Because Camila was watching.

She could feel her gaze, sharp and judgmental, boring into her.

If she gave in now, she'd never hear the end of it. 'Stay strong, Nina.' She told herself. 'Don't let him see how much it affects you.'

But then, Kafka's gaze intensified. He looked at her with such...warmth, such intensity in his eyes that Nina's carefully constructed composure began to crumble.

It was a look that made her want to simultaneously hide and throw herself into his arms. It was too much. Too intense.

She tried to ignore it, tried to pretend she didn't notice the way his eyes lingered on hers, the way his lips curved into a soft smile. But she couldn't. The heat rising in her cheeks betrayed her.

Finally, unable to bear the intensity any longer, she stammered, her voice a little higher than usual. "What? What is it?" She asked, her hands fidgeting nervously. "Why are you staring at me like that? Do you...do you have a problem with me? Do you want to fight or something?" She tried to project an air of aggression, hoping to mask her flustered state, but even to her own ears, it sounded weak.

'Fight?' She thought. 'Seriously, Nina? That's the best you could come up with?'

Kafka chuckled softly, shaking his head. "No, no, I don't have a problem with you at all, Nina." He said, his voice gentle and reassuring and then continued saying with a grin on his face like he already knew how she was going to react once it was said, "It's just...for some reason, you look especially beautiful today."

Nina blinked, a flicker of pleasure dancing in her eyes.

It wasn't the first time Kafka had complimented her appearance, but the words still had the power to make her heart flutter. She was used to the teasing, the playful banter, but every now and then, Kafka would drop a sincere compliment like this, catching her off guard and making her defenses crumble just a little.

Camila, ever the skeptic, saw right through Kafka's tactic. She rolled her eyes and subtly gestured towards Nina, silently warning her not to fall for his sweet talk.

But Nina, already basking in the warmth of his words, seemed oblivious to the warning.

"Stop joking around." She mumbled, her cheeks flushing a delicate shade of pink. "You're just saying that to try and win me over."

Kafka's expression softened. "Not at all." He said sincerely. "For some reason, today, you seem even more radiant than usual. I can't seem to take my eyes off you."

Nina's blush deepened. She was utterly defenseless against such compliments, no matter how often she received them. "Oh, stop it." She murmured, her voice barely above a whisper.

She tried to sound annoyed, but the slight tremor in her voice and the coquettish tilt of her head betrayed her true feelings.

It was less a "stop it" and more of a "please continue."

Kafka, sensing her vulnerability, leaned in closer, his gaze locking with hers. "Why should I?" He whispered, his voice husky and low. "When you're so breathtakingly beautiful."

Nina's heart pounded in her chest. She felt a strange mix of excitement and nervousness. She wanted to say something witty, something to regain control of the situation, but the words seemed to

catch in her throat. All she could manage was a soft. "Stop it..." But even to her own ears, it sounded more like an invitation than a rejection.

Kafka's lips curled into a slow, teasing smile as he leaned slightly closer, watching Nina's reaction with undisguised amusement. He had caught her at just the right moment—her usual bravado cracked, her confidence wavering under the weight of his gaze. He wasn't about to let such a golden opportunity slip by.

He sighed dramatically, shaking his head as if in deep contemplation. "You know, Nina." He began, his tone casual but with a mischievous lilt. "I really don't say this enough."

Nina, still trying to recover from his previous words, stiffened slightly, a wary look crossing her face. "Say what?" She asked, crossing her arms in an attempt to appear unfazed, though her reddening ears betrayed her.

Kafka hummed thoughtfully before flashing her a grin, "That you're absolutely, heartbreakingly stunning."

Nina's long ears twitched. She barely had time to process that before he kept going.

"Not just stunning, actually. That word doesn't do you justice." He tilted his head, pretending to ponder. "Breathtaking? No, still not enough. Enchanting, maybe? No, even that's lacking. Honestly, sometimes I wonder if you're really human."

Nina's brows furrowed. "What?" She mumbled, clearly thrown off.

"I mean, how could someone as gorgeous as you exist in the mortal realm?" Kafka continued smoothly, placing a hand dramatically over his chest as if genuinely perplexed. "It makes no sense. Maybe you're a goddess in disguise. Maybe you were sent down to torment mere mortals like me."

Nina felt heat creep up her neck. "Stop talking nonsense—"

"But it's not just your beauty." He cut in, not letting her escape. "You've got this incredible presence. The kind that turns heads the moment you walk into a room. And your confidence? That fire in your eyes? God, it's irresistible."

Nina clenched her fists, her heart hammering uncomfortably against her ribs. "I—"

"And don't even get me started on how cute you are." He grinned, watching her visibly bristle at the word. "Especially when you get all flustered like this."

"I am not flustered." She snapped, but her burning cheeks made a liar out of her.

"Oh, you definitely are." He countered smoothly, his voice dropping an octave as he leaned in just a little more. "Your cheeks are red, your lips are trembling—you're even fidgeting." He gestured toward her fingers, which she hadn't realized were gripping the fabric of her sleeve. "Adorable."

Nina practically growled. "Shut up."

Kafka simply chuckled, thoroughly enjoying himself. But he wasn't done yet.

"And honestly." He sighed, his gaze lazily traveling down her frame before flicking back up to meet her eyes. "...you're not just simply beautiful. You're...devastatingly gorgeous."

Nina gulped, eyes widening. "You—"

"Not to mention." He added smoothly. "Your figure is something else." He made a vague motion with his hand. "Perfect, really. It's hard not to stare, you know?"

At that, Nina's entire body tensed like a coiled spring. "O-Oi—"

"Your legs..." Kafka mused, his voice slow and deliberate. "Long and powerful, like they could kick down a door without breaking a sweat." He smirked. "Kind of hot, actually."

Nina sucked in a sharp breath.

"And your arms..." he continued. "Toned, strong—but still elegant. Like a warrior princess."

Nina's eye twitched. "Kafka—"

"Your waist, though?" His voice dropped slightly, teasingly. "Now that—"

A loud clap echoed through the room.

Nina had slammed her hands over her ears, her face now entirely engulfed in a crimson flush. "LALALALA—I CAN'T HEAR YOU—LALALALA—"

Kafka grinned, watching Nina flail like a fish out of water, her hands still clamped over her ears, her lips pressing tightly together to suppress whatever reaction was threatening to escape.

But he wasn't about to let her get away that easily.

"Oh, come on, Nina." He teased, raising his voice just enough to make sure she heard him. "You haven't even heard the best part yet." And then, Kafka's expression softened into something gentler—something real.

He smiled at her, a slow, knowing smile, the kind that sent warmth rushing straight to her chest. And then without missing a beat and with a sincere look in his eyes, he said,

"...The best part about you, is that your mine."

Nina's hands froze mid-air.

Her heart skipped.

"What?" She mumbled, hesitantly, her voice muffled behind her hands. "W-What did you just say?"

Kafka leaned in just a fraction, his voice steady, warm, unwavering. "The best part about everything I just said—the reason why I can say it with so much confidence—is because you're mine, Nina. And I'm yours."

Her breath caught.

"No matter what happens." Kafka continued, his voice low but certain, like he was declaring an undeniable truth. "No matter what circumstances life throws our way... you will always be mine."

Nina's fingers trembled slightly.

He wasn't done.

"And just like that..." He reached out, gently brushing his knuckles against her flushed cheek, his smile turning impossibly tender. "I will always be yours too. There's nothing anyone can do to change that."

That was it.

That was it.

Nina, who had been hanging by a thread, completely snapped.

Her heart burst.

Her resolve shattered.

The heat in her chest spread like wildfire, and before she even realized what she was doing, she let out a loud, desperate, "Kafka!" and launched herself at him.

Kafka barely had time to brace himself before she crashed into him, her arms locking around his waist, her face burying itself into his chest like she wanted to crawl inside and never leave.

His breath trembled slightly at the force of it, but then his body relaxed, his arms naturally wrapping around her in return, steady and sure.

Nina let out a shaky exhale, pressing her face even deeper into his warmth. "You idiot." She mumbled against his chest, her voice trembling just a bit. "You're such an idiot."

Kafka chuckled softly, his hand finding its way to the back of her head, fingers threading gently through her silky green hair. "Am I?" He mused, completely unbothered. "But I thought you loved me."

Nina made a small, frustrated noise, gripping onto his shirt like she was afraid he'd disappear. "I do." She admitted, her voice raw, unfiltered. "I love you more than anything in this stupid world."

Kafka's movements stilled for a split second. His fingers paused against her hair, then slowly, deliberately, traced down her back, rubbing soft, reassuring circles.

"Yeah?" He murmured, his voice carrying that dangerous warmth again.

Nina nodded, still pressed against him. "Yeah."

She hesitated for a moment before adding, softer this time. "And just like you said, I really...really couldn't live without you, you know."

Kafka closed his eyes for a second, his grip on her tightening ever so slightly. "Good." He said, his tone carrying just the faintest trace of emotion. "Because I wouldn't let you."

Nina let out something between a choked laugh and a sigh, her body sagging into his like she was finally done resisting.

Meanwhile, Abigail watched the scene unfold, shaking her head with an amused sigh.

"Honestly..." She murmured, rubbing her temple. "She acts so high and mighty, but she's the easiest one to break under my Kafi's words, that even I have to say are rather cheap at some times." She said even though Kafka wouldn't even need to say 10 percent of what he said to take his mother, who coddled him way too much down.

Camila, on the other hand, just stared, her mouth slightly open in sheer disbelief. "I can't believe it," She muttered, her voice flat. "She actually fell for it."

'Just how dumb and easy is my best friend?'

Camila wondered as she shook her head, wondering how the first tigress she had once known had turned into this docile kitten in front of her...

Chapter 558: Why Didn't You Fight For Me?

Even though Camila had spoken those words with all the judgment she could muster, deep down, a far more troubling thought had taken root in her mind.

Would I fall for it too?

The idea irritated her to no end. She had always been the kind of woman who held her head high, her pride unshaken even when her husband had insulted her. Words, no matter how sweet or cruel, had never swayed her.

And yet...

Here she was, watching Nina—feral, untouchable Nina—reduced to a love-drunk mess in Kafka's arms, and she hated the way it made her feel.

Not because she found Nina pathetic. No, it was worse than that.

Because a tiny, infuriating part of her was jealous.

She clenched her fists at her sides, biting the inside of her cheek as a wave of irritation—not at Kafka, not at Nina, but at herself—coursed through her.

How had she, Camila of all people, fallen to a point where her emotions could be toyed with by a man half her age? A man who had already taken so much from her and somehow kept taking more—her attention, her composure, her ability to brush things off like she always had.

And worst of all?

She wanted him to take more.

Camila closed her eyes for a brief moment, exhaling slowly.

Now that both Abigail and Nina had openly fallen into Kafka's orbit, it was only natural that she would be next, right? He'd done something sweet for Abigail, then for Nina, which meant—logically—it was her turn to be showered with attention.

As ridiculous and shameless as it was, she couldn't deny the anticipation building in her chest.

She wanted him to turn his focus onto her.

She wanted him to say something that would make her forget about how bitter she felt.

She wanted him to break through that last bit of resistance she was clinging to.

It's fine, she told herself. It's only fair.

But just as she was starting to get too comfortable with the idea, just as she was preparing herself for whatever sweet nonsense Kafka was about to throw her way—

Nina ruined everything.

"But it's not fair!" Nina suddenly whined, still snug in Kafka's arms but now peeking up at him with big, expectant eyes.

Camila's stomach dropped.

Don't do it, she thought.

"I mean..." Nina continued, her voice turning saccharine. "Abigail got so many kisses from you...but I didn't get any yet."

Camila's jaw clenched.

Nina, I swear to God—

Nina, oblivious to Camila's impending breakdown, wiggled slightly, rubbing her cheek against Kafka's chest like an insufferable spoiled cat.

"It's only fair, right?" she added, pouting up at him. "I want them too~"

Kafka chuckled.

Camila's stomach twisted.

Don't encourage her. Ignore her. You were supposed to focus on me next, dammit.

But no.

Kafka, the menace, grinned.

"Well." he murmured, tilting Nina's chin up with a single finger. "If my precious Nina wants them..."

And before Camila could even begin to comprehend what was happening, Kafka started pressing kisses all over Nina's face.

One on her forehead.

One on her nose.

One on each cheek.

A slow trail down her jaw.

And every single time, Nina giggled—

Actually giggled—

And clung onto him tighter, wiggling happily in his embrace like she had just won a prize.

Camila felt her expression twitch.

Unbelievable.

She had just accepted the idea of Kafka pampering her next. She had mentally prepared herself for whatever play he was about to make to pull her over to his side—

And then, just like that, Nina stole the moment away from her.

Camila sat there, her arms crossed so tightly against her chest that she thought she might break a rib, watching as Nina basked in Kafka's attention, looking so pleased with herself that it made Camila want to throw something across the room.

She didn't even like acting cute.

She wasn't even into public displays of affection.

But when she saw Kafka holding Nina so tenderly, kissing her without restraint, whispering sweet things to her as if she were his entire world—

A wave of bitterness hit her so strong that she had to look away.

Camila sat there, quietly stewing in her own emotions, trying not to let her frustration show on her face.

It was fine.

It was only natural that Kafka would accept Nina's request first. After all, he wasn't the type of man to leave someone he cared about hanging, and Nina—desperate, shameless Nina—had practically thrown herself at him.

So, Camila waited.

She watched as he showered Nina in attention.

She watched as he kissed her forehead, her cheeks, her nose—everywhere he could reach—while Nina clung to him like a lovesick fool.

She watched as he looked at Nina with that magnetic gaze of his, the same one that had stolen her breath more times than she wanted to admit.

She watched their happiness, their little moment of bliss, and she told herself—just a little longer.

Because after this...it would be her turn.

Kafka would have to turn his attention to her next. He'd have to do something to pull her over, to make her succumb to whatever game he was playing.

And whatever trick he used, whatever words he said, whatever touch he gave—she would welcome it.

Because that was the thing about Kafka.

No matter what he did, it always made her happier.

So she waited.

And waited.

And waited.

And then finally...finally—

Kafka stopped.

And then...

He looked at her.

Camila felt her heart leap before she could stop it.

Here it comes.

She straightened ever so slightly, anticipation curling in her stomach.

Would he pull her in the way he had with Abigaille? Would he tease her the way he had with Nina?
Would he whisper something in that low, tempting voice of his?

She braced herself, prepared for anything—

But then...

Kafka sighed.

Not a soft, teasing sigh. Not an amused one.

But one of defeat.

"...You really are one tough cookie to crack, huh?"

Camila blinked.

Before she could process what was happening, Kafka gave her one last look, and then—

"I guess it's impossible to break through your borders."

Her stomach twisted.

"I should probably just accept it now." he added, almost shrugging as if it didn't matter. "Camila's unwinnable."

Camila's breath caught in her throat.

"And since that's the case..."

She waited for him to say something else—anything else—but instead...

He just turned away.

Just like that.

And went back to Nina.

Like nothing had happened.

Like she hadn't been sitting there, waiting for him.

Like she wasn't right there, just within his reach.

Her chest clenched, something sharp and ugly twisting deep inside her.

She told herself she shouldn't feel this way.

She told herself it was fine.

She told herself this was exactly what she wanted—to stay out of his reach, to remain unaffected by his games.

But then...

Why did it feel like she was suffocating?

Camila sat there, frozen, as a storm of emotions raged inside her.

She shouldn't care.

She shouldn't want him to try harder.

She shouldn't feel this twisting, suffocating ache in her chest.

And yet—

She did.

Even though she acted untouchable, she wanted him to fight for her.

Even though she pretended his words didn't affect her, she wanted him to prove her wrong.

Because that's the kind of love they had nurtured—one that didn't back down, one that didn't accept defeat, one that refused to let go, no matter what.

So when he gave up on her so easily—when he just turned away without a second thought—

She couldn't bear it.

A hollow, unbearable feeling clawed at her insides, spreading like poison.

And before she knew it—before she could stop herself—

She moved.

"Kafka!"

His name tore from her lips—a desperate, raw plea.

Nina, who had been lost in her own bliss just seconds ago, flinched at the sharpness in Camila's voice.

She turned, startled, eyes widening as she saw Camila rushing forward.

And then—

Before Kafka could react—before anyone could react—

Camila threw herself at him.

Her arms wrapped around his torso in a tight, desperate grip, pressing herself into his warmth like she needed to anchor herself to reality.

Her heart pounded so violently she thought it might break through her ribs.

Kafka stiffened, completely caught off guard.

Nina, still in his arms just moments ago, backed away, stunned into silence.

For the first time since this whole game had started, Camila had broken her own rules.

For the first time, she had reached for him—without teasing, without restraint, without pride holding her back.

And it wasn't graceful.

It wasn't controlled.

It was messy, raw, desperate.

She felt Kafka's body beneath her fingertips, solid and warm, the one thing that had remained constant in her life, and she hated—hated that he could just let go of her so easily when she couldn't do the same.

Her fingers dug into his back, gripping him tightly, as if holding on any looser would let him slip through her grasp entirely.

"...You idiot." she murmured, her voice trembling.

Kafka didn't move. Didn't say anything.

He simply stood there, completely still, waiting.

Camila pressed her forehead into his shoulder, her grip tightening just a little more.

"Don't say things like that." Her voice was quieter this time, but no less intense.

Nina, watching from the side, felt a strange mix of emotions bubbling inside her.

She had just been about to scold Kafka for being too cruel—just about to tell him that even she thought his words were unfair.

But then...

Then this happened.

And for the first time in her life, Nina—loud, boisterous, fearless Nina—had nothing to say.

She stepped back, giving them space.

Because she understood.

This wasn't something she could interfere with.

Not this time.

Not when Camila—her best friend, the woman who never let herself be vulnerable—was holding onto him like she needed him to breathe.

Camila clung to Kafka, her fingers curling into the fabric of his shirt as if letting go would send her spiraling into the abyss. Her face was pressed firmly against his chest, her warm breath fanning against him, but she couldn't bring herself to lift her head. She wasn't brave enough. Not now. Not when she was this vulnerable.

Her voice came out in a soft, pleading murmur. "Why...?"

Kafka remained still, his body tense, his expression unreadable.

"Why did you give up on me so easily?" Her grip tightened, her nails lightly digging into his back. "No matter what I said...no matter how hard I pushed you away...you should have kept trying."

Her words wavered, the frustration—no, the pain—in them seeping into the space between them like an unshakable weight.

She took a shaky breath, nestling further into his warmth, as if she was afraid he might pull away. "Do you know...how long I waited?"

Her voice trembled, cracking slightly. "How long I imagined you would try to win me over...? How I pictured the things you'd do, the ways you'd pull me back in even when I tried to act like I didn't care?"

She swallowed hard, pressing her forehead into his chest. "But instead...instead, you just scoffed and let me go—without even trying."

Her voice was barely above a whisper now, thick with unspoken sorrow. "Do you know how much that hurt?"

She felt Kafka's breath hitch, but he still didn't move.

"Why would you do that...?" She squeezed her eyes shut, forcing herself to say the words that had been clawing at her heart since the moment he turned away.

"Why didn't you fight for me?"

Her chest ached with the weight of her own emotions.

Her pride, her walls, her carefully constructed indifference—all of it—came crumbling down in that single, heart-wrenching moment.

And then, with a hesitant, almost pitiful waver in her voice, she lifted her head just enough to glance up at him. Her eyes, usually so sharp and unwavering, were now searching, pleading, desperate for an answer.

"...Was it because..." She hesitated, her lips trembling.

Then, in the smallest, most fragile voice she had ever spoken in, she whispered,

"Was it because I wasn't worth fighting for?"

Camila braced herself, expecting to see Kafka with that same unreadable, cocky expression—the one that always made her want to smack him. She was ready for indifference, for a teasing smirk, for a half-hearted response that would leave her feeling even more ridiculous for pouring her heart out like this.

But instead...

Her breath caught in her throat.

Kafka wasn't smirking. He wasn't looking at her with amusement.

He was crying.

Tears welled in his sharp, mischievous eyes, spilling down his cheeks in silent streaks, his lips trembling as he tried—and utterly failed—to keep himself together. His whole face was contorted with raw emotion, his usual confidence shattered in an instant.

Camila's mind went blank.

She was completely at a loss.

Kafka never cried.

Not like this.

Not with this much raw emotion, this much regret.

Chapter 559: That Should've Been Me

Kafka's shoulders shook with each breath, and when she heard another soft, stifled sob escape him, something in her chest tightened painfully.

She had imagined this moment so differently.

She had imagined herself breaking down, maybe even slapping him for making her feel like she wasn't worth chasing after. She had imagined him being the one to comfort her—to hold her gently, to whisper reassurances that she was precious to him, that he would never let her go.

But instead—

Instead, he was the one sobbing.

He was the one clutching onto her like he was afraid of losing her.

Camila had no idea what to do.

"...Kafka?" She whispered hesitantly, her voice barely above a breath.

He didn't respond.

He just pressed his face deeper into her shoulder, his body shaking slightly as another choked sob wracked through him.

Seeing him like this...hearing him like this...it was too much.

She couldn't take it anymore.

Slowly, carefully, she lifted a hand and placed it on the back of his head, her fingers threading through his dark hair, stroking it gently in slow, soothing motions.

Kafka let out a soft, shaky breath at the touch, but he didn't stop crying.

"...Why are you crying?" She finally asked, her voice unsteady. "I should be the one crying right now, not you."

Kafka sniffled, his fingers digging into the fabric of her clothes as he clung onto her like she was the only thing keeping him grounded.

"...Because I'm horrible." He choked out, his voice thick with emotion. "I...I didn't realize how much I hurt you."

Camila felt her heart lurch painfully in her chest. She had never heard him sound so fragile.

Kafka took another shaky breath before whispering. "I thought it would be fun to tease you...I thought I could just ignore you for a little while and see what you'd do." His voice wavered, and his grip on her tightened. "I thought maybe you'd get mad at me...or scold me like you always do...I thought you'd roll your eyes and call me a stupid brat, and everything would be the same as always."

He let out another trembling breath.

"But then you—" His voice broke, and another sob escaped him.

Camila swallowed hard, her fingers continuing to stroke his hair, trying to soothe him as best as she could.

"You started saying all those things..." He whispered, his voice barely holding together. "You told me how much you had been waiting for me...how much you wanted me to fight for you...how much it hurt when I didn't—"

He sucked in a breath, his whole body trembling.

"...And it killed me." He admitted, his voice breaking completely. "Hearing you say all of that...hearing how much you needed me and how much I made you suffer—I hated myself for it."

Camila's breath caught in her throat. Kafka let out another choked sob.

"I didn't mean to make you feel that way." He whispered, his voice thick with guilt. "I never wanted you to feel like you weren't worth fighting for."

Camila bit her lip, her own eyes burning with emotion.

"...You are worth it, Camila." He murmured, his voice raw and desperate. "You always have been."

Camila felt something deep inside her twist at the sight before her. Kafka—her strong, confident, and endlessly teasing Kafka—was crumbling in front of her, his expression so raw with emotion that it left her breathless.

His tears weren't dramatic or loud; they fell silently, almost hesitantly, as if he himself didn't quite understand how he had ended up like this.

And though she had been the one wronged, though he had been the one to play with her emotions, all she could think about now was comforting him.

Her motherly instincts kicked in before she even realized it. With no hesitation, she reached forward and wrapped her arms tightly around him, pulling him into her embrace. She pressed his head against her chest, cradling him like he was something fragile, something precious.

She stroked his hair with slow, soothing motions, her fingers threading through the soft strands as she whispered, her voice low and filled with warmth.

"I know." She murmured. "I know how much you love me. And I know you never meant to hurt me."

Kafka let out a choked sound, muffled against her chest. His fingers curled into the fabric of her blouse, clinging to her as if she were the only thing keeping him from falling apart completely.

"I understand, darling." She continued, her tone soft and reassuring. "You don't have to cry anymore, alright? I'm not as hurt as you think I am."

For a moment, he didn't respond. Then, in a voice so small and uncertain that it nearly broke her heart, he whispered. "Really?"

Camila's smile grew tender. She pressed another gentle stroke through his hair before tilting her head down, resting her cheek against the top of his head.

"Really." She murmured. "I never felt as bad as you think. And even if I did..."

She pulled back just slightly, just enough to cup his face in her hands. His eyes, shimmering with unshed tears, met hers, and her heart clenched at the sheer vulnerability reflected in them.

"...Even if I did feel hurt." she whispered. "I'd still forgive you."

Kafka's breath hitched. His lips parted as if he wanted to say something, but no words came out.

Camila smiled softly. Then, she leaned forward and placed a delicate, lingering kiss on his forehead, her lips warm against his damp skin.

"There's nothing you could do that would make me hate you, Kafka." She whispered the words as if sealing an unbreakable vow. "I will always love you, no matter what."

The moment the words left her lips, something in him cracked completely. A sharp breath escaped him, and then—

He broke.

A new wave of tears welled up in his eyes, and with a soft, trembling sob, he buried himself back into her embrace. His arms wrapped around her tightly, his fingers gripping at her back like he was terrified she'd disappear if he let go.

Camila chuckled softly, feeling his warm breath against her collarbone as he trembled in her arms.

He really did look so cute like this.

For all his bravado, for all the times he acted untouchable, at the end of the day, he was just her Kafka—vulnerable, emotional, hers.

And honestly, it was kind of worth getting hurt if it meant she got to see this side of him.

With that thought, she let out a contented sigh, resting her chin atop his head and continuing to stroke his hair with slow, comforting touches.

"Cry as much as you need to." She whispered, her voice as warm as a lullaby. "I'm not going anywhere."

Kafka only held onto her tighter.

Nina and Abigail watched in silence as Kafka remained nestled in Camila's embrace, his quiet snuffles muffled against her chest, while she stroked his hair with a soothing, almost divine tenderness.

Camila, with that soft, knowing smile of hers, had won—and they both knew it.

Nina sighed heavily, crossing her arms while giving Camila a look of pure envy. "Well, it looks like the winner of this match was Camila after all." She muttered, her voice tinged with reluctant admiration.

Her verdant eyes remained fixated on the way Camila's fingers moved through Kafka's hair, how he clung to her so desperately, like he couldn't bear to be anywhere else in the world. Nina shifted slightly, her lips pursed in frustration.

That should be me.

She wasn't foolish enough to say it out loud, but the thought burnt in her mind. She'd gotten her share of Kafka's attention just moments ago, been kissed all over, spoilt, and coddled—but now that she was watching this scene unfold, she realized this was on a whole other level.

This wasn't just playful affection.

This was something deeper.

It was rare—unprecedented even—for Kafka to be so vulnerable, so utterly broken down and clinging to someone like his life depended on it. And the fact that Camila of all people was the one receiving it?

It stung...Badly.

And judging by the way Abigaille was biting her lower lip, a deep frown forming on her usually gentle features, she was feeling the exact same way.

With a soft, frustrated sigh, Abigaille crossed her arms and murmured. "Kafi's never acted this vulnerable in front of me before."

Her voice was low, quiet—but filled with something dangerously close to jealousy.

Nina glanced at her, raising an eyebrow.

"Not fair." Abigail added, her tone almost sulky as she continued to stare at the scene before her. "It's not fair that only Camila gets to have this side of him."

Nina blinked.

Abigail was jealous?

That was rare. She was usually the most easygoing of them all, the one who always had that warm, affectionate patience.

But right now?

Right now, she looked as if she were one second away from marching over there and stealing her son back.

Nina let out a short laugh, though there was no real humor in it.

"Well, there's nothing we can do about it now." She muttered, slumping her shoulders slightly. "We already had our fun. It's Camila's turn now."

But to her shock, Abigail suddenly turned her head toward her, her expression dead serious as she asked. "Nina, what if...What if I just...pushed her aside?"

Nina's jaw dropped.

"What?!"

"I mean..." Abigail continued, her eyes locked onto Kafka and Camila. "If I just...moved her a little. Just a little. I can—"

Nina's face twisted in disbelief.

"Abi." She hissed, keeping her voice low. "You love Kafka. I love Kafka. But you cannot just physically remove someone because you want to be the one comforting him."

Abigail pouted slightly, her usual serene expression clouded with frustration.

"But it's not fair." She whined under her breath. "I want him to cry in my arms too."

"Yeah, and I want that too, but—" Nina stopped mid-sentence, realizing how ridiculous she sounded. She sighed heavily and pinched the bridge of her nose.

"Listen." She said, exasperated. "As much as I hate to give one to her, Camila earned this, alright? We both had our turn. Just...Just let her have this moment."

Abigail exhaled slowly, glancing at Nina before reluctantly nodding. "Fine." She grumbled, though she still didn't look happy about it. "But I swear, next time he cries, it's going to be in my arms."

Nina smirked. "Yeah, good luck with that."

The two of them fell silent again, their eyes drifting back to the sight in front of them.

Camila was still stroking Kafka's hair, whispering soft reassurances in his ear as he clung onto her, his trembling breath warming the fabric of her blouse.

She was so damn lucky.

How had this even happened?

Just minutes ago, Camila had been left out, looking bitter while Kafka showered them with attention. And now, somehow, she was the one in his arms, holding him as if she were the most important person in his world.

Nina exhaled deeply, resting her chin on her palm as she muttered. "She really is the winner, huh?"

Abigail let out a defeated sigh.

"Yeah." She admitted grudgingly, still watching the way Camila held Kafka so possessively. "She really is."

And so, with nothing else to do, the two of them simply continued watching, both consumed by the same envious thought.

...That should have been me.

Chapter 560: Those Aren't Tears...

But even though Nina and Abigail were holding back, Camila, who was now fully aware of the envious gazes drilling into her from Nina and Abigail, found herself enjoying the moment even more.

Normally, she wasn't the type to be so openly smug, but seeing the way the two of them were forced to hold back, fidgeting in place while trying to mask their frustration, sent a thrill through her.

And because of that, she only doubled down.

Her fingers moved even softer through Kafka's hair, her touch featherlight as she whispered sweet reassurances into his ear, her voice warm, soothing, and utterly sickeningly tender.

"There, there, sweetheart." She said in a soothing tone, letting her nails gently scratch at his scalp. "You've been through a lot today, haven't you? It's okay. Just let it all out."

Kafka let out a muffled snuffle against her shoulder, and Camila nearly grinned. Perfect.

She pulled him in tighter, shifting slightly so that he was resting fully against her, face smushed into her breasts. Then, with all the mocking grace of a queen, she turned her gaze toward the two seething women standing across from her.

And she smirked.

Not just any smirk—a full, triumphant, taunting smirk.

Nina's eye twitched so hard it looked like she was having a seizure.

Abigaille, on the other hand, had gone completely stiff. Her expression, at first, was a mask of barely restrained patience. But then—

In the most sweet, motherly tone, Camila cooed.

"Aww, my poor darling. You shouldn't be upset because of what happened." She reached out a hand, her touch feather-light on his arm. "Would you like me to sing you a lullaby? Something soothing to help you relax?" She hummed a few gentle notes, her eyes filled with an almost cloying tenderness. "There, there." She murmured. "Let Mommy sing for you."

Kafka, still sniffling in her embrace, let out a small, pitiful hum of acknowledgment, burying his face further into her chest.

That was when something inside Abigaille snapped.

Her fingers twitched at her sides as she clenched her fists, her eyes trembling. Her patience had been strong—she had been holding herself back so well.

But this?...This was too much.

Camila wasn't just comforting Kafka—she was acting as his mother and rubbing it in her face.

And to make matters even worse, she actually started humming.

A slow, gentle lullaby, swaying slightly as she rocked Kafka in her arms, patting his head like a doting mother putting her child to sleep.

Abigaille felt her entire body go rigid.

Her eye twitched.

Her breathing hitched.

Her rationality? Gone.

"That's enough, you two!" She declared, marching forward, her voice sharp and filled with urgency as she snatched Kafka right out of Camila's arms.

"And you, Kafi!" She huffed, her voice firm but slightly flustered. "Why are you crying so much? It's not like you to be this dramatic...Well, it's not like I don't want you to be emotional."

"...But why don't you show that side of you to your actual Mommy?!"

Kafka, who had been comfortably snuggled against Camila's warmth just moments ago, suddenly found himself jolted back to reality. His face, still slightly damp with tears, was now fully exposed for everyone to see.

His eyes darted to Nina, who was now smirking in absolute amusement. Then to Camila, who was looking thoroughly irritated that her fun had been cut short. And then—finally—to his mother, who was looking at him with a mixture of frustration and affection.

...And that's when it hit him.

He had just been sobbing like a baby in front of all of them.

A deep horror settled into Kafka's bones.

His mind screamed at him to salvage his dignity—fix the situation—act like it never happened.

So, in a panic, he immediately wiped at his eyes, hurriedly brushing away any lingering tears before straightening his posture and clearing his throat.

"Ahem—"

The women all watched with raised brows.

Kafka forced himself to casually look around, casually run a hand through his hair, and then—casualsly,

"Pfft. What tears? I wasn't crying." He scoffed, a dry, humorless sound. "There's no way I was crying. Absolutely not. A manly man like me? Never."

"...I mean, it's been so long since I've shed a tear, I'm pretty sure my tear ducts have all dried up. Completely desiccated. Like little raisins. So, no tears. Definitely not."

He offered a tight, unconvincing smile, which did little to dispel the awkwardness of the moment, much less the lingering suspicion that, to all three of their dismay, he very much had been crying.

Nina's smirk stretched wide when she saw him acting all flustered, an expression of pure, unfiltered glee on her face as she immediately seized the opportunity.

"Oh, you weren't crying?" She repeated, voice dripping with mockery. "Right, right, of course. A man full of testosterone like you? No way! You'd never cry. Just like I'd never—"

She dramatically flung herself forward, wrapping her arms around an invisible Camila, pressing her cheek to an imaginary shoulder as she began fake sobbing in the most exaggerated, ridiculous manner possible.

"Oh, Camila!" She wailed, shaking her shoulders as she pretended to weep. "I-I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to hurt you! Please, please tell me you still love me! Tell me I'm worth fighting for! Tell me I'm your good boy—"

"Shut up." Kafka deadpanned.

Nina ignored him. She continued her theatrical display, sniffing dramatically as she rubbed fake tears into her sleeves.

"Boo-hoo-hoo! Oh, Camila, I can't live without youuuu!" She moaned, swaying back and forth as if lost in despair.

Camila, despite herself, was biting back laughter. Abigail, even though she was supposed to be supporting her son, had turned away slightly, covering her mouth with her fingers in a poor attempt to hide her amusement.

Kafka, on the other hand, just clicked his tongue in exasperation. "Hah. Very funny." He said dryly, arms crossed over his chest in a adamant manner. "But unfortunately for you, Nina, I wasn't crying, so all that effort you just put into your little performance?...Completely wasted."

Nina snorted. "Oh yeah? Then explain this."

She pointed—right at Camila's blouse.

Everyone's gaze immediately followed.

And sure enough, there they were.

Small, but unmistakable—damp stains right over the fabric where Kafka's face had been buried in her chest just moments before.

Camila blinked and looked down at her blouse. And then, as realization set in, her lips twitched into a knowing grin. "Oh." She said, faux innocence lacing her tone. "Would you look at that?"

Nina's smirk widened.

Kafka stiffened. A cold sweat began forming on the back of his neck.

"Well, well, well." Nina drawled, looking like she had just won the lottery. "How do you explain this, Mr. I-Never-Cry?"

"I—" Kafka opened his mouth, then shut it. His eyes darted around, scrambling for an escape route, a defense, anything—

And then, in a desperate act of pure survival, he blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

"That wasn't me."

Nina cocked her head. "Oh? Then who was it?"

And that's when Kafka really hit rock bottom.

He pointed directly at Camila, looking her dead in the eyes, and said out of utter desperation, "It really wasn't me."

"...I-It was probably Camila's breast milk leaking out!"

Silence.

Kafka, realizing a millisecond too late what had just escaped his own mouth, slowly turned to stone.

The silence that followed Kafka's pronouncement was thick enough to cut with a knife. Camila's eyes widened, her jaw dropping slightly. Nina's face was a picture of stunned disbelief, her mouth hanging open. His mother, for her part, simply stared at Kafka, her expression unreadable.

Kafka, however, had already unleashed the beast. He knew there was no going back. He had crossed the Rubicon of ridiculousness, and now, all that was left was to double down.

If he was going down, he was going down swinging.

So he straightened his posture, trying to project an air of nonchalance he was far from feeling.

"Well..." H finally said, his voice a little too loud, a little too forced. "If you have...excess milk leaking, Camila perhaps you should consider...a breast pump?" He gestured vaguely in the direction of plump Camila's chest. "There are various models available. Some are manual, some are electric. I believe there are even hands-free options these days...Quite convenient, really."

He cleared his throat, avoiding eye contact with any of the women.

"It's...It's quite common, you know." He continued, his voice rising slightly in pitch. "Lactating...it's a natural process. Nothing to be ashamed of. But...perhaps a little discretion is in order? Especially in public. Or, well, in front of...company."

He trailed off, his gaze landing on a dusty shelf in the corner of the room, as if he had suddenly become fascinated by the intricate patterns of dust bunnies.

And finally, the absurdity of the situation was almost too much to bear. Nina, still recovering from her initial shock, let out a snort, which quickly escalated into a full-blown laugh.

"Hahahahaha!~"

She was laughing so hard she could barely breathe, doubling over with tears in her eyes.

"Oh my god." She gasped between wheezes, clutching her stomach. "A breast pump? Are you serious?" Her laughter only grew louder, practically howling at this point.

Then, with an absolutely wicked grin, she turned to Camila, wiping a stray tear from her eye.

"Wait, hold up. Didn't you have Bella ages ago? Are you still lactating?!" She gasped dramatically. "Girl, if that's the case, you might wanna visit a doctor. That ain't normal!"

She snorted again, shaking her head in mock pity.

"Damn, Camila, you out here producing milk like a whole-ass dairy farm? What's next, you gonna start supplying the local grocery store?" She let out another cackle, barely able to stand from how hard she was laughing. "Moo, bitch. Moo!—"

But the laughter died in Nina's throat as Camila turned, an icy gaze fixed on Kafka. The air crackled with a sudden chill.

"Kafka..." She began, her voice dangerously low. "Did you just accuse me...of lactating when I'm not even pregnant?" Her eyes narrowed, and a muscle twitched in her jaw. "Do you know just how offensive do you think it is to say something like that to a woman my age?"

She continued, each word clipped and precise.

"Are you implying...Are you asking if my breasts are sagging? Is that what you're doing, Kafka? Because if you are..." She hissed, her voice dropping to a near whisper that was somehow even more terrifying. "...you might want to reconsider your next few words very carefully."

The amusement vanished from her face, replaced by an expression of pure, unadulterated fury.

Her eyes narrowed, and a vein throbbed visibly in her temple. Even Nina, still recovering from her laughing fit, felt a shiver crawl down her spine.

Kafka stood at a crossroads.

He could either apologize, grovel for forgiveness, and hope Camila's fury wouldn't manifest into actual, physical violence that left him in a hospital bed for the next month.

Or...

He could double down.

Obviously, he chose the second option.

Because Kafka had never been the type to take the easy way out—especially not when it came to teasing a woman who was practically begging to be teased with how flustered she looked right now.

So, instead of backing down, instead of scrambling for an apology like a normal person with self-preservation instincts, he did the exact opposite.

He straightened his posture, lifted his head high, and then—with all the cocky confidence in the world—met Camila's murderous glare with an easy, teasing smirk.

"What's wrong with what I said?" He asked smoothly, tilting his head slightly, his eyes glinting with mischief. "I mean, there's nothing wrong with it, right?"

Camila's eye twitched.

"Kafka..." Her voice was still dangerously low, but now there was a slight warning in it.

But he still didn't falter.

"In fact..." He continued, smirking wider and decided to give the heavy blow he was waiting for. "You'll be producing milk again in the future, Camila, so why are you making such a big deal about it now?"

Silence.

Absolute, deafening silence.

Nina choked, was wondering if her ears were working properly.

Abigail's lips parted slightly in sheer disbelief at what her son had just said.

And Camila—Camila froze. For the first time in a long time, she looked genuinely caught off guard.

Her anger wavered for just a moment, confusion flickering across her features.

"What..." She narrowed her eyes at him, her voice slower now, more cautious. "W-What exactly are you talking about?"

She folded her arms over her chest, her usual confidence returning as she stared him down.

"How exactly am I going to 'make more milk,' huh? I already had Bella years ago, Kafka. It's not like there's anything left inside now."

But as intimidating as she looked, Kafka took a step closer. Then another.

Camila didn't back away—but she did tense slightly, her breath hitching just a little as he leaned in and a smirk played at his lips as he murmured, "No, Camila...I'm not talking about the old product that's been used up and already eaten sucked up by baby Bella."

His voice dropped even lower, intimate and slow.

"...I'm talking about the new product that'll come when I knock you up all the way through..."

"...The same milk that the little babies that you'll pop out will be drinking all the time."

It took a moment to comprehend the absurdness of what Kafka. But the moment it did, Camila's entire face exploded into red, while her body strangely warm like it really liked the words he uttered.