

God of Milfs 571

Chapter 571: Kissing Triangle

Camila was the first to react, her tongue darting out to lick her lips—still glistening with a blend of their saliva, as she let out a nervous, breathy laugh. "Oh...Well, this is awkward." She muttered, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear as she sat back slightly, her cheeks flushing a faint pink. "The thing is you were, uh, brooding again, Kafka. And we were just...bringing you back. Right, girls?" Nina, her face burning a vivid red, scrambled to pull herself together, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand as if that could erase the evidence of their fervor. "Y-Yeah, exactly!" She stammered, her voice a little too loud, a little too quick. "You were muttering all dark and gloomy, and Abi said kissing you snaps you out of it, so we...we just...you know, teamed up!" "...It wasn't—It wasn't supposed to get this intense, I swear!" Abigail, still sandwiched between them, clasped her hands together, her eyes wide and flustered as she nodded vigorously. "It's true, Kafi!" She piped up, her voice trembling with a mix of embarrassment and earnestness. "You looked so scary, like you were about to go off and do something terrible, and I remembered how a kiss worked last time, so I started, and then...then they joined in, and it just...escalated!" "...We didn't mean to take advantage of you, I promise!" Kafka tilted his head, his grin widening as he wiped a hand across his cheek, his fingers coming away slick with their combined efforts. "So you didn't just take advantage of my daze, huh?" He said, his tone teasing as he raised an eyebrow. "I'll say. I feel like I've been mauled by a trio of very enthusiastic puppies. My face is utterly drenched." "...Did you all take turns licking me or something? Because I'm pretty sure I taste all three of you right now." Camila smirked, regaining her composure as she leaned forward, resting her chin in her hand. "Oh, don't act so innocent, Kafka." She quipped, her voice dropping into that sultry lilt she wielded so well. "We might've gotten carried away, but you weren't exactly complaining in your little daydream." "...Besides, it worked, didn't it? You're not all gloomy anymore—mission accomplished." Nina groaned, burying her face in her hands for a moment before peeking out at him. "Mission accomplished, sure, but did it have to get this messy?" She muttered, her voice muffled. "I mean, I didn't sign up for...whatever this was. One minute we're trying to help, and the next I'm tasting Camila and Abigail on his face—how does that even happen?!" Kafka chuckled, a low, rumbling sound that sent a fresh wave of heat through all three of them despite their embarrassment. "Sounds like you three had quite the party while I was out of it." He said, his eyes flicking between them with a knowing glint. "I'm flattered, honestly—my mother and two of my women all teaming up to kiss me back to reality." "...But seriously, what was going on? Were you fighting over me or just...experimenting? Because my lips feel like a battlefield right now..." "... Especially you Mom. I wasn't expecting you to fight along with a wolf and tiger when you're a adorable little bunny at most or maybe even a hamster." Abigail fidgeted, her cheeks still flushed as she tried to explain. "N-No Kafi! It...it started out innocent, I swear!" She said, her voice soft but insistent. "I just wanted to help you, but then Camila and Nina got so...competitive, and I couldn't let them think I didn't love you just as much, so I jumped back in, and then...well, there wasn't much space, and it got a little...wild." "A little wild?" Kafka echoed, his grin turning downright mischievous as he leaned back, crossing his arms. "My face is a swamp, Mom. I think you three went past 'a little wild' and straight into...what, a kissing war?" "...I'm not sure if I should be thanking you or asking for a towel." Camila laughed, a rich, throaty sound as she nudged Nina with her elbow. "Oh, come on, Kafka, don't pretend you didn't enjoy waking up to this. And Nina, stop acting so scandalized—you

were right in there with us, licking up my marks like it was your last meal." Nina's head snapped up, her eyes wide with indignation. "I-I was not!" She protested, though her blush betrayed her. "Okay, maybe I got caught up in it, but it's your fault for making it so...so weirdly hot!" "...And I wasn't planning on tasting anyone but you Kafka, but then suddenly I'm in some kind of kissing triangle with these two!" Kafka's laughter grew, his eyes sparkling with delight as he looked at them all. "A kissing triangle, huh? That's a new one. Well, I can't say I mind the attention—though next time, maybe give me a heads-up so I can brace myself for the onslaught. I feel like I need a shower...or maybe I should just stay like this and savor it a little longer." Abigaille let out a small, flustered squeak, her hands flying to her cheeks. "Kafi, don't tease us like that! We were just trying to help, and now I feel like we've made a mess of everything!" Camila couldn't help but smile at Abigaille's adorable reaction, her lips curving warmly as she watched her little sister's flustered antics. "Oh, Abi, you're too precious." She murmured, her tone soft and affectionate. But then her gaze shifted to Kafka, and the warmth in her expression faltered, replaced by a slight frown as she studied him more closely. His face, still glistening from their earlier efforts, held a shadow she hadn't fully registered until now. "Wait a minute..." She said, her voice sharpening with concern. "Kafka, why exactly were you looking like that a moment ago? All gloomy and vengeful—what was going on in that head of yours?" And before Kafka could even answer, she said with a somber look on her face, "It's because of what you heard about my husband, isn't it? I already know, so don't even try to deny it." Kafka froze for a moment, his playful grin fading as he met Camila's worried eyes. The air grew heavier, the teasing lightness of their earlier exchange giving way to something more serious. He hesitated, his jaw tightening, then let out a slow, heavy sigh. "Yeah, alright." He admitted, his voice low and rough, his gaze dropping briefly before returning to hers. "What you're saying is true. I...I couldn't help but get worked up when I heard about how that bastard treated you when you were pregnant." "...Just thinking about it—him neglecting you, abandoning you when you needed him most—it makes my blood boil. I wanted to rip the skin off his flesh, tear him apart piece by piece for what he put you through." His eyes darkened again, that familiar gloom creeping back in, his fists clenching unconsciously at his sides. Camila's breath caught at the intensity in his voice, the raw anger simmering beneath his words. And before he could sink further into that dark spiral, she acted on instinct, stepping forward and wrapping her arms around him in a tight, fierce hug that took him by surprise. Hug~ His body stiffened for a split second, but she held on, pressing her cheek against his chest, her warmth seeping into him. "Kafka you..." She said softly, her voice firm yet soothing. "...you don't need to talk about that man anymore. He's just someone from the past—someone not worth a single thought, not from you, not from any of us." She pulled back just enough to look up at him, her eyes limpid and shimmering with a quiet strength, a tender smile breaking across her face. "Let's only look forward, Kafka—to a future where all of us are here, together. That's what matters now." Kafka's eyes flickered, the gloom wavering as he gazed down at her, the sincerity in her words piercing through the haze of his anger. Hug~ And before he could respond, Nina and Abigaille moved in, their own arms encircling him from either side, their hugs overlapping with Camila's in a cocoon of warmth and affection. Nina spoke up quickly, her voice bright and insistent as she pressed her face against his shoulder. "She's right, you know! What Camila said—it's exactly that. There's no need to even mention that guy anymore. He's gone, out of the picture, and you're here now." "...You're the one who's going to do right by her, make up for everything he didn't. You're already doing it, Kafka—just look at how much you care. That's more than he ever did." Abigaille nodded against his other side, her arms tightening around him as she chimed in, her voice soft but earnest. "Yes, Kafi, listen to them. That man doesn't deserve a place in your thoughts—or ours. You're the one we all love, the one who's here for us. I hate seeing you get

so upset over someone so...so insignificant." "...So, just know that you've got us now, and we've got you—that's what's real." The three of them clung to him, their bodies pressed close, their gazes lifting to meet his with a desperate, pleading intensity. Camila's eyes were steady and warm, Nina's sparkled with a fierce determination, and Abigail's shimmered with a quiet, maternal devotion. The combined weight of their affection, their desperate need to pull him back from that dark edge, hung in the air like a tangible force. Kafka looked down at them, his expression softening as a wry smile tugged at the corners of his mouth. "Well, damn." He said, his voice low and rough. "It's really hard to argue with you three when you're hugging me like this and looking up at me with those pitiful, pretty eyes. What am I supposed to do—say no to all this? You're making it impossible." "...So, just like you said no more brooding. No more...murderous thoughts about your ex-husband...Well, atleast not for tonight." Camila gave him a pointed look but nodded, satisfied. "Good." She murmured. "That's all we wanted to hear." Nina snorted. "Not to mention, we'd hate to have to triple-kiss you into submission again." She winked, her cheeks still carrying a faint pink tinge from earlier. Abigail let out a shy laugh at the reminder. "Yes, let's not do that again. My poor heart can't handle the embarrassment..." A beat passed, and the four of them lingered in that embrace—an odd, affectionate moment that felt both comforting and slightly hilarious, given the chaos that had erupted only minutes before. Finally, Camila broke the silence. "Well..." She said, feigning a haughty toss of her hair. "Now that we've settled that, maybe we can focus on more important things—like how we're going to keep you in line if you ever slip into that mood again." Kafka chuckled under his breath. "Oh, I'm sure you three have plenty of methods." He teased. "I mean, that last one was very...thorough." He shot Nina and Abigail a playful look, and both of them instantly flushed, recalling the spontaneous "wake-up call" they'd given him. "All's fair in love and war." Nina mumbled, swatting him gently in mock annoyance. Abigail nodded, her cheeks still rosy but her voice light. "A-And it worked, so...yes. That's all that matters." Camila just smirked, giving Kafka one last squeeze before finally letting him go. "Just remember." She said quietly, tapping his chest, right over his heart. "We're here. All of us. There's no need to get all gloomy or stew in anger alone." Kafka's gaze flicked across each of them—Camila's steady reassurance, Nina's spirited concern, and Abigail's quiet warmth. He felt a surge of gratitude welling up in him, tamping down the last remnants of the dark mood that had consumed him. He smiled—soft, genuine, and free of the earlier weight. "Okay." He murmured, raising a hand to ruffle his mother's hair, then poking Nina's forehead lightly, earning him an indignant "Hey!" from her. Finally, he shot Camila a look that managed to be both exasperated and fond. "I'll behave." Abigail's smile blossomed as she watched Kafka slip back into his usual self, the playful glint in his eyes and the lightness in his demeanor washing away the last traces of her earlier worry. He was back—the Kafka she knew and adored and the relief that flooded her was apparent. She clasped her hands together, her heart feeling lighter than it had in minutes. But then a sudden thought struck her, something crucial she'd nearly forgotten in the whirlwind of their chaotic affection. Her expression shifted, a flicker of concern creasing her brow as she turned to Nina, her voice soft but laced with genuine worry. "Speaking of husbands." Abigail began, her eyes locking onto Nina's with a tender intensity. "How are you holding up with your divorce? I know it's still fresh, and...well, I can only imagine how hard it's been for you." "...And I also just want you to know I'm here, every step of the way, whenever you need me, Nina, so don't hesitate to rely on me during troubles times."

Chapter 572: Suspicious Disappearances

Nina blinked, caught off guard by the sudden shift in topic. The mention of her recent split with her husband felt like a jolt, pulling her out of the warm, hazy bubble they'd all been floating in. Her lips

parted, a flicker of surprise crossing her face, but as she met Abigaille's gaze—those wide, earnest eyes brimming with care—a soft, caring smile tugged at her own lips. She took a slow breath, steadying herself before she spoke, her voice gentle but tinged with the weight of memory. "Well..." Nina started, her tone thoughtful as she glanced down at her hands for a moment, then back up at Abigaille. "At first, I was genuinely shocked. One day, out of nowhere, I came home to find divorce papers on the table, his signature already scrawled across them. I just...I couldn't believe it." "...I mean, our relationship had been bad for a long time—cold, distant, barely even there but I never thought it'd actually end. No matter how strained things got, I'd always assumed we'd just...keep going, you know? Married for years, tied together by habit if nothing else." A faint sadness flickered in her eyes, her fingers twisting together as she recalled the moment. "For a second, I was lost. Even if we didn't love each other anymore, it was still this huge part of my life crumbling away." Abigaille's face softened, her lips parting as if to offer some comforting words, her hand already reaching out instinctively to bridge the gap between them. But before she could speak, Nina's expression shifted—her verdant eyes brightened, and a sudden, radiant smile broke through the melancholy, catching Abigaille by surprise. "But you know what?" Nina continued, her voice lifting with a newfound energy. "That moment of feeling lost—it only lasted a second. Because then it hit me: this was the best thing for both of us." "Our marriage wasn't a bond anymore; it was a shackle, chaining us to something neither of us wanted. Signing those papers, letting it go—it was like breaking free." Her gaze drifted to Kafka, then to Camila, and finally back to Abigaille, her smile widening as a spark of excitement danced in her eyes. "And more than that, I realized I have a future now—one I can actually look forward to. With you all here, with Kafka, with everything we're building...I don't have any regrets." "...So, honestly, Abi, you don't need to worry about me. I'm truly satisfied—happier than I've been in years." Abigaille let out a quiet sigh of relief, her shoulders relaxing as the tension melted from her frame when she heard her sincere words. Her worried frown dissolved into a warm, heartfelt smile, her eyes shimmering with a mix of pride and affection. "Oh, Nina." She said, her voice soft and full of gratitude. "I'm so glad to hear that. I was so worried you might be hurting more than you let on, but seeing you like this, knowing you're truly alright...It means everything to me." Nina chuckled, reaching out to give Abigaille's hand a gentle squeeze. "I promise, I'm good. Better than good, actually. That chapter's closed, and I'm ready for whatever comes next, especially with you all by my side." Camila, who'd been listening quietly, leaned forward with a playful smirk, her earlier seriousness giving way to her usual teasing edge. "Well, thank God for that." She quipped, her tone light. "Because I was not looking forward to playing therapist if you were still moping over that pathetic guy." "...And finally you're free now, Nina—free to enjoy the mess of this little family instead." She gestured around at them all, her grin widening. Kafka was about to say something to comfort her as well with a rather knowing look in his eyes to appear as natural as possible, that is until Camila suddenly interrupted, her voice taking on a thoughtful, suspicious tone. "Speaking of your husband." She mused, tilting her head slightly. "Have you seen him at all since he left those divorce papers on the table?" Nina blinked, her expression shifting into a frown. "No, actually." She admitted, crossing her arms. "Not since then. And now that I think about it...even before I saw those papers, I hadn't seen him for almost a week. The last time I saw him was..." She paused, her gaze drifting toward Kafka, her brows knitting together. "...It was when you met him for the first time." Camila perked up at that, her lips pursing in curiosity. She turned her gaze to Kafka, looking for confirmation, but he merely stood there, silent. His expression was unreadable, but if one looked closely enough—just closely enough—there was a cold glint in his eyes. A glint no one seemed to notice. Camila leaned back, arms folding as she hummed. "You know, now that you mention it, I haven't seen my husband since that day

either." Nina turned to her, surprise flickering across her face. "Really?" "Yep. Ever since that little...outburst I had with him when he came home while Kafka was still there, I haven't seen him once. No calls, no messages, no complaints about the house, nothing." Camila tapped a finger against her chin, as if considering something deeply. "It's like he just disappeared from the world or something." A brief silence settled between them. But then, Camila suddenly waved her hand dismissively. "Not that I care." She scoffed. "Honestly, I couldn't give a rat's ass what that man is doing. He could be in a ditch for all I care." Nina chuckled at her bluntness, shaking her head. "Still, it's a little weird, isn't it? Both of our husbands suddenly vanishing? And both of them last seen right after they met Kafka?" She smirked playfully, turning her gaze toward Kafka again, as if expecting him to laugh along with the joke. "Almost as if he had something to do with their disappearance." For a split second, Kafka froze. A bead of sweat rolled down the back of his neck. He hadn't expected them to connect the dots so soon. His mind immediately ran through excuses, ways to spin the conversation before it went somewhere...inconvenient. Then— Laughter. Loud, uncontrollable laughter from both Camila and Nina. "Oh my God." Camila wheezed, shaking her head. "That's so ridiculous. What, you think Kafka just got rid of them? Kafka?" She shot him a teasing grin. "This is real life, not some action movie." "Right?" Nina giggled, nudging Kafka's shoulder playfully. "What, did our little boy here beat up two full-grown men and make them disappear?" She wiped away a stray tear from laughing too hard. "Yeah, sure." Camila let out a dramatic sigh, crossing her arms again. "I mean, the real reason they vanished is obvious." She smirked and tossed her hair. "They saw how inferior they were to Kafka, realized they'd never compare, and just ran off on their own." "That makes way more sense!" Nina laughed, nodding in agreement. "They just knew that they couldn't match up to him, so they took the only way out!" Kafka, still recovering from the mini heart attack he just had, let out a quiet sigh of relief. They weren't seriously suspicious. They were just joking around. Good. He immediately jumped on the opportunity to deflect, throwing his hands up in exaggerated exasperation. "Exactly! Listen to yourselves. The idea that I had anything to do with it? Ridiculous." He chuckled, shaking his head. "You two are acting like little kids with overactive imaginations." Camila and Nina exchanged knowing grins before shrugging, completely buying into their own joke. "Maybe so." Camila conceded, smirking. "But it is kinda funny, don't you think? Two of our partners disappear, and now our Kafka is right here, taking their places like they never existed." "Yeah." Nina giggled. "Almost like fate was just waiting for the right moment to swap them out." "Right?...It's so bizzare isn't it?" Kafka forced a smile, nodding along. And just as Kafka was making a mental note to himself that he should soon tie up all loose ends that came with his actions so that none of them came back to bite him later, he suddenly got a message from the gods above, that almost made him choke on air because of how atrociously absurd it was. Ding~ [The God of Health Fiona sends a request: Milk all three of your women before you until there's an entire bucket of fresh milk and drink it all until the very last drop] [Successfully fulfill the request and gain the Gods satisfaction and approval] [Fail the given request and have your own chest grow so big that you suffocate underneath their weight]

Chapter 573: Plump Vs Firm

Kafka's jaw dropped, his eyes widening as he stared into space, the absurdity of the message hitting him like a punch to the gut. 'What the hell?!' He thought, his mind screaming as he mentally shouted up at the heavens. 'What kind of request is this? Do you gods even know how human anatomy works? There's no way any of them can produce milk—I've tried, trust me, nothing comes out! Are you all just sitting up there making up nonsense now?' A calm, composed voice answered

from above, cutting through his frantic outburst with an almost serene indifference. It was Evangeline, her tone as smooth as ever. 'Oh, Kafka, there's no need to get so worked up. It can't be helped, you see. The Goddess of Health, Fiona, got terribly thirsty when you all were talking about milk earlier and that's why she set up this request for you.' Kafka's dismay deepened, his brow twitching as he processed her words. 'Thirsty?!' He shot back mentally, his voice dripping with incredulity. 'She got thirsty over what I said, and now I've got to milk three women like they're cows? This is insane! And what do you mean 'set up this request'? How am I supposed to—'

Evangeline interrupted, her voice unwavering, a faint hint of leisure threading through it. "Now, now, don't worry about the logistics, Kafka. Fiona's already taken care of that. She's made some...adjustments to their bodies to accommodate the request." "...You won't have to do anything impossible—just put in a little effort, and it'll all work out fine." Kafka's head snapped up, his gaze darting immediately to Camila, Nina, and Abigaille, his eyes zeroing in on their chests with a mix of disbelief and panic. 'Wait...What?!' He demanded aloud in his mind, his voice rising. 'You're telling me she's changed them? Is that true? Are you serious right now?' Evangeline's reply came with a calm certainty that only heightened his unease. 'Most definitely.' She said, her tone as if she were discussing the weather. 'Fiona's tweaks are already in place. As long as you put in a bit of effort—well, you know what to do everything will flow just fine. Trust me, it's all been arranged. So, good luck with your request Son of Lady Vanitas and I hope you the best in your 'milking' endeavours.'

And with that, the connection cut off, leaving a faint echo of her serene farewell ringing in his head. Kafka stood there, frozen, his eyes still locked on the three women before him—Camila with her usual smirk, Nina chuckling softly at something his mother had said, and his mother herself beaming with that warm, innocent smile. They were oblivious, chatting away, completely unaware of the divine intervention that had just turned their bodies into...what? Milk factories? His mind reeled, a mix of disbelief, dread, and a tiny, perverse spark of curiosity swirling within him. Camila glanced over at him, catching the strange, wide-eyed look on his face. "What's with you?" She asked, her smirk sharpening as she tilted her head. "You look like you just saw a ghost or swallowed one." Nina frowned, picking up on his odd silence too. "Yeah, Kafka, you okay? You've gone all quiet and twitchy over there. Did we say something weird?" Abigaille's smile faltered slightly, her brows knitting with concern. "Oh, dear, you're not feeling sick, are you? You were fine a second ago!" Kafka blinked, snapping out of his daze as he forced a laugh, though it came out more strained than he intended. "N-No, I'm fine!" He said quickly, waving a hand as if to brush off their worry. "Just...uh, zoned out for a sec. Thinking about...stuff. You know, random thoughts. Nothing important!" His eyes darted back to their chests—Camila's full curves, Nina's perfectly shaped frame, and his mother's plump silhouette—and he swallowed hard, the weight of Fiona's ridiculous request pressing down on him like a boulder. 'Adjustments? Effort? A bucket of milk?' He thought frantically, his pulse racing. What am I even supposed to do—walk up and say. 'Hey, ladies, mind if I milk you for a divine quest? They'll think I've lost my mind!' But the alternative—his chest growing until he suffocated under its weight wasn't exactly appealing either. He rubbed his temples, a nervous chuckle escaping him as he muttered under his breath. "Gods above, you've got to be kidding me..."

And while he was wondering how he was going to carry out this request without freaking them all out when they see milk flowing out of their breasts, Camila's sharp eyes caught the way Kafka's fervent gaze lingered on her chest, his stare intense and unmistakable despite his attempt to play it off. A slow, knowing smile spread across her lips, her earlier concern giving way to that familiar teasing glint. She leaned forward slightly, her voice low and deliberate. "You know, Kafka, you don't have to stare at my breasts like some sneaky little thief. It's not like we're strangers anymore, you and I. If you want a peek—or more—all you've got to do is ask nicely. I'd be happy to

flash you, maybe even let you give them a squeeze." With a dramatic flourish, she tugged her top upward with one hand, revealing the smooth, taut skin of her navel, while her other hand slid beneath her breasts, pushing them up and together. The fabric strained slightly, accentuating their fullness, and she gave them a little shake for emphasis, her grin widening as she watched his reaction. "See? Just say the word, and they're all yours." Nina's jaw dropped, her cheeks flushing as she snapped her head toward Camila. "Oh my God, Camila, have some shame!" She exclaimed, her voice a mix of exasperation and disbelief. "You're supposed to be this elegant, sophisticated woman—where's your dignity? You can't just flaunt yourself like that in front of everyone!" Camila shot her a sidelong glance, her smirk unwavering. "Dignity's overrated, Nina. Besides, it's not 'everyone'—it's Kafka. He's seen worse from me, and I'm pretty sure he's not complaining." She gave her breasts another playful jiggle, her eyes twinkling with mischief. Nina huffed, crossing her arms, but then a flicker of curiosity—and maybe a hint of competitiveness—sparked in her eyes. She shifted her gaze to Kafka, her flush deepening as she bit her lip, her voice dropping to a shy murmur. "Well...if he wants to see mine too, that's fine. I mean, I'm sure he wouldn't be satisfied with just yours anyway." She hesitated, then added, quieter. "A-As long as he calls me pretty or something in return...I'll let him have a peek." Hearing Nina's words, Camila's head whipped around, her eyes narrowing into a cold, piercing stare as she zeroed in on Nina. "Excuse me?" She said, her tone sharp and icy, her hand still cupping her chest. "Why exactly wouldn't he be satisfied with mine? They're big, they're bountiful—perfect, really." She shook them again, more emphatically this time, the motion drawing attention to their generous curves as she leaned closer to Nina. "What's not to love here? Look at them—prime real estate." Nina scoffed, her own smile turning sharp and defiant as she uncrossed her arms and straightened up, pushing her chest out slightly. "Big and bountiful? Please, Camila, let's call them what they are—fat and flabby. Back in the day, sure, you had firm tits to die for, but now?" She smirked, her voice dripping with mock pity. "They're sagging like overripe fruit. Kafka deserves something perkier, something that doesn't droop halfway down your chest." A cold, dangerous smile curled Camila's lips as she stepped closer, her eyes glinting with a mix of amusement and venom. "Oh, that's rich, coming from you." She retorted, her voice low and cutting. "Jealousy's a bad look, Nina. You're just mad because you don't have anything close to this kind of volume. Plump beats your little hard rocks any day—mine are soft, inviting, the kind of breasts a man can sink into." "...Yours? They probably feel like he's groping a couple of stones." Nina's eyes flashed, her smile tightening as she took a step forward, closing the gap. "Stones? At least mine don't sag like sad sacks of dough, Camila. And I'll just let you know that Kafka loves how firm they are—perfect little handfuls that drive him wild. Yours probably just smother him into exhaustion." Camila laughed, a sharp, biting sound as she pressed even closer, their chests nearly brushing now. "Smother him? Oh, honey, he adores that. He's obsessed with how soft they are, how he can sink right into them—they're a paradise he can't resist. Your tiny little bumps? He'd be bored in seconds." Nina glared, her own chest pushing forward as she shot back. "Bored? With mine, he's never bored—they're responsive, perky, just the right size to tease him senseless. Yours are just...excessive, Camila. Too much of a good thing turns into a chore." "Excessive?!" Camila snapped, her voice a mix of outrage and glee as she closed the distance, their breasts now pressing against each other, the fabric of their tops straining as they jostled. "These are a feast, Nina—a banquet he can't get enough of. He loves how heavy they are, how they fill his hands perfectly. Your little cherries? He'd be done with them before he even starts." Nina's cheeks flushed red, but she held her ground, her voice rising with defiance. "Heavy's right—too heavy! He loves mine because they're light, eager, driving him crazy without overwhelming him. Yours are just a burden he has to deal with!" The tension between Camila and Nina crackled

like a live wire, their breasts pressed firmly against each other, their insults flying with venomous glee. "Yours are saggy!" Nina hissed, her smile wicked and sharp. "He probably gets tired just looking at them!" "Yours are pathetic!" Camila countered, her grin icy and unyielding. "He'd need a magnifying glass to even care!" Their voices rose, their bodies shifting as if they were seconds away from slapping their tits against one another in some absurd, primal showdown. But just as the situation teetered on the edge of a catfight, Abigaille's voice cut through the fray, soft yet firm, like a gentle hand pulling them back from the brink. "Um, actually." She said, stepping forward with a hesitant but determined look. "Camila's probably right here. My son, Kafi...he really does enjoy bigger ones better." Camila's face lit up instantly, a triumphant smile breaking across her lips as she turned to Abigaille, practically glowing with validation. "See? I told you, Nina! Abi knows what's up—she's on my side!" She puffed out her chest even more, giving her breasts a proud little bounce as she basked in the support. Nina, meanwhile, froze, her jaw dropping in disbelief as she stared at Abigaille. "Wait!? What?!" She sputtered, her voice rising with indignation. "You're throwing me under the bus like that? That's not fair, Abi! I thought we were in this together—how can you just side with her?!" Abigaille's cheeks flushed a soft pink, and she raised her hands quickly, her expression apologetic yet oddly resolute. "N-No, wait, hold on!" She stammered, her voice trembling slightly. "I didn't mean it like that—it's not that he likes Camila's best either!" Both Camila and Nina blinked, their argument grinding to a halt as they turned to her, caught off guard by the sudden twist. "What?" Camila asked, her brow furrowing in confusion. "What do you mean by that, Abi?" "Yeah, explain yourself!" Nina chimed in, her arms crossing as she narrowed her eyes, still smarting from the perceived betrayal, Abigaille's flush deepened, her hands fidgeting nervously as she averted her gaze for a moment before meeting theirs again. "Well.. It's just that Kafi...he absolutely adores big breasts." She said, her voice dropping to a shy murmur. "He'd literally die for them—he's obsessed. And, um...while both of you have quite the volume on your own—Camila's full and lush, Nina's perky and firm—I...I..." "...I still think he likes mine the most since you know..." "...They're much bigger than both of yours." With a timid but deliberate motion, she pushed her massive breasts upward, her top straining against their sheer size as she emphasized her point to their utter dismay...

Chapter 574: Battle Of Dirty Speech

The room fell silent for a heartbeat, Camila and Nina staring in a daze at Abigaille's colossal assets—like twin mountains of flesh, impossibly grand and commanding attention. Their jaws slackened slightly, their eyes wide as they took in the sight, wondering just how they'd grown so enormous, so perfectly rounded, dwarfing their own in a way that was almost humbling. Nina snapped out of her trance first, a teasing smile tugging at her lips as she let out a dramatic sigh. "Oh, of course." She said, her tone laced with mock exasperation. "Leave it to Abi to never want to lose out, huh? And the truth is I really can't compete with those huge monsters you have, so you've got me beat hands down." She paused, then gritting her teeth in playful frustration, as she stepped forward to wrap her arms around Abigaille in a tight hug. "But it's not fair you've got such massive tits!" She whined, burying her face in Abigaille's chest and rubbing her cheek against the soft, overwhelming expanse. "Come on, share some with me—give me a little of that magic!" Abigaille let out a flustered squeak, her hands hovering uncertainly before settling on Nina's head, patting it gently as her cheeks burned brighter. "Oh, Nina, stop it! That tickles!" She laughed, her voice a mix of embarrassment and affection. She gave a wry smile, her tone softening. "But...honestly, I'm not even that impressive and I only said so because I didn't want to be left out." "...In actuality, there's someone else out there with breasts bigger than mine—and they're firm and upright too unlike

mine. Every time I see them and just wonder how something so massive can stay so...perfect." Camila and Nina pulled back simultaneously, their eyes widening in unison as they stared at her, shock rippling across their faces. "Wait—Shat?!" Camila exclaimed, her voice rising with disbelief. "Bigger than yours? And firm too? Who the hell is this anomaly of a woman?" "Yeah, spill it, Abi!" Nina demanded, her hands planting on her hips as she leaned forward eagerly. "You can't just drop that and leave us hanging—who's got these magical tits that beat even yours?!" Abigail's smile turned warm and knowing, a hint of mischief dancing in her eyes as she glanced between them. "It's Kafka's other mother, Olivia." She said simply, her voice carrying a quiet reverence. "She's the one with breasts so big and in shape that even I feel like I'm losing out to her." The revelation hit like a thunderclap, leaving Camila and Nina momentarily speechless. "Olivia?! It's actually her?!" Camila repeated, her brows shooting up as she thought of Kafka's second mother who she had spoken with on the phone but had never actually met yet in person. "You mean there's another pair of breasts in this family that outdoes yours? How is that even possible?" Nina whistled low, shaking her head in awe. "Okay, now I've got to meet Olivia. If she's got bigger ones than you and they're firm—God, Kafka must be in heaven every time he's around her. No wonder he's so obsessed with size!" Camila smirked, recovering her composure as she crossed her arms under her own chest, giving them a subtle lift. "Well, that explains a lot. The boy's got a type, clearly—big and bountiful runs in the family. But I'm still not convinced mine aren't in the running. I mean, look at these they're still a contender!" Nina rolled her eyes, grinning as she nudged Abigail playfully. "Oh, give it up, Camila. You heard Abi—hers are the champs here, and now we've got Olivia out there raising the bar even higher. We're just peasants in the presence of royalty!" Abigail laughed, her flush fading into a sheepish grin as she waved them off. "Oh, stop it, both of you! It's not a competition—well, maybe it is for you two, but I'm just happy Kafka's happy with what's he's got. And Olli....Well, she's something else entirely. You'll see when you meet her." Camila narrowed her eyes, a competitive spark flaring again. "Oh, I'll meet her alright. And when I do, I'm sizing her up—literally. No way I'm letting some mystery woman outshine me without a fight." Nina snorted, looping an arm around Abigail's shoulders. "Good luck with that, Camila. I'm just gonna cozy up to Abi here and hope some of that breast magic rubs off on me. Olivia can keep her crown—I'm not tangling with that level of perfection!" Their laughter echoed through the room, a vibrant sense of playful rivalry and shared astonishment washing away the earlier tension, while Kafka stood there, his bemused grin masking the whirlwind of thoughts spinning in his head. Fiona's absurd divine request still loomed large, but amidst the chaos of their bickering, he'd finally settled on a plan—a sultry, tantalizing show that'd not only fulfill the goddess's bizarre demand but also give the watching gods above a performance they'd never forget. His eyes glinted with a mix of mischief and determination as he mentally prepared himself to milk his women in the most seductive way possible. Camila, still chuckling, caught his gaze and flashed a sly smile, her competitive spark reigniting. "Well..." She said, her voice dropping into a smooth, confident drawl. "I might not be able to compete with this mysterious Olivia in terms of sheer assets those colossal wonders Abigail's raving about—but I've got something none of them can match." She paused for effect, letting her words hang in the air as she sauntered closer to Kafka, her hips swaying with deliberate allure. "My charm, my seduction—my ability to make any man melt with just a look, which you two clearly don't have with how easily flustered you become." "...That's where I shine, and I'm about to prove it." And before anyone could react, Camila closed the distance between her and Kafka in a heartbeat, pressing her body against his with a sultry grace. Her hands slid up his chest, her full breasts rubbing against him in slow, deliberate circles, the fabric of her top doing little to hide their softness as they molded to his frame. She then tilted her head back, gazing up at him with

hooded eyes, her lips parting as her voice dipped into an erotic purr. "Kafka..." She murmured, her breath hot against his neck. "You can do anything you want with these squeeze them, suck them, bury your face in them till you can't breathe. I'll let you fuck them raw, leave them dripping with you—none of the others would let you get this filthy with theirs." "...Tell me you want it, baby I'll make it so dirty you'll never forget~~" The sudden shift sent a jolt through Nina and Abigaille, their eyes widening as they watched Camila's brazen display. Never did they expect that not only would Camila say the appeal of her own breasts, but she would take a step further and tell him all sorts of dirty ways he could use them. Nina's cheeks flushed red, a mix of shock and indignation flaring in her chest. "Oh, no you don't!" She snapped, her voice trembling with a competitive edge as she darted forward, unwilling to let Camila steal the spotlight. She then also pressed herself against Kafka's other side, her perky breasts pushing firmly against his arm as she wrapped her hands around him, her touch light but insistent. She knew that she couldn't compete with Camila in terms of uttering such dirty words. But luckily she had been reading a few 'spicy' books so that she could maybe put in use whenever Kafka came over and it seemed like the perfect moment to put all the dialogue she had learnt to use. "Kafka..." She cooed, her voice softening into a sweet, filthy whisper, even though she was slightly stammering in shame. "F-Forget Camila—Mine are yours to play with however you like. Y-You can pinch them till I scream, bite them, slap them around I'll let you...c-cum all over them, make a mess of me." "...Hers can't handle that kind of rough treatment—say you want mine instead~~" Abigaille, caught off guard but also refusing to be left out, hesitated only a moment before joining the fray. Her massive breasts pressed against Kafka's back, their sheer size enveloping him as she leaned in close, her breath warm against his ear. "No, Kafi dear..." She murmured, her voice shy yet laced with a quiet, vulgar heat as she too recited the lines from the 'late night dramas' she had been watching. "Don't look at them since m-mine are for you to ruin. You can s-suck them dry, fuck them until they're sore, smear them with whatever you want." "...I-I'll even let you choke me with them if that's what gets you off. Hers can't take it like mine can—tell them you need these instead~~" Hearing Abigaille say such dirty words caught both Nina and Camila off guard and they really wanted to know where she learned to speak in such a vulgar manner. Meanwhile, Kafka stood there, suddenly sandwiched between three sets of breasts smushing against him from every angle—Camila's lush curves grinding against his front, Nina's pert mounds teasing his side, and Abigaille's colossal assets pressing into his back, which made Kafka who was being suffocated by their bouncy assets understand what heaven on earth was like. Camila, who was in a daze after finding out that her rivals also had an arsenal of dirty speech up their sleeves as well, shook her head to get her head in the game. She then slid her hands higher as she rubbed her breasts more firmly against his chest, ready to unleash another onslaught of words to show both of them that they couldn't compare to her when it comes to the art of seduction...

Chapter 575: I Can't Feed My Babies!?

"Come on, Kafka, you know you want to shove your cock between these fuck them until I'm begging, leave them slick and sloppy...Nina's little tits can't take that kind of pounding, and Abi would just smother you to death. I'll let you use them however you damn well please say it, tell me you're dying to ruin them." Nina huffed, her competitive streak flaring as she pressed herself harder against him, her breasts sliding up his arm in a slow, teasing motion. "Oh, please, Camila." She shot back, her voice dripping with honeyed filth. "Yours are too flabby for that—mine are tight enough to grip him just right." She then looked back at him and said in a sultry tone, "You can ram them, bruise them, cum all over them, Kafka and I'll even lick it off after if you want. Hers are too soft to handle you—say you want to fuck mine instead, Kafka, you know you do." Abigaille, her cheeks

flushed a deep pink, tightened her grip around his waist, her massive breasts squishing against his back with a softness that was almost overwhelming. "No, no." She whispered, her voice trembling with a mix of shyness and depravity. "Mine are the ones you can destroy. Y-You can shove your face in them, fuck them and choke on them while you cum." "...M-Mommy will let you do the nastiest things imaginable, Kafi!" Their bodies jostled against him, their breasts rubbing and pressing in a chaotic, erotic tangle—Camila's sultry grinding, Nina's playful teasing, Abigail's enveloping warmth. Their voices wove together, each one vying for his favor, their words growing dirtier, more vulgar with every breath as they smushed themselves closer, leaving no inch of him untouched. "I'll let you fuck them till they're a mess!~" Camila purred, her lips brushing his jaw. "I'll take every drop you've got!~" Nina countered, her breath tickling his ear. "You can ruin Mommy's breasts however you want, Kafi!~" Abigail insisted, her chest a soft wall against his spine. They smushed themselves tighter, leaving no inch of him untouched, their words growing more vulgar, more desperate with every breath, each one vying to outdo the others in their shameless seduction. But to their surprise—shock, even—Kafka didn't respond. No hungry smirk, no eager hands reaching out, no growled reply to match their heat. Nothing. His silence was deafening, a stark contrast to the fevered energy they were pouring into him. Their movements slowed, their sultry whispers faltering as they pulled back just enough to glance up at his face, confusion flickering in their eyes. And what they saw stopped them cold—Kafka's expression wasn't one of arousal or amusement, but worry. His brows were furrowed, his lips pressed into a tight line, a distant, troubled look clouding his gaze as if something heavy weighed on his mind. This wasn't the reaction they'd expected—not even close. Camila was the first to break the silence, her hands still resting on his chest as she tilted her head, her voice shifting from seductive to concerned. "Hey, Kafka, what's wrong? Why do you look like that? We're practically throwing ourselves at you here." "...You're supposed to be excited, not...brooding again!" Nina nodded, her playful demeanor fading as she squeezed his arm, her tone laced with unease. "Yeah, seriously—what's going on? You're freaking me out a little. Did we...did we do something wrong? Say something you didn't like?" Abigail, her massive breasts still pressed against his back, leaned around to peer at his face, her voice soft and trembling with worry. "Kafi, please, tell us what's bothering you. You look so...concerned. This isn't like you—we just want to make you happy, not upset you!" Kafka then sighed, a reluctant, heavy sound as he ran a hand through his hair, his gaze flickering between them before dropping to the floor. "I...I don't know if I should say this." He muttered, his voice low and hesitant. "It might just make you all worry too, and I don't want that. It's probably better to just...think about the future anyway, not dwell on it now." He waved a hand dismissively, trying to brush them off, but his evasion only deepened the furrows in their brows. Camila's eyes narrowed, her concern sharpening into insistence as she stepped closer, her hands planting on her hips. "Oh, no you don't." She said firmly. "You're not getting off that easy. You can't just stand there looking like the world's about to end and then pretend it's nothing. Tell us what's wrong—right now." Nina nodded vigorously, her voice rising with a mix of fear and frustration. "Yeah, Kafka, come on! You're scaring us—whatever it is, just spit it out. We're not gonna let you bottle it up like this—what if it's something serious? We'll deal with it together, I promise!" Kafka hesitated, biting his lips as he glanced at their worried faces, their eyes wide and desperate for answers. And then finally, with a reluctant sigh, he caved, his voice dropping to a near—whisper as he admitted. "Alright, fine...The thing that's making me worry so much and be so concerned about our future. It's—" "...It's your breasts..." "...That's what's bothering me and why I was staring so much earlier." "..." "...??" The confession hit them like a slap, their expressions shifting from concern to utter bewilderment. Camila blinked, her mouth falling open slightly. "W-Wait—our

breasts?!" She exclaimed, her tone a mix of shock and disbelief. "That's what's got you all worked up? We thought it was something important!" Nina's eyes widened, her hands dropping from his arm as she stared at him. "You're serious? This whole time we're pouring our hearts out, and you're just...stressing over our tits? What the hell, Kafka?!" Abigail's flush deepened, her hands fluttering nervously as she stammered. "B-But why? What's wrong with them? I don't understand—I-I thought you liked Mommy's breasts." But before they could bombard him further, Kafka held up a hand, his expression still tinged with worry as he elaborated.. "It's not the breasts themselves, you guys. You see, it's—" "...It's whether if they they can still...lactate." "...That's what's been on my mind as I've been wondering if they'd be able to provide for our kids in the future." The room fell silent, their jaws dropping in unison as the sudden topic of lactation sank in, shock rippling through them like a tidal wave. Camila was the first to recover, her brow furrowing as she crossed her arms, her voice laced with confusion. "H-Hold on—lactate? As in a women producing milk from her breasts?" "...Why is that even an issue? Isn't it totally natural for a woman to produce milk when she's pregnant—that's just how it works! What's got you so twisted up about something so basic?" Kafka sighed again, leaning into the lie he'd carefully crafted, his tone measured and convincing as he spun his tale. "I didn't want to bring it up because it's...kind of a weird thing to worry about, but I've been reading some stuff lately—articles, studies, you know?" "They say that in modern times, because of all the pollutants in the air, the preservatives in our food, all that junk—a lot of women, especially in their middle years, struggle to lactate when they have a kid." "...Sometimes they can't even do it at all." He paused, letting the fabricated gravity of his words settle, watching as their eyes widened and faint gasps escaped their lips. Nina's hand flew to her mouth, her voice trembling as she whispered. "Oh my God...really? That's a thing? I've never even heard of that!" Camila's face paled slightly, her confident smirk replaced by a flicker of unease. "Wait, wait, wait—struggle to lactate? Like, not at all? That's...that's insane. You're telling me our bodies might just...fail us like that?" Abigail's hands clutched at her chest instinctively, her voice small and shaky. "I...I didn't know that could happen. Pollutants? Preservatives? That's so scary—I never thought something like that could affect us!" Seeing their reactions—exactly the wide-eyed, pale-faced responses he'd been banking on—Kafka pressed forward, his tone growing more somber as he layered on the deception. "Yeah, it's apparently becoming more common. I read that a lot of older mothers end up having to use formula because their bodies just won't cooperate anymore. And, uh..." He hesitated, feigning reluctance as he rubbed the back of his neck. "I didn't really want to bring up your ages or anything—felt kind of rude—but I couldn't help thinking about it." "...You're all...well, not exactly young moms-to-be, you know? So I've been worrying if that might be a problem down the line." The color drained from their faces, their earlier bravado crumbling under the weight of his words. Camila's hands dropped to her sides, her voice quieter now, tinged with a rare vulnerability. "Our...ages? You're saying because we're older, we might not...oh, God, that's a lot to unpack right now." Nina bit her lip, her eyes darting between him and the others, her voice unsteady. "I mean...I guess we're not spring chickens anymore, but I didn't think it'd mess with something like that. That's...That's kind of terrifying, Kafka." Abigail's eyes shimmered with unshed tears, her hands still pressed to her chest as she murmured. "Not being able to provide for my future kids...I hadn't even thought about that part. What if...What if we can't?" "...T-That's so sad...I'd hate for that to happen since I want to be the one feeding my precious little babies." Abigail said as she imagined her baby sucking on her nipples only for dust to come out to her horror, while Kafka watched them, his heart pounding as he gauged their reactions, the perfect setup for the Gods request falling into place amidst their stunned silence. He'd hooked them using their concern over their age and their trust in him—now it was just a matter of reeling them in.

Chapter 576: Let's Play Doctor

Camila, her arms still crossed tightly, hesitated as she looked at Kafka, her usual confidence wavering. Her brows knit together, and she bit her lip before speaking, her voice quieter than usual, tinged with a rare uncertainty. "Kafka...Are you serious about this?" She asked, her eyes searching his face for any hint of mischief. "This isn't some weird prank you're pulling on us, right? Because if it is, it's not funny—not even a little." Kafka met her gaze, his expression steady and somber, though inside his mind raced with the truth he couldn't reveal—that this wasn't a joke at all, not when his life hung in the balance thanks to the Gods absurd request. He shook his head slowly, his voice calm and convincing as he replied saying, "Camila, come on—why would I joke about something like this? There's no need for me to make this up. I'm genuinely telling you the truth here—I wouldn't mess with you all over something so serious." 'Not when the gods are breathing down my neck.' He added silently, the pressure of his secret mission tightening its grip on him. His words sank in, and the trio's faces fell further, their earlier joy snuffed out like a candle in the wind. The sparkle in their eyes when they'd talked about future children dimmed, replaced by a quiet, shared sorrow. Abigail's lip trembled, her hands still pressed to her chest as her eyes shimmered with unshed tears, looking like she might break down any second. Nina's shoulders slumped, her fingers twisting together nervously, while Camila stared at the floor, her usual bravado nowhere to be found. Seeing them like this—his vibrant, fierce women reduced to shadows of themselves—tugged at Kafka's chest, so he quickly stepped forward without a word, pulling them all into a big, enveloping group hug. His arms wrapped around them, drawing Camila, Nina, and Abigail close as he rubbed their backs soothingly, his touch warm and steady. "Hey, hey." He murmured, his voice soft and reassuring. "It's alright, okay? You don't have to worry so much." "...These days, formula's just as nutritious as breast milk—it's not a big deal. Babies grow up healthy and strong either way. You don't need to let this get you down." But his words didn't seem to reach them, their murmurs muffled against his chest as they clung to him, their voices overlapping in a quiet chorus of despair. Camila pressed her forehead against his shoulder, her voice low and strained. "It's not just about nutrition, Kafka." She muttered. "Feeding a baby...It's a mother's duty. How am I supposed to feel like a good mom if I can't even provide something so basic? It's the first thing you do the first bond with your child." "...What if...What if they don't even feel close to me without it?" Nina nodded against his side, her fingers gripping his shirt as she whispered. "She's right. That first connection—it's everything. I've always pictured it, you know? Holding them, feeding them, feeling that love right from the start." "...If I can't do that...What kind of mother am I? What if they don't even recognize me as their mom later on because of it?" Abigail's voice cracked, her face buried in his chest as she fought back tears. "It's supposed to be so natural." She said, her words trembling. "The first bond between a mother and her baby...It's sacred. If I can't give that to my child, I'll feel like I've failed them before they even know me. What if they grow up distant because I couldn't do this one thing?" Kafka's heart ached at their words, their raw vulnerability cutting through him. He tightened his hold on them, his hand smoothing over his mother's back as he offered her a wry, gentle smile. "Hey, listen, Mom." He said softly, his voice steady despite the storm inside him. "I wasn't fed milk by you either, you know—I was adopted after all. But does that make me any less your son? Did it ever change how you feel about me?" Abigail's head snapped up, her teary eyes wide as she shook her head fiercely. "Of course not!" She exclaimed, her voice thick with emotion. "You're my son—always have been, always will be. I'm so proud of you, Kafi, every single day." She managed a small, wry smile, her tears glistening as she added, "It's just...It's not fair, you know? We're just women who want kids like anyone else, and now we're facing this...This stupid hurdle."

Camila let out a shaky laugh, her own wry smile mirroring Abigail's as she leaned into the hug, her voice quieter now. "Yeah, she's got a point. I never really thought about age before—not seriously." "...I mean, sure, I knew I wasn't twenty anymore, but it didn't hit me until now. Facing an actual problem like this...It makes you feel old in a way I wasn't ready for. Like, what if my body's just...done?" Nina nodded, her cheek pressed against Kafka's side as she sighed, her voice soft and tinged with sadness. "I keep wondering the same thing. Is it a sin to fall in love later in life? To want a family when you're not some young thing anymore? I thought love was supposed to make everything possible, but now it feels like time's punishing us for waiting. It's...It's a lot to take in." Kafka rubbed their backs gently, his touch a steady anchor as their words spilled out, their fears laid bare in his arms. "You're not being punished." He said, his tone firm yet soothing. "And you're not old—you're you, and that's more than enough. Formula or not, you'll be amazing moms—kids don't need milk to know who loves them." "I mean, look at us—did I ever doubt my Mom was my mom? Never...You'll figure this out, together, like we always do." Camila sniffled, a faint smirk tugging at her lips as she glanced up at him. "You're too good at this comforting thing, you know that? Almost makes me forget how ridiculous it is that we're crying over our boobs not working right." Nina let out a small, watery laugh, wiping at her eyes. "Yeah, seriously. One minute we're fighting over whose tits he likes best, and now we're all weepy about lactation. What even is our life?" Abigail giggled through her tears, her smile widening as she squeezed Kafka tighter. "It's our life and I wouldn't trade it, even with this. We've got each other, and that's what matters. Right?" "Right." Kafka agreed, his voice warm as he held them close, his mind racing with how to turn this moment into the solution he needed. Their vulnerability had opened the door—now he just had to guide them through it, all while keeping his divine predicament under wraps and he knew just how to do so. The trio's minds churned with thoughts of the future—children, motherhood, the uncertainties Kafka's words had stirred within them. But just as their worries began to deepen, Kafka's voice broke through the stillness, steady and thoughtful, pulling them back from the edge of their spiraling thoughts. "You know..." He said, his tone light but carrying a hint of reassurance. "We might be overthinking this whole thing. Yeah, those articles said it's pretty common for middle-aged women to have trouble lactating, but it's not like it happens to everyone." "...There's a good chance it won't even be an issue for any of you." Their heads snapped up in unison, eyes wide with a flicker of hope as they latched onto his words. Camila's brow furrowed slightly, her voice tentative but eager. "Wait...Is that true? You're saying we might still be fine?" Nina nodded quickly, her grip on his shirt tightening as she leaned in, her tone tinged with desperation. "Yeah, really? So it's not a guarantee we're doomed? Do we need to see a doctor to find out for sure?" Abigail's teary eyes brightened, her hands clasping together as she added softly. "Oh, could we check somehow? I'd feel so much better knowing one way or the other." Camila's practical instincts kicked in, her earlier melancholy shifting to determination as she reached for her phone. "I've got this." She said, her fingers already scrolling through her contacts. "I know a doctor—good friend of mine, super reliable. She'll help us out, no problem. I'll book us an appointment right now—we can get answers fast." She started tapping at the screen, her resolve firm. But before she could hit the call button, Kafka's hand shot up, his voice cutting in with a quick, firm edge. "Whoa, hold on—you don't need to book a doctor." Nina's frown deepened, her head tilting as she stared at him, confusion evident in her voice. "What? But we do, Kafka—we need to know what's going to happen! This is our fate we're talking about here!" Camila paused, her thumb hovering over her phone as she arched an eyebrow. "Yeah, what's with the sudden stop? You just said it's not certain—don't we need someone qualified to tell us if we're in the clear or not?" Kafka let out a long, exaggerated sigh, rubbing the back of his neck as if wrestling with how to phrase his next words, as there was no he

was getting an actual doctor involved who'd immediately rat out the lies he was telling. So instead, his expression softened, a mix of reluctance and something unspoken flickering in his eyes. "What I'm trying to say..." He began, his voice steady but carrying a hint of awkwardness. "...is that you don't need a doctor because I—" "...I can check if you can lactate myself." The statement landed like a bombshell, and the trio froze, their eyes widening in perfect sync as they stared at him in utter disbelief. The room went deathly quiet, the weight of his words hanging in the air. Camila's phone slipped slightly in her grip, Nina's mouth fell open, and Abigail's cheeks flushed a deep crimson as they struggled to process what he'd just dropped on them. "What?!" Camila finally burst out, her voice a mix of shock and incredulity as she leaned forward, her eyes narrowing. "What the hell do you mean, Kafka? You can check that? How?!" Nina shook her head, her hands planting on her hips as she gaped at him like he'd lost his mind. "Yeah, seriously —what are you even talking about? You're not some medical expert! Explain yourself—right now!" Abigail's voice was quieter, trembling with confusion as she clutched her hands to her chest. "Kafi, please...What do you mean by that? How could you possibly do something like that? We need to understand!" Kafka took a deep breath, his gaze shifting between their stunned faces as he launched into his carefully crafted explanation, his tone earnest and measured. "Okay, okay, just hear me out." He said, raising his hands in a calming gesture. "I know it sounds wild, but it's not as crazy as you think. You were all so excited talking about the future—kids, family, everything—and I am too. I've been really looking forward to being a father someday. But I figured, before I can be a good dad, I've got to be a good husband first—to the women carrying my kids." "...So I did my research. I studied a lot about how to take care of a woman during and after pregnancy—everything I could get my hands on." Their expressions softened, a flicker of warmth cutting through their shock as they absorbed his words. Camila's lips twitched into a faint, surprised smile, her skepticism easing as she murmured. "You...studied? For us? That's...kind of adorable, actually." Nina's eyes softened too, a small laugh escaping her as she tilted her head. "Wait, really? That's so sweet—what kind of stuff did you learn? Tell us!" Abigail's flush faded into a tender smile, her voice gentle and touched. "Oh, Kafi...You did all that for us? That's so thoughtful—I had no idea you were thinking so far ahead." Kafka nodded, encouraged by their reactions as he pressed on, his voice growing more confident. "Yeah, I learned a ton—about nutrition during pregnancy, how to help with recovery after birth, dealing with swelling, all that good stuff. I even read up on how to spot early signs of complications and what to do about them." "...But there's one thing in particular I came across that's relevant here..." "...I learned how to stimulate lactation in a women's body." The revelation hit them like a second shockwave, their eyes widening again as they froze, caught off guard once more. Nina's jaw dropped, her hands falling from her hips as she stammered. "Hold on—you're saying you can just...do something to us and check if we can produce milk? That's what you meant?!" Camila's smile faltered, her voice dropping to a stunned whisper. "You learned how to make us lactate? Like, what—by yourself?" Abigail's hands flew to her cheeks, her voice a flustered squeak. "Oh my goodness, Kafi—that's what you were talking about? You can really do that?" Kafka nodded, his expression a mix of sheepishness and resolve as he watched their reactions unfold. "Yeah, exactly." He said, his tone steady despite the faint flush creeping up his neck because of the shameless lies he was spilling. "It's not as strange as it sounds—well, maybe a little but it's legit." "Some women have blocks during lactation, or they struggle to produce enough milk for their baby. So there's this massaging technique to help with that—it stimulates the glands in the breasts, gets the milk flowing more freely if there's an issue." "...And as you would've guessed by now I've learned how to do it, step by step, so I could help if it ever came up. And I figured...If I could check that for you now, we'd know right away if there's anything to worry about. No doctors, no waiting—just us sorting it

out together." The trio exchanged glances, their initial shock giving way to a slow, dawning realization. Camila's lips quirked into a hesitant smirk, her voice tinged with both amusement and intrigue. "So...You're telling me you want to play doctor with us? That's your big solution?" Nina let out a nervous laugh, her eyes darting between him and the others. "I mean...It's insane, but if you actually know how to do it...I guess it kind of makes sense?" Abigail's hands dropped to her lap, her smile shy but genuine as she murmured. "It's...unusual, but if it's for our future—and you learned it for us—I trust you, Kafka. I really do." Kafka stood there, the trio's trust in him visible as they absorbed his explanation, their expressions a mix of curiosity and acceptance. He shifted his weight, a faint hesitation creeping into his demeanor as he glanced between them, his voice softening. "So...are you all okay with me checking you out? I mean, I don't want to push anything if you're not comfortable." Their responses came almost instantly, overlapping in a chorus of reassurance. Camila tilted her head, a warm smile breaking through her earlier unease. "Of course I'm okay with it." She said, her tone steady and sincere. "Why wouldn't I be? You're probably the person I trust most in this world. There's no one else I'd rather have doing this." "Yeah, Kafi...Who else can I trust but my own son?" Abigail also naturally agreed. Nina nodded eagerly, her earlier shock giving way to a bright, determined glint in her eyes. "Yeah, same here! You're our Kafka there's no one we'd trust more. Just tell us what we need to do to help—I'm all in!" Seeing their enthusiasm, a smile tugged at Kafka's lips, though he quickly masked it, ducking his head to hide the flicker of satisfaction that everything was unfolding exactly as he'd planned. 'Perfect' He thought, his mind racing with the next steps of his divine gambit to milk three beautiful older women before him.

Chapter 577: Six Mountains In The Horizon

Kafka coughed lightly, composing himself as he straightened up, his voice taking on a casual, almost teasing edge. "Well, if you're all that eager to find out about the future, I can help you figure it out tonight—right here, right now." Their excitement spiked, their eyes lighting up as they leaned in closer. Nina practically bounced on her toes, her voice bubbling with anticipation. "Really? Tonight? Oh, tell us what we need to do what's the first step?" But to her surprise, Kafka's gaze dropped deliberately to her chest, lingering there for a moment before he met her eyes again, a faint smirk playing on his lips. "Well, to start off..." He said, his tone matter—of—fact but laced with a hint of mischief. "...you'll need to take off your clothes and stand with your bare breasts out in front of me." Nina froze, not expecting to hear such a shameless request, her enthusiasm screeching to a halt as her cheeks flared a vivid red. "W-What?!" She stammered, her hands flying up to cover her chest instinctively as she stared at him, flustered. "Bare...right here? You're serious?" Kafka chuckled, the sound low and warm as he tilted his head at her. "Why are you so surprised, Nina? I just told you I'd need to get hands-on with your breasts to check. Did you think I'd do it through your shirt or something?" Nina's flush deepened, her eyes darting around as she sputtered. "I know that! I just...I didn't really think about what that meant until you said it out loud! It caught me off guard, okay?!" She glanced around the lobby of the hot spring, her voice dropping to a nervous murmur. "And...here? Really? Can't we go somewhere else? Somewhere more private?" Camila, who'd been watching the exchange with growing amusement, stepped in with a decisive shake of her head. "Oh, come on, Nina." She said, her tone firm and impatient. "I want to know my fate as soon as possible—I don't care if it's right here in the lobby. What's the big deal? It's not like there's a crowd watching." Abigail nodded in agreement, her earlier hesitation fading as she smiled reassuringly at Nina. "She's right—I can't wait either. I'd rather find out now than sit around wondering. And is there really anything wrong with doing it here? There's no one else around—it's

just us." Nina bit her lip, her gaze sweeping the empty lobby before she sighed, her shoulders slumping slightly. "Well...It's not completely empty." She admitted, her voice quieter now. "There are some of the girls Kafka brought in to help around the hot spring—they're sleeping upstairs. But...They shouldn't be an issue." "...They hardly ever come down after work—I barely see them once their shifts are done. They're like shadows, honestly." Kafka cast a quick, knowing glance upward, a flicker of satisfaction in his eyes as he nodded to himself. 'Good girls', He thought, pleased that his discreet helpers were keeping to their roles perfectly, staying out of sight and letting his plan unfold without interference. He then turned back to Nina, his expression softening. "See? Nothing to worry about then." Nina fidgeted, her hands twisting together as she glanced at the others, her voice still laced with nerves. "I know, I know it's just...This place was so crowded earlier, and now we're doing this here? It makes me nervous, okay? It feels...exposed." Kafka opened his mouth, a teasing remark on the tip of his tongue—something about how she hadn't been shy when they'd done far worse in this very lobby—but before he could get it out, Camila cut in with a loud scoff, rolling her eyes dramatically. "Oh, for God's sake, Nina, you're being so petty with this." She said, her tone dripping with exasperation. "Why are you acting like some little girl over this? You're basically a granny already—grow up and stop fussing!" Nina's eyes widened, her mouth opening to fire back a protest, but before she could get a word out, Camila moved with surprising speed. In one fluid motion, she lunged forward, grabbing the hem of Nina's top and yanking it upward. "Hey—what are you?!" Nina yelled, flailing as she tried to pull away, her voice rising in panic. "Camila, stop it—what are you doing?!" Camila grinned wickedly, undeterred as she wrestled with Nina's squirming. "If you're too hesitant to do it yourself, I'll just take it off for you—problem solved! Abi, help me out here!" Abigaille blinked, caught off guard, but then giggled softly and stepped forward, her hands joining Camila's. "Oh—um, alright!" She said, her voice a mix of playful and determination as she grabbed Nina's arms, holding her steady. "Sorry, Nina, but we're doing this!" "No-wait-stop—!" Nina protested, her struggles half-hearted as the two women overpowered her, tugging her top up and over her head in a flurry of motion. And with one final yank, Camila unhooked Nina's bra and tossed it aside, the fabric landing in a crumpled heap on the floor. Nina stumbled back, her arms flying up to cover herself, but it was too late—her verdant green, slender athletic body was fully exposed, her skin a smooth jade that gleamed faintly in the dim light of the lobby. Her breasts, the size of ripe cantaloupes, stood out—perfectly shaped, firm and perky, with bright purple nipples and areolas that contrasted vividly against her pale green complexion. Her slim waist curved gracefully accentuating the athletic lines of her frame, but her flustered expression stole the show—cheeks blazing red, eyes wide with embarrassment as she stood there, bare and vulnerable. Camila stepped back, crossing her arms with a triumphant smirk. "There—done. No more stalling. Look at you gorgeous as hell. Now can we get on with this?" Abigaille clapped her hands together, her smile bright and encouraging. "Oh, Nina, you're so pretty! There's nothing to be shy about—let's just do this together, okay?" Nina's arms hovered uncertainly, her voice a flustered whine as she glanced between them. "You two!—I can't believe you just...stripped me like that! This is so embarrassing!" Kafka watched the scene unfold, a faint chuckle escaping him as he shook his head, his plan clicking into place with every passing second. "Well..." He said, his voice low and teasing. "Looks like we're off to a good start." Camila grinned at Nina's flustered state, her earlier triumph still gleaming in her eyes as she stepped back, brushing her hands together like she'd just finished a job well done. "Alright..." She said, her voice brimming with confidence as she reached for the hem of her own top. "My turn next. Let's keep this moving—I'm not about to let Nina steal the spotlight." And then with a smooth, deliberate motion, she peeled her top upward and off, letting it drop to the floor in a careless heap. Her bra followed suit,

unhooked with a flick of her fingers and tossed aside, revealing her large, plump, and irresistibly soft pale white breasts in all their glory. They spilled free, full and heavy, swaying slightly with her movement, their creamy expanse glowing faintly in the warm light of the lobby. Her skin was smooth and unblemished, a canvas of porcelain perfection that seemed to invite touch. Her nipples stood out, a delicate pink against the snowy white of her flesh—small, pert, and glistening like tiny rosebuds begging for attention. The gentle curve of her breasts dipped into a lush cleavage, their weight giving them a natural, sensual droop that only amplified their allure, soft and pliant, promising endless indulgence. Nina's eyes widened, her earlier embarrassment forgotten as she stared at Camila's unveiled form, her voice softening with awe. "Wow...It's been a while since I've seen you naked, Camila, but damn—those breasts are still flawless." She tilted her head, her gaze lingering as she took them in, a faint smile tugging at her lips. "They're like...snow bunnies, all soft and round and perfect." "...And those nipples—God, they're basically pink diamonds, so pretty and shiny. How do you even keep them looking like that? It's unreal." Camila's cheeks flushed a faint pink at the blatant praise, a rare crack in her usual bravado as she glanced down at her own chest, then back at Nina with a sheepish smirk. "Oh, stop it—you're gonna make me blush." She said, her tone playful but tinged with genuine flattery. She let her eyes roam over Nina's body in return, her smirk softening into something closer to admiration. "But honestly, I'm the one in awe here. Look at you—how the hell do you keep that slender figure at our age? I mean, your waist is so tiny I can barely spot an ounce of extra fat." "...Hell, I can even see a faint six—pack peeking through—talk about discipline!" She stepped closer, her gaze drifting upward to Nina's torpedo shaped breasts, still bare and proud against her verdant green frame. "And these..." She added, nodding at them with a teasing grin. "It's like all the fat in your body decided to skip the rest of you and just pile into your tits. They're so big compared to that slim little waist of yours—perfectly shaped too, like they're defying gravity. You're a walking contradiction, Nina, and it's honestly kind of hot." Nina's blush deepened, her hands hovering awkwardly as she laughed, her voice a mix of embarrassment and pride. "Oh, come on—don't make it sound like that! I don't even try that hard—it's just work out a little, I guess. But yeah, they do kind of stand out, don't they?" She glanced down at her own chest, then back at Camila, her smile turning shy. "Still, yours are something else. All that softness—it's like they're begging to be touched. I'd kill for that kind of plushness." "Plop!~" And just as they were lost in their mutual admiration, trading compliments and stealing glances at each other's bodies, a sudden, fleshy thwack echoed through the lobby, startling them both. Their heads whipped around, eyes widening in unison as they caught sight of the source. Abigaille, standing there with a sheepish smile, her bra discarded and her humongous, watermelon—sized breasts now free, bouncing wildly with every slight movement. The sound had been their sheer mass colliding against each other as they dropped, unrestrained and glorious. They were absolutely massive, dwarfing both Camila's and Nina's in size and presence, their light coffee—colored skin shimmering with a warm, velvety glow. Each breast was a marvel of softness, their weight pulling them downward just enough to emphasize their natural heft, yet they retained a remarkable fullness that seemed almost impossible for their scale. Her nipples, a deep, rich purple, stood out starkly against the creamy brown of her flesh—large and prominent, they crowned her mounds like dark jewels, glistening faintly as if kissed by dew. The rest of her body matched their lushness, her curves generous and inviting, her skin smooth and supple, radiating a quiet, maternal sensuality that left Camila and Nina staring in stunned awe. After a second, Abigaille finally noticed their stares, her hands twitching as a wave of self—consciousness washed over her. Her cheeks flushed a deeper red, and she quickly crossed her arms over her chest—or tried to, though her enormous breasts made it a futile effort. "W-Why are you both looking at me like that?!" She stammered, her voice a flustered squeak as she

shifted uncomfortably. "It's...It's making me nervous! Stop staring so much!" Camila snapped out of her trance first, a mischievous grin spreading across her face as she stepped closer, her tone dripping with exaggerated admiration. "Oh, Abi, how can we not stare? You're the real show-stealer here. Those breasts are insane! I mean, look at them—they're so big I bet I could fit my whole head between them and still have room to wiggle around!" Nina burst into laughter, nodding eagerly as she joined in, her eyes gleaming with playful mischief. "She's right! They're like...giant pillows of softness. I could probably use one as a bed and sleep like a baby—no, wait, I'd probably get lost in there and never come out! How do you even handle all that, Abi? It's unreal!" Abigail's flush deepened, her hands flailing as she tried to deflect their teasing. "Oh, stop it, you two! They're not that big—it's not like I asked for them to be this way! You're making it sound ridiculous!" Camila smirked, closing the distance like a predator sizing up its prey, her voice dropping into a lewd drawl. "Ridiculous? Nah, babe, it's a gift—a damn miracle. Tell me, Abi, can I get a feel? Just a little squeeze? Come on, don't be stingy—I need to know if they're as soft as they look!" Nina giggled, following Camila's lead as she circled around Abigail, her tone turning equally perverse and exaggerated. "Yeah, seriously—let us cop a feel! Are they heavy? Bet they are. Do they bounce when you walk, or do they just...jiggle all sexy-like? Spill the details, woman—we're dying over here!" Abigail squealed, her arms flopping uselessly as she tried to fend them off, her voice rising in a pitiful, flustered protest. "W—What are you two doing?! Stop acting like a couple of perverts—this isn't funny! I'm not some...some toy for you to play with! Kafi, help me!" But Camila and Nina were relentless, their laughter filling the lobby as they pressed closer, their hands hovering teasingly near her chest. "Oh, come on, Abi." Camila cooed, her grin wicked. "Just one little touch—think of it as research! I mean, these things are practically begging to be appreciated. Do they feel like velvet? Or maybe silk? I've gotta know!" Nina nodded, her eyes wide with mock seriousness as she leaned in. "Yeah, and how do you even sleep with those? On your back? Your side? Do they just...flop everywhere? God, I'd pay to see you run—bet it's a sight! Let me feel 'em—just a quick grab, pretty please?" Abigail swatted at their hands, her voice a mix of exasperation and embarrassment as she stumbled back a step. "No! Absolutely not! You're both awful—acting like a pair of lecherous old men! I can't believe you'd even ask that—what's wrong with you two?!" From the sidelines, Kafka watched his mom—normally so composed and nurturing—floundering under Camila and Nina's relentless teasing, which made a broad smile creep across his face. His eyes also roamed over the trio, taking in the stunning variety before him: Camila's plump, pale white breasts with their bright pink nipples, Nina's verdant, green mountains with their vivid purple tips, and Abigail's colossal, coffee—hued wonders bouncing with every flustered move she made. It was a feast of distinct beauty, each one unique and mesmerizing in its own right. He couldn't help but chuckle under his breath, shaking his head as he muttered to himself. "This...This is something else. Never thought I'd see the day where they'd gang up on my Mom like this—and over her tits, no less." His smile widened, a lustful intent and pride swelling in his chest. "The gods are probably loving this." He thought, imagining Evangeline, Fiona and the others peering down from above, enthralled by the beautiful scene of the three pair of breasts before that were all unique and distinctively tasteful in their own right and also in a literal sense, since it wasn't a secret that he had already tasted each one of their bountiful mounds and he couldn't wait to them while fresh milk spilled out of their perky nipples, already drooling at the thought...

Chapter 578: Masochistic Feral Cat

Camila shot Kafka a quick glance, catching his grin, and winked before turning back to Abigail. "Oh, don't look to Kafka for help, Abi—he's enjoying this too much! Look at him over there,

smirking like a kid in a candy store...Bet he's thinking about how lucky he is to have all this in front of him." Nina's laughter rang out, bright and teasing, as she tossed her hair with a flourish, her eyes glinting with mischief. "Yeah, he's not gonna save you—he's too busy drooling! Come on, Abi, just one little squeeze think of it as a bonding moment! We'll be gentle...maybe." Her voice dripped with playful intent, her body shifting forward like a predator ready to pounce, her hands twitching as if she could already feel Abigaille's massive, soft breasts beneath her fingers. She took a step closer, her grin widening, fully prepared to grope Abigaille in the most exaggerated, lecherous way possible. But just as she lunged, a voice cut through the air, sharp and commanding. "Who said I'm not going to save my beloved mother?" Kafka's tone was low, laced with a dangerous edge that stopped Nina dead in her tracks. She whipped around, her breath catching as she found him standing right beside her, towering over her with an intensity that sent a shiver down her spine. His eyes bore into hers, dark and unyielding, a silent question hanging between them—Do you really dare bully my mother? The sudden shift in his demeanor was electrifying, and Nina's playful bravado faltered, her instincts screaming at her to retreat. She stumbled back a step, her hands rising in a weak attempt to deflect his gaze. "W-Wait, Kafka." She stammered, her voice trembling with a mix of nerves and surprise. But before she could finish, a sharp, stinging sensation erupted across her chest, wrenching a lewd, involuntary moan from her lips. "Ahhhh!~" Her eyes widened, darting down to see the source only to find that it was Kafka's hands as he had swiftly and deliberately, seized both of her nipples, pinching them between his fingers. He twisted them gently, a teasing glint in his eyes as he watched her squirm, her breasts jiggling faintly with each subtle movement. Nina's knees buckled slightly, her voice a flustered mess as she gasped. "W-What are you doing?! Nnn!~" Her nipples throbbed under his grip, the sensation a dizzying mix of pain and pleasure as he squeezed them tighter, rolling them between his fingertips with a practiced ease that made her breath hitch. Kafka's lips curled into a wicked, amused smile, his voice smooth and taunting as he leaned in closer. "What does it look like? I'm showing you how it feels to be taken advantage of, Nina...Just like you were about to do to my mom." His fingers tightened just a fraction more, drawing another soft, lewd whimper from her as he toyed with her sensitive peaks, his touch both punishing and tantalizing. Nina's face flushed a deep red, her hands hovering uselessly as she tried to muster a defense, her words tumbling out in a flustered rush. "I-I was only joking, Kafka! I swear, I wasn't gonna be rough or anything! If I'd touched her, I'd have been gentle—so gentle, not like this! You're being way too rough with me—oww!" She squirmed under his hold, the way his fingers gripped her nipples sending jolts of heat through her body, her voice trembling with a mix of protest and reluctant arousal. She then tilted her head up, her eyes shimmering with a pitiful, puppy—dog plea as she gazed at him, her lips parting in a soft whine. "Please, Kafka—let go, okay? It really hurts—I didn't mean any harm! You've made your point, I promise I'll behave!" Her expression was all wide-eyed innocence, her body trembling slightly as she expected him to relent, to ease up on her tender flesh. But to her utter shock, Kafka's smile only widened, a glint of pure amusement dancing in his eyes as he shook his head. "Nope." He said, his voice dripping with playful menace. "I don't think so. I'm not done yet and I want to teach you a thorough lesson about what happens if you try to pounce on my mother again." He pinched her nipples harder, twisting them with a deliberate slowness that made her gasp, her back arching involuntarily as a fresh wave of sensation ripped through her. "Ahhh!~ Hnnnn!~ Maahhh!~" Her moan was louder this time, shamelessly lewd, echoing in the lobby as her body betrayed her protests. "Kafka!~ Ahhh!~ Please! ~" She whimpered, her hands clutching at his wrists but making no real effort to pull him away, her breath ragged as he continued his relentless teasing. "I get it, okay? I won't touch her...I swear!" He chuckled, his voice dropping to a husky murmur as he leaned closer, his breath brushing her ear.

"Oh, I know you won't, Nina. Because only I'm allowed to toy with my mother like that." "...Isn't that right, Mom?" He turned his head, his gaze shifting to his mother, who stood a few steps away her eyes wide and her cheeks flushed as she watched the lewd spectacle unfold. Her massive breasts still trembled faintly from her earlier fluster, and she swallowed hard under the weight of his mischievous stare. Kafka's tone grew more vulgar, his words deliberate as he pressed her further. "Tell her, Mom...Tell her who's the only one who can take advantage of that gorgeous body of yours? Who's the only one allowed to grab those huge tits and fuck them till they're dripping, huh?" His eyes glinted with a dark, possessive heat, daring her to answer. His mother gulped, her throat bobbing as she met his gaze, the mischief in his eyes pulling her in despite her embarrassment. And finally her voice came out soft, obedient, trembling with a mix of awe and submission. "Only...only you, Kafi." She said, her words barely above a whisper but clear enough to carry. "You're the only one who can...T-Take advantage of my body." She paused, then added, her voice steadying as she fully surrendered to his command. "It's yours...completely yours." Kafka's smile widened into something triumphant, a low hum of satisfaction rumbling in his chest as he nodded. "That's right." He said, his tone thick with approval. "Correct answer, Mom. Anyone else who tries to touch you—who dares to take what's mine...is an enemy." "...And what do exactly do we do with enemies, Mom?" His fingers gave Nina's nipples one last sharp twist, eliciting a desperate, shuddering moan from her as he turned his gaze back to his mother, waiting for her response while she herself hesitated, her hands fidgeting as she processed the sight, the lewdness of it all sinking in. And then finally, she spoke, her voice quiet but firm, tinged with a reluctant resolve. "Enemies...have to be punished, Kafi." "...Punished for their sins." She said, her gaze flickering between Kafka and Nina, a faint flush creeping up her neck as she acknowledged the twisted game unfolding before her. Nina whimpered, her voice a pitiful plea as she squirmed against Kafka's hold. "Punished?! Kafka, I-I said I was sorry! I didn't mean it...Please, I'm not your enemy! Let go already!" Her nipples throbbed under his fingers, the stinging pleasure overwhelming her senses as she looked up at him, her puppy-dog eyes glistening with a mix of defiance and surrender. But Kafka simply chuckled darkly, his hands unrelenting as he leaned in close, his lips brushing her ear as he whispered. "Oh, Nina, you're not off the hook that easy. You wanted to play predator—now you get to feel what it's like to be the prey. Consider this your punishment...for now." Kafka's fingers squeezed Nina's nipples once more, twisting them with a deliberate intensity that drew another loud, lewd moan from her lips, her body trembling under his grip. "Ahhh!~ Noo!~ That hurts!~ Mmmm!~" He reveled in the control, the way her voice echoed through the lobby, a symphony of submission that fueled the wicked glint in his eyes. "Not to mention..." He said, his voice low and teasing as he leaned closer to her ear. "Stimulating the nipples like this, nice and intense is one of the methods I read about to kickstart lactation. So, I'm conveniently punishing you and testing to see if you can still produce milk." "...Two birds, one stone, right?" Nina's moan morphed into a flustered whimper, her cheeks blazing red as she squirmed, her hands clutching at his wrists but making no real effort to pull away. "K-Kafka!~ Ahhh!- You're awful!~" She gasped, her voice a mix of protest and reluctant pleasure, her nipples throbbing under his relentless touch, while the sight of her best friend being toyed with so mercilessly finally snapped Camila out of her stunned silence. She stepped forward, her bare breasts swaying slightly as she moved, her voice hesitant but laced with concern. "Hey, Kafka." She said, her tone softer than usual. "I get what you're doing, punishing her and all that. But don't hurt her too much, okay? I know Nina acts all fierce and tough, but she's actually pretty gentle deep down. Just...go easy on her, alright?" Kafka didn't respond immediately. Instead, he turned his head slowly, his gaze shifting from Nina to Camila, his eyes darkening with a hungry, predatory edge that made her breath catch. The air thickened as he stared her down, his lips curling

into a slow, dangerous smile. "Oh, Camila." He said, his voice a low growl. "You've got no right to protest for her. Not when you're next on my list since you were one of the two bullying my mom, remember?" "...So, don't think you're slipping out of this so easily when you're up next." Camila's face paled, her plump, pale breasts rising and falling faster as a mix of fright and excitement flickered in her eyes. "W-What?!" She stammered, taking a half-step back, her hands twitching as if unsure whether to cover herself or stand her ground. "Me? I was just playing around! You're not serious, are you?" Kafka chuckled, as he kept one hand on Nina's nipple, giving it a teasing tug while his other hand hovered in the air, as if already imagining Camila's fate. "Oh, I'm dead serious." He said, his gaze raking over her lush curves. "But don't worry I'll get to you soon enough. For now, let's focus on Nina here." He turned back to the trembling woman in his grasp, his fingers rolling her nipples with a slow, deliberate pressure. "You know, Camila's right about one thing. You do act all fierce and tough, but that's just for the outside world...Under the sheets? You're a different animal entirely." "...You love this. Being dominated, pinned down, made to squirm...Don't you, Nina? Be honest and tell me the truth." The accusation hung in the air, and Nina's eyes darted to Camila and Abigail, who were staring at her with wide, curious gazes, clearly wondering if what he'd said was true. Her embarrassment spiked, her voice rising in a flustered shout as she tried to salvage her dignity. "T-That's not true at all!" She cried, her verdant body flushing a deeper green as she shook her head vehemently. "I don't like this at all...I don't enjoy being treated like this! You're making that up, Kafka—stop it!" But Kafka's smile only widened, his amusement unshaken as he tilted his head, his gaze turning cold and piercing, cutting through her protests like a blade. "Is that so?" He murmured, his voice dropping to a chilling whisper. Then, with a sudden shift, he leaned in close, his lips brushing her ear as he growled, "Then why's my little bitch shivering like this, huh? You love it when I degrade you, don't you—when I twist these slutty nipples and make you moan like the needy mess you are?" The words hit her like a shockwave, and Nina's face flared a brilliant red, her body shuddering violently as a wave of excitement rippled through her. Her nipples hardened even more under his fingers, betraying her completely as her breath hitched, a soft, involuntary whimper escaping her lips. She wanted to deny it—God, she wanted to scream that he was wrong, that she hated this, especially with Camila and Abigail watching—but the words wouldn't come. Her throat tightened, her mind reeling as she struggled against the truth he'd laid bare. Because he was right. Deep down, beneath the fierce exterior she'd built her whole life, she did love this—the way he dominated her, the way he stripped her down with nothing but his hands and his words, leaving her raw and exposed. All her life, she'd been the one to intimidate, her sharpness and strength keeping people at bay, her gaze enough to silence anyone who dared challenge her. No one had ever looked her in the eye without a flicker of fear, that is until Kafka came into her life. This boy, so much younger than her, stood there with no trace of hesitation, his dark eyes boring into hers as he looked down on her, called her filthy names, and twisted her body into submission. It ignited something inside her—a masochistic thrill she hadn't even known existed, a dark, delicious satisfaction that made her core throb with every harsh word and cruel touch. Camila and Abigail also watched in stunned silence, their eyes flicking between Kafka's commanding presence and Nina's quivering form. The shift in her demeanor was unmistakable—her fierce protests melting into passive, almost loving surrender, her eyes softening as they locked onto Kafka's, brimming with a strange, adoring haze. Camila's jaw dropped slightly, her voice a hushed murmur as she leaned toward Abigail. "Oh my...Is what I'm seeing true? She's actually into this? Our Nina—the tigeress who'd scare off anyone likes being...What, his toy?" Abigail swallowed hard, her massive breasts heaving as she nodded faintly, her voice a whisper. "I...I think so. Look at her eyes—she's not fighting anymore. She's...she's loving it. Kafi's right—She's a

different person when he's like this with her." Nina's hands trembled as they hovered near his wrists, her voice a weak, shaky protest that lacked any real conviction. "I don't...I'm not..." But the words dissolved into another moan as Kafka gave her nipples a sharp, punishing squeeze, his fingers unrelenting as he smirked down at her. "Don't lie to me, bitch." He said, his tone cold and degrading yet dripping with a twisted affection. "You're dripping for this your body's screaming it. Look at you, shaking like a needy little slut while I play with you. Tell them—tell Camila and my mom how much you love it when I put you in your place." Nina's breath hitched, her eyes darting to her friends, humiliation and arousal warring within her as she bit her lip. "I...I can't...I won't...Mmm!~" She whimpered, but her body arched into his touch, her nipples straining against his fingers as if begging for more. Kafka's eyes narrowed, a flicker of dissatisfaction crossing his face as Nina's weak protests continued to spill from her lips, her refusal to fully admit her desires stoking the fire of his resolve. He wasn't satisfied...Not yet. She was still clinging to that last shred of dignity, hiding behind her half-hearted denials, and he wasn't about to let her off so easily. His fingers tightened on her nipples, his smirk turning sharp and wicked as he decided to push her further, to torment and torture her until the truth she buried deep inside came spilling out. "You're still holding out on me, huh?" Kafka growled, his voice a low, menacing rumble as he leaned in close, his breath hot against her flushed cheek. His fingers then tightened on her bright purple nipples, his thumbnails pressing into the tender flesh with a slow, deliberate cruelty. He dug in deeper, his nails biting into her skin until faint, crescent-shaped marks bloomed across her nipples, the violet hue darkening around the edges where he scraped. "You think you can keep that tough act up, Nina?" He said as he looked into Nina's trembling eyes that were on the verge of tears from pain and sheer ecstasy of having her flesh torn into. "...Well, let's just see how long you last as I mark you up like the masochistic little feral cat you are."

Chapter 579: Tormenting Her Little Grapes

Kafka continued his pleasurable torment as he twisted his nails against her nipples, raking them in a slow, scraping arc that left thin, red welts in their wake, the sharp sting making her body jolt. Nina's verdant breasts quivered in response, the soft but firm mounds trembling as he pinched harder, his fingers unrelenting as he carved his dominance into her flesh. "Feel that, Nina?" He sneered, his tone thick with degrading glee as he dragged his nails across her sensitive tips, twisting them again until her gasp morphed into a raw, lewd moan. "That's what you get for lying to me your nipples are mine to ruin. Look at these little whores—marked up and begging for more. Tell me you hate it, go on—lie again while I scratch you raw." Nina's knees buckled, her voice trembling as she whimpered. "K-Kafka!~ Oww!~ It hurts!~" Her hands hovered near his wrists, twitching as if to push him away, but they faltered, her breath hitching as he intensified his assault. Her nipples pulsed under his cruel grip, the bright purple tips swelling slightly as blood rushed to them, glistening with a faint sheen of sweat that caught the dim light. "Please!~ Ahhh!~ Not so hard!~!" She cried, her protests a flimsy shield against the pleasure and pain searing through her chest. "Not hard enough, you mean." He shot back, his voice a husky taunt as he pinched even tighter, his nails sinking in until her nipples puckered under the pressure. "You're moaning like a filthy little tramp, Nina—look at these tits shaking for me. You love it when I claw you up, don't you? Say it, bitch—tell them how much you crave this, or I'll dig in till you're screaming my name." He raked his nails one last time, leaving a fresh set of marks that stood out starkly against her verdant skin, her moan echoing through the lobby as her body arched into his torment, silently reveling in the exquisite sting. Kafka's smirk widened, his eyes glinting with perverse delight as he shifted his approach, his hands moving with a new, sadistic intent. "Still won't admit it, huh? Fine—let's take these away

then." He murmured, his tone cold and degrading as he pressed his thumbs against her nipples, digging in with a slow, unrelenting force. He pushed them inward—hard—until they sank completely into her areolas, the bright purple tips vanishing into the puckered circles of verdant flesh. Her soft mounds yielded under his pressure, her breasts flattening slightly as he held them there, his fingers splayed wide to keep them pinned. "There we go." He sneered, his voice dripping with mockery as he watched her squirm, her nipples hidden from sight. "Your nipples are gone now—swallowed up because you're a lying little bitch. Look at you—no nipples, just a flat-titted slut. They'll only come back if you tell the truth, Nina." "...So tell me, Nina. Tell me enjoy the humiliation you're going through right now as a nippleless little whore, or I'll keep the buried until you're crying." Nina's face flared a brilliant red, her body shuddering as a wave of humiliation crashed over her, her moan slipping out unbidden as the sensation of her inverted nipples sent a twisted thrill through her core. "N-No!—Ahh!—Bring them back, Kafka!...I-It's so weird to see time like this!" She stammered, her protests fracturing under the weight of her arousal. Her hands flailed weakly, brushing against his forearms as she tried to muster some resistance, but her hips twitched, her thighs pressing together as the pressure on her sunken nipples made her clit throb with a shameful heat. "K-Kafka...Please don't!..." "Don't what?" He taunted, his thumbs pressing harder, grinding her nipples deeper into her areolas until her breasts quivered under his hands. "Don't take what's mine? Don't punish you for being a dirty little liar? Look at these tits—flat and useless without those slutty nipples sticking out." "You're nothing but a nippleless bitch now—tell them Nina about what I want them to hear, or I'll bury them so deep you'll forget they ever existed." His thumbs rolled in slow, deliberate circles, pressing and kneading Nina's sunken nipples as they disappeared into her verdant areolas, her soft breasts yielding under his relentless pressure. "Haughh!~ Noo!~ Please, no!~ Hmmm!~ My nipples!~" Her moans grew louder, a desperate, shuddering symphony that filled the lobby, her verdant skin prickling with goosebumps as she writhed beneath his degrading touch. Her silent pleasure betrayed every weak protest that tumbled from her lips, her body arching into him despite her words, a clear sign of the masochistic thrill she couldn't hide. But Kafka wasn't done...Not even close. His smirk widened, his eyes glinting with a dark, perverse delight as he shifted his grip, seizing her nipples—now popped back out from the pressure—between his fingers with a possessive, commanding hold. "You're still not breaking, huh?" He growled, his voice low, as he yanked her nipples outward, dragging them with a slow, deliberate force that stretched her verdant breasts taut. Her bright purple tips elongated under his pull, straining as he tugged them upward, lifting her soft, papaya-sized mounds until they quivered against her chest. "Look at these filthy tits." He sneered, his tone dripping with naughty degradation as he dragged her nipples sideways, her breasts bouncing and swaying like toys in his hands. "Stretching out so nice for me what a dirty little slut you are. You love this, don't you? Having your tits played with like the needy whore you are?" He pulled harder, his fingers curling around her nipples as he stretched them out to their limits, the skin glistening with sweat as he twisted them mid-pull, making her cry out with a raw, lewd moan. "Ahhh!~ Nooo!~" He dragged them downward, her breasts following in a chaotic, jiggling dance, then yanked them sideways again, the tender flesh pulling tight around her areolas as he toyed with them relentlessly. "Such a shameless bitch." He taunted, his breath hot against her ear as he leaned in close, his voice a constant stream of filth. "Look at these, bouncing all over like the slutty little playthings they are." "...Tell me you hate it, Nina—go on, lie to me while I stretch you out like a cheap fuck toy." Nina's moans were a trembling mess, her body shuddering as he yanked her nipples in wild, unpredictable circles—up, down, left, right—her breasts jiggling and stretching with every cruel tug. "K-Kafka!~ Stop it!~ Hnnn!~ Y-You'll pull them out!~" She whimpered, her voice a pitiful blend of protest and pleasure,

her hands clutching at the air as her thighs pressed together, a slick heat pooling between them. Her nipples throbbed under his grip, the bright purple tips darkening with each stretch, glistening with sweat as he dragged them across her chest, her soft mounds slapping against her skin with every release and recapture. From the sidelines, Camila and Abigail watched, their eyes wide with a mix of awe and excitement, their breaths shallow as they took in the lewd spectacle. Camila's pale breasts heaved with each ragged inhale, her voice a hushed murmur as she leaned toward Abigail. "Oh, wow...Look at her breasts...stretched out like that, bouncing everywhere. He's not holding back at all—She's...She's also loving it, isn't she?" Abigail's brown tinted breasts also trembled as she nodded faintly, her hands pressed to her cheeks, her voice a soft, awed whisper. "Yes...Oh my goodness, they're jiggling so much. And those nipples are so red and shiny. She's not even fighting him...I-It's like she's silently begging for more." Kafka's chuckle darkened, his gaze flicking to Nina's flushed face as he dragged her nipples upward again, stretching her breasts until they strained, then released them with a loud slap that echoed through the lobby. "I'm impressed, Nina." He said, his tone shifting to a mocking admiration as he caught her nipples once more, rolling them between his fingers with a teasing pressure. "You're holding out way longer than I thought—such a strong little bitch." "...But I really like that about you—strong women who think they can resist me. Makes it so much sweeter when they break." Nina's cheeks flared a deeper red, a flush of flustered pride cutting through the pain and pleasure as his words sank in. "I-I'm not breaking!...Don't make things up in your head, you little brat!" She stammered, her voice trembling as he tugged her nipples sideways, her breasts bouncing with the motion. But despite the torment, a shy, reluctant smile flickered on her lips, his twisted compliment igniting a spark of satisfaction beneath her submission. "Aw, look at that blush." He teased, his voice dripping with mock affection as he leaned in closer, his eyes glinting with mischief. "You like hearing that, don't you?" "...But too bad for you, though that strength of yours?...It's about to end right now." And then without warning, he shifted his grip, his left hand clamping down on both of her nipples at once, pinching them together between his fingers in a vice-like hold. He then yanked them upward—hard—lifting her breasts high, stretching them taut until they hovered in front of her face, the bright purple tips dangling just inches from her wide, confused eyes. "W-What—Kafka—!" Nina gasped, her voice a startled moan as her breasts strained under the brutal pull, her nipples throbbing as he held them aloft like he was trying to hang them up for display. Her verdant skin pulled tight, her soft mounds quivering as he kept them suspended, his grip unrelenting as he forced her to stare at her own tortured flesh. "Pretty sight, huh?" He growled, his tone thick with glee as he twisted her nipples slightly, making her whimper. "Look at your slutty tits—stretched out and dangling right in your face. You can't hide from this, Nina—everyone can see what a needy little whore you are." He held them there, letting her feel the weight of her own breasts pulling against his grip, her moans growing louder as the sensation overwhelmed her. "Hmm, Nooo!~ Ahhh!~ Put them down, Kafka!~ Put them down!~" Watching this lewd sight, Camila's jaw dropped, her voice a stunned whisper. "Oh my God...he's lifting them right up to her face—those nipples are so stretched out, they're practically purple-black now!" Abigail's eyes widened, her breath hitching as she murmured. "Kafi. He's...He's making her look at them—That looks vulgar and...intense." And while Nina was still reeling, her mind a haze of confusion and arousal, Kafka's right hand moved with a sudden, deceptive gentleness, as his fingers brushed against her smooth, toned abdomen. He traced the faint outline of her six-pack, his touch warm and almost reverent as he spoke, his voice softening momentarily. "Damn, Nina...Look at this faint little six-pack you've got here. Must've taken a hell of a lot of work to carve out something this tight, huh? I'm impressed...really." Nina who was weak to compliments no matter the situation felt a flicker of satisfaction cutting through her flustered state as she managed a shaky, "T-Thanks...It did

take a lot of effort a-and it wasn't easy at all." Her verdant eyes softened, a shy pride blooming despite the torment, his praise a fleeting balm against the chaos he'd wrought on her chest. But then to her shock his tone shifted, a wicked edge creeping back in as his hand lingered on her abdomen, his fingers pressing into the firm muscle with a teasing pressure. "Yeah, such a hard, strong abdomen." He mused, his voice dropping to a dangerous purr. "But that also means you can take a few blows, right?" "...A tough girl like you—let's see how you handle this." And before she could process his words, his left hand kept her nipples stretched high, while his right curled into a loose fist, his knuckles brushing her skin warmly as he targeted a spot just below her navel. "W-Wait—What—?!" Nina stammered, her eyes widening in shock, but before she could react, he landed a soft, controlled punch against her abdomen—a gentle thud that made her gasp, her body jolting as a strange jolt of pleasure shot through her. "Ohhhh!~" She moaned, her voice a raw, confused cry as he pulled back, then struck again, his fist landing just above her hip. "Oh!~ Ohh!~ Ohhhh!~" "Feel that, Nina?" He growled, his voice thick with filthy delight as he punched her gently again, this time targeting the center of her six-pack, his knuckles brushing her skin with a lingering warmth before the soft blow landed. "Ahhh!~ Noo—...Ohhhh!~" Her abdomen flexed under the impact, the firm muscle absorbing the hit as a wave of pleasure rippled through her, her pussy throbbing in time with each strike. "Your tough little tummy loves this, doesn't it? Warming it up nice and soft, then bam—right where you can take it. You can't even deny it since you're moaning like a bitch in heat, rather crying out aloud." And while Kafka continued to land soft blows to Nina's tummy that made her take a step back as she gasped for air, Camila and Abigail struggled to watch this sight. Camila's breasts heaved with each shallow, ragged breath, her hands clenching into tight fists at her sides as she muttered under her breath. "This is...This is too much. He's stretching her breasts like that and hitting her at the same time—I can't just stand here and watch this!" Her voice quivered with a mix of concern and disbelief, her usual confidence cracking as she took a shaky step forward, her gaze locked on Nina's quivering form. "He's going too far—we've gotta stop him!" Abigail's breasts trembled as she nodded quickly, her hands fluttering to her mouth in a nervous gesture, her voice a soft, worried whisper. "Yes, I agree...It's too much even for my Kafi! Just look at her—she's shaking so much, and those punches...It's not right! We can't let him keep hurting her like this!" Her eyes shimmered with unshed tears, her maternal instinct kicking in as she shifted her weight, ready to rush forward alongside Camila. "Come on, Camila—we have to do something before it's too late!" The two women exchanged a quick, resolute glance, their steps aligning as they prepared to intervene, their hearts pounding with the need to pull Nina from Kafka's relentless torment. But just as they moved to close the distance, Nina's voice erupted—a sudden, explosive burst that froze them in their tracks, her words spilling out in a frantic torrent as the dam of her restraint finally shattered under the overwhelming pleasure. "No—No—I can't hold it back anymore!" Nina cried, her voice raw and trembling as her head tipped back, her eyes squeezing shut in a haze of ecstatic release. "I have to tell the truth! The truth that it feels so fucking good! Everything you've done it's been driving me insane this whole time!" "...I can't take it...I can't keep pretending—it's too much, and I love it, Kafka...I fucking love it!" Her body shuddered violently, her breasts still stretched high by Kafka's grip, her purple nipples that looked like tiny little grapes throbbing as she let her true feelings pour out in a desperate, unfiltered rush out into the open. And hearing this onslaught of words, Camila and Abigail stumbled to a halt, their jaws dropping in unison as Nina's confession hit them like a tidal wave. Their disbelief was so obviously visible as they stared at their friend—once the untouchable tigress—now unraveling into a horny cat in heat before their eyes...

Kafka's smirk widened into a triumphant grin as he watched Nina pour out her true feelings. His fingers then loosened slightly on her nipples as he leaned in close, his voice a low, encouraging growl. "There it is, let it all out, Nina. Tell me everything—don't hold back now." Nina's words tumbled out in a breathless, shameless flood, her body quivering as she surrendered completely to the torrent of her desires. "The way you've been manhandling me—stretching my tits, beating my stomach—it's so damn good, Kafka!~" "...Every pinch, every pull it hurts so bad, but it's like heaven, like fire racing through me!~" "...And I love how you talk to me—so dirty, so nasty. Calling me a slut, a bitch, a whore—it's like you're tearing me apart, and I can't get enough!~" "...It makes me shiver, makes me so wet that I can't think straight—I've been dying to scream it this whole time!~" Camila's hands fell limp at her sides, her voice a stunned whisper as she stared, her pale skin flushing faintly. "Oh my...She's serious—she's spilling everything. She's really into this all of it..." Abigail's breath hitched, her eyes widening as she murmured. "Nina, you...You mean all of this? You've been feeling this way the whole time? It's...It's unbelievable..." Nina in her normal state would've immediately snapped out of her daze when she heard those two comments from the side. But currently she was long gone into the ocean of pleasure she was feeling at the moment and she ignored them as she pressed on, her voice rising with every word. "When you scratched my nipples, Kafka—God, it stung so much, but it sent jolts straight to my core—I wanted more!~" "...And stretching them, dragging them around like they're nothing—I felt so helpless, so owned, and it was perfect!~" "...Not to mention, lifting them up like this, making me see them—it's humiliating, and I'm fucking dripping for it!~" "...Oh, and the punches—fuck, don't get me started on the punches. The way you warm me up, then hit me—it shouldn't feel this good, but it does!~" "...Every blow made my whole body shake, made me want you to keep going—I'm such a slut for it, Kafka, I'm such a slut for you!~" She finally said as she looked at him with love-crazed eyes like he was the only one in the world who could make her feel this wretched way. And hearing Nina pour out her true feelings, Kafka's expression finally softened unexpectedly, his harsh demeanor melting into something gentler as he released her nipples at last, letting her verdant breasts fall back with a soft bounce. He then stepped closer, wrapping his arms around her in a warm, comforting hug, his voice dropping to a soothing murmur as he pressed his cheek against hers. "See? That wasn't so bad, was it? You did good, Nina, letting it all out like that...Such a good job." His hands rubbed her back gently, a stark contrast to the torment he'd inflicted moments before, his touch now tender and reassuring. Feeling the sudden warmth after all that harsh treatment, Nina whimpered softly, her body still trembling as she snapped out of her lust-filled state and slowly melted into his embrace, her arms wrapping around him tightly as she sought his comfort. "K-Kafka..." She mumbled, her voice a shaky whisper as she buried her face in his chest, her verdant skin still flushed with arousal and relief. "It...It felt so good...But it was so much..." Her fingers clutched at his shirt, her breaths uneven as she clung to him, the vulnerability in her tone tugging at the air. Hearing this, Kafka pulled back slightly, his hands resting on her shoulders as he looked down at her with a gentle, almost playful smile, already knowing exactly what she needed and wanted. "Hey, does it hurt?" He asked, his voice soft but laced with a teasing edge as he brushed a strand of hair from her face. "All that stretching, those little punches...Do you need some kisses to make it better, Nina? Tell me? Do you?" Hearing this, Nina's eyes flickered with a mix of exhaustion and opportunity, a shy, pitiful pout forming on her lips as she seized the chance. She tilted her head up, her gaze meeting his as she pointed a trembling finger at her bruised nipples, the bright purple tips marked with faint red welts from his nails. "H-Here..." She murmured, her voice small and pleading as she shifted her hand to her abdomen, tracing the faint pinkish marks where his fists had landed. "And...And here...And here...They all hurt, Kafka...I need kisses to make it stop..." Kafka chuckled softly, his

eyes glinting with affection as he leaned down without hesitation. "Alright, you poor little thing—let's fix that." He said, his voice warm and indulgent as he pressed his lips to her left nipple first. His kiss was slow, passionate, his tongue flicking out to graze the tender tip as he sucked gently, soothing the ache with a wet, lingering heat that made her gasp. "Oh!~ Ahh!~ Mmm!~ Ughh!~ Yes!~ Yeahh!~" He then moved to her right nipple, his mouth enveloping it fully as he kissed and licked with a tender intensity, his hands cupping her breasts gently to hold them steady, her moans turning soft and satisfied as the pain melted under his touch. "Aah!~ Mmm!~ Ohh!~ Augh!~ Yes, Kafka!~ Yesss!~" Then he sank to his knees, his lips trailing down her smooth abdomen as he kissed each bruise mark with the same fervent care. His mouth pressed warmly against the spot just below her navel, his tongue swirling over the faint pink mark as he murmured against her skin. Mmm!~ Ohhh!~ Aaahh!~ Yesss!~ Unghh!~ Ooooh!~" "Right here, huh? Poor baby...Let me make it better." He moved to the next mark above her hip, his lips sucking lightly as his hands gripped her waist, steadying her trembling frame as she sighed in delight, her skin prickling with goosebumps under his affectionate assault. Watching this absurd sight, Camila's jaw dropped further, her voice a stunned whisper as she watched Nina's transformation. "What the hell...S-She was just screaming her head off a second ago, and now she's...smiling? Happy as hell while he's kissing her all over? This is insane!" Abigail's hands fell from her face, her massive breasts heaving as she shook her head in disbelief, her voice soft and incredulous. "She...She's glowing now. And after all that—he's coddling her, and she's loving it. I can't believe it—our Nina, smiling like that after...everything." Nina ignored them as her lips curved into a contented, blissful smile. Her eyes were half-lidded with satisfaction as Kafka's kisses trailed back up her abdomen, his final kiss landing on her bruised nipple with a soft, lingering press. "Mmm...Thank you, Kafka..." She murmured, her voice a gentle whimper as she leaned into him, her body relaxed and pliant in his arms. "It...It feels so much better now." Kafka grinned, pulling her close again as he pressed a kiss to her forehead, his voice warm and teasing. "Good girl—see? All you needed was to let it out, and a little love after. You're mine, Nina—don't forget that." His arms tightened around her, her happy sigh muffled against his chest as Camila and Abigail stood dumbfounded, the stark shift from torment to tenderness leaving them reeling at the sight of their fierce friend now basking in Kafka's gentle, coddling embrace. After a little while, realising that he had accomplished his goal, Kafka then pulled back slightly, his hands resting gently on her waist as a playful, knowing grin spread across his face. "You know..." He said, his voice dropping to a warm, teasing murmur. "With all that intense stimulation—pinching, stretching, tugging—your nipples should be secreting milk by now." "...That's how it works, right? All that rough play to get things flowing." Nina's eyes widened, a spark of hope lighting up her gaze as she tilted her head up to meet his. "Really?" She asked, her voice trembling with excitement and disbelief, her hands clutching at his shirt as she leaned in closer. "You think...You think it could happen? After all that?" Kafka chuckled, his grin widening as he brushed a thumb across her cheek, his tone laced with a playful confidence. "Only one way to find out, huh?" "...Let's test it—see if those gorgeous tits of yours are ready to give us a little surprise." He then shifted his grip, his hands sliding up to cup her verdant breasts fully, his fingers splaying wide as he began to massage them with a slow, deliberate rhythm. His palms pressed into the soft, cantaloupe—sized mounds, kneading them gently at first, then with more purpose, his thumbs brushing over her bright purple nipples as he tugged them lightly, mimicking the motions of milking. Nina's breath hitched, her body tensing with anticipation as she watched his hands work, her verdant skin prickling with goosebumps under his touch. "K-Kafka...Do you really think?" She murmured, her voice a mix of nerves and hope as she leaned into him, her eyes locked on her breasts. Camila and Abigail also leaned in from the side, their earlier shock giving way to eager curiosity, their gazes fixed on Nina's

chest with hopeful intensity. Camila's plump lips parted slightly, her voice a soft, encouraging whisper. "Come on, Nina... You've been through hell—let's see if it paid off. You deserve this." Abigail nodded, her breasts heaving as she clasped her hands together, her tone gentle and supportive. "Oh, I hope so... after all that, it'd be amazing if it worked. You're so strong, Nina—let's see it!" Knowing that he had hopeful attention from all sides, Kafka's hands moved with practiced ease, his fingers squeezing and pulling at her nipples with a steady, rhythmic pressure, his touch firm but careful as he coaxed her breasts. He rolled her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, tugging them outward in long, slow pulls, then pressing them back into her soft flesh, his palms kneading her mounds in a circular motion that made them jiggle faintly. "Come on, you sexy little thing." He murmured, his voice low and teasing as he worked. "Give me something—show me what these slutty tits can do. All that rough play's gotta pay off, right?" Nina's breaths grew shallow, her eyes flickering with a mix of anticipation and doubt as she watched, her body trembling under his hands. Seconds stretched into moments, and just as a flicker of disappointment began to creep into her expression—her shoulders slumping slightly as she whispered. "Maybe... Maybe it's not gonna happen..."—a sudden miracle broke through. Two thin, white streams spurting from her nipples, arcing through the air and splattering onto Kafka's shirt with a soft splat, the warm liquid soaking into the fabric in faint, milky streaks. Splurt!~ Splurt!~ And the moment it did, Nina's eyes widened in shock, then lit up with pure, unfiltered joy as she gasped. "Oh my God—it's milk! Kafka, look it's actually milk coming out of my chest!" Her voice rose into an ecstatic squeal as she turned to him, her face glowing with delight. Kafka's own expression mirrored hers, a broad, joyous grin spreading across his lips as he laughed, his hands still cupping her breasts as the streams dribbled to a stop. "Holy shit, Nina! You did it!" He exclaimed, his voice brimming with pride and excitement as he met her gaze. And before he could say more, out of pure joy and relief, Nina launched herself at him, her arms wrapping around his neck as she jumped into his embrace. He also caught her effortlessly, his hands sliding under her thighs to hold her up as she clung to him, her body pressed tight against his chest. "I can't believe it!" She cried, her voice bubbling with joy as she buried her face in his neck, her words tumbling out in a rush. "My breasts—they can make milk! I can feed my baby someday—I'm so relieved, Kafka, you have no idea! I was so scared it wouldn't work, but it did it really did!" She pulled back just enough to beam at him, her eyes shimmering with happy tears as she bounced slightly in his arms, her excitement infectious. Camila clapped her hands together, a wide grin breaking across her face as she stepped closer. "That's it, Nina! Look at you—milking like a champ! That's incredible—I'm so happy for you!" Abigail's smile was softer, her hands pressed to her heart as she nodded, her voice warm and tender. "Oh, Nina... That's wonderful! You're going to be such a good mom someday—I knew you had it in you. This is amazing! A miracle indeed!" Seeing everyone praise Nina, Kafka also decided to join in. He tightened his hold on her, his grin turning flirtatious and as his voice dropped to a loving, dirty murmur as he gazed into her eyes. "Look at you, my sexy little milkmaid—squirting all over me like that. All that rough play paid off—now I've got a hot, lactating tiger in my arms, ready to feed the world." "...How's it feel, huh, Nina? Knowing you're mine, dripping and delicious?" Nina's cheeks flushed a deeper green, her verdant eyes sparkling with a mix of bashfulness and delight as she leaned in closer, her lips hovering near his. "It feels... so good, Kafka!~" She murmured, her voice soft and playful as she matched his flirtatious tone. "I love being yours—your d-dirty little milkmaid, your needy little kitten that can't stop dripping from her udders!~" "You made this happen—you're amazing, you know that? I can't stop smiling—I'm so happy, and it's all because of you!~" Her hands slid up to cup his face, her fingers tracing his jaw as their breaths mingled, the air between them crackling with heat. Kafka's eyes darkened with affection and desire, his voice a

husky whisper as he closed the gap. "Damn right it's because of me and let me tell you that I'm gonna take real good care of my lactating goddess, you hear? You're too fucking hot to resist, Nina—all mine to play with, to kiss, to love." And then without a moment to waste, his lips crashed against hers, the kiss deep and passionate, his tongue sweeping into her mouth as he pulled her tighter against him, her breasts pressing into his chest as she moaned softly into the embrace. "Kiss! ~ Kiss!~ Mwah!~ Kiss!~ Nibble!~" Their flirtation spilled over, their voices weaving together as they kissed and murmured between breaths. "You're such a tease." Nina giggled against his lips, her tone light and sultry. "Making me squirt like that—what else you gonna do to me, huh?" "Oh, plenty." Kafka shot back, his hands squeezing her thighs as he nipped at her lower lip. "Gonna milk you dry, then fuck you till you're begging for more—my sexy little cow's got a lot to give, doesn't she?" "Only for you!~" She purred, her eyes half-lidded with adoration as she kissed him again, deeper this time, her tongue dancing with his as their bodies pressed closer, lost in their heated exchange. "Smooch!~ Smooch!~ Kiss!~ Smooch!~ Sip!~" But just as their kiss deepened, a sharp voice cut through the haze. "Alright, you two—enough of that!" Camila called out, her tone a mix of amusement and impatience as she stepped forward, hands on her hips. "You can flirt and suck face later as Nina's not the only one who wants to know her fate here! I've been waiting long enough—my turn, Kafka." "...So, let's see if these babies can do the same trick." She gestured to her plump breasts, her pink nipples already hardening slightly as she shot him a challenging grin. Seeing this, Nina pulled back from Kafka with a playful pout, her lips brushing his one last time before she slid out of his arms, landing lightly on her feet. "Fine, fine—steal him away, Camila." She teased, her voice still bright with joy as she stepped aside, her hands brushing her own breasts with a proud smile. "But good luck keeping up with me I'm the milk queen now!" Kafka chuckled, his gaze shifting to Camila with a wicked, promising glint as he wiped the milk stains from his shirt. "Oh, don't worry, Camila—I've got plenty of energy left." "...Now, let's see what those gorgeous tits of yours can do, huh?" He beckoned her forward, the air thick with anticipation as Abigail and Nina watched, their expression a mix of lingering shock and quiet excitement, wondering if he was going to use the same method to extract the milk like he did or if he had a new trick up his sleeve...