

## God of Milfs 581

### Chapter 581: Taboo Roleplay

The faint milk stains on his shirt glistened under the dim lobby light, clear evidence to Nina's triumph, but now his focus was locked on the pale, voluptuous woman stepping forward with a defiant tilt of her chin. Camila's plump, pale breasts swayed slightly as she moved, her pink nipples already pert and eager, a flush creeping up her neck as she met his gaze head-on. "Alright, hotshot." Camila said, her voice brimming with a mix of bravado and anticipation as she planted her hands on her hips, thrusting her chest out slightly. "You got Nina squirting like a damn fountain—let's see if you can work the same magic on me." "...I'm not about to let her steal all the glory here. These girls deserve a shot too, don't they?" She gave her breasts a little shake, her tone teasing but her eyes flickering with genuine curiosity and a hint of nerves. Nina, still glowing from her victory, leaned against a chair with a playful smirk, her arms crossed under her breasts as she watched. "Go on, Camila—show him what you've got." She called out, her voice light and encouraging. "But don't expect it to be easy—I set the bar pretty high, didn't I? The Milk queen's watching!" She winked, her earlier exhaustion replaced by a bubbly pride as she settled in to enjoy the show. Abigail hovered nearby, her breasts rising and falling with each shallow breath, her hands twisting nervously as she murmured. "Oh, Camila...Be careful—Kafi He's...He's a bit intense today. But I hope it works for you too—it'd be so wonderful if you both could..." Her voice trailed off, her eyes darting between Kafka and Camila with a mix of apprehension and quiet excitement. "Don't worry about me, Abi, I can handle him." Camila shot Abigail a quick grin, her confidence unwavering as she turned back to Kafka. "Let's do this, Kafka—show me what you've got." "...Make these babies sing, huh?" She arched her back slightly, offering her breasts to him with a bold, inviting gesture, her pale skin glowing under the soft light. Kafka met Camila's grin with a sly, knowing smile of his own, his eyes glinting with a mix of mischief and intent. "Alright, Camila, you're in for it now." He said, his voice low and sly. "But this time, I'm switching things up." "...No more nipple focus now. Let's give those gorgeous breasts the attention they deserve..." "...And I also I read that the more turned on you are, the better it'll be to enable your lactation—more blood flow, more heat, more everything..." "...And don't worry, I know exactly how to get you there." He said knowing exactly what kind of things he had to say and do to excite Camila, even though they were a bit taboo in nature. And to do so, he stepped closer, his tone shifting into something warmer, more intimate, as he leaned in and let his words take on a playful, forbidden edge. "Look at you, all grown up now, baby girl." He murmured, his gaze lingering on her chest. "I swear, those breasts of yours have come a long way since you were just my little girl...Remember how small they used to be? Barely anything to hold onto." "...Now? Goddamn, you've filled out so much—makes a father proud to see his daughter turn into such a woman." His hands hovered just above her skin, not quite touching yet, letting the anticipation build as he leaned into the taboo roleplay he knew she absolutely craved, his voice dripping with just the right amount of affection and tease. Camila's bravado faltered for a split second as Kafka's words sank in, her cheeks flushing a faint pink. She blinked rapidly, caught off guard by the sudden shift into this intimate, fatherly tone. "W-Wait, what?" She stammered, her voice cracking slightly as she tried to process the unexpected direction. But then she caught the way he was looking at her—those solemn, approving eyes, warm and steady, like he really meant every word. Something clicked, and the fluster melted into a slow, delighted grin as she realized just how much she liked it and excited she became whenever anything taboo came into play. "Oh, you're

good, Kafka." She murmured, her confidence creeping back as she leaned into the roleplay. "And if that's how you want to play, I'll gladly oblige." She then tilted her head, batting her lashes up at him, and let her voice drop into a softer, more playful lilt like she had returned decades to the past when she was still a young girl. "Okay, Daddy." She said, loud enough for the others to hear, her tone dripping with a mix of tease and genuine excitement. "Guess I've been a good girl growing up for you, huh?" Hearing this absurd and childish proclamation from Camila who was usually the maturest in the group, Abigail's jaw dropped slightly, her eyes widening as she exchanged a quick, stunned glance with Nina, who looked equally thrown. "D-Did she just—?" Abigail whispered, barely audible, while Nina's hand flew to her mouth, stifling a surprised laugh. Neither had expected Camila to dive in so fully, but the shock on their faces only seemed to egg her on as she kept her gaze locked on Kafka, fully committed now. Kafka's lips curled into a pleased smirk as Camila leaned into the roleplay, her 'Daddy' ringing out with just the right mix of mischief and sincerity. "That's my girl." He said, his voice rich with approval as he finally let his hands settle lightly on her shoulders, guiding her gently into position. "I always knew you'd turn out perfect—look at you now, making Daddy proud." His fingers traced a slow, deliberate path down her arms, stopping just short of her chest, teasing the moment out as he held her gaze. Camila giggled, a little breathless now, fully caught up in the dynamic. "Well, I had to grow up big and strong for you, didn't I, Daddy?" She teased, as she pressed herself forward, her voice a sultry purr. "You gonna take care of me now, Daddy?" She asked, her eyes glinting with anticipation, her body practically buzzing with the thrill of the roleplay. Kafka chuckled, a low, rumbling sound that vibrated through the air between them. "Hold your horses, sweetheart." He said, his hands hovering just above her skin, teasing her with the promise of contact. "Don't get too hasty now. Daddy's gonna get there, but first...I just wanna take a good, long look at my little girl's breasts." "...I mean just look how big they've gotten over the years—damn near a miracle, huh?" His hands finally descended, cupping her generously, his fingers splaying wide as he groped her with a slow, appreciative squeeze. "I'm not joking, Camila, it wasn't that long ago you barely had any buds on that chest of yours. Flat as a board, running around without a care. And now?" He squeezed again, a little harder this time, his thumbs brushing the sides as he marveled. "Now you've got so much they're practically spilling out of my hands. Overflowing, even. Can't even hold all of you anymore—my little girl's all grown up." Camila let out a soft, needy whimper, her body arching into his touch as she soaked in every word. She bit her lip, her voice dropping into a lewd, sultry tone as she played along, her eyes locked on his. "Oh, Daddy, you have no idea how it all happened." She said, her words dripping with a mix of nostalgia and heat, as she recalled memories from her actual school days. "I started noticing the changes back at the start of high school, you know? Just these little hints at first—tiny swells that barely showed under my shirts. I'd catch myself in the mirror and think, 'Huh, something's different.'" "But then the next year hit, and bam—they just exploded out of nowhere. Like, one summer I'm still this flat little kid, and by sophomore year, I'm lugging these big, heavy things around. Couldn't hide them even if I tried." She shifted closer, pressing herself more firmly into his hands, her voice growing huskier as she leaned into the memory. "It was such a mess, too. Bras didn't fit right—I'd spill out of everything, straps digging into my shoulders cause they weren't made for girls like me yet." "Gym class? Torture. Running around with these bouncing everywhere, feeling every eye on me...And it wasn't just the boys, either—girls, too. Teachers, even. I'd walk down the hall, and it was like I had a spotlight on my chest. Couldn't escape it." "Boys tripping over themselves and the girls—half of them jealous, half of them staring just as hard. I'd catch them looking in the locker room, pretending they weren't. It made me so damn self-conscious at first, but then...I kinda started liking it. Knowing I had something they wanted so much." Kafka grinned

wider, his hands kneading her flesh with a slow, deliberate rhythm as he listened, his eyes dark with appreciation. "Of course they couldn't look away, baby girl." He said, his voice a rough growl now, thick with lewd pride. "You've got milkers the size of these—fuck, they're goddamn showstoppers. Who wouldn't stare? Boys, girls, doesn't matter—they're all helpless when you're walking around with a rack this full, this perfect." "Bet you drove 'em all crazy back then, didn't you? Strutting through those halls, letting them bounce just enough to make jaws drop." "...And now here you are, letting Daddy get a front—row seat to all that hard work. These beauties deserve every bit of attention they get." Camila's eyes fluttered half-closed, a sly, needy smile tugging at her lips as she pressed herself closer, her voice dropping into a sultry, almost desperate whisper. "I didn't care about their attention, Daddy." She said, her tone thick with longing. "All those stares, those whispers—I didn't give a damn about any of 'em. Boys drooling, girls glaring it didn't mean a thing to me." "...The only attention I ever wanted was yours, Daddy. Just you looking at me...at my breasts...like they were made for you. I'd catch myself thinking about it, you know? Wondering what it'd feel like to have my father's eyes on me, really seeing me." "...That's all I ever cared about." Kafka's grin widened, a dark, appreciative edge to it as he tilted his head, his gaze going over her with exaggerated slowness. "Listen to you." He drawled, his voice low and teasing, laced with mock disbelief. "Here I thought you were my pristine little princess—all elegant and proper, gliding around like some untouchable angel." "...But you're a dirty girl, aren't you? So damn filthy under all that grace, wanting your own father to look at you like this, to touch you like this." He bent down, his breath hot against her skin as his lips hovered just above her chest, teasing her with the nearness. Then, with a slow, deliberate motion, he closed the distance, his mouth latching onto her breast, sucking gently at first, then harder, his tongue flicking against her as he groaned into her flesh. "Ahhh!~ Daddy!~ Mmm!~" Camila gasped, a sharp, excited sound that melted into a moan as her hands flew to his shoulders, gripping him tight. "Oh, Daddy—yes!~" She breathed, her voice trembling with arousal as she threw herself deeper into the roleplay, her words spilling out in a frantic, lust-drenched rant. "I couldn't help it, you know? I tried—I swear I tried to be good, to not think about you like that—but how could I not?" "You're so fucking cool, so handsome, standing there like some kinda god I couldn't look away from. I'd watch you, Daddy, all those little things you did that made my heart race." "Like when you'd carry me on your shoulders at the park, even when I was getting too big for it, just cause I begged you to...Or that time you stayed up all night fixing my bike after I crashed it, just so I wouldn't miss that race with my friends." She stated memories she actually had with Kafka like when she went piggy back riding with him in the park date or the time Kafka taught her how to ride a bike and changed them to her favour. She then continued saying, "...You'd grin at me, all sweaty and proud, and I'd feel my stomach flip—like, how could I not fall for you?" Her fingers dug into him as his mouth worked her breast, her body squirming under the heat of his touch. "And the way you treated me." She went on, her voice rising with a mix of adoration and desperation. "It was different, wasn't it? Not like the others. You'd call me your princess, your special girl—always made me feel like I was the only one that mattered." "Like when you'd sneak me extra dessert after dinner, winking at me while everyone else got mad, or how you'd sit with me for hours, listening to me ramble about stupid school drama like it was the most important thing in the world." "...You cherished me, Daddy—spoiled me rotten—and I couldn't help it. I'd lie awake at night, thinking about you, about how I wanted you to see me...really see me. Not just as your little girl anymore, but like this—grown up, full, ready for you." Kafka pulled back just enough to look up at her, his lips glistening, his eyes dark with hunger. "My dirty little princess." He murmured, his voice rough with approval as he squeezed her other breast, rolling it in his palm. "Falling for your old man because he fixed your bike and gave you extra ice cream?"

You're a mess, sweetheart—a beautiful, twisted mess." "...But who am I to say that you're a mess when I'm sucking on these perfect tits like I've wanted to for years. You've got me wrapped around your finger, don't you?...Always did." He dove back in, his mouth claiming her again, more insistent now, as his free hand slid up her side, anchoring her against him. Camila's head tipped back, a throaty laugh spilling out between her gasps. "Oh, Daddy, you have no idea." She purred, her voice dripping with delight. "Wrapped around my finger? Good—because I've been dreaming about this forever." "Every time you hugged me too tight, every time you'd pick me up and spin me around, I'd feel these stupid butterflies and think, 'God, if he only knew what I wanted'." She echoed her own words, then let them spill out further, dark and unrestrained. "All those dirty little fantasies I'd spin up in my head, Daddy—stuff I'd never say out loud till now. Like those normal days that'd twist into something else." "...You'd be helping me with homework at the kitchen table, all focused and serious, and I'd imagine you getting fed up with my whining—ripping my top right off, buttons popping everywhere, and just...going for it. Sucking my breasts like you couldn't hold back anymore, your hands all over me." "..Or when I'd sass you too much, and I'd picture you bending me over your knee, spanking my ass red till I begged you to stop—or didn't. Sometimes it'd go darker—full—on fucking me right there on the floor, no hesitation, just raw and messy cause I pushed you too far." Her words hung in the air, and across the room Nina's face flushed a deeper red as she heard it all, her eyes wide as she clutched Abigail's arm. "Holy shit...Just what kind of filth is she spewing." Nina whispered, barely audible, her voice a mix of shock and reluctant fascination. Abigail's cheeks were also practically glowing, her mouth parted in disbelief as she stared at Camila, who was too lost in her rant to notice their reactions. "C-Camila...She's becoming unhinged...W-What should we do?" Abi muttered, her hand pressing against her own chest like she could shield herself from the escalating heat of the scene.

#### Chapter 582: Punish Me, Daddy!

Camila didn't stop even amongst the whispers coming from Nina and Abigail from the side, her voice growing breathier as Kafka's hands roamed her chest, his fingers teasing her nipples now, pinching and rolling them with expert precision. She moaned, leaning into his touch as she rambled on. "And this—oh, fuck, Daddy, the way you're playing with my nipples right now, leaving your mark all over me—I'd dream about this too!" "You biting me, sucking me till I was covered in little bruises, proof you'd been there. I think...I think that's why they got so big, you know? These breasts—they grew for you!" "All that love I had bottled up, all that need to make you notice me more than anyone else. I'd catch myself in the mirror sometimes, cupping them, thinking, 'If they were bigger, maybe Daddy'd look at me instead of....'" Her gaze flicked sideways then, landing on Abigail with a sudden, pointed intensity that made her freeze. "...Instead of her." Camila added, her voice dipping into something sharp and possessive as she nodded toward Abigail like she was stepping into the role of her mother. "I'd watch you with her—Mom, always so perfect, so cherished—and I'd burn up inside. Jealous as hell. The way you'd look at her, Daddy, like she was your whole world, just because her breasts were so big and full. I'd stare at her..." Her eyes dropped deliberately to Abigail's chest, lingering there with a mix of envy and challenge "...and think, 'Why does she get all that? Why's it always her you spoil?' I wanted it to be me. I wanted you to see my breasts, to love me like that—more than her, more than anyone." Abigail jolted, her hands flying up to cover her chest instinctively as her face turned an even brighter shade of crimson. "Camila—W-What are you even saying? When did I become your mother?...I-I mean, how can I be your parent when your older than me?!" She sputtered, her voice a strangled mix of embarrassment and outrage. Nina, beside her, choked on a laugh, her own blush deepening as she whispered. "Oh my God, she's

dragging you into this now, she's lost it, Abi, completely lost it." Kafka smiled at this sight and then pulled back just enough to glance at Camila's face, his lips wet and curved into a wicked grin as he caught the thread of her fantasy. "You little minx." He growled, his voice thick with heat as he tweaked her nipple harder, making her gasp. "Jealous of your own mother, huh? Wanting Daddy all to yourself? That's some filthy shit, sweetheart—and here I thought I was the twisted one." "...Look at you, spilling all these secrets while I mark you up—bet you'd love it if I fucked you right in front of her, wouldn't you? Show her who my real princess is now." He ducked back down, his mouth latching onto her breast again, sucking with renewed fervor as his hands gripped her tighter, feeding into the chaos of her words. Camila's laugh was shaky, edged with delirium as she squirmed against him. "Oh, Daddy, you get it—fuck, you get it." She panted, her hands tangling in his hair as she pressed him closer. "I'd imagine that too—her watching, seeing you choose me, seeing how much better I could be for you." "All those times she'd flaunt herself, thinking she had you locked down—I'd think, 'Just wait till he gets a load of these.' And now you have, and—oh God, don't stop—it's everything I wanted." "...Mark me up, Daddy, make me yours, make her see I'm the one you can't resist." Her voice cracked with a moan, her body trembling as she lost herself in the lewd spiral of her own making, oblivious to the stunned, red-faced audience she'd left in her wake. Kafka's mouth pulled away from her breast with a wet pop, his eyes narrowing as he looked up at Camila, his expression shifting from playful to something darker, more serious. "You know, sweetheart." He said, his voice low and edged with a sternness that made her breath catch. "I can handle my little girl having feelings for me. That's fine—Daddy's flattered, even...But to actually be jealous of your own mother? To resent her like that, wishing you could take her place?" "...That's something I can't just let slide." He straightened up, towering over her now, his hands still resting on her chest as he locked eyes with her, his gaze intense and unyielding. "That's crossing a line, Camila. And for that? You need to be punished. Punished for being so damn wicked, envying your own mom like some spoiled brat." Camila's eyes widened, a thrill shooting through her as his words sank in. Her pussy clenched, a fresh wave of heat pooling between her thighs, soaking her even more as her nipples tightened into aching points. She squirmed under his stare, her voice coming out fervent and shaky with excitement. "Punished?" She breathed, her lips parting as she leaned closer, practically vibrating with anticipation. "Oh, Daddy, how? How're you gonna punish me? How're you gonna put me in my place?...Tell me, please—I need to know." Kafka's grin returned, slow and wicked, his eyes glinting with menace. "Well, baby girl..." He drawled, his hands sliding up to cup her breasts again, giving them a firm squeeze. "At first, I thought about spanking that fat little ass of yours. Bending you over, making it nice and red till you learned your lesson. But then I remembered—" His thumbs brushed her nipples, making her gasp. "—I'm already playing with these gorgeous tits. Why waste the chance and I thought I'll punish these instead. Teach you right where it counts." Camila's breath hastened, her chest heaving as she stared at him, her voice trembling with eager curiosity. "Punish my breasts? How, Daddy? What're you gonna do to them?" Her tone was full with lust, her body practically begging for whatever he had in mind, her skin flushing hot under his touch. And in response he tilted his head, his grin widening as he let the tension build. "How I'm going to punish you?...Well, the same way you spank an ass, Camila. The exact same way you normally punish a naughty girl like you." He said simply, his voice dropping to a rough growl. And then, without another word, he reared back his hand and slap—brought it down hard across her right breast. Slap!~ The sound cracked through the room, sharp and startling, her flesh jiggling wildly from the impact. A bright red handprint bloomed across her pale skin, her breast flopping back into place as she yelped, shock and fluster painting her face. Seeing this, Nina flinched, her hands flying to her mouth as she let out a muffled. "Oh my God!" Abigaille's jaw dropped, her blush spreading

down her neck as she stared, wide-eyed, muttering. "He...He actually did it. He actually slapped her b-breasts?" The room seemed to shrink under the weight of the moment, every eye locked on Camila's quivering form. Kafka then paused, his hand hovering as he looked at her, his tone softening just enough to check in. "How'd that feel, sweetheart? Did it hurt?" Camila's chest heaved, her breath ragged as she glanced down at the stinging red mark, then back up at him. And then to Nina and Abigail's shock her voice came out flustered, raw, and dripping with honesty. "It...It did hurt, Daddy." She admitted, her cheeks burning as she bit her lip. "Stung like hell, actually." "...But knowing it's you—knowing my father's the one punishing me, putting me in my place—I can't help it. It's making me so fucking excited!~" She shifted, pointing shakily at her nipples, now painfully hard and jutting out like little peaks. "Look at them—they're so hard right now. I can't even think straight—it's like the pain's turning me on more." Kafka's eyes darkened, a hungry edge creeping into his grin as he watched her unravel. "My god, you're a lewd little thing, aren't you?" He growled, his voice bellied with arousal. "Getting off on your own punishment? That's not right, baby girl you're too damn filthy for your own good....Guess I've gotta keep going, huh? Punish you till you learn." And then without waiting for her reply, he swung again—slap his hand cracking against her left breast this time, sending it bouncing as another red mark flared to life. Slap!~ Then, before she could catch her breath, he struck the right one again—slap—and kept going, alternating left and right in a steady, relentless rhythm. Slap!~ Slap!~ Slap!~ And along with the sharp slaps, Camila's moans spilled out, a combination of ecstasy and pain as her breasts flopped and jiggled under his assault, the skin glowing redder with each hit. "Oh—fuck, Daddy!~" She cried, her voice breaking as she arched into it, her body trembling. "Yes—punish me, please!~ I've been so bad—jealous and greedy—make me feel it!~" Her thighs squeezed together, her arousal soaking through as the sharp sting of each slap mingled with the thrill of his dominance, her nipples throbbing with every impact. Nina turned her face into Abigail's shoulder, half-laughing, half-horrified. "S-She's actually loving this look at her, Abi, she's a mess!" Abigail just shook her head, her voice a hoarse whisper. "I can't—I can't even process this. She's become so lewd, and Kafi...Kafi's just feeding into it." But Camila didn't hear them, didn't care—her world had narrowed to Kafka's hands, the heat of his punishment, and the dark, delicious spiral they'd tumbled into together. That is until Kafka's hands paused mid-air, the faint tremor in his fingers betraying how much he was enjoying this twisted game as much as she was. Camila's chest heaved, her breasts a patchwork of glowing red handprints, each mark a piece of evidence to their shared descent into this heated chaos. Her eyes, glassy with a mix of pain and pleasure, locked onto his, a silent plea shimmering in their depths as her lips parted, breathless and eager. "More, Daddy?" She whispered, her voice a sultry rasp, dripping with need. "You're not done with me yet, right? I've been so bad—don't stop now!~" Her hips shifted, thighs rubbing together as the slick heat between them betrayed just how much she craved this, her nipples standing out like hard, desperate little beacons against her flushed skin. Kafka's grin twisted into something feral, his breath hitching as he drank in her willingness—her enthusiasm—for the punishment they'd woven together. "Oh, sweetheart." He growled, his voice thick and rough. "You're damn right I'm not done. You're begging for it, aren't you? My dirty little girl, loving every second of this." He cupped her breasts again, gentler this time, thumbs brushing over her swollen nipples just to feel her shudder under his touch. "You want Daddy to keep going? Keep making these tits pay for that filthy jealousy of yours?" "Yes—please!~" Camila moaned, her head tipping back as she pressed herself into his hands, her body practically vibrating with anticipation. "I want it, Daddy. I deserve it!" "...Punish me however you want, just don't hold back. I'm yours to fix!~" Her eagerness was unmistakable, woven into every word, every trembling inch of her as she surrendered to the erotic dance they'd started. Kafka chuckled, his hands tightening on

her as he leaned in close, his breath hot against her ear. "Alright, baby girl, you asked for it." He murmured, his tone dripping with promise. "Let's see how much you can take." He pulled back just enough to raise his hand again, but this time he didn't go straight for the slap. Instead, he let his fingers graze her right breast, teasing the tender, reddened skin with a featherlight touch that made her whimper, her body tensing in delicious expectation. Slap!~ Then slap, he brought his palm down, softer than before but still firm enough to send her breast bouncing, the sting drawing a sharp, needy gasp from her lips. "Fuck—yes!~" She cried, her voice cracking as she writhed, the mix of pain and pleasure lighting her up from the inside. "Like that, Daddy—keep going!~" Her encouragement spurred him on, and he struck again—slap this time on the left, watching with hooded eyes as her flesh jiggled and another faint red bloom joined the canvas he'd made of her chest. Nina, still clinging to Abigaille, let out a nervous giggle, her face buried half in her older sister's shoulder. "She's...she's really into this, huh? Like, really into it." She mumbled, her own cheeks still flushed as she peeked at the scene. Abigaille nodded, her voice a shaky whisper. "Yeah, and my Kafi's matching her energy." Kafka didn't let up, his rhythm slow and deliberate now, each slap a measured burst of sensation that kept Camila teetering on the edge. Slap right breast. Slap left. He alternated with a hypnotic rhythm, pausing between strikes to knead her tender flesh, rolling her nipples between his fingers until she was moaning nonstop, a lewd symphony of "Oh, Daddy!~ Ahhh, fuck!~ Nnnn, more!~" spilling from her lips. Her pussy was also a mess, the wetness seeping through her thighs as she squirmed, the erotic sting of his punishment pushing her higher with every hit. "You feel that, sweetheart?" He rasped, his voice hoarse with his own arousal as he landed another sharp slap across her right breast, watching it sway. "That's what you get for being such a greedy little thing. Wanting Daddy all to yourself—gonna make sure you remember who's in charge here." He pinched her nipple hard after the next slap, twisting just enough to make her yelp, her body arching into him as she chased the sensation. Camila's hands gripped his arms, nails digging in as she panted, her words tumbling out in a lust-drunk haze. "I do—I remember, Daddy! I'm yours, all yours! Punish me till I'm good again, till I'm perfect for you!~" Her breasts throbbed under his relentless attention, the heat and sting blending into a euphoric buzz that had her trembling, her euphoria loud and clear in every moan, every plea. "Harder Daddy, please!~ I can take it, I swear!~"

### Chapter 583: Breast Milk Gun

Kafka obliged, his next slap landing with a bit more force, the sound echoing as her breast bounced wildly, a fresh handprint flaring bright against her skin. "That's my girl." He growled, his own excitement evident in the tightness of his grip, the way his eyes devoured her every reaction. "Taking it so well—Daddy's proud of you, even if you're a filthy little mess." His hands then moved with a relentless, rhythmic precision, each slap against Camila's tender breasts sending a jolt of electric heat through her body. Her skin glowed a deep, mottled red now, the handprints overlapping into a chaotic map of their shared desire, her nipples swollen and hypersensitive from his teasing pinches and twists. Her moans also grew louder, wilder, her voice a raw, unbroken stream of "Daddy—oh fuck—yes, yes!~" as the pleasure built inside her, a tight coil winding tighter with every stinging strike. Her thighs trembled, slick with her arousal, the fabric of her pants clinging wetly to her skin as her pussy pulsed with need. "Harder, Daddy, please!...I'm so close!~" She begged, her body arching into each hit, chasing the edge she could feel looming just out of reach. Kafka nodded, his next slap landing with a sharp crack across her left breast, the force sending it bouncing wildly as she cried out, her nails digging into his arms. "That's it, baby girl." He growled, his voice rough with his own mounting excitement. "Let it build—let Daddy push you there." The slaps came faster now—slap, slap, slap—a lewd banter of sultry nosies that filled the room, her

breasts jiggling and swaying with every impact, the pain and pleasure blurring into a single, overwhelming sensation. Camila's breath finally stopped, her eyes rolling back as the coil inside her snapped, and immediately hot wave of ecstasy crashed through her. "Oh God!~ Daddy I'm about to —!" Her words dissolved into a scream as she came, her pussy clenching hard as she squirted, a gush of wetness soaking through her pants, drenching the fabric and pooling beneath her. "Splurt!~ Splish!~ Gloop!~ Sploosh!~" "Squelch!~ Glug!~ Thwap!~ Squish!~" Her knees buckled, her body collapsing forward as her battered, bruised breasts pressed into Kafka's chest, the tender flesh throbbing against him as she clung to him, shuddering through the aftershocks. Kafka's arms also wrapped around her instantly, strong and steady, holding her up as she sagged against him, her breath ragged and hot against his neck. He hugged her tight, one hand stroking her back as the other cradled her head, his voice softening into a low, teasing murmur. "Well, damn, sweetheart." He said, a chuckle rumbling in his chest. "Seems like you enjoyed that a little too much. Here I was, trying to punish you, and you're falling apart like that?" "...Guess I've failed as a father as I couldn't even discipline you properly, could I?" Camila shook her head weakly, still panting as she tilted her face up to meet his gaze, her eyes shining with a mix of exhaustion and adoration. "No, Daddy." She whispered, her voice tender and loving despite the rasp of overuse. "You didn't fail at all—you're the best father I could ever have." "...Showing your daughter so much pleasure, making me feel like this? Nobody else could do that. You're perfect." She pushed herself up on her tiptoes, her body trembling with the effort, and pressed her lips to his in a deep, passionate kiss. Her tongue slipped past his lips, hungry and fervent, tasting him as she poured every ounce of her devotion into it, her bruised breasts brushing against him with every shaky breath. When she finally pulled back, her lips swollen and glistening, a flicker of anxious excitement crossed her face. She bit her lip, her voice dropping to a nervous, hopeful whisper. "Daddy...Do you think—do you think this was enough? Enough for me to...start lactating like you said?" Kafka's eyes narrowed, a smirk tugging at his lips as he looked down at her, his hand still resting on her back. "So you want to know if your breasts are working or not, huh?" He mused, his tone teasing but intrigued. "Well, baby girl, there's only one way to find out, isn't there?" His smirk widened, a wicked glint sparking in his gaze. "But this time, I'm not doing the milking. You've had Daddy's hands all over you —now I wanna see you do it. All by yourself, so show me what you've got." Camila blinked, caught off guard, a flush creeping up her cheeks as the suggestion sank in. "Me?" She stammered, her voice a little of surprise and budding arousal. But then her lips curved into a lewd, eager smile, her eyes lighting up with the challenge. "Yes, Daddy." She purred, her tone shifting to something sultry and obedient. "If that's what you want, I'll do it—for you." She then stepped back just enough to give herself room, her hands trembling slightly as they rose to her chest, hovering over her battered breasts. She started slow, her fingers brushing the tender, red skin, a soft hiss escaping her lips at the sensitivity. "Like this, Daddy?" She asked, glancing at him with a coy, pleading look as she cupped herself, her palms pressing into the swollen flesh. She squeezed gently at first, testing the pressure, then harder, her thumbs grazing her nipples as she bit her lip, a quiet moan slipping out. "I'll milk them for you...I'm going try so hard to please you." Her hands kneaded and pressed, rolling her breasts in her grip, her movements growing more confident as she fell into the rhythm, her arousal flaring anew at the thought of him watching. "Fuck, look at me, Daddy." She breathed, her voice full of need as she pinched her nipples, tugging slightly, her body swaying as she worked herself. "All bruised up from you, trying to get some milk out—just for you. You think it'll happen? You think I can do it?" Her fingers pressed deeper, massaging with intent, her breath hastening as she pushed her limits, the soreness blending with a fresh wave of pleasure under his approving gaze. "Tell me I'm doing good—tell me you like it, please." Her eyes stayed locked on his, desperate for his reaction, her hands



relentless as she chased the fantasy they'd built together as well as her hope of feeding her children in the future. Kafka watched Camila with a mix of pride and wicked delight, his smirk widening as her hands worked her tender, bruised breasts with growing fervor. "Come on, baby girl." He finally urged, his voice a low, encouraging rumble. "Do your best for Daddy—you've got it in you. Squeeze those tits hard, just like Nina did. She lactated like a champ, and I know you can too." "...Show me you're ready and make them give it up." His words lit a fire in Camila, her eyes flashing with determination as she nodded eagerly. "Like Nina did?" She panted, her hands gripping her breasts tighter, fingers digging into the swollen flesh with renewed purpose. "Okay, Daddy—I'll do it, I'll be just as good—no, better! I'm gonna lactate, gonna be a real mother for you!" Her movements turned almost frenzied, a wild mix of anticipation and raw, desperate energy as she groped and squeezed with all her heart, her breath coming in short, ragged bursts. She kneaded her breasts like she was sculpting them, thumbs pressing hard against her nipples, her body trembling with the effort as she chased that elusive release. And then—finally—it happened. Splurt!~ Splurt!~ Two sharp spurts of milk shot out, one from each breast, the thin streams catching the light as they splashed onto her hands. And the moment it did Camila's eyes went wide, a gasp tearing from her throat as joy, excitement, and relief flooded her all at once. "Oh my God—Daddy!" She squealed, her voice breaking with giddy disbelief as she stared at the milky droplets clinging to her fingers. She then started jumping up and down, her battered breasts bouncing wildly with each hop, milk dribbling down her chest as she turned to Kafka, beaming. "Look! I did it! I can lactate! I've got milk now, Daddy! I can bear your children properly! It's all because of you—all because of my perfect, amazing father!" And before he could respond, she launched herself at him, arms wrapping around his neck as she peppered his face with aggressive, sloppy kisses—cheeks, forehead, jaw, anywhere she could reach. "You're the best—the best father in the whole fucking world!" She cried between kisses, her voice thick with adoration and exhilaration. "You made me like this—made me perfect—thank you, thank you, thank you!" Kafka chuckled, a deep, rumbling sound as he caught her in his arms, steadying her wild energy. "Easy there, sweetheart." He said, his tone teasing as he felt the dampness seeping into his shirt. "You shouldn't hug me like that—you're getting me all wet." Camila froze mid-kiss, pulling back with a confused blink. "Wet?" She mumbled, then looked down at herself, her hands still hovering near her chest. And then her eyes widened again as she realized what had happened—her breasts, squeezed tight against him in her enthusiasm, had leaked all over his shirt, the milk soaking through in messy, glistening streaks. "Oh no!" She gasped, a laugh bubbling up as she grabbed her breasts again, staring at them in awe. "I didn't expect to leak that much!" "...I mean, they definitely didn't leak this much when I had Bella." She said, pulling herself out of character as she remembered the last time she has milk seeping out of her breasts. She then cupped them gently at first, marveling at the way they felt—fuller, heavier now that she'd tapped into this new part of herself. Then, a mischievous glint sparked in her eyes, and her lips curled into a playful, almost childlike grin. "Wait—hold on." She said, her voice dropping to a giddy whisper as she stepped back, hands tightening on her chest. "These are too fun not to play with." And then, without warning, she pointed her breasts at him and squeezed hard, aiming the next spurt of milk right at his face. Splurt!~ The thin stream hit his cheek with a wet splat, trickling down as she burst into delighted laughter. "Gotcha, Daddy!" She squealed, squeezing again, sending another splash his way as she danced in place, her movements carefree and unrestrained. "Look at this—it's like a game!" She kept going, milk spraying in little bursts as she aimed at him, giggling like a kid with a new toy, her breasts jiggling with each press. "You made these, Daddy—you turned me into this! Aren't they the best?" Kafka wiped a hand across his face, milk dripping from his fingers as he laughed, a rough, indulgent sound. "You little menace." He said, shaking his head as

he licked a stray drop from his thumb, his eyes glinting with amusement. "Soaking me like that? You're a damn handful, you know that? But yeah—they're the best. My perfect, leaky little girl—go on, keep playing. Let's see how much you've got in there." He leaned back, arms crossed, letting her have her fun, his shirt already a mess as the once mature and graceful Camila giggled like a little girl and squirted, lost in the wild, erotic joy of her newfound ability. But just as Camila was about to squeeze her breasts again, milk already beading at her nipples from the sheer fun of it, Nina suddenly stepped forward with a sharp huff, and then to her shock her hand darted out to deliver a quick, firm slap across Camila's tender, red-streaked chest. Slap!~ The sudden sting made Camila yelp, her hands dropping as she stumbled back a step, blinking in surprise as she completely lost character. "Ow—what the hell, Nina?! What was that for?!" Nina crossed her arms, her face full of exasperation as she glared at Camila. "Snap out of it already, you perverted lunatic of a bitch!" She scolded, her voice sharp but tinged with a laugh she couldn't quite suppress. "You're lactating now—congrats, you've got milk everywhere, you've soaked Kafka to death." "...But enough already! It's time to let Abigaille have her shot. You've had your fun, now give her a turn." Camila froze for a second, the wild haze of her roleplay still clinging to her, but then she blinked and let out a sheepish chuckle, her shoulders relaxing as she slipped back into her normal self. "Oh my, sorry, sorry!" She said, waving her hands dismissively as she grinned at Nina. "I couldn't help it, okay? It's just...so damn fun! You should've seen how far I got it that last time—total blast!" She wiped a stray drop of milk from her chin, still giggling, then turned her gaze to Abigaille, who'd been perched on the sidelines, her face a deep crimson as she watched the whole spectacle unfold. "Go ahead, Abi." Camila said, her tone teasing but warm as she gestured toward her little sister with a playful nudge of her elbow. "Your turn now—prove you're a mother too! If Nina and I can lactate, you've gotta be able to, right?" "...I mean, look at you—you've got the biggest tits here by a mile. No way those beauties aren't hiding some milk in there." Abigaille's blush deepened, her hands flying up to cover her chest as she sputtered, her voice a flustered mess. "W-What?! Bigger breasts don't mean I can just...just lactate like that!" She protested, her eyes darting around the room as if searching for an escape. "That's not how it works, Camila and you can't just assume I'll... You know!" But even as she stumbled over her words, her gaze flicked to Kafka, lingering there with a mix of nerves and something hotter—anticipation, maybe, or curiosity—her breath catching as she imagined what might come next. Camila caught the look and smirked, stepping closer to nudge Abigaille again. "Oh, come on, don't play shy now. You've been watching us this whole time, all red and squirmy. You're dying to see what Kafka's gonna do to you, aren't you? How he's gonna milk those massive tits of yours?" "...Bet you're already getting excited just thinking about it." "Camila!" Abigaille squeaked, her hands pressing tighter against her chest as if she could hide the evidence of her fluster. "That's—I'm not—I mean—" She trailed off, her protest crumbling as her eyes flicked back to Kafka again, her lips parting slightly as her imagination ran wild. The way he'd handled Camila and Nina, the slaps, the beatings, the pinches, the teasing, the raw intensity of it all—it was impossible not to wonder how he'd approach her, what he'd do to coax milk from her if he even could. Her pulse quickened, a faint heat blooming low in her belly as she shifted on her feet, caught between embarrassment and a growing, undeniable thrill of how her son was going to milk her next...

Chapter 584: If You Weren't My Son...

Abigaille hesitated for a moment, her breath shallow and uneven, before stepping forward toward her son.

Her wide, teary eyes shimmered as she looked up at him, her hands still clutching her chest protectively. She stopped just in front of him, her voice trembling as she spoke, soft and uncertain.

"Kafi...J-Just what exactly are you going to do to me?" She asked, her gaze flickering with fear and curiosity. "How...How are you going to make me let out milk which I don't even know if I can?..." She bit her lip, her expression turning pitiful as she tilted her head, her voice dropping lower. "Are you...Are you going to slap my breasts around too? Like you did with Camila? Or—or abuse them like you did with Nina? I saw how rough you were, and I..."

She trailed off, swallowing hard as she looked at him with those big, pleading eyes, almost like a frightened child despite her determination.

"I—I don't mind, you know, even though I'm a bit scared." She added quickly, her tone wavering but resolute. "You're my son you can do anything to me. Don't hold back if that's what it takes. I'll take it, whatever it is, as long as I can lactate too—as long as I can prove I'm a mother like they are. I just...I need to know...Please." Her words were laced with a fragile bravery, her gentle nature shining through even as she braced herself for the unknown.

Unlike Nina and Camila, with their wild, untamed edges, Abigaille was soft, delicate a tender soul stepping into this with a courageous heart, driven by a quiet desperation to uncover her own truth.

And seeing this, Kafka's smirk faltered, as he took her in, those pitiful, glistening eyes piercing straight through him. His chest tightened, an arrow of guilt and affection striking his heart as he saw her trembling resolve.

The thought of treating his mother like he had Nina or Camila—of slapping her around, bruising her fragile frame suddenly felt unthinkable. His mother, so cute and adorable in her vulnerability, was nothing like the others. Hurting her would shatter him.

So, instead, his hand moved instinctively, reaching out to pet her head with a soft, reassuring touch, his fingers threading gently through her hair as a warm smile spread across his face.

"Hey, hey, no tears now." He said, his voice dropping to a soothing murmur. "Of course I'm not gonna do that to you, Mom. I couldn't bear hurting you—not like that. You're too precious for me to rough up."

"We're gonna go a different way—gentle, loving, just how you deserve. No slapping, no abuse just me taking care of you, alright?"

Abigail's eyes widened in pleasant surprise, a soft gasp escaping her as the tension in her shoulders melted away.

"Really?" She whispered, her voice lifting with relief as she leaned into his touch, her lips trembling into a small, grateful smile. "Oh, thank you, Kafi—I was so scared, but...That sounds so much better."

But before she could say more, Nina's voice cut through the moment, sharp and indignant.

"Wait a damn minute!" She snapped, stepping forward with her arms crossed, her face flushed with irritation. "Why's she getting the gentle treatment, Kafka? You absolutely abused me—humiliated me in front of everyone and now you're all soft and sweet with her? What's that about, huh? Why's she special?"

Kafka turned to her, his smile shifting into a sly, knowing grin as he raised an eyebrow.

"Oh, come off it, Nina." He said, scoffing lightly. "You and my mom? You're different—night and day. She's gentle, wholesome—look at her, all cute and trying her best. She deserves the love, the soft touch...You, on the other hand?" He chuckled, his tone teasing but pointed. "You just proved to everyone here you're one hell of a pervert—took everything I threw at you and loved it."

"...Don't act like you didn't enjoy every second of that 'abuse.'"

Nina's mouth opened to retort, but the words caught in her throat as her face flared a deep red, the truth of his jab hitting home. She stammered for a second, "I-I didn't!" before huffing and stepping back, her arms tightening across her chest as she glared at the floor.

"Whatever..." She muttered, knowing she'd lost this round, her flush betraying the fact that he wasn't entirely wrong.

Kafka laughed softly, shaking his head before turning back to his mother, his expression softening again.

"See? She's fine—she can handle herself. You, though?" He cupped her cheek gently, his thumb brushing away a stray tear. "You're my sweet little mom. We're doing this my way—nice and easy."

"...So, you ready to find out what you've got in there?"

His voice was warm, encouraging, a stark contrast to the wild energy he'd shared with the others, and Abigail nodded, her head in the most adorable way, her small fists pumping up in the air as a determined little squeak escaped her lips.

"I'll do my best!" She declared, her voice bright and earnest, her cheeks puffing out slightly with effort.

The sight was so utterly charming—like a tiny hamster rallying itself for a big task—that even Camila and Nina couldn't help but soften.

Camila clutched her chest dramatically, cooing. "Oh my God, she's too cute—I can't handle it!", while Nina, still flushed from her earlier exchange, muttered under her breath. "Like a little puffball trying so hard...ugh, fine, she wins."

Abigail then turned her wide, hopeful eyes back to Kafka, tilting her head as she asked. "So...What are you going to do, sweetie? How's this gonna work?" Her tone was soft, curious, a faint tremble of nerves threading through it.

Kafka shook his head with a gentle smile, his hand still resting lightly on her hair. "It's not about what I'm gonna do, Mom." He said, his voice warm and patient. "It's about what 'you're' gonna do." Her brows furrowed in confusion, and he chuckled, leaning in a little closer as he elaborated.

"See, the other two—Camila and Nina—they got there with physical stuff, right? Slaps, squeezes, all that wild energy. But this method I heard about? It's different. It's all in here..." He tapped her temple lightly. "...the psychology of a mother and her love for her child. They say if you visualize it strong enough, imagine feeding your own kid with your breasts, really feel that connection, your body listens. It'll start leaking, lactating, all on its own—naturally."

"And since your actual son's standing right here." He gestured to himself with a playful grin. "I figured this is the perfect setup for you."

Abigaille's eyes widened, sparkling with awe as his words sank in. "Really?" She breathed, her voice trembling with wonder. "Just...Imagining it? And I'll lactate? That's so...beautiful." She clasped her hands together, almost reverent, then blinked up at him again, a touch of uncertainty creeping in.

"But...How do I do that? How do I even start?"

Kafka's grin softened into something encouraging. "It's simple, Mom, just the same as what Camila and I were up to just now. But no father-daughter stuff here though."

"Instead, you're a young mom again, and I'm your little boy who still hasn't weaned off your milk. You just lean into that—treat me like I'm your kid, hungry for you, and let that motherly instinct take over. Picture it, feel it, and let it happen."

Abigaille's cheeks flushed a soft pink, her hands fidgeting as she processed the idea. "Oh...Oh my." She murmured, glancing away for a moment before looking back at him, her expression flustered. "I don't know if I can do what Camila did she's so good at all this roleplay stuff! I'm not...I'm not talented like that." Her voice dipped into a self-conscious whine, and across the room, Camila raised an eyebrow, muttering to Nina.

"Talented? At roleplay?...Is that a thing now?"

Kafka laughed softly at her reaction, shaking his head as he squeezed her shoulder reassuringly. "You don't need to be 'talented', Mom—you're already perfect at this. It's not that different from how you normally are with me—all sweet and caring."

"...Just imagine you can lactate too, that it's your job to give your son your milk. You've got that love in you already—it's just about letting it out. I know you can do it."

She hesitated, her lips pursing as she mulled it over, her gentle nature warring with the unfamiliarity of the task.

But then her thoughts drifted to a future where she might hold her own children, to the fear of not being able to provide for them, to nourish them.

That possibility lit a spark of courage in her chest, and with a cute little huff, she straightened up, her fists clenching again.

"Okay." She said, her voice firmer now, though still adorably soft. "I'll do it. I'll try—for you, and for me."

Kafka's face lit up with a proud, tender smile, and he leaned down to press a quick, affectionate kiss to her cheek. "That's my mom." He said, his tone brimming with warmth. "So damn proud of you. Now, from here on out, I'm not gonna talk much—gonna let you take the lead. You carry this however you want, in the most motherly way you can. It's all you now, okay?"

Abigaille froze, the sudden weight of being in charge hitting her like a ton of bricks. She'd never done this kind of roleplay before, and even when she had played along, Kafka had always been the one steering the ship.

Her eyes darted around for a moment, a flicker of panic crossing her face as she realized she was on the spot. But then she took a deep breath, her brows furrowing slightly as a plan started to form in her mind.

And after a few seconds of quiet thought, she looked back up at him, her gaze steadying into something determined, a quiet resolve settling over her delicate features. She was ready—or at least, she was going to try her damndest to step into this motherly roleplay and make herself lactate, driven by love and a fierce little burst of willpower that only she could muster.

She then took a deep breath, her eyes fluttering shut as she steadied herself, her hands clasped tightly in front of her. The room went quiet, the air full of anticipation as she gathered her courage, letting the scenario take shape in her mind.

When she was ready, her lids lifted, revealing a soft, determined gaze that shifted almost instantly into the warm, fretting expression of a mother. She stepped forward toward her son, her movements gentle but purposeful, fully slipping into the roleplay as if a switch had flipped inside her.

"Oh, sweetie, there you are!" She exclaimed, her voice lilting with a mix of relief and exasperation as she reached out to caress his face, her fingers brushing his cheeks in a tender, motherly fuss. "Do you have any idea how late it is? I've been waiting up for you, pacing around, worried sick! You've been out playing football with your friends all day, haven't you?"

"Look at you—covered in dirt and sweat, tracking it all over my clean floors! You shouldn't make your poor mother worry like this—I was starting to think something happened to you!"

Her tone was scolding but soft, her hands cupping his face as she tilted it side to side, inspecting him with a dramatic little sigh.

But then, as her fingers lingered on his skin, her expression softened, a loving glow creeping into her eyes. She paused, her thumbs tracing gently along his jaw as she really looked at him, her voice dropping into a quieter, almost reverent murmur.

"Oh, but...look at you." She said, a faint smile tugging at her lips. "Even all messy like this, you're so handsome. My charming, good looking boy—how'd I end up with a son like you? That perfect jaw, those dark eyes, that messy hair that somehow still looks perfect...You're just too pretty, you know that? Even covered in mud, you've got this...This glow about you."

"...I'm so lucky to have such a handsome son."

She then tilted her head, her hands still cradling his face as she rambled on, lost in her admiration.

"I mean, really—those broad shoulders from all that running around, that little smirk you get when you're up to no good...You must have all the girls chasing after you out there."

"And that laugh of yours—it's been lighting up this house since you were tiny. I'm blessed, truly blessed, to have a boy like you to call mine."

Her voice was warm, overflowing with pride and affection, every word painting a picture of a mother utterly smitten with her child.

But then, her brow furrowed slightly, a flicker of something deeper crossing her face as she paused, her hands stilling.

"Although..." She mused, her tone turning wistful, almost melancholy. "Maybe I'm not that lucky. I mean, you're my son—so handsome, so perfect—and here I am, just your mother. I can't...be with someone as charming as you, can I?"

"...But if you weren't my boy, if you were someone else's son instead..." She trailed off, her cheeks flushing a sudden, bright pink as the taboo weight of her words hit her.



Her hands dropped to her sides, and she let out a flustered little laugh, pressing them to her face. "Oh—oh goodness, what am I even saying? That's...That's silly, isn't it? Forget I said that!"

Across the room, Nina and Camila exchanged wide-eyed glances, their jaws practically on the floor as they watched Abigail's performance unfold.

Nina leaned in close to Camila, whispering under her breath. "Holy shit, she's good. Like, really good. She's got this whole 'doting mom who's maybe a little too into her son' thing down pat—I'm actually buying it!"

Camila nodded, her own brows raised as she murmured back. "Right? I thought I was the roleplay queen, but she's out here fully immersing herself like it's nothing! She's got that sweet, pitiful vibe locked in—might even have me beat with how she's selling this."

Abigail, oblivious to their commentary, stayed in her own world, her blush still lingering as she peeked up at Kafka through her lashes, her hands fidgeting nervously now.

"Anyway." She said, quickly steering herself back on track with a shaky little laugh. "You're home now, and that's what matters. My handsome boy, all grown up but still mine."

"...I-I just want to take care of you, you know? Always have."

Her voice softened again, her eyes glinting with that motherly love she was channeling, the roleplay weaving seamlessly into her gentle nature as she prepared to take it further, her mind already drifting toward the next step of imagining him as her needy, milk-hungry child.

Chapter 585: The True Queen Of Roleplay

Abigail's gentle fussing took a turn as she wrinkled her nose playfully, her hands still resting lightly on Kafka's arms.

"Goodness, Kafi." She said, her voice carrying that soft, motherly chide. "All that playing around out there you smell rather stinky! I swear, I could smell you coming a mile away, all sweaty and dirty from your football games." She gave him a teasing little pout.

But then her expression shifted, her eyes narrowing slightly as she leaned in closer, a peculiar, almost intrigued gaze settling over her features.

"But..." She murmured, her tone softening as she tilted her head, her hands sliding up to his shoulders. "It's not exactly a bad smell, you know? There's something about it..." She took a slow sniff, her eyes fluttering half-closed as a loving, almost dazed look crept into them. "It's...addictive, isn't it? Primal, even. I don't know what it is, but it's got this manliness to it—makes me feel so safe, so at home."

Before he could respond, she stepped forward and wrapped her arms around him, pulling him into a tight hug as she pressed her face into his chest, her nose brushing against his shirt as she inhaled deeply.

"Oh, sweetie, you smell so good right now." She sighed, her voice muffled against him as she started rubbing her face all over his chest, nuzzling him like a cat marking its territory. "All that running around, those games you played it's thick now, so thick and strong...I can't get enough of it!"

Her hands roamed up his sides, her sniffing growing more enthusiastic as she moved higher, her nose trailing toward his armpit.

"Oh, here—here's where it's especially thick." She said, lifting his arm slightly as she buried her face there, taking a deep, deliberate sniff.

"Hnnn!~ Yes!~" A subtle, involuntary moan slipped from her lips, soft but unmistakable, her body relaxing into the scent as if it were intoxicating her.

Nina's eyes nearly popped out of her head, her jaw dropping as she watched Abigail's antics escalate.

"What the actual—?" She whispered, her voice a mix of shock and disbelief as she nudged Camila, who was equally stunned but stifling a laugh. "She's...she's sniffing him? And moaning? I can't—!"

But Abigail wasn't done. She pulled back just enough to look up at Kafka, her eyes hazy with that strange, loving fixation, and then her gaze shifted downward. "Even though it's thick there." She mused aloud, her voice almost dreamy. "I feel like it's even thicker...down below."

Slowly, as if drawn by some magnetic pull, she bent down, her hands sliding along his sides as she descended, her face inching closer and closer until it hovered just above his crotch.

And then with a bold, unhesitating move, she pressed her nose right against the bulge in his pants, submerging herself in it as she took a long, deep sniff, her breath hitching slightly as she inhaled the scent.

For a moment, she lingered there, lost in her own world, that is until a flicker of awareness seemed to jolt her back and she pulled away a fraction, her cheeks flushing a bright red as she straightened up slightly, her hands fluttering nervously.

"Oh—oh my goodness!" She stammered, her voice flustered as she tried to play it off, though her eyes kept darting back to his crotch, unable to fully tear themselves away. "Of course that part of you would smell! I mean, it's...It's enclosed in such a tight place all day, isn't it? And it's such a sensitive spot, so naturally it'd have a—a scent all its own."

"...That's just...just how it works, right?"

She laughed awkwardly, fanning her face as if to cool her embarrassment, but the way her gaze lingered betrayed her, locked on that spot like it held some hypnotic power over her.

Nina clapped a hand over her mouth, muffling a choked sound that was half-laugh, half-horror, while Camila leaned forward, whispering fiercely.

"Okay, she's officially wilder than me—what the hell is this?! She's sniffing his crotch like it's a damn candle! I'm—impressed, honestly."

Nina shook her head, still reeling. "Impressed? I'm traumatized! She's too good at this—way too into it. I thought she was all sweet and innocent, but she's got layers, girl! Layers!"

Their hushed commentary faded into the background as Abigaille stood there, still blushing furiously but caught in the throes of her roleplay, her motherly demeanor now tinged with an unexpected, primal edge that neither of them had seen coming.

She then coughed delicately into her hand, a soft, awkward sound meant to dispel the thick, embarrassing haze that had settled over the room after her impromptu sniffing spree.

She then straightened up, brushing her hair back as she tried to regain her composure, her cheeks still tinged with a stubborn flush.

"Ahem—anyway, sweetie." She said, her voice slipping back into that gentle, motherly tone as she fixed Kafka with a pointed look. "You really should go take a bath. You're all sweaty and sticky from running around out there—it's not good to stay like that. A nice, warm bath would do you wonders."

But then to Nina and Camilla's surprise she suddenly paused, tilting her head as if listening to an unspoken reply, then gasped dramatically, her hands flying to her hips.

"What? You won't take a bath? You're too lazy to even do that?" Her brows furrowed in indignation, her voice rising with playful exasperation. "Oh no, you have to, young man! If you don't, you won't get a proper sleep—you'll be tossing and turning all night, feeling all musty and humid. I won't have my son going to bed like some sweaty little gremlin!"

She paused again, her eyes narrowing as if he'd argued back, her mouth dropping open in exaggerated shock.

"You still won't?" She said, her tone climbing higher with disbelief.

Then, as if he'd thrown out a cheeky and dirty retort, her expression shifted, her cheeks flaring red as she stammered.

"W-What do you mean, if I want you to bathe so bad, I should clean you up myself?...That is b-by licking all the sweaty places?" She waved her hands frantically, her voice pitching up into a flustered squeak. "That's too much! I can't do that—goodness, no!"

But then she froze, her gaze sliding sideways as a sly, contemplative look crept into her eyes. She bit her lip, her hands fidgeting as she mumbled.

"But...at the same time, I can't just let my son stay like this, can I? All grimy and uncomfortable—it's a mother's job to take care of her boy, even if it's...a little embarrassing."

Her voice softened, almost as if she were convincing herself, and she nodded slowly, justifying it aloud.

"I mean, think about it even mama cubs lick their cubs clean, don't they? In the wild, it's perfectly natural! They groom them with their tongues to keep them safe and healthy—so really, it's not wrong if I do the same...right?"

She glanced back at Kafka, her blush deepening but her resolve firming up as she squared her shoulders.

"Yes, that's it." She said, more to herself than to him, her tone growing resolute. "It's just a mother's duty. Nothing strange about it at all! If you won't wash up yourself, then...Well, I suppose I'll have to help you out."

"...Can't have you going to bed all filthy—I'd never forgive myself!"

Abigaille then cleared her throat again, a faint, embarrassed, "Excuse me..." slipping past her lips as she reached out with trembling fingers toward Kafka's shirt.

"I-I can't believe I'm doing this." She muttered under her breath, her cheeks burning as she fumbled with the buttons, undoing them one by one.

The fabric parted slowly, revealing his chiseled upper body—broad shoulders, taut pecs, and abs that rippled like they'd been carved from marble and the moment she saw the sight, her eyes widened, a soft gasp escaping her as she took him in.

"Oh, Kafi...Your body." She breathed, her voice awed and unguarded. "It's so...hot and sexy—look at those muscles! You're just...Wow."

Her words hung in the air for a split second before her face flared an even deeper red, and she waved her hands frantically, backtracking. "N-Not that I meant it like that!" She stammered, her voice pitching up in a fluster. "I just meant it's...very appealing! Yes, that's it—appealing, nothing more! Just...a strong, healthy son, that's all!"

But her eyes betrayed her, darting back to his abs, lingering on the sharp lines of his pecs, her gaze tracing every sculpted curve as if she couldn't help herself.

Across the room, Camila and Nina perked up, their heads snapping toward Kafka as the shirt fell open. They took an involuntary step closer, their eyes glued to his exposed torso, mouths parting slightly as if they might actually drool.

"Oh my." Camila whispered, her voice low and appreciative. "He truly is built like a statue—I don't get bored no matter how many times I see it."

Nina nodded, her own flush deepening as she muttered. "Yeah, I'd lick that too—er, I mean, uh...Wow."

Their stares were shameless, their admiration palpable as they hovered just out of reach, captivated by the sight.

Abigaille, oblivious to their reactions, looked up at Kafka with a cheeky, adorable little grin, her embarrassment giving way to a playful resolve.

"Now, listen here, mister." She said, wagging a finger at him in mock sternness. "This is a one-time thing, okay? From now on, you're taking a bath on your own—no more of this laziness, or I won't be helping you out like this again!" Her tone was firm but laced with affection, and then, with a tiny, determined huff, she leaned in and pressed her tongue to his chest.

She started slow, her licks tentative at first, her tongue gliding over the firm plane of his pecs.

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

The taste of salt and sweat hit her, and she let out a soft hum, her movements growing more confident as she traced the contours of his muscles.

"Mmm...all that sweat." She murmured, her voice muffled against his skin as she lapped at his chest, slurping gently at the base of his pecs before moving higher.

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

Her tongue flicked over his collarbone, then down to his abs, savoring every ridge and dip with a slow, deliberate care that bordered on reverence.

The more she licked, the more she got into it, her hesitance melting away as she embraced the roleplay fully. She dragged her tongue along his shoulder blades, slurping noisily now, the wet sounds echoing in the room as she explored every crevice of his upper body.

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

"Oh, sweetie, you're so...salty." She giggled between licks, her hands bracing against his sides as she worked her way back to his abs, tracing the lines with lewd, lingering strokes.

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

Her slurps grew louder, more enthusiastic, her lips smacking against his skin as she sucked up every drop of sweat she could find, lost in the primal, motherly act she'd justified to herself.

Camila gulped, her eyes darkening with excitement as she leaned closer to Nina. "She's...she's really going for it." She whispered, her voice full awe and arousal.

"Those slurping noises—fuck, that's hot." Nina nodded, her own gaze fixed on Abigaille's tongue darting over Kafka's abs.

"Yeah, she's turning this into a damn show—I'm getting secondhand tingles over here." She muttered, shifting uncomfortably as the erotic tension in the room spiked, their own pulses quickening at the sight of Abigaille's unexpected fervor.

Abigaille, meanwhile, was too caught up in her task to notice their reactions, her tongue gliding over Kafka's skin with a hungry edge now, her soft moans mingling with the wet sounds of her licking as she cleaned him inch by inch, fully immersed in her loving, lewd mission.

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

The salty tang of his sweat coated her tongue, and she let out a soft, throaty hum, her hands splaying across his abs as she pressed herself closer, her breath hot against him.

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

She traced the curve of his pecs with a languid swipe, her lips parting to suck gently at the taut flesh, leaving a faint, wet sheen in her wake.

Her eyes then flicked up to meet his, limpid and glistening with affection and something darker, more primal.

"Sweetie." She purred, her voice low and husky as she paused, her tongue darting out to tease the edge of his collarbone. "Is this fine? Am I doing enough for you?" She tilted her head, her lips hovering just above his skin as she gazed up at him, her expression a sultry blend of innocence and invitation.

Then, as if answering for him, she let out a soft, teasing laugh, her voice dropping even lower. "Oh, you want more, don't you? You're telling me it's not enough—my naughty boy wants his Mommy to keep going, hmm?"

Without waiting for a real reply, she dove back in, her tongue sweeping across his shoulder blades with a slow, sensual drag, sucking lightly at the base of his neck as she murmured against him.

"You're saying, 'Lick me here, Mom—right here, aren't you?'" She cooed, her lips brushing the words into his skin as she obeyed her own imagined command, lapping at the hollow of his throat with a wet, deliberate slurp.

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

Her hands roamed lower, fingers tracing the ridges of his abs as she sank to her knees, her mouth following the path downward.

"Don't stop, you're telling me." She whispered, her voice dripping with heat as she sucked at the dip between his abs, her tongue flicking out to tease the hard lines. "You want me to get every spot—'Lick my abs, Mom, make 'em shine.'"

She complied, her lips closing over each ridge, sucking and slurping with a lewd enthusiasm that filled the air with soft, wet sounds.

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



Her tongue danced over his stomach, dipping into every crevice as she moaned softly, lost in the fantasy she'd spun. "Oh, you're so demanding, sweetie—'Get my sides too,' you're saying." She purred, shifting to drag her tongue along his obliques, her lips smacking as she sucked the sweat from his skin.

"But you know..." She continued, her tone turning velvety and indulgent. "Even if you're so demanding, I don't mind one bit. It's my baby boy I'm licking—my precious little man I brought into this world."

"...Taking care of you like this, tasting every part of you—it's what I'm here for."

Her hands slid up his sides, fingers splaying possessively as she pressed a slow, wet kiss to his abs.

"I'd lick you all over for the rest of your life, sweetie—every day, every night, no complaints. Even if you get a girlfriend or a wife someday, the second you call me, I'd rush over to your house, drop to my knees, and lick you clean from head to toe with this sulky little look in my eyes, just wishing I could keep you all to myself."

Her gaze then dipped lower, settling on the bulge in his pants with a hungry, almost wistful stare. She leaned in closer, her tongue flicking out to wet her lips as she whispered.

"And that part down there? Oh, I wouldn't mind licking that too—getting every last bit of you, making sure you're all taken care of."

Her face hovered just inches from his crotch, her breath warm and teasing as she inched nearer, the air thick with her sultry promise.

But then, just as the tension peaked, she pulled back with a sudden, cheeky giggle, her eyes sparkling as she looked up at him with an impish grin.

"Kidding, kidding!" She chirped, her voice light and playful as she tapped his chest with a finger. "That part's not my duty—that's for your lucky girlfriend to handle!"

"Oh, she's going to be one fortunate girl, getting to have my handsome boy all to herself...I almost feel jealous!" She winked, her blush deepening as she rocked back on her heels, the shift from sultry to teasing seamless and utterly disarming.

Across the room, Camila fanned herself with her hand, her cheeks flushed as she let out a low, shaky breath.

"Goddamn, she's too much." She muttered, her voice thick with heat as she watched Abigail's performance. "I'm burning up over here—she's got me all hot and bothered with that switch-up!"

Beside her, Nina gripped the back of a chair for support, her legs wobbling as she stared, wide-eyed and flustered.

"I—I can't even stand straight." She stammered, her face redder than ever. "She's so freaking adorable one second, then that—how is she pulling this off? I'm done for!"

Abigail, oblivious to their reactions, giggled again, brushing her hair back as she gave Kafka one last cheeky smile, her roleplay weaving a spell that left everyone reeling in its wake...

#### Chapter 586: Getting Slapped Around

Abigail then rose to her feet with a soft huff, brushing her hands down her front as if smoothing out invisible wrinkles, her cheeks still tinged with a faint flush from her earlier antics.

She straightened herself up, tossing her hair back with a little shake, and flashed Kafka a warm, motherly smile. "Alright, Kafi." She said, her voice slipping back into that gentle, nurturing tone. "Now that you're all cleaned up—nice and fresh for Mommy, it's time for dinner. Come on, let's get you fed."

She turned slightly, gesturing toward an imaginary dinner table as if it were right there in front of her, her hands painting the scene with animated little flourishes.

"I've made a whole spread for you tonight." She announced proudly, her eyes lighting up with excitement. "I know you love every single dish here, so I went all out! There's your favorite roast chicken—golden and crispy, just how you like it, with that garlic butter I spent forever rubbing in. And mashed potatoes—extra creamy, with a little sprinkle of chives because I know you can't resist them."

"...Oh, and a big bowl of that cheesy pasta you always beg for I stirred that sauce for ages to get it just right! I even baked those little dinner rolls you adore, all warm and fluffy. Took me hours, dear, but I wanted it perfect for you—I hope you like it!"

She beamed at him, clasping her hands together as if waiting for his approval, but then her expression shifted—her brows lifting in mild surprise as if he'd spoken up.

"Oh?" She murmured, tilting her head like she was listening intently. "What's that? You're...a bit thirsty? You'd rather have something to drink first instead of dinner?" Her voice softened with understanding, and she nodded quickly, eager to please. "Well, that's no trouble at all! I've got plenty of fresh juices ready for you—apple juice, nice and sweet, just how you like it when you're parched. Or orange juice—I squeezed it myself this morning, all tangy and bright. What do you want, sweetie? Name it, and it's yours!"

But then, all of a sudden, her eyes widened, a sharp, "W-What?!" bursting from her lips as her face ignited into a brilliant, blazing red. She froze, her hands flying to her cheeks as if to cool the sudden heat, her voice trembling with flustered disbelief.

"What is that, Kafi? Y-You don't want any of the juices I made?" She stammered, her gaze darting to Kafka and then away, her heart racing as she forced the words out. "You're saying...You'd rather drink...my breast milk, instead?"

Abigaille's hands flew to her chest, clutching at herself as if to shield her breasts from the very idea, her face a vivid shade of crimson as she shook her head frantically.

"N-No, sweetie, I can't allow that!" She stammered, her voice a flustered squeak as she took a step back, her eyes darting nervously. "A mother should never do something like that with her son—that's too far, way too far!"

"...Drinking my...my breast milk? Straight from me? Oh, goodness, no, that's just not right!"

She then bit her lip, her embarrassment deepening as she glanced at Kafka with a sheepish, almost guilty look. "I-I actually wouldn't even mind if you asked for a kiss or something." She admitted, her voice dropping to a shy murmur. "Even on the lips—that wouldn't be so bad, just a sweet little peck from your Mommy."

"...But this? Wanting to drink my milk right from the source? That's...That's too much, darling. I can't—I just can't!"

Her hands tightened over her chest, but then her expression shifted, her brows lifting as if she'd heard him argue back in her mind. "What's that?" She said, her tone turning defensive as she tilted her head, imagining his retort. "You're saying you've drunk my milk before, so it's no different?"

"...Oh, no, no, no—that was ages ago! You were just a tiny baby in my arms back then, all soft and helpless, suckling because you needed it. It's so different now! Look at you—" Her eyes swept over his body, lingering on his broad shoulders, his chiseled abs, the sheer manliness of him. "You've grown so big since then, turned into this...This handsome man. You're not that little boy anymore—not even close!"

She paused, her gaze softening with admiration for a moment before she caught herself, shaking her head again as her imaginary son pushed back.

"Wait—you're saying it's not different at all?" She gasped, her voice rising with flustered disbelief as she acted out his words. "And...And you're admitting that for a long time you've been wanting to taste my breasts? That you can't keep your eyes off them because they're so big and soft?"

"...T-That you've been staring at them, thinking about them all the time?"

Her hands pressed harder against her naked chest, her blush spreading down her neck as she squirmed under the weight of her own conjured confession, her eyes flickering to his face and then away.

She then swallowed hard, her breath hitching as she continued, her voice trembling with coy embarrassment. "You've...You've wanted to suck on them? To taste my milk, to see how your mother tastes? For a long time? And you can't hold back anymore?"

She let out a soft, nervous laugh, her hands dropping to fidget at her sides as she looked up at him with wide, flustered eyes.

"Oh, sweetie, I—I didn't know you felt that way! I'm so sorry if I...If I tempted you like that. Maybe it's my fault, wearing all these revealing clothes around the house—showing off too much, not thinking about how it might look to you. You're at that age, aren't you? It's only natural for a boy to be curious about a woman's body."

She fanned her face, her voice softening into a shy, almost apologetic murmur.

"But I never expected you'd be interested in mine. Me, your silly old mom!"

She imagined his response again, her eyes widening as she gasped. "What? Of course you would, because I have such a sexy body? Oh, you little tease!"

Her blush flared anew, and she swatted the air playfully as if scolding him, though her coy smile betrayed how flustered—and secretly flattered—she was by the idea.

"Saying things like that to your poor mother—you're too much, you know that? Making me all red and shaky over here!"

She giggled nervously, her hands fluttering as she tried to compose herself, caught in the whirlwind of her own sultry, taboo-tinged roleplay.

Abigaille's flustered giggles then tapered off into a shy silence, her hands twisting nervously as she ducked her head, her cheeks still glowing with heat.

She stood there for a moment, lost in thought, her breath shallow as she wrestled with the idea she'd spun into her erotic skit.

Then, slowly, she lifted her gaze to Kafka, her eyes soft and tender, a flicker of resolve sparking beneath the bashfulness.

"You...You really want to drink my breast milk, huh?" She murmured, her voice trembling with a mix of shyness and curiosity.

Her hands then hesitated before revealing and exposing her full, heavy breasts, lifting them slightly as if offering them up.

She imagined his nod, a silent affirmation, and her lips parted in a soft gasp. "You won't regret this at all? N-Not even a little?" She watched him, picturing him shaking his head, and a nervous smile tugged at her mouth.

"F-Fine..." She whispered, her tone coy and reluctant yet laced with a sultry edge as she gave in. "If you want it so much, I'll have to indulge you, my sweet boy. That's what mothers do, isn't it?"

"...Take care of their son's needs, no matter what—even if it's...a little dirty."

Her voice dropped to a hushed, intimate murmur, her blush deepening as she committed to the fantasy.

Camila and Nina, standing nearby, exchanged glances of absurdity, their excitement visible.

Camila leaned forward, her voice a breathy whisper. "Oh my, here it comes the main event! I can't wait to see how this plays out!"

Nina nodded, her own anticipation bubbling over as she clutched the chair tighter. "She's actually going for it—little miss innocent's about to blow our minds!"

Abigaille, ignoring their commentary, turned and glided over to a nearby sofa, her hips swaying with an unconscious allure as she settled onto the cushions. She then patted her lap gently, as she looked up at Kafka with a shy yet cheeky smile, her eyes glinting like a temptress in disguise.

"Come here, sweetie." She cooed, her voice soft and inviting as she tapped her thigh again. "Lay your head right here—let Mommy help you with what you need." Her tone was a sultry tease, her posture open and enticing, like a succubus luring her prey with a loving guise.

Kafka followed her cue, moving to the sofa and easing himself down beside her, his head resting in her lap.

Above him loomed her two towering breasts, full and round, her nipples perky and impossibly alluring, framed perfectly in the soft light.

Abigaille looked down at him, her breath catching as a wave of excitement washed over her. "Oh, darling." She murmured, her voice trembling with affection and heat. "You look so adorable like this so cute, so precious. I just want to cuddle you forever!"

Her hands reached for his face, fingers tugging playfully at his cheeks as she giggled, but then—overcome with impulse—she leaned forward, pressing her breasts against his face, smothering him in their soft, warm weight.

But she quickly froze mid-laugh, her eyes widening in sudden panic as she realized she was practically suffocating him with her milkers.

"Oh—oh no, sorry, sorry, Kafi!" She squeaked, pulling back quickly, her breasts bouncing free as she fanned her face in a fluster. "I didn't mean to do that! They're just...so big, you know? Sometimes I make little accidents like that—I forget how much they get in the way!"

But then she tilted her head, imagining his response, her lips curving into a coy smile. "What's that? You...You didn't mind? You'd prefer if I smothered you with them?" Her voice lilted with playful disbelief, and across the room, Camila let out a sharp. "Oh, really?" Her tone dripping with excitement as Nina echoed. "No way, apparently he's into it!"

Abigaille's eyes sparkled with mischief now, her shyness giving way to a bolder edge. "So, that's what you like, huh?" She purred, leaning down again to slap his face lightly with one breast, the soft flesh jiggling against his cheek. "You naughty boy—liking this so much!"

She giggled, smushing her breasts against his face again, rubbing them over him with slow, deliberate presses.

"How's that, sweetie? You love your Mommy's big breasts all over you, don't you? So dirty, having these wicked little feelings for me wanting me to tease you like this!"

Her voice turned sultry and scolding, a mix of mock reprimand and raw delight as she kept up the playful assault, her breasts bouncing and swaying as she smothered him, caught up in the heat of her own tantalizing roleplay.

Her giggles then turned into a low, sultry hum as she leaned closer, her full, heavy breasts hovering just above Kafka's face, their soft curves casting a shadow over him. Her eyes glinted with a naughty spark, her shyness melting into a seductive confidence as she pressed them down, smushing them against his cheeks with a slow, deliberate grind.

"Oh, you wicked little thing." She purred, her voice dripping with heat as she dragged her breasts across his face, the warm, plush flesh enveloping him. "You love this, don't you? Having your Mommy's big, soft tits all over you—smothering you, teasing you like the dirty boy you are!~"

She shifted, slapping one breast lightly against his cheek, the thwack of skin on skin echoing softly as it jiggled back into place.

"Look at you!~" She cooed, her tone a mix of mock scolding and raw seduction. "Getting all hot and bothered just from these. You've been dreaming about them, haven't you? My naughty sweetie, staring at my chest every chance you get, imagining how they'd feel pressed up against you like this."

She slapped the other breast across his face, letting it bounce and sway as she smothered him again, her nipples brushing tantalizingly close to his lips.

Her hands then gripped the sides of her breasts, squeezing them together as she rubbed them over him, suffocating him in their pillowy warmth.

"You're such a bad boy, Kafi!~" She whispered, her voice husky and thick with desire. "Wanting your mommy to do filthy things like this—burying your face in my tits, letting them take your breath away."

"...Bet you've been thinking about how they'd taste, hmm? How they'd feel bouncing all over you, driving you wild!~"

She punctuated her words with another playful slap, her breast smacking his forehead before she dragged it down, smushing it over his nose and mouth, her skin hot and slightly slick against him.

"Oh, you love it when they're heavy like this, don't you?!~" She teased, her tone turning downright wicked as she leaned in closer, her breath hitching with her own excitement. "So big and full, just begging to be played with. You've been aching to get lost in them—my dirty little man, craving his Mommy's sexy breasts all to himself!~"

She rocked her chest side to side, letting them slap and jiggle against his face in a rhythmic, erotic dance, her nipples grazing his skin with every pass as she suffocated him in their softness.

She let out a throaty laugh, smushing them harder against him, her voice dropping to a sultry growl.

"You're drowning in them now, aren't you? Drowning in Mommy's big fat juicy breasts. Can't get enough of these naughty tits slapping you silly—such a greedy boy, wanting me to keep going, to keep teasing you with every filthy inch of them!~"

Her breasts bounced and swayed as she rubbed them over his cheeks, his chin, his forehead, leaving no part of his face untouched by their plush assault.



"Bet you'd let me do this all night—smother you, slap you, make you beg for more with these dirty, delicious things!~ My sweet, perverted boy—look what you've turned your mommy into!~"

#### Chapter 587: Drowning In Milk

Camila and Nina watched, transfixed, their breaths shallow as the scene unfolded.

Camila bit her lip, her eyes dark with heat as she muttered. "She's killing it—fucking killing it. I'm actually sweating over here."

Nina nodded, her grip on the chair tightening as she whispered. "Yeah, she's a goddamn succubus now—those dirty lines, just where is she getting them from."

Abigaille, lost in her roleplay, kept up her seductive torrent, her breasts a relentless, erotic storm against Kafka's face as she reveled in the naughty power of her own imagination.

...That is until her sultry torrent of dirty talk suddenly slowed, her voice trailing off into a soft, ragged whisper as she went quiet, her breasts still pressed against Kafka's face, their weight a lingering tease.

The room was full of a sudden stillness, her breaths coming in shallow, uneven bursts as she pulled back slightly, her hands trembling as they hovered over her chest almost if she realised something that she was trying to hide.

Her eyes darted down to him, then away, a deep flush creeping up her neck as she bit her lip, her composure unraveling into a flustered mess.

"Oh...Oh goodness." She finally murmured, her voice quivering with a mix of shame and raw honesty as she clutched at herself, her fingers brushing her bare skin. "I—I've been saying all these naughty things, teasing you like that, but...I can't pretend anymore."

"...Pretend that even with all this talk, I've not been getting so excited too excited—for a while now."

She glanced down at him, her son sprawled beneath her, his face framed by the shadow of her naked breasts, and a shiver ran through her.

"Seeing you right there, Kafi, so close to me, under my...my bare breasts—it's been driving me wild!~"

She hesitated, then, with a shaky breath, lifted her hands to cup her breasts, her fingers trembling as she pointed at her nipples—hard, perky, and visibly quivering with arousal.

"Look at them, Kafi." She whispered, her voice dropping to a sultry, vulnerable hush. "See how horny I am? They're trembling—aching—just from having you so near."

"...I've been trying to play it off, but...oh, I can't hold back anymore."

Her eyes locked onto his, dark and desperate, her tone turning urgent and needy.

"I want your lips on my nipples, sweetie—right now!~ I need it—please, don't make me wait any longer!~"

And then without another word, she plunged forward, guiding one swollen nipple straight to his mouth, pressing it against his lips with a soft, insistent nudge.

Kafka, perfectly in sync with her cue, parted his lips and latched on, his tongue flicking out to tease the sensitive peak before he sucked hard, a hungry edge to his movements.

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

Abigaille's head tipped back, a loud, throaty moan spilling from her as her body arched into him. "Oh—yes, sweetie!~" She gasped, her voice thick with ecstasy as she tangled her fingers in his hair, holding him close. "That's it—suck on Mommy's breasts, just like that. Oh, it feels so good—so damn good to have you on me like this!~"

He switched to her other nipple, his mouth working with a crazed fervor, sucking and tugging as his tongue rolled over the tender flesh, and Abigaille's moans grew louder, more unrestrained.

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

"Oh, your tongue—God, the way it rolls over my nipples, it's driving me insane!~" She cried, her voice a sultry wail as she rocked against him, her breasts bouncing with each shuddering breath. "It's so hot, so wet—I can feel every little flick, every swirl, and it's lighting me up inside!~ My flesh—oh, baby boy, I can feel your face, so warm against me, pressed right into me like you can't get enough. It's perfect—you're perfect!~"

Her hands roamed over his head, pulling him tighter as she surrendered to the sensation, her words tumbling out in a lust-drunk haze.

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

"And this this taboo feeling, having my grown son sucking on my breasts—it's so wrong, so dirty, and it feels so fucking good I can't stand it!~"

"...You're all big and strong now, not my little boy anymore, but here you are, latched onto me like you used to, and it's making me so horny I can barely think straight!~"

She moaned again, her hips squirming as he sucked harder, his lips tugging at her nipple with a greedy pull that sent sparks shooting through her.

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

"Oh, baby boy, you've got Mommy trembling—Mommy's whole body's on fire!~" She whimpered, her voice breaking with need as she pressed her breast deeper into his mouth. "The way your lips clamp down, sucking me like you're starving for it—God, it's filthy and I love it!~"

"I can feel your breath, hot and quick against my skin, and it's making my nipples throb—making me ache all over...You're driving your Mommy wild, you naughty, beautiful boy—don't stop, please, don't ever stop!~"

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

Her moans turned into a melodic chant, her body swaying with every pull of his mouth, the taboo thrill of it all pushing her higher as she reveled in the raw, erotic heat of their shared fantasy.

Camila and Nina, still watching from the sidelines, were practically vibrating with excitement, their eyes glued to the scene.

Camila let out a low. "My god, she's gone full throttle—I'm dying over here." Her voice thick with arousal as she fanned herself harder.

Nina nodded, her own breath ragged as she muttered. "Yeah, she's a goddamn siren now—those moans, that dirty talk? I'm toast."

Abigaille, lost in her spiraling pleasure, didn't hear them, her world narrowed to Kafka's lips, his tongue, and the deliciously wicked sensation of her breasts being worshipped as she moaned her way into ecstasy.

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

She gazed down at Kafka, her eyes shimmering with a wild, excited love as he sucked eagerly at her breast, his lips pulling at her nipple with a fervor that sent shivers racing through her. Her heart raced, and she let out a soft, trembling moan, her fingers tightening in his hair as she pressed herself closer.

"Oh, sweetie." She finally whispered like she were about to reveal a secret that she had been hiding all this while, her voice full of raw, unfiltered adoration. "I-I can't hide it anymore—I can't keep pretending."

"...The truth is that I've loved you this whole time—not just as my boy, not just as a man, but...so much more. I've been hiding it, burying it deep, but it's been burning inside me for years."

Her moan deepened, a sultry sound that spilled from her lips as she rocked against him, her body trembling with the heat of her confession.

"Ever since you started becoming a man, I couldn't help it—I saw the changes in you, the way you grew, and it excited me in ways I couldn't admit...Every time I looked at you, my heart raced, my skin tingled."

"...God, you drove me wild without even knowing it!~"

Her words tumbled out in a drunk rush, her eyes glazing over as memories flooded her mind.

"Like...after you'd take a bath, I'd sneak into the bathroom, grab your dirty clothes—your shirts, your underwear—and bury my face in them. I'd inhale you, that musky, primal scent, and it'd send me over the edge."

"I'd then take them to your bed, sprawl out on your sheets, and finger myself—hard—imagining you banging me, your hot cock filling me up, pounding me until I couldn't breathe!~"

Kafka sucked harder, his tongue swirling over her nipple, and Abigail's voice broke into a ragged cry, her climax creeping closer as she clung to him.

"Oh, you've got no idea how perverted your Mommy really is." She gasped, her tone turning wicked and desperate as she rode the wave of sensation. "More than you ever thought—way more. I'd do anything to keep you mine, sweetie."

"...To make sure no other woman got too close, I'd...I'd rub my love juice on my hands, and when I hugged you goodbye before school, I'd smear it all over your clothes—your jacket, your shirt—letting my pheromones sink into you, marking you so those silly little girls would smell me on you and stay away..."

"...My scent was my shield, keeping you all to myself!~"

Her eyes dropped lower, locking onto his crotch as she continued, her voice dipping into a dark, sultry confession.

"And the worst part—or maybe the best..." She murmured, a love-drenched haze clouding her gaze as she stared into him. "...is that for years now, I've been sneaking into your room at night."

"I'd creep in while you slept, peel back your pants, and just...look at you. I'd take pictures of your cock—snap after snap—fascinated by how it grew, how it changed over time...I've got a whole collection, you know, darling—years of your growth, all tucked away for me!"

"...And with those photos? I made a dildo—molded it just like yours and every night, I'd fuck myself with it, imagining you were on top of me, filling me up, impregnating me with every thrust, giving me all the babies I've dreamed of having with you."

Her hand slid down, trembling with need as she reached for his crotch, her fingers brushing over the hard bulge in his pants. She stroked him slowly, her touch firm and deliberate, her voice dropping to a husky growl.

"This cock..." She purred, her eyes glinting with obsession as she caressed him through the fabric. "This gorgeous, perfect cock—it's the one I've been fascinated with, the one I've craved. I want it inside me, darling—deep in my pussy, filling me up with your seed, pumping me full until I'm swollen with your babies. I've wanted it so bad, for so long—your hot, thick cock claiming me, making me yours in every dirty, delicious way."

Her strokes quickened, her moans rising as Kafka sucked ravenously at her breast, her climax teetering on the edge.

"Oh—fuck, I'm close!~" She cried, her body shuddering as she pressed her nipple deeper into his mouth. "Suck me harder, sugar pie—make your Mommy come while I stroke this cock I've dreamed of!~ You're mine—all mine—and I'll give you everything, every filthy fantasy I've kept locked away!~"

Camila and Nina swayed on their feet, dizzy with the intensity of Abigaille's confessions.

Camila clutched her chest, her voice a breathless rasp. "She's...She's unhinged—I'm spinning over here, it's too fucking hot!"

Nina nodded, her knees weak as she gripped the chair, muttering. "Yeah, I'm lightheaded—she's a freak in the best way possible. This is insane!"

Abigaille, lost in her spiraling ecstasy, didn't hear them, her world consumed by Kafka's mouth on her breast and the throbbing heat of his arousal under her hand, her love and lust crashing together in a wild, erotic storm.

...And just as everything was going smoothly, her body gave way completely, her control shattering as Kafka's teeth grazed her nipple with that final, sharp bite.

Her hand, buried beneath his pants, stroked his cock with a desperate, frenzied rhythm, and a loud, wordless scream tore from her throat as her climax crashed over her.

"Ahhh!~ M-Mommy's cumming, Kafi!~ Nnn!~ Mommy's cumming for her baby boy!~ Ahnn!~ Cumming for you so much!~ Haugh!~"

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

Her hips jerked, and she came hard, squirting a flood of wet heat that soaked her thighs and drenched the sofa beneath her in a wild, unrestrained torrent.

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

But in that same electrifying moment, her breasts unleashed their own floor—milk erupting from her nipples in powerful, unrelenting streams, a creamy cascade that poured forth like a broken dam, unstoppable and raw.

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

She went silent, her voice swallowed by the sheer intensity of her ecstasy, her head tipping back as her eyes fluttered shut, lost in a haze of pure, primal bliss, while her body trembled, shuddering with every pulse of pleasure, her breasts swaying as they sprayed milk everywhere, drenching Kafka beneath her in a flood of warm, unadulterated cream.

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

It gushed nonstop, splattering across his face, soaking his hair, and running down his chest in thick, glistening rivers, the sweet, musky scent filling the air as it overwhelmed everything in its path.

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

Kafka, pinned beneath her, was drowning in it.

His mouth opened wide, instinctively trying to catch the torrents, gulping down frantic mouthfuls as the milk poured over him.

But the volume was too much—far too much.

"Splat!~ Plop!~ Thwap!~ Gloop!~"

It streamed over his lips, spilled down his chin, and flooded his face, coating him in a slick, white mask that clung to his skin and dripped from his lashes.

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

He sputtered, gasping for air as it flowed into his nose, his throat, his ears, his hands flailing uselessly against her thighs as he finally surrendered to the relentless tide knowing that he could do nothing to stop the shower of warm, sweet milk on his face.

Milk soaked his shirt, pooled in the hollow of his neck, and drenched the sofa, a wet mess that left him helpless and submerged, his muffled grunts barely audible under the liquid onslaught.

Camila and Nina who were watching were frozen in awe, their breaths shallow and uneven.

Camila's hands hovered near her face, her voice a shaky whisper. "Abi she...She's gone—look at that milk, it's everywhere...And it's still coming out."

Nina nodded, her eyes wide and unblinking, muttering. "H-He's drowning—holy fuck! This is actually too much!...S-Should we save him before he suffocates in his mother's breast milk"

...While Abigail herself, adrift in her silent, shuddering bliss, didn't hear them, her world reduced to the quaking of her body and the unending flow that consumed Kafka beneath her.

Chapter 588: Soak Me In Your Milk

Abigail's eyes fluttered open, her mind slowly surfacing from the thick, euphoric daze that had swallowed her whole. Her body still buzzed with the aftershocks of her climax, her chest heaving as she blinked into focus, only to find Nina and Camila standing right in front of her, their faces etched with concern.

The sight jolted her, but then a spark of realization lit up her hazy gaze, and a wide, giddy smile broke across her lips. She glanced down at her breasts, still slick and leaking with milk, and a rush of joy flooded through her.

"Oh-Oh my goodness!" She gasped, her voice trembling with excitement as she clasped her hands together, her eyes shining. "Look at me I'm lactating! I did it, I really did it! I'm so happy—I can



finally be a proper mother, just like you two!" Her tone was bright and breathless, her fluster giving way to pure, unfiltered delight as she bounced slightly on the sofa, milk dribbling from her nipples with every little movement.

Nina and Camila's worried expressions softened, their own smiles tugging at their lips as they shared in her joy. "Congrats, Abi!" Nina said, her voice warm as she clapped her hands together. "We knew you had it in you—with those massive tits of yours, it was only a matter of time!"

Camila nodded, smirking playfully. "Yeah, Abi, we always figured you'd be a milk machine—those beauties were just waiting to burst!"

But then their smiles faltered, a flicker of hesitation crossing their faces as they exchanged a quick glance.

Nina cleared her throat, her tone turning cautious. "We're thrilled for you, really—but, uh...We're a little worried about your son down there."

Camila nodded, biting her lip as she added. "Yeah, as happy as we are, Kafka, he's...he'snot looking so hot right now."

Abigaille blinked, confusion knitting her brows as she tilted her head. "What? What do you mean?" She asked, her voice still bubbly with lingering excitement.

But then she followed their gaze downward, her eyes dropping to her lap, and her breath caught in her throat.

There was Kafka, sprawled across her thighs, his face a glistening mess of milk—dripping from his hair, coating his cheeks, pooling in his ears. His eyes were half closed like was on the verge of passing on, his chest heaving as he struggled to breathe, looking for all the world like he might drown in the creamy flood she'd unleashed.

"Oh—oh no!" Abigaille yelped, panic seizing her as she scrambled to pull him up, her hands shaking as she yanked him into a sitting position. She wrapped her arms around him, hugging him tight as she shook him gently, her voice rising in a flustered frenzy. "Sweetie! Are you alright? Are you okay? Oh God, please tell me you're fine—I don't know what I'd do if I actually killed you with my milk! I'd never forgive myself—please, say something!"

Kafka coughed, a wet, gurgling sound, and slowly raised a hand to wipe the milk from his face, smearing it across his skin as he cleared his eyes.

"I'm...I'm fine." He said, his voice hoarse but steady as he blinked up at her, a faint grin tugging at his milk-soaked lips. "I'm alright, Mom—just...Whew, that was a lot. But I'd be dead for sure if I was lactose intolerant, though with all that milk I just chugged!" His grin widened, a teasing glint in his eyes as he shook his head, droplets flying from his hair.

Abigaille's cheeks flared red, embarrassment washing over her as she clutched him tighter. "Oh, you don't scare me like that!" She scolded, her voice softening as she relaxed, her gaze drifting to her breasts.

They were still leaking, thin streams of milk trickling from her nipples, pooling on her lap as she sat there. Kafka also followed her stare, his eyes lingering on the sight, and let out a low whistle.

"I knew they were big, Mom..." He said, his tone half-awed, half-playful. "...and I figured you'd have a lot in there—but damn, I didn't expect that much. You're a regular dairy cow, Mom, with how much you're pumping out!"

Her blush deepened, and she swatted at his shoulder, her voice a flustered whine. "Don't call me that, you little tease! That's so embarrassing!"

But before she could protest further, Nina piped up, her grin wicked as she leaned in. "Oh, no, he's right—you're the dairy queen now, Abi! I thought I was the champ, but you? You've got a whole milk factory strapped to your chest!"

Camila chimed in, laughing as she gestured at Abigaille's still—dripping breasts. "Seriously, even the plumpest cow couldn't keep up with you—you're a milk machine, Abi! We're bowing down to the queen!"

Abigaille's hands flew to her face, her embarrassment peaking as she squeaked. "Stop it, both of you! That's—oh, you're all awful!"

But beneath her fluster, a tiny, proud smile flickered, her heart swelling with joy and mortification as the room filled with their teasing laughter.

Kafka, still wiping stray droplets of milk from his chin, then turned his attention to Nina and Camila, a mischievous glint sparking in his eyes as he caught his breath.

His grin widened, sharp and teasing, as he leaned back against the sofa, letting his gaze roam over them with unabashed intent. "You two think you're off the hook, huh?" He drawled, his voice and playful as he pointed a finger between them. "Don't act all innocent now—you're dairy cows too, leaking like crazy over there. Look at those breasts—practically bursting with milk, just like my mother's!"

Nina and Camila froze, their eyes widening as his stare locked onto their chests. Sure enough, a stream of milk was flowing down their body from their nipples where their own lactation had kicked in, spurred by the sheer intensity of the scene they'd witnessed.

Nina's hands flew to cover herself, her cheeks flaring red, while Camila crossed her arms, though it did little to hide the telltale stains. "W-What?!" Nina sputtered, her voice a mix of indignation and fluster. "Don't drag us into this, you little—!"

But Kafka wasn't done, his grin turning downright wicked as he leaned forward, his tone dipping into a sultry, dirty purr.

"Oh, come on, look at you both—so fucking hot with those lactating tits, dripping all over the place. Nina, yours are practically begging to be squeezed, all swollen and sexy, leaking like that—bet they'd spray just as hard as Mom's if I got my hands on them." He smirked, his eyes flicking to Camila next. "And you, Camila—those plump, juicy breasts that are bathing you in milk? Shit, they're screaming 'milk me,' all perky and wet."

"...You two are basically walking wet dreams right now—hot, messy dairy queens strutting around like you don't know how goddamn irresistible you look."

Nina's jaw dropped, her face turning a deeper shade of crimson as she stammered.

"You...You perv! Shut up!" But her voice wavered, a flush of heat creeping down her neck as his words sank in, her body betraying her with a shiver she couldn't hide.

Camila, meanwhile, fanned herself with a shaky hand, her smirk faltering into a flustered laugh. "Oh my, you're too much, Kafka—I'm burning up over here." She shot back, though her eyes sparkled with embarrassment and reluctant thrill, her chest heaving as she tried to play it cool.

Abigaille, still sat on the sofa with milk trickling from her nipples, swatted at Kafka's arm again, her own blush flaring anew. "Kafi, stop it—you're embarrassing them! And me too!" She squeaked, though a tiny giggle slipped out, her fluster mingling with amusement at his relentless teasing.

But Kafka just chuckled, undeterred, his gaze darting between the three of them as he kept up the barrage.

"What? It's true—look at you all, leaking like sexy little milk fountains. Nina, bet you'd moan like crazy if someone sucked those dripping tits dry—those nipples look so fucking ready for it."

"And Camila, shit, I can practically taste the cream from here—those breasts are begging for a mouth, all slick and hot like that. You're all driving me nuts, strutting around with those gorgeous, milky racks, so how's a guy supposed to keep his cool?"

"...In fact, with how much milk you're pumping out, I wanna see them in action right now..."

"...So, all of you, stand up, line up in front of me while I sit here and squeeze those gorgeous breasts and squirt that milk all over my face—drench me in it. I want it dripping off me."

Nina's eyes widened,, her hands flying to cover her chest. "W-What?!" She stammered, her voice a flustered squeak. "No way—I'm not doing that! That's too embarrassing...way too much! And it's not like you're some baby who needs milk or something!" Her protests were sharp, but there was a tremor in her tone, a crack in her defiance as his gaze darkened, locking onto her with an intensity that sent a shiver racing down her spine.

Kafka's eyes narrowed, his stare turning predatory as he leaned forward, his voice dropping to a rough, commanding tone. "Oh, milk cows like you don't get an opinion on the farm, Nina. When the master wants to milk his herd, you obey—you line up and let those tits get drained."

"...No arguing, no fuss—just sweet, obedient cows giving up what's mine."

His words dripped with a dark edge, and Nina's heart raced, her body betraying her as a flush of heat spread through her, her pussy tingling with sudden, undeniable excitement.

He then flashed an evil, lust-laden smile, his gaze sweeping over all three of them—Abigaille, Nina, and Camila as his hand slid down to rub the straining bulge in his pants. "And if you start fighting back, saying you won't give me that milk? Well, I'd have no choice but to bring out the bull."

His voice turned gravelly, as he squeezed himself harder.

"Let it hammer those tight little pussies so fucking hard you'd be leaking milk nonstop—pounding you until you're dripping from every hole, begging to be milked while it fills you up."

The air stilled with raw, electric tension, and all three women felt it—a hot, pulsing wave that soaked their cores, their pussies growing wet as their minds spun with the filthy image he'd painted.

They could almost feel it: his fat, throbbing cock ramming into them, relentless and brutal, while their breasts sprayed milk in wild arcs, their bodies trembling as they were fucked and milked like helpless, lust-drunk cows.

The thought sent a shiver of excitement through them, their breaths quickening as their nipples hardened even more, milk beading at the tips.

Kafka's eyes glinted with satisfaction as he caught their reactions, his hand still stroking his boner through his pants. "You better start milking yourselves." He growled, his voice a dark threat. "The bull in these pants is getting pissed—aching to break free and find someone to unleash on, so don't make me let it loose." His words hung heavy, and they all gulped, a shared thrill tightening their throats as their resolve crumbled.

And without another word, they moved. Even Abigaille, who'd been nestled beside him, rose from the sofa, her body trembling with a mix of nerves and heat as she joined the others.

They lined up in front of him, a breathtaking sight: three naked, milk-drenched bodies, their breasts full and glistening, nipples leaking as they stood shoulder to shoulder.

Kafka's smile deepened, a wicked curve that sent a shiver through them as he leaned back, spreading his legs wider. "That's it—my sexy little herd. Start milking those tits—aim for my face. I'm ready to take it all, every fucking drop."

Nina bit her lip, her hands trembling as she hovered them near her chest, her eyes darting to his expectant grin.

Abigaille mirrored her, a shy flush painting her cheeks as she hesitated, her breath shallow.

But Camila, bold and mischievous as ever didn't wait. She stepped forward with a sultry smirk, her hands cupping her plump breasts as she squeezed hard.

A thick stream of milk shot out, splattering across Kafka's face in a warm, creamy arc.

"Like that, huh?" She purred, her voice dripping with heat as she aimed another jet, hitting his cheek and dripping down his jaw. "You like my hot milk all over your face, don't you, you dirty boy?"

Her brazen move broke the dam.

Nina, spurred by a combination of rivalry and arousal, muttered a shaky. "Fine—here!" and squeezed her own breasts, milk spurting out in a messy spray that caught his forehead, running down his nose as she gasped at the sensation.

Abigaille followed, her hands slow but firm as she pressed her leaking nipples, sending twin streams cascading onto his chin, her soft—"Oh...There you go, sweetie."—barely audible over the wet splashes.

And just like that, the three of them stood there, squeezing and squirting, milk flying in wild, erotic bursts as Kafka tilted his head back, letting it rain over him—drenching his face, soaking his shirt, and pooling in his lap as he groaned in hot, filthy satisfaction...

Chapter 589: Dairy Cows

Kafka leaned back, his body shuddering with satisfaction as the trio of women stood before him, their hands working their breasts in a frenzy of squeezing and squirting milk which flew in wild, erotic bursts, splattering all over him

His eyes, glazed with pleasure, then zeroed in on Camila first, drinking in the sight of her lush, plump breasts as she angled them with a marksman's precision.

Her fingers dug into the soft flesh, squeezing hard, and a thick, creamy stream shot forth—straight into his open mouth, hitting his tongue with perfect, molten accuracy. The taste exploded across his

senses—sweet, warm, and intoxicating and he swallowed greedily, his throat bobbing as milk trickled from the corners of his lips.

"Fuck me, Camila." He said, his voice rough and ragged with arousal, milk glistening on his chin like a badge of debauchery. "You're a goddamn artist with that insane aim of yours, nailing my mouth like a pro. I'm actually genuinely impressed with your talent."

Camila's lips curled into a wicked, sultry grin, her eyes flashing with triumph as she squeezed again, another jet bursting forth to splash past his lips, coating his tongue in her creamy essence.

"It's nothing, Kafka." She purred, her voice a gentle tease, thick with arrogant delight. "I just imagine these tits are guns—loaded, cocked, and ready to fire. Point and shoot—easy as that."

"...Now open wide and drink me down—taste how fucking good I am!"

Her fingers teased her nipples, coaxing out more milk as she aimed with deadly focus, the stream pouring into his mouth in a relentless, hot cascade, daring him to choke on her bounty as her breasts jiggled with every sultry squeeze.

Kafka's gaze then slid sideways, landing on his mother's massive, heaving breasts a vision of raw, unrestrained power as they leaked like twin fountains of sin.

Her streams were wilder, less precise, but the sheer volume was staggering, a thick, creamy gush that sprayed across his chest in a molten flood, running down his abs in glistening rivulets.

"Mom, your aim's decent, definitely not as sharp as Camila's—but holy fuck, you're making up for it." He growled, as he watched the milk pour like liquid fire from her nipples. "It's like you've got fucking fire hoses hooked up to those gorgeous tits—so much is blasting out, it's unreal."

Abigaille's cheeks blazed a deep crimson, her hands trembling as they sank into her overflowing flesh, squeezing again with a desperate, needy edge.

Milk burst forth in a torrential flood, drenching his shoulder and soaking his hair until it clung to his skin in wet, creamy strands. "I—I can't help it, darling!" She whimpered, her voice a flustered, sultry whine that quivered with heat. "Just one little squeeze, and it's like a dam breaking—so much pouring out, I can't control it! It's too much too hot!"

Her nipples throbbed, leaking even between squeezes, and Kafka licked his lips, catching a stray droplet as he snarled. "Don't you dare stop—keep pouring it, Mom. Flood me with your love—I'm fucking loving it, every filthy drop."

Her eyes widened at his command, a shiver of arousal rippling through her as she obeyed, squeezing harder, milk cascading over him in a relentless, creamy deluge that painted his face and throat as her breaths turned to ragged, lust-soaked moans.

His attention finally snapped to Nina last, his expression darkening with a disappointment as he watched her milk spray in chaotic, misfired bursts—splattering the floor, streaking the sofa, everywhere but him.

"Nina, what exactly do you think you're doing?" He barked, as he wiped a hand across his drenched jaw, milk smearing across his knuckles. "You're missing me completely—barely squirting anything worth a damn. What are you doing, wasting it all over the place?"

Nina's face flushed a fiery red, her hands pausing as she huffed, indignation warring with the arousal his tone stoked in her core. "I don't have a choice, alright?" She snapped, her voice trembling with defiance and desire as she glared at him. "Unlike them..." She shot a venomous look at Abigaille and Camila, their voluptuous breasts still gushing. "...I'm not some oversized milk jug! Mine are firmer—tighter—not these floppy, leaky bags."

"...It's harder to aim, harder to get out!"

Her fingers gripped her breasts tighter, a thin stream dribbling forth as if to prove her point, her frustration obvious.

Camila seized the moment, her snicker low and wicked as she teased her rival.

"Aw, poor Nina." She cooed, her voice a sultry taunt as she squeezed her own plump tits, milk arcing into Kafka's mouth with pinpoint precision. "Your baby's gonna starve sucking on those little things—barely a mouthful there! Don't worry, though—I'll step in, feed the kid myself with these beauties if it's struggling that bad. Plenty of hot cream to go around!" Her breasts bounced as she laughed, milk splashing Kafka's lips as she flaunted her abundance.



Nina's eyes flashed with anger, her fluster boiling over as she opened her mouth to retort, "You smug little—!"

But Kafka cut her off.

"There's no need for that, Camila." He said, his gaze locking onto Nina with a possessive, smoldering heat that made her breath catch. "Even if she struggles to feed the baby, I'll milk her myself—wrap my fingers around those firm little tits and pull them dry, draining every fucking drop into a sippy bottle."

"...So, there's no need for you to help me out when her husband is right by her side every step of the way." His words dripped with promise, and Nina's defiance melted into a dazed, lovey-dovey glow, her eyes softening as her heart pounded, her body aching to please him.

Spurred by his filthy vow, she sank to her knees before him, her breath hot and quick as she leaned in close—her face hovering mere inches above the straining, milk-soaked bulge in his pants.

Her hands then gripped her firm breasts, squeezing with a fierce determination, and a thin, warm stream of milk shot forth, splashing across his crotch to everyone's surprise.

The fabric darkened instantly, clinging to his thick cock and seeping down to coat his balls in a slick, creamy sheen that dripped from the saturated cloth in slow, tantalizing rivulets. She then didn't stop and squeezed again, milk pouring over him, soaking through until his entire lap glistened with her offering.

Kafka groaned, his head tipping back as the wet heat enveloped him. "What the are you doing down there, Nina? Why are you pouring your milk down the well?"

In response, she looked up at him, her eyes glinting with lewd triumph, her lips curling into a sultry, defiant smirk as she squeezed once more, milk drenching his boner in a fresh cascade. "It's because you're all hot and stuffy down here, Kafka." She purred, her voice a husky whisper thick with desire as she leaned closer, her breath teasing the soaked fabric. So, I'm helping you out by cooling you off—making sure my man's nice and comfy, all wet and slick for me."

Nina's sultry words hung in the air like a naughty promise as she knelt before Kafka, her hands squeezing her firm breasts, milk streaming in hot, creamy rivulets over his straining boner.

The soaked fabric of his pants clung to every thick inch, outlining his pulsing cock and dripping down to coat his balls in a glistening, milky sheen.

Kafka groaned in response, his head lolling back against the sofa as a shudder of raw pleasure rippled through him, his hand sliding through her hair as he savored her devotion. "God, Nina." He said, his voice a low, guttural growl thick with lust. "You're such a good little milk cow, taking care of your master like this, so fucking willing. Look at you, drenching me—such a perfect slut for me."

Her eyes lit up at his praise, a shiver of delight coursing through her as she squeezed harder, her nipples spurting more milk onto his cock, the warm streams soaking through until his lap was a slick, creamy mess.

"Anything for you, Master!~" She moaned, her voice trembling with heat as she leaned closer, her breath teasing the drenched fabric, her own arousal soaking her thighs at the thought of pleasing him.

Camila, watching from above, narrowed her eyes, her competitive fire flaring as she caught the glint of satisfaction in Nina's gaze.

"Oh, hell no." She muttered under her breath, refusing to be outdone and with a sultry sway of her hips, she stepped forward, climbing onto the sofa and straddling his legs, her plump, leaking breasts hovering inches from his face, their swollen curves glistening with milk.

She then cupped them, squeezing lightly so a bead of cream dripped onto his lips, her voice a hot, teasing purr. "Hey, master." She cooed, her tone dripping with seduction. "My milk needs a quality check, doesn't it since we gotta make sure it's sweet enough for the customers."

"...So, think you can handle tasting me? See if I'm good enough to satisfy them?"

Kafka's grin turned evil, his eyes dark with hunger as he licked the droplet from his lips, savoring her flavor.

"That's a damn good idea." He growled, his hands gripping her hips as he pulled her closer. "Let's see what you've got." And then without waiting a second, he latched onto her left nipple first, his mouth sealing around the swollen peak as he sucked hard, his tongue swirling with greedy, relentless strokes.

"Hmmm!~ Mwah!~ Haa!~ Kiss!~ Mmm!~"

Milk flooded his mouth—hot, sweet, and thick—spilling over his tongue as he drank deep, groaning into her flesh.

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

Camila moaned, her head tipping back as she thrust her chest forward, pushing her breast deeper into his mouth. "Oh—fuck, yes!~" She gasped, her voice a sultry cry as he switched to her right nipple, sucking with a ravenous edge that made her tremble. "Drink it all—taste how fucking good I am!~"

He feasted on her, milk dribbling from the corners of his lips as he gorged himself, until finally he pulled back, breathless, his face slick with her cream.

"Goddamn, Camila." He panted, his voice rough with awe. "That's fucking amazing—sweeter than I ever imagined. High-grade shit—only the best customers deserve this. You're a premium fucking product, dripping with gold."

Hearing this, Camila smirked, her satisfaction glowing as she squeezed her breasts again, a stray spurt hitting his cheek as she basked in his approval, her pussy throbbing with pride.

His gaze shifted, landing on his mother, who stood trembling nearby, her massive breasts still leaking in slow, endless streams. "Come here, Mom." He commanded, as he beckoned her with a curl of his finger. "Show me those tits—time for your quality check."

Abigaille hesitated, her cheeks blazing, but she also silently obeyed, stepping closer and lifting her heavy, milk-laden breasts toward him, their sheer size a breathtaking sight.

Kafka's eyes darkened, and he lunged forward, his mouth clamping onto her nipple with an aggressive, primal hunger.

"Chug!~ Ahhh!~ Chug!~ Down!~ Mmm!~"

He sucked hard—savagely—his lips pulling at her flesh as milk gushed forth in a torrential flood, overflowing his mouth and spilling down his chin in creamy rivers. He growled into her, his tongue lashing her nipple as he drank, the sheer volume drowning him in her essence.

"Slurp!~ Ohhh!~ Slurp!~ Guzzle!~ Yum!~"

Abigaille moaned, her knees buckling as she clutched his head, her voice a broken, lust-drenched whimper. "Oh—sweetie—oh God!~"

Milk poured relentlessly, soaking his face, his throat, his chest as he switched to her other breast, sucking with equal ferocity until he was panting, his mouth full and dripping.

"Sip!~ Ahhh!~ Sip!~ Drink!~ Mmm!~"

He then pulled back, gasping, milk streaming from his lips as he stared up at her with a wild grin. "Damn Mom—unlike Camila, you're built for the masses." He said as he stared at her mother's milkers. "This much milk? I could milk you every damn day and you'd never run dry. You're too precious—too fucking perfect to ever lose."

"...I'm gonna keep you pregnant, fuck you full of babies every chance I get, keep those tits leaking for me forever."

Abigaille's blush flared, her eyes going wide as she squirmed under his gaze, her voice a flustered, sultry murmur. "M-Mommy wouldn't mind that, baby." She whispered, her eyes glinting with taboo heat. "Being pregnant all the time? More babies for me—more milk for you? Oh, I'd love that..." Her nipples dripped as she spoke, her arousal soaking her thighs at the filthy promise.

Nina, still kneeling at his lap, watched the exchange with a flicker of envy, her own desire surging as she refused to be left out.

"Me too!" She chirped, her voice a needy, loving plea as she climbed onto his lap, straddling him with her lithe frame. She pressed herself against him, her firm breasts thrust forward, their purple nipples beaded with milk as she gazed at him with adoring, doe-like eyes. "Check mine too—please, Master." She begged, her tone dripping with devotion as she squeezed her tits, a thin stream dribbling onto his chest. "Tell me how I taste."

Kafka's grin widened, his hands gripping her waist as he pulled her closer, his mouth latching onto her left nipple with a slow, naughty suck.

"Chug!~ Ahhh!~ Chug!~ Down!~ Mmm!~"

Milk trickled forth—thicker, richer than the others and he bit down gently, his teeth grazing her sensitive peak to coax out more. Nina gasped, her body arching as he sucked harder, switching to her right nipple and biting again, drawing out the creamy flow as it coated his tongue.

"Slurp!~ Ohhh!~ Slurp!~ Guzzle!~ Yum!~"

He drank deep, savoring the dense texture, until he pulled back, licking his lips with a dark, approving growl. "I get it now...I finally get it." He said, as he stared at her verdant peaks. "Your milk...It's thick—so thick that it feels like pure cream and is the reason it's struggling to come out easily."

"...And with this fat filled milk you've got here I'm thinking of starting a whole damn chain—dairy sweets, cheeses, all of it—built on this rich, slutty milk of yours. People'll eat it up, never knowing it's your filthy little tits they're tasting."

Nina's eyes widened, a taboo thrill shooting through her as she imagined it—strangers devouring her milk in cakes, in cream, in cheese, her thick essence a secret ingredient.

"Oh—God, yes!~" She moaned, her voice trembling with excitement as she squeezed her breasts again, milk dripping onto his lap as her pussy clenched at the thought. "Use me—milk me dry for it—I want that so bad, Master!~" Her body quaked, her arousal spiking as she pressed herself tighter against him, lost in the filthy fantasy.

#### Chapter 590: Nipple Fight

Kafka lounged back on the sofa, his body a quivering altar of primal lust, every muscle taut and shuddering with the aftermath of their creamy onslaught.

His unbottened shirt, soaked through with their milk, clung to his chiseled torso like a second skin, the fabric translucent and glistening, revealing the hard planes of his chest and the faint ripple of his abs beneath.

Milk dripped from his jaw in slow, tantalizing streams, trailing down his throat to pool in the hollow of his collarbone, while his pants—dark and drenched—hugged his throbbing cock, the thick bulge outlined in stark relief, pulsing with every ragged breath he took.

His eyes, dark pools of insatiable hunger, raked over Abigaille, Camila, and Nina as they stood before him, their naked bodies glistening with sweat and milk, their swollen breasts trembling with every shallow pant, nipples leaking in slow, creamy beads that traced paths down their curves.

He then licked his lips, savoring the lingering sweetness of their individual flavors—Abigaille's torrential flood, Camila's honeyed nectar, Nina's dense cream—and let out a low growl that rolled through the room like a thunderclap of lust.

"I can't believe it." He said finally, his voice a molten snarl, rough and dripping with dark desire. "I've finally tasted you milk cows one by one, and you're all so goddamn delicious—Mom's endless gush, Camila's sweet fucking gold, Nina's thick, slutty cream—I'm addicted. But now..." His grin twisted into a predatory slash, his hand sliding down to grip his straining cock through the soaked fabric, squeezing as his eyes burned into them. "I want it all at once...Your filthy, dripping tits mashed together, milk mixing in my mouth, a hot mess of you cows flooding me. I wanna suck you dry together—taste the nasty blend of my perfect little herd."

Hearing this, Abigaille's heart stopped, a sharp, trembling gasp escaping her as she clutched her massive breasts, her fingers sinking into the soft, overflowing flesh until milk oozed between them, dripping in slow, creamy rivulets down her trembling stomach.

"T-Together, sweetie?" She whispered, her voice a sultry, quivering plea, barely audible over the soft drip of her milk hitting the floor. "How...How are we gonna do that all of us, in your mouth at once?"

The words alone sent a shiver of dark arousal racing through her, her pussy clenching as wet heat pooled between her thighs, her body quaking at the obscene, intimate vision he'd planted in her mind.

Kafka's gaze turned molten, a predator's stare that pinned her in place as he licked a stray droplet from his lips, his tongue dragging slow and deliberate, savoring her essence. "Well you just have to follow my instructions."

"...First, get your asses over here all you dirty little milk whores."

He commanded, his voice a deep growl that dripped with taboo promise, thick with lust as he beckoned them with a slow, curling gesture of his fingers.

"And then press those slutty, leaking tits together—shove them so fucking tight your nipples are kissing, rubbing, dripping into each other, until they're a hot, creamy pile right in my face."

"...And then right in front of you I'm gonna wrap my mouth around all six of those dripping little fuckers—suck them raw, drink every filthy drop you've got, and drown in the nasty, wet mess of it."

His words were a dark, lascivious spell, painting a picture so perverse it seared into their minds—six swollen, milk-spewing nipples mashed together, slick and trembling, pressed into his greedy, sucking mouth as he devoured them in a single, depraved gulp, milk spurting in a wild, taboo flood that would choke him with their combined essence.

Their breaths caught in unison, chests heaving as their imaginations erupted with the sheer, filthy depravity of it—his tongue lashing six nipples at once, milk gushing in a creamy, messy torrent, their bodies fused in a hot, slippery crush.

And like obedient cows enslaved to their master's insatiable lust, they moved hesitant steps at first, their bodies trembling with nerves and pulsing desire, milk dripping from their tips to splatter the floor in soft, wet plops.

Abigaille shuffled forward, her breasts swaying heavily, the soft flesh jiggling as she pressed against Camila, her skin brushing hers in a sultry, electric slide that sent a shiver through them both. Camila sided up, her plump, juicy curves squishing into Abigaille's side, her nipples grazing her friend's flesh as milk smeared between them.

Nina joined last, her firmer tits nudging into Camila's other flank, and they inched closer still, gasping and giggling breathlessly as their breasts collided—soft, slick, and sticky with sweat and milk, mashing together in a hot, trembling tangle.

Their nipples—six swollen, leaking peaks—pressed tight, brushing and rubbing against one another until they formed a quivering, creamy cluster, so close they could feel the heat radiating off each other's skin, milk seeping from the contact in slow, tantalizing dribbles that mingled in the sultry crush.

The closeness ignited a commotion—Camila's plump, velvety nipples grazed Nina's harder, purple ones, and she let out a sultry, teasing whine, her voice dripping with heat.

"Nina your nipples are like goddamn diamonds. There's so hard that they're slicing into mine!"

She squeezed her breasts, milk spurting in a creamy arc as she shifted, her soft tips rubbing harder against Nina's, the friction sending a jolt of wet heat straight to her core.

Nina glared back, her cheeks flaring a deep crimson as she pressed forward, her voice a husky snap laced with arousal.

"They're not hard, you fat-titted slut. Uours are just too damn soft, all that jiggling flesh sloshing around!"

She smirked, her fingers digging into her own firm breasts as she rubbed her nipple against Camila's in a slow, deliberate circle, milk smearing between them in a hot, slippery mess as she teased her rival with a wicked glint in her eye.

The two descended into a sultry, milk-drenched skirmish, their nipples clashing like dueling blades in a lewd, creamy dance—rubbing, flicking, grinding as they argued, milk spraying in wild bursts with every thrust.

"Take that, you floppy cow!" Nina hissed, her nipple circling Camila's with a taunting twist, her milk splattering across Camila's chest as she pushed harder.

Camila moaned, her eyes narrowing as she retaliated, flicking her nipple back with a slippery grind that smeared their cream together. "Damn you, you green titty goblin!" She purred, her voice a hot, sultry taunt as she pressed her breast deeper, their tips sparring in a wet, rhythmic clash that drew sharp, breathy gasps from them both, their pussies soaking at the taboo friction.

But then Camila's gaze darted to Abigaille, her eyes widening as they locked onto her Abi's massive, perky nipples—big, juicy, and dripping with an effortless abundance that dwarfed their own, glistening like ripe, milk-filled fruit begging to be plucked. "Why am I even fighting with you?—she's the real prize." Camila breathed, her voice a dark, lascivious purr as she broke off from Nina, her milk-slick nipple twitching with intent.

Nina nodded, a sly, wicked grin curling her lips as she joined the assault. "Yeah—those fat, dripping milkers outshine us both—let's take her down!"



They pounced, their nipples zeroing in on Abigaille's swollen peaks, rubbing and grinding against them with slow, teasing strokes that sent creamy streams gushing from the contact, milk smearing across her trembling flesh in a hot, sticky mess.

Abigaille squealed, her voice a flustered, sultry moan as she squirmed between them, her breasts quivering under the relentless assault.

"Oh—girls, stop it—please!" She gasped, her hands flailing helplessly as their hard and soft nipples teased her sensitive peaks, sending electric jolts of pleasure racing through her. "It's so...so ticklish—I can't take it!"

Her pleas dissolved into whimpers, her thighs clenching as milk spurted in wild streams, coating their clashing breasts as Camila smirked, dragging her tip over Abigaille's swollen bud with deliberate, torturous pressure.

"Ticklish, huh? Take this, you juicy little cow." She purred, her milk mingling with Abigaille's in a creamy, taboo flood.

Nina joined in, her firmer nipple circling Abigaille's other peak with a wicked twist, purring. "Yeah, feel that you're drowning us, you slutty fountain!"

Abigaille's moans grew louder, her body quaking as their combined teasing pushed her to the edge, her pussy dripping with arousal at the filthy onslaught.

Kafka watched the lewd, nipple-rubbing fight unfold with a ravenous hunger, his cock throbbing painfully in his pants, the soaked fabric sticking to his shaft as pre-cum mingled with the milk Nina had drenched him in.

But his patience then snapped, and he barked. "Enough!"

His voice sliced through their sultry bickering like a lash, sharp and commanding, his eyes blazing with possessive, primal heat.

"Quit bullying my prized cow, as it's time to give me those dripping nipples and let me have my mouthful."

His tone was an unyielding decree, and the women froze, their breaths ragged and heavy as they turned to him, their competitive lust melting into submissive, trembling desire.

And like a herd molded to their master's will, they pressed closer, their bodies flush and quivering as they squished their breasts tighter—nipples sliding, rubbing, pressing until they fused into a perfect, trembling cluster of six swollen, leaking tips, slick with milk and pulsing with raw, taboo anticipation...