

God of Milfs 591

Chapter 591: Have A Taste Yourself

Kafka's grin turned feral, his heart rate picking up as he leaned forward, his hands gripping their hips with bruising force to pull them into position.

"Just look at this." He snarled, as he stared at the creamy, quivering pile—six nipples mashed together, dripping with their mingled milk, a hot, taboo offering laid bare for him and then without another word, he opened his mouth wide—stretching his lips to their limit, a greedy maw ready to claim and plunged forward, engulfing all six nipples at once in a single, ravenous gulp.

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

His lips sealed around the trembling cluster, his tongue lashing across them in a frenzied, sloppy sweep—swirling, flicking, sucking with a savage, animalistic hunger that drew a flood of milk into his mouth.

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

It hit him like a tidal wave—his mother's endless, creamy gush, Camila's sweet, syrupy nectar, Nina's thick, velvety essence—all blending into a filthy, intoxicating cocktail that spilled over his tongue, surged down his throat, and burst from the corners of his lips in a messy, creamy cascade.

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

His tongue danced across them—lapping at Abigaille's massive tips, teasing Camila's plump buds, biting Nina's firm points—sucking and slurping with a relentless, gluttonous fervor that left them all trembling, their moans rising in a sultry, taboo chorus.

Their milk flooded him, their bodies quaking, pussies dripping as they surrendered to the obscene ecstasy of feeding their master together, a herd of filthy cows consumed by his insatiable, depraved hunger.

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

The trio stood pressed together, their bodies quaking breasts mashed tight in a slick, trembling crush, their nipples sliding and rubbing against one another within the hot, wet cavern of his mouth, slick with their mingled essence.

And finally, Abigaille's voice broke through the sultry haze first, a trembling, depraved moan spilling from her lips as she felt the bizarre sensation of their nipples brushing inside his sucking maw.

"Oh my, sweetie!~" She whimpered, her tone thick with naughty heat as her breasts quivered, milk spurting harder with every flick of his tongue. "I can feel them—Camila's soft little buds, Nina's hard tips—sliding against mine in your mouth."

"...It's so strange, so sultry and god, it's making me drip!" Her pussy clenched, soaking her thighs as the taboo friction mingled with the wet heat of his tongue, her body swaying as she surrendered to the perverse pleasure.

Camila gasped next, her voice a sultry, wicked purr as she thrust her plump breasts deeper into the mix, her nipples rubbing against Abigaille's and Nina's in a slippery, creamy tangle.

"Yeah, I feel it too!~" She moaned, her words dripping with depraved delight as milk oozed from her tips. "His tongue's all over us, hot and messy, and your nipples—fuck, they're grinding against mine like wet little sluts."

"...It's so good, so nasty. I could get hooked on this, you filthy cows!~" Her hands twitched, itching to squeeze as she reveled in the forbidden sensation, her arousal pulsing between her legs.

Nina shuddered, her firmer nipples throbbing as they grazed the others, her voice a husky, trembling cry of lust.

"Oh, yes!~" She groaned, her tone saturated with taboo heat as she rocked her chest into the crush. "I feel you both your leaky, slutty tips sliding over my hard buds and his tongue, fuck, it's licking us all, lapping us up while we rub together. It's so hot—so fucking wrong—I'd let him do this every damn day!~"

Her milk spurted in thin, creamy bursts, mingling with theirs as she melted into the sensation, her pussy dripping down her legs at the perverse thrill of their nipples clashing in his mouth.

But Kafka, catching their naughty exchange, pulled back with a wet, lewd pop, his lips glistening with milk as it dribbled down his chin in thick streaks, his eyes flashing with dark, commanding heat.

"What exactly are you all doing?" He asked. "Milk. cows like you don't get to fucking chatter while you're working—shut those slutty mouths and do something useful."

"...Grab your own tits and suck them—milk those filthy udders yourselves while I watch."

The women froze, their breaths catching at his command, a flush of embarrassment warring with the pulsing heat in their cores.

Abigaille's cheeks blazed, her voice a flustered whimper. "S-Sweetie, you want me to—?"

Camila's eyes widened, a sultry smirk tugging at her lips, while Nina bit her lip, her gaze flickering with nervous arousal.

But as humiliating as it was, the taboo fire of his order consumed them, and they obeyed—slowly, hesitantly, their hands moving in a trembling, sultry dance.

Abigaille lifted one of her milk-heavy breasts to her mouth, her fingers sinking into the soft flesh as she guided her swollen nipple between her lips. Camila followed, cupping her plump, leaking tit and bringing it to her mouth with a wicked grin, while Nina grasped her firmer breast, her purple nipple glistening as she angled it toward her parted lips.

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

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

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

Abigaille's tongue flicked out, teasing her own nipple before she sucked hard, her lips sealing around the grape peak as milk flooded her mouth in a hot, creamy rush.

"Oh no, it tastes so good!~"

She moaned between slurps, her voice muffled against her flesh as she drank, milk spilling from the corners of her lips to trickle down her chin in a creamy streak.

Her other hand squeezed her free breast, milk spurting in wild arcs as she rocked her hips, lost in the taboo heat of sucking herself.

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

Camila latched onto her own nipple, sucking with a greedy pull that drew a sweet, syrupy stream, her voice a sultry gasp as she pulled back just enough to speak. "Oh my, this tastes feels so hot, drinking my own milk...Who would've thought that I'd be doing something like this!" She sucked again, her tongue swirling as milk dripped down her chest, her pussy throbbing at the perverse act.

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

Nina's lips closed around her own firm nipple, her tongue lapping at the purple tip as thick, rich milk oozed forth, coating her mouth in a velvety layer.

"Fuck—sucking myself while he watches." She groaned, her voice trembling with heat as she drank, milk dribbling from her lips to streak her skin. "It's so wrong but so damn good!~"

Her fingers teased her other nipple, coaxing out more as she moaned into her own flesh, her body quaking with arousal.

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

Kafka leaned back, his dark grin widening as he watched the lewd spectacle—three women sucking their own breasts, milk flowing in creamy streams that dripped down their chins, streaked their trembling bodies, and pooled on the floor beneath them in a slick, wet mess.

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

His hand gripped his cock through his pants, stroking slowly as he growled. "That's it, you dirty little milk sluts—suck those tits raw, drink yourselves dry."

But he couldn't resist joining in—his mouth descended on Abigaille's free nipple, sucking hard as milk gushed into him in a torrential flood, his tongue lashing her swollen peak while she moaned into her own breast.

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

The four of them formed a depraved connection—Abigaille sucking one of her massive tits while Kafka sucked the other, Camila sucking her plump nipple, Nina sucking her firm bud—milk spurting, lips slurping, tongues swirling in a hot, wet frenzy of taboo lust.

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

"Mmm—God, it's so hot and creamy!~" Abigaille whimpered, her voice quivering with ecstasy as she drank her own creamy flood, her nipple throbbing in Kafka's mouth as milk spilled from both their lips.

"Sucking myself while you suck me—fuck, I'm dripping!" Camila moaned louder, her lips popping off her nipple to gasp.

"M-My milk is so sweet!~ I can't actually believe it's this sweet!~!" Nina's voice joined the chorus, a sultry cry as she gulped her thick essence. "I might just pop one of my nipples into my mouth from time to time with now good tastes!~"

Kafka groaned into his mother's flesh, milk streaming from his lips as he rasped. "Keep sucking, you filthy cows—milk those slutty udders give me everything!"

Their moans and wet slurps filled the room, a depraved symphony of self—suckling ecstasy as they lost themselves in the taboo heat, bodies trembling, pussies soaking, consumed by the filthy sensation of drinking their own milk under his ravenous gaze.

Chapter 592: Dairy Cows Don't Walk

Kafka leaned back as he watched the three women—Abigaille, Camila, and Nina—sucking their own breasts in a trembling, milk-drenched frenzy. Milk streamed from their lips, streaking their chins and dripping down their quivering bodies, pooling on the floor in a slick, creamy mess.

But then, his brow furrowed suddenly, a flicker of realization cutting through his lust as he sat up straighter, milk dripping from his jaw. He swiped a hand across his chin, smearing milk across his knuckles, and fixed his gaze on them.

"This won't do." He suddenly said, eyes raking over their flushed, quivering forms. "If I just drink it all myself, I'll use up the whole supply and there'll be nothing left to sell."

"...So, I guess it's time to stop indulging in myself and properly milk you properly now, like they do on a farm." He left it at that, no further explanation, and rose to his feet, his soaked pants slapping against his thighs as he turned and strode toward the hot spring area, boots leaving faint, milky prints on the floor.

Abigaille, Camila, and Nina faltered, lips parting from their nipples with wet, lewd pops, milk still dribbling from their chins as confusion clouded their faces.

They exchanged quick, bewildered glances, but the pull of his command drew them forward. Still dripping, they shuffled after him, bare feet slipping on the milk-slicked floor, breasts swaying with every step.

Kafka reached the edge of the hot spring area, steam curling around his legs from the pools, and stopped abruptly. Turning, a slow, predatory smile spread across his face as he took in the sight—three milk-streaked women standing there, flushed and trembling.

"You know, cows on farms don't walk on two legs." He said, smile widening as he tilted his head, eyes glinting with dark intent. "So, why don't you all get on all fours and follow me."

Abigaille's cheeks flared red, hands clutching her dripping breasts as embarrassment surged through her.

'Crawl like that? In front of him?' She thought, her stomach twisting with shame.

"Kafi, I—" She started, voice quivering, ready to protest.

But before she could finish, Nina dropped to her knees without hesitation, hands hitting the floor with a soft thud, firm breasts swaying beneath her as she arched her back, purple nipples leaking thick rivulets that pooled below, eyes locked on Kafka with a sultry, submissive glow.

Camila's eyes widened briefly, then a mischievous grin curled her lips as she sank to all fours beside Nina, plump breasts dangling heavily, milk dripping from her velvety tips in steady streams that splattered the ground, hips swaying slightly as she looked up at Kafka with a playful, daring glint.

Seeing this submissive sight, he reached out, patting Nina's head, fingers threading through her hair. "Good cow." He murmured, touch firm and approving. He turned to Camila, petting her with a lingering stroke. "That's my girl." Their bodies shivered under his hands, milk spurting faster as they basked in his praise, skin flushing with heat.

Then his gaze shifted to his mother, still standing, her breasts trembling as milk trickled down her stomach. His eyes narrowed, stepping closer as his shadow fell over her.

"Didn't hear me, Mom? Why are you still standing?" He said, words sharp as he loomed over. "You might be my mother, but right now, you're just a cow on my dairy farm, so you'd better listen or else I might send you to a slaughter house for being such a disobedient cow."

A dark thrill twisted through Abigaille—her son's commanding edge stoking a fire in her core, drowning her shame in arousal.

And in response she dropped to her knees instantly, hands hitting the floor as her massive breasts swayed beneath her, milk dripping in steady streams.

"Okay, Kafi!~" She whispered, looking up at him, eyes wide and pleading, craving his approval.

Kafka's grin softened slightly, hand descending to pat her head, fingers lingering in her hair. "Good girl." He murmured as she shivered under his touch, milk gushing faster as she melted into the praise, body quaking with heat.

He then stepped back, eyes glinting as he surveyed them—three women on all fours, breasts dangling and leaking, asses swaying slightly. "Follow me." He said, turning to stride toward the hot spring, soaked pants clinging to his legs with every step.

They obeyed without hesitation, crawling after him—Abigaille's breasts swinging heavily, milk splattering the ground as she moved, hips rolling; Camila's plump tits swaying, creamy droplets trailing behind as she shook her ass playfully; Nina's firmer breasts jiggling, thick rivulets dripping as she arched her back, movements sultry and eager.

Kafka then paused near the edge of the steaming pool, the water's gentle lapping a soft backdrop to their heavy breaths.

He reached for a wooden bucket resting against the rocks and set it down with a deliberate thud and then crouched slightly, resting his elbows on his knees, and looked at them—Abigaille's wide, flustered eyes, Camila's daring smirk, Nina's soft, worshipful stare.

"You know..." He said, a smirk tugging at his lips. "Just like everyone else, I've always wondered what it'd be like to milk a cow—those slow squeezes, the warm flood filling a bucket...But I don't own any cows, and I'd rather not get kicked in the face by one." He straightened, his hands gesturing toward them as his smirk widened. "So I'm gonna practice on you three instead."

"...Milk you three dairy sluts right into this bucket, instead."

A shiver of excitement rippled through them, their bodies tingling at the thought of being treated like animals by their man—reduced to obedient, leaking livestock under his command.

Abigaille's breath caught, her breasts trembling as milk beaded at her nipples, a dark thrill pulsing through her. "Sweetie." She murmured, her voice quivering with a mix of nerves and arousal. "Are you really going to milk us so much that the bucket gets filled?"

He stepped closer, his shadow falling over her as he took in the creamy trails dripping from her tits to the floor. "Of course, Mom." He said, crouching beside her, his fingers brushing her cheek briefly before trailing down to hover near her leaking breasts. "With how much milk you've all got spilling out of those gorgeous udders, it'll be more than enough—probably overflow it."

His words ignited a fresh wave of heat in her, and before she could respond, her nipples betrayed her excitement—milk spurting out in sudden, eager jets, splattering the ground beneath her with a soft patter.

Kafka chuckled, as he settled fully beside her, his knees pressing into the warm stone. "Look at you, Mom—so damn excited you're leaking already." He said, his hand cupping her chin to tilt her face toward him, his eyes glinting with dark amusement. "Guess I'm starting with you—my needy little cow." He shifted closer, his hands moving with purpose to claim her massive breasts, fingers sinking into the soft, milk-heavy flesh as he began his work.

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

Kafka's palms kneaded his mother's breasts in slow, sensual circles, warming her skin as milk dribbled from her swollen nipples, a few drops hitting the bucket with a faint plink.

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

He leaned in, his breath hot and ragged against her ear as he squeezed gently, coaxing a steady stream that splashed into the wood below with a wet splat.

"Goddamn, Mom, feel how fucking full these are."

He said, his fingers massaging deeper, sinking into her soft, heavy flesh as the flow quickened, thick and creamy. "You've been desperate for this, haven't you? Holding all this milk, waiting for your boy to claim it—fuck, I can feel how much you need me."

Abigaille moaned softly, her body trembling as waves of sensation rippled through her, her hips rocking slightly, pressing closer to him. "Oh, darling, it's so good!~" She whispered, her voice thick with raw, needy heat. "Yes—God, yes, I've needed this—milk me, please, take it all!~"

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

He shifted one hand beneath her left breast, lifting its heavy, quivering weight as he tugged her nipple with a slow, teasing pull, milk gushing out in thick, creamy jets that filled the bucket with a rhythmic splat—splat.

"Fuck, look at this, Mom." He murmured, his lips brushing her cheek, leaving a faint trail of warmth as he guided her gaze down with a gentle nudge of his fingers under her chin. "These gorgeous tits—you're pouring out for me like a goddamn dream."

"...You're gonna fill half this bucket all by yourself, aren't you?" The bucket's surface rippled with her milk, climbing higher with every tug, a creamy pool reflecting the steamy glow around them.

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

She gasped, her eyes fluttering as the sight ignited a fire in her core, her pussy clenching with forbidden lust. "I-I can't believe it, sweetie." She breathed, her voice quaking with passion. "It's so much—all for you, oh God, I've wanted you to have it—every drop!~"

His grip tightened slightly, fingers rolling her right nipple as he milked her harder, the streams thickening into a torrent with each deliberate tug.

"It's so fucking perfect." He said, his lips trailing along her jaw, his breath a warm, tantalizing tease as he pressed his chest against her side, feeling her tremble under him. "Milking these fat, gorgeous udders—watching them spill like this just for me."

"...You were born for this, Mom—my own dirty little cow, dripping with need for your son."

He squeezed both breasts now, hands working in tandem—one pumping with firm, possessive strokes, the other tugging in long, slow pulls—milk splashing wildly into the bucket as her moans grew louder, raw and unrestrained, echoing in the steamy air.

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

"Yes, baby... Yes!~" She whimpered, her pussy throbbing as the taboo intimacy sank into her soul, her body arching into his hands, craving more. "I'm yours—always yours—drain me, God, I love how you fucking own me like this!~"

He groaned against her lips, his hands never slowing as he claimed her with every squeeze. "That's it, Mlm—tell me how much you fucking love it." He said, his voice softening into a husky whisper as milk splashed wildly around them. "No one else could do this—milk their own mother like a goddamn cow, watch her drip and moan for."

"...You're my filthy secret—my perfect, slutty mama —and fuck, I'm addicted to you."

His lips crashed into hers then, a deep, hungry kiss—tongues tangling, tasting the sweet, creamy traces on his mouth as his hands milked her with possessive intensity, milk spraying onto his thighs, the bucket, the stone.

"Schlurp!~ Splurt!~ Drip!~ Sploosh!~"

He kissed her harder, deeper, swallowing her cries as their mouths moved in a sloppy, passionate frenzy, her breasts yielding under his masterful touch, the bucket shimmering with her creamy flood.

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

He then pulled back from the kiss, milk glistening on his lips as he gave her nipples one last, firm squeeze, the bucket nearly half-full with her alone.

"Look at that, Mom." He said, tilting her chin down again with a gentle nudge, his chest heaving as he watched her take in the creamy pool she'd made. "Half the damn thing already—my perfect, overflowing mother cow, giving me everything."

He brushed his lips against hers once more, a slow, lingering tease, letting her catch her breath as her body quivered with aftershocks of pleasure, her skin slick with sweat and milk, her eyes locked on his with a mix of adoration and insatiable desire.

Kafka then rose, his cock straining against his soaked pants, and turned his gaze to Camila and Nina, still on all fours, watching with wide, lustful eyes—Camila's playful and eager, Nina's soft and submissive.

The bucket sat brimming with Abigail's milk, its surface rippling in the humid glow, and he wiped his hands on his thighs, leaving faint creamy prints as he stepped toward them.

"Your turn, my little dairy whores." He said, gesturing to the bucket with a nod. "I'm gonna milk you both—fill this thing to the top."

Camila licked her lips, her plump tits dripping as she wiggled her ass, a teasing gleam in her eyes, while Nina's firm breasts leaked thickly, her body trembling with quiet anticipation.

The hot spring pulsed with heat and desire, their eager breaths filling the air as they awaited their master's touch, ready to surrender their milk in their own deliciously depraved ways...

Chapter 593: Milk My Daughter As Well

Camila and Nina, electrified by the thought of being milked next, couldn't contain their excitement.

They scrambled forward on all fours, their movements frantic yet sultry—Camila's plump tits swaying heavily, creamy droplets splattering the stone in a teasing trall, Nina's firmer breasts jiggling sensuously, thick rivulets streaming from her purple nipples—rushing toward Kafka with desperate, lust-soaked pleas spilling from their lips.

"Kafka, please—milk me first!~" Camila cried, her voice a sultry, pleading whine as she nudged closer, her ass wiggling provocatively, milk dripping faster from her swollen nipples. "I'm so fucking full for you—my tits are aching, begging for your hands to squeeze me dry—don't make me wait!~"

"No, master—me first, please!~" Nina countered, her tone soft yet insistent, her back arching deeply as she pressed forward, her firm breasts swaying, leaking thickly onto the stone. "I've been dreaming of this—your fingers on me, draining every drop—I need you to take me now, I'm yours!~"

Their rivalry flared into a playful, primal tussle—Camila's forehead pressing against Nina's, their sweat-slicked skin brushing as their breasts collided, milk mingling in a messy splash between them.

"Back off, Nina—I'm his favorite cow, these juicy udders deserve him first!" Camila growled, shoving lightly with a wicked grin, her hips swaying as she jostled for position.

"Dream on, you greedy bitch—I'm his sweetest, my milk's thicker, he'll want me more!" Nina shot back, pushing in return, her eyes glinting with competitive heat, their giggles erupting in breathy bursts amid the wet splat of milk hitting the ground.

Kafka watched for a moment, his cock throbbing painfully against his soaked pants, the sight of their eager struggle stoking a fire in his gut. He then stepped forward, hands flashing out to deliver a sharp, firm slap to each of their arses—Camila's plump cheeks bouncing with a satisfying jiggle, Nina's taut skin blooming red under his touch.

"Ahhh!~"

"Kyaaa!~"

They yelped in unison, the sting sending a jolt of pleasure straight to their lower halves, their bodies quivering with renewed heat.

"Enough fighting, my little cows" He said, crouching between them, his hands lingering on their stinging flesh, kneading briefly before pulling them closer. "I've got two hands, you know, so I can milk you both at once, drain those gorgeous tits together."

"...Now, get over here, press in tight, right over the bucket now, so I can milk you both."

They obeyed instantly, crawling closer until their bodies pressed side by side, facing each other on all fours, their breasts dangling tantalizingly over the bucket—Camila's plump, creamy tits brushing against Nina's firmer, leaking ones, their nipples so close they nearly kissed, the bucket poised beneath to catch their combined flood.

And for a fleeting moment, their eyes locked, and the sheer absurdity of their position washed over them. They burst into soft, breathy chuckles, their laughter weaving through the steamy air like a shared secret.

"Oh god, Nina, can you believe this?" Camila gasped between giggles, her voice dripping with playful, lustful affection as she shifted slightly, her milk dripping faster. "Me—married, with my sweet little Bella—and you, a proud and fierce properitress of your hotspring. But now look at us, crawling like cows, tits out, begging a high schooler two decades younger to milk us dry. It's insanel

Nina laughed, her eyes sparkling with warmth and desire, milk trickling from her nipples as she leaned closer, her shoulder brushing Camila's. "I know, Camila—God, It's so fucking bizarre, so deliciously strange." She murmured, her gaze softening with a tender glow. "But I'd never give this up—not for anything. Being his cow, feeling him drain me like this—It's pure bliss and t's all I crave."

Camila's grin turned tender, her head tilting until their foreheads nearly touched, their breaths mingling as milk dripped below. "Same here, Nina—I'd fight the world to keep this." She said, her voice a loving purr. "No one else could handle me like he does—those hands, that hunger—I wouldn't trade you being here either, Nina. You're his with me, and fuck, it feels right."

"Exactly." Nina whispered, her tone a sultry caress as she pressed closer, their rivalry melting into a wholesome, lust—soaked bond. "You and me, his perfect herd—no one else could take our place, not ever. I'd die before I let someone steal this from us."

Their eyes shimmered with shared affection, their milk mingling in the bucket below as their connection deepened.

Kafka crouched beside them, his hands sliding up their backs, fingers tracing their spines with a possessive sweep before settling at their shoulders. "Seems my two cows are having a damn sweet little chat." He said, his lips curling into a smirk as he positioned himself between them, knees pressing into the warm stone. "But enough talking—time to milk you both, make those gorgeous udders spill for me."

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

And without a second to waste, his hands moved with swift intent, one claiming Camila's plump left breast, the other gripping Nina's firm right, and he began tugging their nipples with firm pulls, milk spurting out in twin jets that splashed into the bucket with a wet plink—plink.

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

Camila gasped, her body shuddering as her creamy milk flowed freely, her eyes darting down to watch the streams collide with Nina's in the bucket. "Oh—fuck yes, Kafka!" She moaned, her voice thick with excitement and love. "Look at me leaking for you—God, when I had Bella, I couldn't get a single damn drop into a bottle. Hours of trying, those stupid machines failing me—nothing worked."

"...But now you're doing it so easily—how the hell do you make my tits obey you like this?"

Kafka's fingers twisted her nipple gently, drawing out a thicker, creamier jet as he leaned closer, his lips brushing her ear, his breath hot against her skin.

"It's because I'm your master, Camila—your perfect, filthy master." He said, tugging harder, milk spraying wildly as he kissed her neck, lingering there with a soft nip. "These nipples know me feel me they can't help but leak for me, pouring out everything because you're mine. Your body bends to me, craves me—fuck, it's beautiful."

Her eyes flared with lust and adoration, and she arched into his touch, milk gushing faster.

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

"Oh my, Kafka, that's so fucking hot!~." She purred, her voice trembling with passion. "Speaking of Bella—why don't you come over sometime and check if she's got milk in those pretty tits of hers."

"...I'd love watching you drink from us both—mother and daughter—sucking us dry, tasting us together. Bet you'd love comparing how sweet we are, wouldn't you?"

He chuckled, his hand squeezing her breast harder, milk splashing into the bucket as he pulled her closer, his lips hovering over hers.

"Oh, you naughty little cow—I'd fucking love that." He said, his free hand tugging Nina's nipple in sync, keeping her milk flowing as he focused on Camila. "But you've got an even better idea brewing, don't you? Tell me—give me that wicked mind of yours."

Camila's grin widened, her voice dropping to a sultry, loving whisper as she leaned into him, milk streaming from her breast under his relentless tug.

"Knock her up, Kafka—fuck my little Bella, fill her up with your seed!~" She murmured, her words dripping with taboo desire and fierce affection. "Get her tits leaking like mine—they you'd have both of us dripping for you, milk and all."

"...Plus, I'd get that grandkid I've been craving and watching you claim her, knowing she's mine too—it'd be so fucking perfect, master. Only you could make that happen!~"

He groaned, his lips crashing into hers in a deep, ravenous kiss—tongues tangling, tasting the heat of her words as he milked her with renewed fervor, milk spraying around them.

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

"Camila—fuck, only you could dream up something so goddamn delicious." He murmured against her mouth, kissing her harder, deeper, his hand squeezing her breast in time with his passion. "I love you love your filthy, brilliant mind, your slutty soul—you're my everything, my perfect cow."

His other hand tugged Nina's nipple, her thick milk blending with Camila's in the bucket, but he lingered with Camila, kissing her with a fierce, loving intensity, their moans blending into a symphony of depravity.

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

Kafka then pulled back from Camila's kiss, milk glistening on his lips, his chest heaving as he savored the taste of her creamy sweetness lingering on his tongue.

His hand still squeezed her plump breast, milk spurting in creamy jets, but he turned his gaze to Nina, her firm breasts trembling as his other hand tugged her nipple, her thick, velvety milk blending with Camila's in the bucket below.

The sight of her—skin flushed a deep red from arousal, her body quivering under his touch—stirred a fierce affection in him.

He shifted closer to her, his knees pressing into the warm stone as he focused on her, his fingers tracing the curve of her breast before gripping it firmly, coaxing a fresh stream of milk with a slow, deliberate pull.

"Look at you, Nina—my sweet little cow." He said, his lips brushing her shoulder as he began milking her with both hands now, abandoning Camila's breast for a moment to give Nina his full attention.

"Schlurp!~ Splurt!~ Drip!~ Sploosh!~"

Milk flowed in rich, thick streams, splashing into the bucket with a lush splat. "With how green your skin is, I was half-expecting you to leak some green milk...like a ripe little fruit ready to burst."

Nina chuckled, the sound soft and breathy as her body arched into his touch, milk dripping faster from her swollen nipples. "Oh, master—that's ridiculous." She murmured, her voice a sultry tease laced with affection. "Green milk? That'd be so weird—disgusting, even! Can you imagine it? Me leaking some bizarre, alien goo instead of this? I'd look like a freak!"

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

He grinned, his hands working her breasts with a tender rhythm, squeezing and tugging as milk gushed out, the bucket filling higher. "No way, my gorgeous girl—of course it wouldn't be disgusting."

He said, leaning closer, his lips grazing her ear as he kissed the sensitive skin there.

"It'd be like flavored milk—something exotic, delicious. With how green you'd be on the outside, I'd bet it's watermelon—sweet and juicy, just like you. Especially with that pretty pink and red pussy of yours and fuck, I'd drink every drop, savoring how unique my little cow is."

Her eyes widened, a flush of excitement spreading across her face as his words sank in, her pussy clenching with a surge of heat. "Oh—master, you're so naughty!~" She gasped, her voice trembling with lust and adoration as milk poured from her breasts, spurred by his teasing. "Watermelon milk—God, that's so wild, but knowing you'd love it makes me so fucking wet!~"

He chuckled, his hands squeezing her breasts harder, milk spraying wildly as he pressed his chest against her side, kissing a trail up her neck.

"Fuck, Nina—I can't believe that bastard husband of yours ever left you." He said, his lips lingering on her jaw, his breath hot against her skin. "He's missing out on this—milking these amazing tits, feeling them spill like this. They're a goddamn gift—perfect, full, leaking just for me."

"...I want to fuck you right here, milk you while he watches—let him see the ecstasy he abandoned, the pleasure he'll never taste again."

Nina's breath hitched, a flicker of frustration crossing her face as she leaned into him, her milk flowing thicker under his relentless tugging.

"No—master, please." She whimpered, her voice a desperate, loving plea as she pressed her forehead against his, her eyes shimmering with need. "I don't want him—I don't want any other man seeing me like this, naked and leaking for you."

"...You're the only one I'd ever let touch me, fuck me—God, I'd die before letting anyone else have this."

He paused, his hands stilling for a moment as he cupped her face, his thumbs brushing her cheeks tenderly before resuming his milking, tugging her nipples with a possessive pull that made her moan.

"Then we'll make it even better, my sweet cow." He said, kissing her nose softly, then her lips, a gentle tease before pulling back. "I'll fuck you senseless, milk you dry, and if he dares watch, I'll dig

his fucking eyes out after—leave him blind so he'll never see what's mine again. Just you and me, Nina—my perfect, leaking goddess."

Her eyes flared with arousal instead of fear, the dark promise igniting a wild heat in her core as milk gushed from her breasts, the bucket trembling beneath the flood.

"Oh—master, fuck, that's so hot!~" She gasped, her voice breaking with passion as she surged forward, her lips crashing into his in a deep, hungry kiss.

"Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Kiss!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~"

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

Their tongues tangled, tasting the faint sweetness of milk and sweat, her moans vibrating against his mouth as his hands kept milking her, fingers tugging and squeezing with a loving fervor, milk splashing around them in creamy streaks.

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

Camila, watching from her perch beside them, felt a spark of playful jealousy flare in her chest—she wasn't about to be left out.

"Hey—don't hog him, Nina!" She purred, her voice a sultry taunt as she crawled closer, her plump breasts brushing Nina's, milk dripping into the bucket as she joined them. "I want in on that kiss—master's too fucking delicious to share with just you!"

She leaned in, her lips finding Kafka's, then Nina's, and soon all three mouths overlapped in a naughty, decadent dance—tongues sliding against each other, lips brushing and sucking in a messy, passionate tangle.

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

Camila's tongue flicked against Kafka's, then darted to tease Nina's, their breaths mingling in a steamy haze as milk sprayed from both their breasts under his relentless hands.

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

Kafka's fingers worked in tandem—tugging Camila's velvety nipples with firm pulls, coaxing her creamy jets, while squeezing Nina's firm breasts with a tender intensity, drawing out her thick, velvety streams.

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

Their milk mingled in the bucket, splashing against the sides as it rose higher, while Camila sucked on Kafka's lower lip, then nipped Nina's, her voice a breathy whisper between kisses. "Fuck—master, you're a god—milking us like this, kissing us like this!~ God, I love you, love how you make us spill for you!~"

Nina moaned into the kiss, her tongue sliding against Camila's before finding Kafka's again, her lips trembling with adoration. "Yes—master, I love you—love how you take me, fuck, don't stop—milk me, kiss me, I'm yours forever!~" She gasped, her milk flowing faster as his fingers twisted her nipples, the bucket shuddering under the combined flood.

Their kisses deepened, a sloppy, loving mess—Kafka's tongue swirling against Camila's, then diving to taste Nina's, their lips overlapping in a frantic, three—way embrace.

Kafka's hands never faltered, milking them with a fierce, loving rhythm—squeezing Camila's plump breasts, tugging Nina's firm ones—until the bucket couldn't hold anymore.

Milk overflowed, spilling over the edges in creamy rivers, streaking the stone around them as their bodies quivered, pressed tight together in their shared ecstasy.

Seeing this, he pulled back from the kiss, milk glistening on his lips, his chest heaving as he looked at them—Camila's wicked grin, Nina's worshipful gaze—both panting, their breasts still dripping faintly, the bucket a testament to their surrender.

"Wow...Look at this, my perfect milk cows." He said, dipping a finger into the overflowing mix, licking it with a groan as he savored their combined taste. "You filled it to the damn brim—my gorgeous, leaking loves and I'm so freaking proud of you for doing such a good job."

He kissed them again, first Camila, then Nina, soft and lingering, sealing their bond as the hot spring pulsed around them, their milk-soaked bodies trembling with the afterglow of their passionate union...

Chapter 594: Pretty As The Day I Met You

Kafka stood slowly, his muscles flexing as he gripped the brimming bucket, lifting it with both hands, the creamy mix sloshing faintly against the wooden sides. His eyes gleamed hunger as he admired it, milk droplets clinging to his fingers from where he'd dipped them moments before.

"After all that effort, it's finally full—stuffed to the damn brim with this gorgeous mix from my mother and my two lovers." He tilted his head back slightly, his throat tensing in anticipation as he prepared to indulge.

Abigaille, Camila, and Nina crawled toward him on all fours, their milk-covered bodies glistening in the steamy glow, their eyes locked on him with a blend of adoration and raw desire as he lifted the bucket to his lips, his throat bobbing as the warm, creamy milk flowed down in slow, deliberate gulps.

The sight sent a shiver through them, their breaths quickening as they watched their essence disappear into him.

"Oh my...That's our milk going down his throat." Camila murmured, her voice a sultry purr as she licked her lips, her plump breasts swaying slightly. "All that sweet cream—meant for babies, for my Bella—and here's Kafka, guzzling it like it's his goddamn birthright."

Nina giggled softly, her firm breasts jiggling as she shifted closer, milk still dripping faintly from her purple nipples. "It's wild, isn't it?" She whispered, her tone soft and reverent. "Mine was supposed to nourish my babies too—but I'd rather watch master drink it, take every drop we've got."

Abigaille's eyes shimmered with a maternal, lustful glow as she pressed herself closer, her massive breasts brushing the stone floor. "Not for me." She said, her voice thick with affection as she gazed up at Kafka, his throat still working the milk down. "That's my baby drinking it—my sweet boy, sucking me dry again. I'd let him drain me forever—pour every ounce from these breasts I have as long as he's satisfied."

"...God, I'd fill buckets more just for you, sweetie!~"

Kafka lowered the bucket after drinking half, milk glistening on his lips and chin as he let out a deep, satisfied sigh, like a man refreshed by the finest elixir. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, his chest rising and falling as he savored the aftertaste.

"So damn tasty." He said, licking his lips as he looked down at them, his voice brimming with awe. "I can taste all three of you—my mother's rich, warm flood, Camila's sweet, playful cream, Nina's thick, silky velvet—all merging into one perfect milk."

"...Damn, if I bottled this and sold it, it'd go for insane money, make the world lose their minds."

He paused, his gaze softening as he met their eyes—Abigaille's tender devotion, Camila's mischievous glint, and Nina's quiet worship.

"But I'd never do that." He added, setting the bucket down beside him with a gentle thud. "This is all mine—ours for me and my family. No one else gets a drop."

He smirked, stepping back as he began peeling off his soaked clothes, his shirt sliding off to reveal his chiseled chest, then his pants dropping to free his massive cock, thick and pulsing as it dangled between his legs. He then climbed onto a smooth rock, sitting with a casual dominance as he spread his legs wide, the bucket within reach.

Grabbing it, he then tilted it over himself, pouring a slow stream of the warm milk onto his cock, letting it drip down his shaft, over his balls, coating him in a creamy sheen that glistened in the steamy light.

"Now it's your turn." He said, spreading his legs wider, his cock twitching as the milk trickled off him. "If you want a taste, come lick it off—suck it clean."

"...So, who wants to have a taste first?"

None of them hesitated.

Abigaille, Camila, and Nina surged forward on all fours, their milk-soaked bodies pressing close as they crowded around him, their mouths eager and hungry.

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

There was barely enough space, but they claimed their spots—Abigaille's lips wrapping around his shaft, Camila's tongue lapping at his tip, Nina's mouth sucking his balls—alternating with a frantic, sensual rhythm.

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

They licked and sucked, tongues sliding over his milk—drenched cock, teeth grazing gently, lips brushing as they kissed each other in the chaos, swapping the creamy taste between them.

"Fuck your cock's so tasty, master." Camila moaned, her tongue swirling around his tip, milk dripping down her chin as she sucked, then nipped Nina's lips, passing the flavor with a playful nip. "Like the best fucking ice cream—sweet and creamy—I could lick this every damn day!~"

Nina hummed in agreement, her mouth moving from his balls to his shaft, licking up a streak of milk as she kissed Abigaille's cheek, their tongues brushing briefly.

"God, yes—it's better than anything!~" She gasped, her voice trembling with lust. "Kids might want ice cream sticks, but I'd pick this cock every time—so much fucking tastier, master—I'm addicted!~"

Abigaille pulled back briefly, licking milk from her lips as she gazed up at him, her tongue tracing his length before accidentally brushing over Camila's mouth, their lips overlapping in a creamy exchange.

"Sweetie, it's perfect—your cock with our milk!~" She murmured, her voice thick with maternal love and raw desire. "I'd feed you like this forever...Suck you dry while you drink us...Nothing beats this!~"

Kafka smiled down at them, his cock throbbing under their eager mouths, the sight of his three women—mother and lovers—sucking him with such devotion sending a surge of heat through him.

"Fuck, this is amazing." He said, grabbing the bucket and tilting it again, pouring the remaining milk over their bodies.

It cascaded down Abigail's massive breasts, streaked Camila's plump curves, dripped off Nina's firm frame, coating them in a glistening sheen that dripped erotically onto the stone.

"Watching my gorgeous cows suck me like this—like you're starving for your mother's milk...It's fucking unreal."

He groaned, his restraint snapping as the sight pushed him over the edge, his cock pulsing with need.

"I don't think I can hold back anymore." He said, setting the empty bucket aside as he stood, milk dripping from his body. "I'm gonna impregnate all my cows right now—keep you leaking like this forever."

"...Starting with you, Nina—my sweet virgin cow."

He stepped down, his massive cock swaying as he approached her, his eyes glinting with intent.

"Keeping you a virgin all this while is bad for business—I need you pregnant, tits full and lactating all the time. So, you're first, Nina, I'm gonna fill you up good tonight."

Hearing this, Nina froze, her flushed face paling slightly as a flicker of nerves crossed her eyes, milk still dripping from her breasts.

Kafka then turned to his mother and Camila, his hands gesturing toward her.

"She's scared and has been holding off this moment because of that very fear for a while now." He said, his voice softening with care. "Help her, you two—soothe her nerves, get her ready for my cock. She needs you."

Abigail and Camila exchanged a glance, their eyes lighting up with interest and affection as they crawled to Nina's side, their hands gentle as they guided her to lie back on the warm stone, spreading her legs tenderly. Nina gulped, her body trembling as she looked between them, flustered and uncertain, her pussy glistening with arousal despite her nerves.

"Oh, sweet Nina, don't be scared." Abigaille murmured, stroking her hair as she knelt beside her, her voice a soothing lullaby laced with love. "It'll only sting for a second—then it's pure bliss, I promise. He's so good and he's gonna fill you up, make you feel amazing."

"...And you're already so wet, so it'll probably slide right in."

Camila grinned, her hand tracing Nina's thigh as she spread her legs wider, her tone warm and teasing.

"Yeah, Nina—trust us, it's heaven once he's in you." She said, kissing Nina's knee softly. "And you're dripping already, you're so ready for him. That fat cock's gonna stretch you just right—hurt a little, then feel like nothing else."

"...And we're going to be right by your side while you take him in, so you don't have to worry about anything."

Nina whimpered, her eyes darting between them and Kafka, who approached with his massive cock in hand, thick and pulsing as he knelt between her legs.

"I—I don't know." She whispered, her voice quaking with fear and longing, her body tense yet yielding as Abigaille and Camila held her, their hands soothing her trembling limbs.

"You'll see, my sweet Nina—it's all love." Abigaille said, as she cradled her head, her massive breasts brushing Nina's cheek. "He's your master and he's going to make you his, just like us."

Camila nodded, her fingers brushing Nina's clit gently, coaxing a soft moan from her lips. "Exactly, it's going to feel so good, Nina." She murmured, her voice a loving caress. "We're here to hold you through it. Let him fuck you, let him fill you up, and let him make you join us as well."

Kafka positioned himself, his cock brushing Nina's slick entrance as he looked down at her, his hands gripping her hips gently, steadying her trembling form against the warm stone.

"Ready, Nina?" He said, his voice steady and warm, a quiet promise woven into the words as he held her gaze, while Abigaille and Camila flanked her, their soothing words wrapping her in a cocoon of support.

Nina's eyes lifted to meet his, shimmering with a blend of love and something softer, more fragile—a pitiful vulnerability that softened her fierce exterior. Her breath hitched, and she reached up, her fingers brushing his wrist as she spoke, her voice trembling with raw honesty.

"Kafka, I know I seem fierce and tough on the outside, like a woman who can handle anything life throws at her."

"But the truth is, I really hate pain—I can't stand it at all. I cry so easily when it comes to moments like this, and I don't want to cry during my first time."

"...So, p-please, be as gentle as you can with me—I want this to be beautiful, not with me being all ugly with tears streaming down my face."

Kafka's lustful edge melted away at her words, his hands loosening their grip on her hips as he leaned closer, his eyes softening into a gentle, adoring gaze that mirrored her vulnerability. He brushed a thumb across her cheek, catching a faint shimmer of moisture before it could fall, and smiled tenderly.

"Nina, my adorable little tigress, even if you cry, there's nothing wrong with that, as your tears don't make you weak, they make you real and I'd love you just as much."

"No matter how much you cry, no matter how many tears you spill, you'll still be as beautiful as always—pretty as the day I met you, when I fell for you at first sight."

"...You're my little kitten, tears or not, and nothing will ever change that."

"Badump!~ Badump!~ Badump!~"

Nina's heart thudded in her chest, overwhelmed by his words as emotions surged through her love, gratitude, a dizzying sense of belonging that made her breath catch.

She thought of how lucky she was to have met Kafka out of all the people in the world, this man who treated her like a delicate, cherished angel when her whole life, others had seen her as some kind of devil—judging her for her bold personality, her different skin, her unyielding spirit.

His acceptance pierced through years of rejection, and in that moment, she realized that no matter how many lives she lived, she'd want every single one to be with him, bound to his gentle strength.

Tears welled in her eyes—not from fear, but from the depth of her feelings and she smiled up at him, a radiant, trembling smile that lit her face with pure devotion.

"Kafka..." She whispered, her voice quivering with emotion as she reached for his hands, squeezing them tightly. "Come inside me. I want to feel your love deep inside me right now."

"...Fill me with you, make me yours completely as I'm finally ready and need you so much right now."

Kafka's eyes shimmered with affection as he obeyed, his hands sliding to her hips once more, guiding her gently as he aligned himself. He pressed forward, slow and steady his cock parting her slick folds with a tender, steady push.

The tip breached her entrance, stretching her virgin walls as he moved deeper, inch by careful inch, his gaze locked on hers to catch every flicker of emotion.

"Nnnn!~ It's going i-inside!~ Mmm!~ I-It's going inside of me!~"

Nina's breath caught, a soft whimper escaping her lips as the initial stretch brought a faint sting—a brief, sharp sensation that made her fingers tighten around Abigail's hand—but Kafka paused, letting her adjust, his thumbs stroking her hips in soothing circles.

And as he did, the sting faded quickly, replaced by a warm, filling pressure as he pushed further, his cock sliding deeper into her tight, untouched heat. Her walls clenched around him, soft and yielding, drawing him in as he reached the barrier of her virginity.

"Hmmm!~"

With a gentle thrust, he broke through, his cock sinking fully into her, all the way to the hilt, the tip brushing the entrance to her womb in a deep, intimate caress.

"Haughhh!~ Ahhhh!~"

Nina gasped, her body tensing for a moment before melting into the sensation of fullness, warmth, and a blossoming pleasure that radiated through her core, tingling up her spine and making her milk leak faster from her breasts in creamy rivulets.

"Oh, Kafka!~" She moaned, her voice a trembling hymn of awe and love as tears slipped down her cheeks—not from pain, but from the overwhelming flood of emotion crashing through her.

She felt him inside her—his thick, pulsing length stretching her, claiming her, filling her with a love so profound it made her heart ache.

The connection was electric, a fusion of their bodies and souls that left her breathless, her pussy fluttering around him as pleasure began to pulse in waves throughout her entire body.

"It's...It's so deep...so good...I feel you everywhere, Kafka!~ I feel your love so deep inside of me!~"

She breathed, her eyes locked on his, shimmering with adoration as her body surrendered completely...

Chapter 595: I Want To Feel It In My Womb!

Kafka groaned, his hands steady on Nina's hips as he thrust slowly inside her, his cock enveloped by her tight, pulsing heat.

"Oh, Nina—you feel so good." He said, his voice rough with pleasure as he looked down at her, his eyes glinting with awe. "Your pussy's so tight—tighter than anything I've ever felt. It's incredible, like you're gripping me harder than I thought possible."

A playful smirk tugged at his lips as he added,

"Must be that athletic build of yours—those strong muscles making your pussy a damn vice."

Nina's cheeks flushed a deeper red, her eyes widening as a shy smile flickered across her face, her body trembling beneath him.

"Kafka, please don't tease me like that." She murmured, her voice soft and bashful as she averted her gaze, milk still leaking from her breasts in faint streams. "I-I'm already struggling to not cry out

from how full I feel down there like someone as rammed a damn flagpole up my hole and your words aren't helping me at all."

Hearing this, he paused mid-thrust, his hands sliding up to cradle her face as he leaned closer, his expression softening into a tender, earnest look.

"I'm not teasing, Nina—not at all." He said, kissing her forehead gently before pulling back to meet her eyes. "I mean it—you're pussy's unreal and even the others would look the same." He then looked at his mother and Camila by her side and said, "...Mom, Camila, come take a look at her pussy right now and tell me if I'm joking. Look at how she's holding me."

Hearing his call, Abigaille and Camila shifted closer, their hands still resting on Nina's arms as they leaned in curiously, peering down at where Kafka's cock was buried inside her.

Their eyes widened in unison, shock and fascination crossing their faces as they took in the sight—Nina's slick, tight pussy gripping his thick length like a possessive force, her walls clamping around him so fiercely that his cock bent and curved inside her, an indent forming where her muscles squeezed him relentlessly, almost as if her body was trying to devour him.

Abigaille's hand flew to her mouth, her voice a surprised gasp as she spoke in full sentences. "Goodness, Nina, I've never seen anything like this. Your pussy is holding onto him so tightly, like it's molding him to fit you perfectly...I can see why he's so captivated."

Camila's grin was wide and delighted, her fingers brushing Nina's thigh as she added her own observation. "Wow, it's gripping you like it's alive, Kafka—look at that curve! I've never witnessed a pussy this strong before; it's practically sculpting your cock right there inside her."

Nina's embarrassment flared, her hands flying to cover her face as she squirmed beneath their gazes, her voice muffled behind her fingers. "Oh no—stop it, both of you! This is so humiliating—I didn't know it was that obvious!" Her pussy clenched even tighter in reflex, drawing a low groan from Kafka as he felt the pressure intensify.

He chuckled softly, his hands sliding back to her hips as he resumed his slow thrusts, his cock sliding against her constricting walls with each careful motion.

"Not just tight, Nina—your insides are compact too." He said, his voice thick with awe as he watched her body respond. "I can feel every single muscle wrapping around me—every ridge, every pulse it's like your whole pussy's alive, hugging my cock so close I can barely move."

"...Fuck, just look down, I can even see it through your abdomen, moving inside you."

Nina's hands dropped from her face, her breath catching as she followed his gaze, her eyes widening in disbelief.

There, on her slender abdomen, she saw it a faint outline of his cock pressing against her skin, shifting and bulging slightly with each thrust, like a snake slithering beneath her flesh.

The sight freaked her out at first, a jolt of shock rippling through her as she gasped.

"Kafka—what is that? It's so strange—I can see it moving!"

But as she stared, fascination overtook her fear, her curiosity piqued by the surreal, intimate connection unfolding within her.

He smiled, his hands guiding hers gently as he slowed his thrusts to a tender rhythm.

"It's me, Nina—my cock inside you." He said, his voice warm and reassuring as he took her trembling hand. "I want you to feel it feel how deep I am, how much you're holding me. Go on, touch it."

He placed her hand on her abdomen, pressing her fingers gently against the faint bulge, then resumed his slow thrusts, letting her feel the motion beneath her skin.

Nina's breath grew shaky as her slender fingers lingered on her abdomen, trembling against her own flesh as Kafka's cock pulsed inside her, its thick, living presence shifting beneath her touch with each slow, tender thrust.

Her eyes widened with awe and unease, her voice a soft, quivering whisper. "It's so weird—it's alive in there!" She said, her heart racing as she pressed harder, curiosity overtaking her initial fear.

Her fingers began to explore, tracing the faint bulge with a tentative touch, then growing bolder as she felt the curve of his shaft, the subtle ridges of veins pressing against her inner walls, the way it flexed and throbbed inside her tight, muscular heat.

"Kafka—I can feel everything." She murmured, her voice trembling with fascination as she ran her fingertips along the outline, mapping its contours through her skin. "The shape, the curves—it's so strange, but...I want to know more."

Her curiosity deepened, a greedy spark igniting in her chest as she pressed both hands to her abdomen, chasing the sensation with eager intent. She looked up at him, her eyes gleaming with a mix of wonder and desire, her breath quickening.

"Kafka, please—start moving inside me again. I want to feel you really feel you right now. I want to know how your cock fills my womb, how it moves deep inside me. Do it—please."

He hesitated at first but still nodded, his hands steadying her hips as he resumed his thrusts, slow and tight, his cock sliding in and out of her slick, tight pussy with a gentle rhythm—inside her warmth, then out, then back in, each motion a tender caress that made her walls flutter around him.

Nina's head tipped back, her voice escaping in a breathless exclamation. "Oh my goodness—I can feel it inside my body! It's moving around like a snake—so weird, so alive!"

"....It's almost like there's a child inside me, shifting and pressing—but it's not—it's your big, fat cock, Kafka, filling me up!"

Her words sent a shiver through him, his hands tightening slightly as he savored the way she gripped him, her athletic strength making every thrust a delicious challenge.

But her curiosity only grew, her hands still pressed to her abdomen as she marveled at the sensation, a greedy edge creeping into her voice.

"Can you go deeper? Please...I feel like there's still some part of me that's empty, waiting for you. I want you all the way inside—reach my womb, fill every bit of me!~"

Kafka hesitated, his thrusts slowing as he looked down at her, concern flickering in his eyes. His hands slid up her thighs, holding her gently as he spoke, his voice soft but cautious.

"Nina, I can, but I'm not sure I should—it's your first time, and we're just starting out. Going that deep might be too much for you right now."

She shook her head, her eyes blazing with determination as she reached for his hands, squeezing them tightly, her tone insistent.

"It's nothing I can't handle, Kafka. I'm stronger than you think I can take it. Please, shove it straight up—I want to feel you deep inside my womb, as deep as you can go!~"

He frowned, his grip tightening as he tried to reason with her, his voice laced with worry. "Nina, that might really hurt—it could be bad for you. You might not be able to take it all at once, not yet. I don't want to cause you pain."

Her frustration flared, her voice rising with an adamant edge as she leaned up, her hands

gripping his arms, her tone teasing yet fierce.

"Don't talk so much, Kafka—just do it! Shove it up inside me like the man you are. I'm not some delicate thing—I want this, I need this—stop holding back!"

Her challenge sparked a flicker of irritation in him, his jaw tightening as he met her gaze, his hands sliding to her hips with a firm grip.

"Alright, Nina—you asked for this."

He said, his voice edged with resolve and desire and without another word, he thrust forward—hard and deep—his cock plunging all the way inside her, past her tight walls, through the narrow passage of her cervix, and into her baby-making womb, burying himself to the hilt until no more could fit.

Thrust!~ Stretch!~

The sudden, forceful intrusion stretched her beyond anything she'd imagined, his tip pressing against the deepest part of her core, filling her womb with a raw, unyielding presence.

Nina had been so sure she could handle it—her fierce spirit, her body's strength, had convinced her she could take anything. But the moment his cock breached her womb, her confidence shattered.

Her eyes widened to saucers, her back arched off the stone like a bowstring snapping, and her body convulsed violently, every muscle seizing as an overwhelming surge tore through her.

"Kafka!~ Nooo!~"

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

She screamed, her voice breaking into a raw, guttural cry as her pussy clamped down around him, impossibly tight, and then erupted—a torrential squirt gushing from her core, clear and hot, splashing across Kafka's chest and thighs in wild, uncontrollable bursts that soaked him in her release.

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

Her body shook as if struck by lightning, her breasts heaving as milk sprayed from her nipples in frantic jets, pleasure and pressure colliding in a blinding explosion that consumed her.

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

Her vision blurred, her head tipped back, and then—darkness swallowed her. W

ith a final, shuddering gasp, she fainted, her body slumping limp against the stone, overwhelmed by the intense sensation she couldn't withstand, her pussy still twitching faintly around him as her fluids pooled beneath her.

The trio stared down at this sight in dismay, their breaths catching in the steamy air as Nina's spasming form lay still, her chest rising and falling unevenly.

Kafka's hands hovered over her hips, his face etched with guilt and frustration as he shook his head, his voice rough with exasperation.

"I knew this would happen—damn it, this is exactly what I was trying to prevent all along." He said, his eyes fixed on her twitching body, milk and fluids still leaking from her in faint, rhythmic pulses. "She pushed too hard, and I let her—I should've held back."

Camila brought a hand to her forehead, a soft facepalm as she sighed, her voice a blend of fondness and mild reproach.

"This girl always manages to get too prideful and arrogant at the worst moments. She's so determined to prove herself, and it always ends up like this—overreaching and leaving a mess. I adore her spirit, but she really needs to learn her limits."

Abigaille's expression softened with concern, her hands reaching toward Nina as she knelt closer, her voice trembling with worry. "Is she alright, Kafi? Will she be fine after this? I didn't expect her to faint."

"...She looked so strong, but now I'm worried we've pushed her too far."

Kafka exhaled, his hands brushing Nina's hair from her damp face as he studied her, his voice calming as he nodded.

"She'll be alright, Mom—she just needs some rest right now. What she's going through is overwhelming pleasure, not harm. Look at her—even now, her body's still reacting."

"...She's probably feeling it in her sleep—my sweet cow's tougher than she looks."

The two turned their eyes to Nina's lower body, where her slick, flushed pussy continued to twitch and drip, a faint stream of fluid trickling out as her inner muscles pulsed faintly, a sign of the intense pleasure still coursing through her unconscious form.

Abigaille's eyes widened slightly, her voice a soft murmur of awe. "Oh my, she's still responding, even in this state. Her body is truly something extraordinary."

Camila nodded, her tone a mix of wonder and tenderness. "She's experiencing such bliss, even while she sleeps. It's almost beautiful, seeing how much she's given herself to this moment."

Abigaille then reached out, her fingers brushing Nina's arm as she prepared to offer more comfort, but before she could act, Kafka moved.

With a slow and careful motion, he slid his cock out of Nina's still—twitching pussy, the thick length emerging slick and glistening, still rock-hard and standing proud despite her collapse.

Abigaille and Camila gasped in unison, their eyes darting to his erection in startled surprise as it bobbed free, dripping with Nina's fluids and milk from their earlier play.

Kafka didn't pause—his arms shot out, wrapping around Abigaille and Camila's waists with a firm, possessive grip, pulling them both toward him in one swift motion. Their bodies pressed against his, their milk-slicked skin sliding against his chest as he held them close, his eyes glinting with a lewd, hungry spark.

"You know, Nina needs her rest now." He said, his voice thick with desire as he looked between them, his cock pulsing against their thighs. "But my cock's still reeling to go—aching for an outlet."

"...And with two such plump, gorgeous cows right here by my side, why would I look anywhere else?"

Chapter 596: Give Me Attention As Well!

Abigaille and Camila froze for a moment, their breath catching as his words sank in, a shiver of excitement rippling through them at the thought of being fucked by him.

Their eyes met in a fleeting, electric glance, a spark of rivalry and shared lust igniting between them and without a word, they moved in unison, dropping to all fours on the warm stone, their milk-slicked bodies glistening in the steamy glow of the hot spring.

They pushed their asses toward him, hips swaying as they jostled for position, their plump curves brushing against his throbbing cock like cows vying for the bull's attention, their voices rising in a heated, seductive clamor.

Camila arched her back, her plump breasts swaying as she pressed her ass closer, her voice a sultry purr dripping with temptation.

"Kafka, I need your cock inside me right now!~ I'm your lustful cow, so desperate for the bull's strength to claim me!~ My body's aching—yearning to be filled by you at this very moment, so I can produce all the milk you could ever want!~"

"...Please, take me—let me feel you deep inside, driving me wild with every thrust!~"

Abigaille countered, her breasts brushing the stone as she angled her hips higher, her voice a tender, taboo-laden plea that took it a step further.

"No, Kafi—it's me who needs you most!~ I'm your mother cow, and you're the bull I gave birth to all those years ago. After all this time, I've dreamed of this...of your massive cock returning to me, filling me where you began!~"

"...I want you inside me now, my sweet son, so I can produce more baby cows for you—carry your seed again and feel you claim me completely!~"

Their words hung in the steamy air, a clash of seduction and forbidden desire that made Kafka's cock twitch with need, his hands hovering between them as he watched their eager, swaying forms.

Camila's playful lust battled his mother's incestuous tendencies, their asses pressing against him in a desperate bid for dominance, milk dripping from their breasts onto the stone below in creamy trails.

He groaned, his resolve snapping as his mother's plea tipped him over the edge, her taboo fantasy igniting a primal fire in his gut.

"It's my duty as a son to take care of my mother, so I guess I have to go for my mother first."

He said, his voice rough with passion as he gripped his mother's hips firmly, his fingers sinking into her soft flesh and without another word, he slammed his cock into her—hard and deep—his thick length plunging past her slick folds, filling her tight, eager pussy in one powerful thrust.

"Ahhhhh!~"

The force drove a gasp from her lips, her breasts bouncing as her body rocked forward, her walls clenching around him like a vice, welcoming him home.

"Oh, Kafi—yes, my sweet boy!~" Abigaille cried, her voice trembling with ecstasy as she pushed back against him, her hips meeting his with each thrust. "Fill me—fill your mother cow! I've waited so long for this—your bull cock inside me, making me yours again!~ Give me everything—make me swell with your seed!~"

"Ooh!~ Smack!~ Smack!~ Smack!~ Mmmm!~ Smack!~ Aaaah!~ Ughh!~ Nnn!"

Her words spurred him on, his hands gripping her tighter as he thrust deeper, his cock stretching her with relentless, rhythmic strokes, the wet slap of their bodies echoing in the steamy air.

Milk sprayed from her nipples with each jolt, streaking the floor beneath her as pleasure surged through her, her pussy quivering around him in a desperate, loving embrace.

"You're so big, so perfect, sweetie!~" She moaned, her voice thick with adoration. "I need you, need my son to take me like this, breed me like the cow I am!~"

"Aah!~ Smash!~ Ooooh!~ Mm!~ Unghh!~ Bang!~ Slap!~ Smack!~ Nnm!"

Seeing this, Camila pouted briefly, her ass still raised as she watched Kafka thrust into Abigaille. But her grin quickly returned, her voice a playful tease as she crawled closer, brushing her plump breasts against Abigaille's side.

"Well, I suppose the mother cow gets her turn first. But please don't forget me, Kafka—I'm still waiting to be filled too. I'm eager for you, you know."

Kafka's eyes glinted with a spark as he slowed his thrusts into his mother, his hands sliding from her hips to grip Camila's waist, pulling her ass closer until it pressed tight against his mother's, both plump, milk-covered curves aligned perfectly before him.

"There's no need to wait at all, Camila...I can take care of you as well from the side."

He said and while his cock was still buried in his mother's pussy, his fingers suddenly darted to Camila's sopping entrance, plunging into her with a frenzied movement.

"You're so wet, Camila, your pussy's sappy, like you've wet yourself. So needy, so ready for me." He said as he violently fingered her little hole and watched as her love juice splashed out.

Camila gasped, her body trembling as his fingers thrust deep, her voice a sultry moan as she rocked against his hand.

"Of course I've been wet for you, Kafka!~ My pussy's been dripping since the moment I laid eyes on you!~"

"...A single glance at you makes my body tremble and spurt all over—I can't control it!~ You've turned me into such a wanton cow, desperate for your touch!~"

"Mm!~ Aaaaah!~ Bang!~ Ooh!~ Ungh!~ Slap!~Slap!~ Nmm!"

He groaned, his fingers curling inside her as he pounded into his mother, his voice rough with pride and lust. "I raised such a naughty, lewd cow, didn't I? And a cow like you needs to be fucked hard, needs to feel me deep and rough."

With a swift motion, he pulled his cock out of his mother—her pussy releasing him with a wet, reluctant sound and slammed it into Camila's tight, waiting hole, driving in with a force that made her cry out, her plump ass bouncing against his hips.

"Oh, Kafka—yes!~" Camila moaned, her voice breaking with ecstasy as his thick cock stretched her, her walls clenching around him. "It's so thick!~...How can such a massive cock fit into my tiny hole?!~"

Abigaille's eyes widened in dismay as she felt her son leave her, her body still quivering from his thrusts, and she turned her head, pouting at him with a pitiful, needy look.

"Kafi, that's not fair—I was first. I want your fat cock too, you know. Why does Camila get her turn already?"

"Ohhh!~ Slap!~ Mmh!~ Slap!~ Aaah!~ Ughhh!~ Smack!~ Smack!~ Nmm!~"

But Kafka ignored his mother as he continued to thrust into Camila and said, "If you don't like it, Camila, the way I force my dick inside of you, I can just take it out you know?"

"...Do you want me to do that?" He teased, slowing his thrusts as if to pull back.

Camila's response was immediate, her ass pushing back hard against him, driving his cock deeper as she rocked her hips, her voice a desperate, lustful plea as she looked over her shoulder at him.

"No, not at all, Kafka—I want it!~ I want your dick to tear my pussy apart, make it a complete mess!~ Please, fuck me so hard that my pussy's swollen and bruised all day tomorrow—I need it to ache with you!~"

Her words ignited him, and he thrust harder, his cock pounding into her with relentless force, his hands groping her plump breasts, squeezing them until milk spurted from her nipples in creamy jets.

"Mmm!~ Ohhh!~ Thwack!~ Aaaah!~ Uhh!~ Thwack!~ Nnnn!"

"Fuck, Camila! You just know how to turn me on don't you?!" He rasped, his fingers pinching her nipples as he drove into her, her moans filling the steamy air.

Seeing her son ignore her, Abigaille's pout deepened, her voice a soft, plaintive whine as she looked back at him. "Kafi, please—I need your attention too!~ It's not right that Camila's getting all of you when I was the one you started with. I feel so left out now!~"

Hearing her please, he chuckled, his thrusts into Camila steady as he leaned toward Abigaille, his voice warm and reassuring.

"Mom, you and I live in one house together as mother and son—we can explore each other's bodies anytime we want. Like how we can be doing mundane things—cooking dinner, folding laundry—and then suddenly, I'm bending you over the table, fucking you deep while you moan my name...Or you're washing dishes, and I slip behind you, filling you right there in the kitchen."

"...We've got all the time in the world to fuck whenever we please."

Her eyes lit up with excitement, a flush spreading across her cheeks as she pictured it, her voice trembling with anticipation. "T-That is true, Kafi...You truly don't hold back when we're back at home and barely allow me to do my work without dragging me into the bedroom."

He nodded, his cock slamming into Camila as he continued, his voice full of affection and command.

"But Camila's our neighbor—she can't just walk over and get this every day, so let her have her turn first, Mom—she needs it now. Of course, I won't leave you alone, though."

"...Spread your ass for me show me that filthy asshole, so I can play with it while you watch her get fucked."

Abigaille's breath caught, but she obeyed instantly, lowering her chest fully to the stone as she urged her ass higher, her hands reaching back to spread her cheeks wide, revealing her twitching, purple anus in the steamy light.

"Here it is, Kafi—look at it!~ Look at your Mommy's gaping anus!~"

She murmured, her voice quivering with shame and desire as she exposed herself to him, her anus pulsing faintly.

Chapter 597: Chocolate Fudge Cake And Two Scoops Of Vanilla Icecream

Kafka's eyes darkened with lust, his voice a husky murmur as he admired her.

"Fuck—that's so dirty, so beautiful, Mom. Look at you, showing your anus to your son like this—no other mother would dare. You're such a filthy cow."

She shivered, her hands trembling as she held herself open, her voice a soft, pleading confession.

"I can't help it, Kafi—my asshole twitches every time I see you!~ It's your fault for turning it into a tool of pleasure!~ I ache for you there, and I can't stop it!~"

"Ooooh!~ Mm!~ Thwack!~ Thwack!~ Aaaahh!~ Unghhh!~ Nnnmm!"

He chuckled, his thrusts into Camila unrelenting as he leaned closer to Abigaille, his voice warm with playful responsibility.

"If it's my fault, Mom, then it's my job to take care of it."

He said and suddenly spat onto her anus, a thick droplet landing on her twitching rim, then used his fingers to rub the slickness around her edges, making it slippery and glistening.

And then with a swift motion, he pressed his thumb inside, sliding into her tight hole as she gasped, her anus clenching around him.

"Oh—Kafi!~ Ahhh!~ "

Abigaille moaned, her voice breaking with pleasure as his thumb thrust in and out, matching the rhythm of his cock pounding into Camila. Her body rocked against the floor, milk leaking from her breasts as she surrendered to the dual sensations of shame and ecstasy.

"Ohhh!~ Slap!~ Mmh!~ Slap!~ Aaah!~ Ughhh!~ Smack!~ Smack!~ Nmm!~"

Hearing Abigaille's moans, Camila's moans grew louder as well, her pussy gripping his cock as she rocked back against him, her voice a breathless cry.

"Mmm!~ Ohhh!~ Thwack!~ Aaaah!~ Uhh!~ Thwack!~ Nnnn!"

"Yes, Kafka, harder!~ Tear me apart—make me yours!~" Her breasts bounced with each thrust, milk spraying as he groped her, his fingers digging into her soft flesh.

Kafka groaned, his thumb plunging deeper into his mother's anus as his cock slammed into Camila, his voice rough with passion as sweat beaded on his brow. "Fuck—you're both mine—my plump milk-rearing cows!"

"...Camila, I'm gonna ruin this pussy and Mom, I'll take this filthy hole whenever I want. You're all I need."

"Ooooh!~ Mm!~ Thwack!~ Thwack!~ Aaaahh!~ Unghhh!~ Nnnmm!"

His thrusts grew wilder, his body trembling with the building pressure as he claimed them both, his thumb twisting in his mother's tight ring while his cock stretched Camila's sopping heat.

He then turned his gaze to Camila, his hands gripping her hips as he thrust harder, his voice a low, urgent growl.

"Take it, Camila, take all my seed. I'm gonna shove it deep inside your pussy, fill you up with everything I've got!"

Camila looked back at him, her eyes blazing with lust as she matched his rhythm, her hips rocking faster against his brutal thrusts, her voice a breathless, desperate plea.

"Give it all to me, Kafka—please, give me every drop!~ I want it!~ I'll keep your baby batter safe inside my womb, locked away where it belongs!~"

"...Fill me until I can't take anymore—I need it so badly!~"

Her words pushed him over the edge, and with a deep groan, Kafka dumped his load inside her—his cock pulsing as thick, hot streams of cum surged into her pussy, flooding her womb with a forceful rush that made her walls quiver around him.

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

"Fuck—Camila!" He rasped, his hips jerking as he emptied himself, the sheer volume overwhelming her tight space.

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

She moaned loudly, her voice breaking into a cry of ecstasy as pleasure crashed through her, her body shuddering with the intensity of his release—her pussy clenching, her breasts leaking milk in frantic jets as she rode the wave of bliss.

When he finally pulled his cock out, a torrent of cum overflowed, pouring from her stretched pussy in a creamy cascade, dripping onto the floor beneath her as her body slumped forward, exhausted and trembling.

"Oh, Kafka—it's too much!~"

She gasped, her voice a weak, satisfied whimper as she collapsed onto the floor, her plump ass still raised slightly, her thighs slick with their mingled fluids.

Kafka didn't waste a second, and he took a deep, ragged gulp of breath, his eyes locking onto his mother's waiting form, her anus still twitching around his thumb, her pussy glistening with need.

With a swift motion, he withdrew his thumb from her anus—her hole clenching briefly at the loss and gripped her hips, thrusting his cum-slicked cock back into her pussy with a single, powerful stroke that drove a moan of ecstasy from her lips.

"Oh, Kafi!~"

Abigaille cried, her voice trembling with pleasure as his thick length filled her once more, stretching her tight walls with a delicious, familiar heat. Her massive breasts pressed against the floor, milk spurting from her nipples as her body rocked forward, welcoming him deep inside.

"Yes, my sweet boy—fill me again!~ I've missed you inside me—give me everything, just like you promised!~"

He thrust hard, his cock slamming into her with renewed vigor, the wet slap of their bodies echoing in the hot spring as he leaned over her, his hands groping her plump ass.

"Fuck—Mom, you're so tight." He groaned, his voice thick with lust as he pounded into her, his shaft sliding effortlessly against her quivering walls. "Take it! Take your son's hard cock!"

"Ooh!~ Smack!~ Smack!~ Smack!~ Mmmm!~ Smack!~ Aaaah!~ Ughh!~ Nnn!"

Abigaille's moans rose higher, her hands clutching the stone as pleasure surged through her, her pussy gripping him with every thrust.

"Kafi, it's so good—you're so deep, so strong!~" She gasped, her voice laced with adoration. "I love feeling you inside me—my bull, my son—don't stop, please, I need you to keep going!~"

"Aah!~ Smash!~ Ooooh!~ Mm!~ Unghh!~ Bang!~ Slap!~ Smack!~ Nnm!"

Kafka groaned, his hands roaming her hips as he thrust harder, his fingers sinking into the soft, plush flesh of her ass, groping her with a possessive fervor.

"Mom, your body's so beautiful—fuck, it's impossible for a son not to have feelings for his own mother when she's got a sexy body like this." He said, his voice rough with desire as he squeezed her curves, marveling at their fullness. "This ass—God, it's so sexy. Every time you shake your hips

at home, I want to fuck it—my cock gets so hard just thinking about it, about bending you over and taking you right there."

Abigaille's breath hitched, her moans deepening as his words washed over her, her pussy clenching tighter around him.

"Oh, Kafi—I'm glad I have such a sexy body!~" She murmured, her voice trembling with relief and ecstasy as she pushed back against him. "For so long, I hated these curves—everyone stared at me, and I didn't like it one bit. I always wished for a narrower frame, something less noticeable."

"...But now, knowing it's the reason you love me so much—knowing my own son has feelings for me because of it—I'm truly glad!~ I want all your attention on me, Kafi—I wouldn't even mind walking naked around the house every day, just so your eyes never leave me!~"

He grinned, his thrusts slowing to a deliberate rhythm as he leaned closer, his hands sliding up her back to admire her coffee—hued skin, its rich tone glistening in the steamy light.

"I'd appreciate that so much, Mom—fuck, I'd never look away." He said, his voice thick with admiration as he traced her curves. "It's not just your sexy body, it's this enticing skin color too. So beautiful, so warm—like coffee with a touch of cream."

"...I'm so lucky to have a dark-skinned woman like you, and then Camila over there, pale as the moon. The difference drives me wild, like I've got both ends of perfection in my hands."

Camila stirred from her dazed slump on the stone, her exhaustion fading as his words piqued her interest. She lifted her head, a playful grin spreading across her face as she propped herself up, her voice a soft, teasing lilt.

"Do you really like the difference so much, Kafka? If that's what gets you going, let me entice you even more."

With a sultry wiggle, she raised her ass, pushing her pale, white cheeks against Abigaille's rich, brown ones, their contrasting skins pressing together in a tantalizing display.

"...What do you think? Do you like this?"

Kafka's eyes darkened with lust, his hands groping both their asses as he squeezed, his fingers digging into their soft flesh.

"Fuck yes, I love it." He rasped, his voice thick with hunger as he admired the sight. "Two big scoops of vanilla icecream and a chocolate fudge cake both right next to one another, I can't help but want to devour you both."

He then to their surprise spread their cheeks wide, revealing Abigaille's twitching, purple anus—still slick from his earlier play and Camila's pink, succulent anus, wet and glistening in the steamy glow.

His fingers darted to both, sliding into their tight holes with a firm, teasing thrust as he groaned. "It's not just the color of your asses—it's these anuses too. Mom's purple, twitching like it's begging me—Camila's pink, so juicy and wet."

"...They're so different, so sexy—fuck, I want to push my tongue inside and suck them off till you're screaming."

Abigaille's body quivered, her anus clenching around his finger as she moaned, her voice a breathless plea.

"Oh, Kafi—that sounds divine!~ I'd clean my asshole just for you, make it perfect so you can suck it and make me feel good. I want that!~ I want you to taste me there!~"

Camila echoed her, her voice a sultry gasp as his finger thrust deeper, her pink anus pulsing under his touch.

"Yes, Kafka—I'd do the same!~ I'd make sure it's spotless for you, ready for your tongue to drive me wild. Please, I'd love feeling you there—it'd be heavenly!~"

Their eager promises sent a surge of excitement through him, his cock throbbing inside Abigaille as he fingered them both, his voice rough with anticipation as he thought of doing something insane.

"Goddamn, you two are driving me crazy and I can't wait anymore—I want to see your anus filled right now, Mom, stuffed with something hot."

He pulled his finger from Camila's anus, his hand gripping her hip as he turned to her, his voice a firm command.

"Camila, come over here—bring those breasts to Mom's pretty little asshole. I've got something in mind."

Chapter 598: A Bowl Of Cereal

Camila glanced back, her eyes widening with curiosity as she hesitated, her voice a soft question.

"What are you going to do, Kafka? What's your plan with this?"

But Kafka didn't say anything back and instead responded with a swift, firm slap to her pale ass, the sharp crack leaving a red mark as she moaned out in pain and ecstasy, her body jolting forward.

"A cow like you shouldn't ask what happens and should just follow my orders." He said, his voice a playful growl as he squeezed her stinging cheek, urging her closer. "Get over here—now."

Camila obeyed, her heart racing as she knelt over Abigail's ass, positioning herself so her plump, milk-heavy breasts hovered just above Abigail's twitching, purple anus.

"Alright, Kafka...I'm here."

She murmured, her voice trembling with anticipation as she pressed her pale skin against Abigail's rich brown curves, their contrasting bodies a striking difference in the steamy light.

"I trust you do whatever you want."

Abigail also glanced back over her shoulder, her rich skin glistening with sweat and milk as she watched Camila's plump, pale breasts hover just above her twitching, purple anus.

A flicker of fear danced in her eyes, her earlier confidence wavering despite her bold words about surrendering her anus to anything. Her voice emerged as a soft, pitiful whimper, trembling with uncertainty.

"Kafi, what are you going to do? I-I spoke so much about letting whatever happens to my b-but, but now I'm a little frightened—I hope it's not something too bad, please tell me."

Kafka met her gaze, his eyes softening with a calm, steady warmth as he reached out, stroking her hip gently, his voice a soothing calm.

"It's fine, Mom—don't be scared. It won't hurt you at all, I promise. In fact, it's going to feel so good inside your asshole—so incredible that you'll crave this sensation even after today and beg me later to do it again."

"...So, if you're okay with what's about to happen, just stick your ass out for me all the way out, like you're presenting it so I can eat it whole."

Abigaille hesitated, her breath shallow as she searched his serene yet electrifying eyes, the tingling in her anus intensifying with his words. And finally his calmness and the thrilling promise stirred her, and slowly, she complied, pushing her ass out to its limits, her plush cheeks trembling as she stretched herself for him.

"Alright, Kafi—I trust you."

She murmured, her voice quivering with a blend of nerves and anticipation as she arched her back, offering herself fully.

Kafka smiled, his hand stroking her ass tenderly as he squeezed her cheek, his voice warm with praise.

"Good job, Mom—you're doing wonderfully. Leave the rest to me."

Then, to both their surprise, he placed his hands on her buttocks and spread them apart—wider than before—until her anus opened slightly, revealing the fleshy, pink insides glistening in the steamy light.

"Fuck, now would you look at that." He said, his voice thick with awe as he admired her exposed vulnerability. "Your anus looks so sexy on the inside, Mom—all pink and soft, so inviting."

Camila's eyes widened as she peered down, her voice a soft gasp of agreement as she leaned closer, her pale skin brushing Abigaille's brown curves.

"It's true, Kafka. I would have thought it'd be so dirty, but it looks absolutely beautiful...There's something mesmerizing about it, almost delicate in a way."

Abigail's cheeks flushed with embarrassment, her hands tightening on the stone as she squirmed, her voice a flustered protest.

"You don't need to compliment my b-butt like that, both of you it's so embarrassing to be exposed this way! I can feel it twitching, and it's making me so self-conscious about it all."

Kafka chuckled, his hands steady as he held her open, his voice gentle yet firm.

"There's nothing to be embarrassed about, Mom, it's beautiful, truly...And I'm going to make it even more beautiful, even more enticing."

He turned to Camila, his tone shifting to a commanding murmur that caught her off guard. "Camila, while I spread her asshole open, I want you to stuff a nipple inside it.

"...Then start squeezing, like you're trying to fill her hole with milk."

Both women froze, their eyes widening in shock at the bizarre request. Abigail's breath hitched, her voice a shaky question as she glanced back at her son.

"Kafi, are you serious about this? T-That sounds so strange...What will it even feel like inside me?"

Camila blinked, her hands hovering over her breasts as she hesitated, her voice tinged with uncertainty.

"Kafka, that's quite an unusual idea. Even for me, this feels a bit overwhelming. Are you certain this is what you want?"

He nodded, his gaze unwavering as he squeezed Abigail's cheek, his voice a firm reassurance.

"Trust me, both of you—it's going to be incredible. Camila, just do it—I promise you'll understand why once you see it."

Camila bit her lip, her hesitation lingering as she weighed the oddity of the act, but then a spark of curiosity flared in her chest.

She imagined Abigaille—her little sister in this twisted play having her anus filled with milk, the creamy white spilling from her ass, and the thought sent a shiver of excitement through her.

"Alright, Kafka—if you're sure." She murmured, her voice trembling with anticipation as she leaned closer, aligning her plump breast with Abigaille's open anus.

And slowly, she pressed her nipple against the twitching rim, the tip slipping inside as Abigaille gasped, her body jolting at the unfamiliar sensation.

"Oh, Kafi!~" Abigaille moaned, her voice breaking with surprise and pleasure as Camila's nipple nestled into her anus. "It's so weird!~ Feeling a nipple inside my asshole!~ It's so different from being fingered—strange and warm and...Oh, I don't know how to describe it!"

Camila braced herself, her hands cupping her breast as she squeezed, a thick stream of milk pouring from her nipple into Abigaille's anus with a soft splat.

"Here it goes, Abi—take it all!"

She said, her voice a breathless mix of awe and delight as she watched the creamy liquid flood inside her ass.

"Ahhh!~ Mmm!~ Nooo!~"

Abigaille's moans escalated, her body trembling as the warm milk filled her, pooling inside her anus and sending a rush of sensation through her core.

"It feels so good—Kafi, it's so warm!~" She gasped, her voice thick with ecstasy as her pussy clenched around nothing, milk leaking from her breasts onto the stone. "I can feel it inside me—filling me up—it's incredible!~"

Kafka groaned from above, his cock twitching as he held Abigaille's cheeks apart, watching the milk pour in, his voice rough with arousal.

"Fuck, look at that, Mom. I can see your anus getting filled up. It's so sexy, stretching with her milk, turning all white and dirty."

He squeezed Camila's breast with his free hand, urging more milk to flow as the creamy liquid brimmed at Abigaille's rim, spilling out in a slow, erotic drip that streaked her skin with glistening white trails.

Camila kept squeezing, her hands working her breast as milk surged into Abigaille's anus, her voice a soft moan of excitement. "It's amazing, Kafka—I'm filling her up, and it looks so beautiful. Abi, you're taking it so well—I didn't know it could be this enticing!"

Abigaille's body rocked against the floor, her moans rising to a fevered pitch as the warm flood overwhelmed her senses, her anus pulsing around Camila's nipple.

"Kafi, it's too good!~ I can't believe how much I love this!~" She cried, her voice breaking as pleasure surged through her, the milk sloshing inside her with every twitch. "It's so full—spilling out—it's so dirty and wonderful!~"

Kafka groaned, his hands gripping her hips as he watched the creamy white drip from her anus, his cock throbbing with unbearable need.

"Fuck Mom, I can't hold back anymore."

He uttered, his voice thick with lust as he pulled Camila's nipple free, milk trickling from the tip as he positioned himself behind Abigaille.

And then, with a swift, desperate motion, he slammed his cock into her ass—deep and hard—plunging into her tight, milk-filled hole with a violent thrust that made her scream in ecstasy.

"Oh, sweetie!~! Nooo!~" Abigaille gasped, her body jolting as his thick length stretched her anus, the milk inside splashing out like a cereal bowl in a car hitting speed bumps, creamy streams spurting from her hole with each brutal pump.

"Ooooh!~ Mm!~ Thwack!~ Thwack!~ Aaaahh!~ Unghhh!~ Nnnmm!"

The warm liquid coated his cock, splattering across his thighs and the floor below, a messy, erotic flood that drove him wild.

"God, Mom, your anus looks so fucking erotic right now." He growled, his hands groping her brown cheeks as he thrust harder, milk splashing everywhere. "All this milk pouring out—sloshing over my cock, it's so dirty, so perfect. I can't resist—gonna pump your ass till you're screaming."

"Ahhh!~ Thwack!~ Mmmmm!~ Thwack!~ Ooooh!~ Ughhhh!~ Nnnnn!"

Abigaille's moans turned into high-pitched cries, her body trembling as the milk sloshed inside her, warm and wet with every thrust...

Chapter 599: His Herd Of Dairy Cows...

"It feels so good, Kafi—the milk's sloshing around in me!~" Abigaille whimpered, her voice thick with pleasure as her anus clenched around him, sealing the milk inside for a moment before opening again, spilling it out in rhythmic bursts. "It's so warm—like my asshole's a safe haven for it!~ Oh, I love how it fills me, how you're taking me like this!~"

Her anus pulsed, tightening then releasing, each motion sending more milk splashing out, coating his cock in a creamy sheen as he fucked her violently.

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

Camila, kneeling beside them, watched with wide eyes, her throat turning dry as the sight ignited a fire in her core.

"I can't handle this, Kafka—my pussy's on fire!"

She gasped, her voice a desperate plea as she plunged her fingers into her sopping slit, thrusting them deep as she crawled closer.

"I want something too—I need you!"

She pressed her lips to his, kissing him fiercely, her tongue tangling with his as she shoved her milk-laden breasts against his chest, milk leaking from her nipples in warm streams that streaked his skin, dripping down his body in a messy, erotic cascade.

Kafka groaned into her kiss, his cock pounding Abigail's ass as he gripped Camila's breast, squeezing it to coax more milk onto himself.

"Fuck, Mom, you're my filthy cow! Your ass is mine, leaking like this!" He rasped, pulling back from Camila's lips to grope Abigail's cheeks harder, milk splashing with every thrust. "Camila, you're my slutty little cow too—look at you, fingering that pussy, leaking all over me—you're both mine, my perfect herd."

Abigail's head tipped back, her voice a trembling moan as she rocked against him, milk still spilling from her anus.

"Yes, Kafi—I'm your dirty cow, your mother who loves her bull son!~" She cried, her anus clenching around his cock as pleasure surged through her. "Take me, fill me—I'm yours, always yours—fuck your Mommy's ass like this every day!~"

Camila's fingers thrust faster, her pussy dripping as she pressed her leaking breasts harder against Kafka, her voice a breathless chant between kisses.

"I'm your slutty cow too, Kafka—your pale little whore who needs you!~" She moaned, her lips brushing his ear as milk poured from her nipples, soaking him. "Fuck her, fuck me—we're your cows, your family—nobody else gets us, just you!~"

The air pulsed with their dirty talk, a taboo symphony of incestuous lust and devotion as Kafka's thrusts grew erratic, his cock slamming into Abigail's milk-slicked anus with relentless force.

"Fuck, Mom, Camila—you're mine, my filthy cows—gonna fill you both!" He growled, his balls tightening as he groped Abigail's ass, milk splashing over his hands. "Take it, Mom—take your son's cum!"

"Schlurp!~ Splurt!~ Drip!~ Sploosh!~"

With a final, violent thrust, he came his cock pulsing as thick, hot streams of cum flooded Abigail's anus, mixing with the milk in a creamy, messy rush that spilled out around his shaft, dripping onto the stone in a lewd puddle.

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

Abigaille screamed, her body convulsing as the heat overwhelmed her, her anus sealing around him to hold the flood before opening again, milk and cum pouring out together.

"Kafi—yes, it's so hot!~" She gasped, her voice breaking as pleasure consumed her.

Camila's fingers plunged deep, her pussy clenching as she watched, the sight and Kafka's kiss pushing her over the edge.

"Kafka, I'm cumming!~ I'm cumming so hard!~"

She cried, her voice a shuddering moan as her body shook, clear fluids squirting from her pussy onto the floor, her breasts leaking milk across his chest in a wild, ecstatic burst, until she slumped against him, panting, her pale skin glistening with sweat and milk.

Kafka groaned, his cock still buried in Abigaille's ass as he pulled Camila closer, his hands roaming their trembling bodies.

"You're both amazing, my cows, my loves..."

He gasped, his voice rough with satisfaction as he kissed them each in turn—his mother's lips soft and needy, a tender press of adoration, and Camila's eager and sloppy, a hungry clash of tongues.

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

Milk, cum, and fluids pooled beneath them on the warm floor, a steamy testament to their shared ecstasy, the hot spring humming around them in the aftermath.

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

Abigaille melted into his kiss, her breath slowing as she savored the gentle love in her son's touch, her rich brown skin glistening with sweat and milk.

"Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Kiss!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~"

Camila pressed herself closer as well, her pale curves trembling with aftershocks as she nuzzled his neck, their lips lingering on his in a quiet, loving exchange.

But just as they basked in the tender glow, Kafka pulled back slightly, his eyes glinting with a renewed, insatiable hunger as he stroked his massive cock—still hard, pulsing with need despite the flood he'd just unleashed.

"You know, there's no way I can be satisfied with just one round after that."

He said, his voice a low, hungry growl as he looked between them, his hand sliding along his slick, love juice covered shaft.

"The night's still young and it's going to go on for a long while, and I'm nowhere near done with you two."

Abigaille's eyes widened, a flicker of fear crossing her face as she felt the weight of his words, her body still quivering from the intensity of his earlier assault.

"Kafi, you can't mean that—after all this?"

She murmured, her voice trembling with exhaustion and nervous anticipation, her anus still twitching faintly with the memory of milk and cum.

Camila's breath hitched, her pale skin flushing as she glanced at his towering cock, her voice a soft gasp of alarm.

"Kafka, you're serious? I'm already a mess—you can't possibly have more in you!"

Her hand instinctively pressed to her chest, milk dripping from her nipples as she stared at him, half-frightened by his relentless stamina.

But then, as his words sank in, their fear melted into wide, eager smiles—Abigaille's lips curling with a warm, adoring grin, Camila's stretching into a playful, lustful smirk.

The exhaustion in their bodies gave way to a surge of excitement, their shared desire reigniting at the promise of more and without a word, they pounced on him in unison, their milk-drenched forms colliding as they scrambled over his body, hands and knees slipping on the wet floor as they fought for position, their voices rising in a heated, giggling clamor.

"I'm taking my baby next, Camila!" Abigaille declared, her voice full of determination and affection as she straddled his thighs, her curves pressing against him as she reached for his cock. "You've already filled me once but I still deserve another round with my sweet bull son!"

Camila in response shoved her aside playfully, her pale ass wiggling as she climbed over Kafka's chest, her voice a teasing protest.

"No chance, Abi—I'm getting him now! I've been waiting too long, and my pussy's still aching for more of him—move over, I'm his needy cow tonight!"

Kafka laughed, his hands catching their hips as they jostled atop him, their breasts brushing his skin, milk leaking onto his chest in warm streaks as they wrestled for dominance.

"Just, look at you two, fighting over me like greedy little cows." He said, his cock twitching in his hand as he guided it toward them, letting them scramble. "There's plenty of me to go around—night's just starting, and I'm gonna fuck you both till you can't move."

Abigaille giggled, her hands pushing Camila's shoulder as she tried to align herself, her voice a breathless plea.

"Kafi, let me have you—I want to feel you inside me again, stretching me like only my son can. I'll ride you all night if you let me!~"

Camila countered, her fingers tangling in his hair as she pressed her leaking breasts against his face, her voice a sultry whine.

"No, Kafka choose me!~ I'll take every inch of that massive cock—make me scream like the slutty cow I am. Abi's had her turn—I'm dying for you!~"

Their playful struggle filled the steamy air with laughter and moans, their bodies slipping and sliding over his as they vied for his cock, milk splashing between them in a messy, erotic dance.

Kafka groaned, his hands roaming their curves—his mother's plush, brown ass, Camila's pale, trembling thighs—as he thrust upward, teasing them both with the promise of more.

"Keep fighting, my naughty little cows...I'm gonna take you both, over and over again tonight until and full up your tight little pussies so much that you won't ever feel dry down there again with how much of my cum is going to be oozing out."

He growled, his voice thick with lustful intent as the night stretched on, their insatiable trio lost in a haze of taboo passion and unrelenting desire...

Chapter 600: I Want Tiny Versions Of You

The night had stretched late, the hot spring's steamy glow casting a soft shimmer over the scene as Abigaille and Camila lay beside the pool, their naked bodies entwined in a gentle, exhausted embrace.

They slept soundly on the stone floor, a damp towel folded beneath their heads as an pillow, their faces etched with satisfied, tired smiles—proof of the relentless passion they'd endured. Their skin glistened with sweat and traces of milk, utterly bare and vulnerable, their curves pressed together in a comforting hug.

Kafka had clearly worked them to their limits; their battered pussies told the tale—Camila's pale folds red and swollen, Abigaille's darker ones bruised a deep purple, both still leaking his thick, white cum in slow, glistening trails that pooled beneath them on the floor.

Across the pool, Nina—who'd fainted from a single thrust earlier—had awoken from her collapse, her senses returning just as the others succumbed to exhaustion.

Now, she lounged in the hot spring with Kafka, the warm water lapping at their naked bodies as they leaned back against the edge, relaxing in the soothing heat.

Her green-tinged skin shimmered faintly under the water, her long, pointed ears peeking through her damp hair as she spread her legs slightly, her fingers parting her pussy with a pouty, pitiful frown, like a child showing off a scraped knee.

"Kafka, look at this your dick spread me so much it hurts a little!" She whined, her voice a soft complaint as she nudged her hips up, water rippling around her. "I feel like it's gotten looser—I mean, it's not supposed to be this big, right?"

She spread her folds wider, revealing a slightly larger hole, her expression full of dismay and playful sulk as she looked at him with wide, pleading eyes.

Kafka chuckled, leaning closer with a teasing grin, his tone consoling as if humoring a fussy toddler.

"Oh, poor Nina—did my big, bad cock stretch you out that much? Come on, let me see—show me your little pussy so I can check if it's really so terrible." He reached out, his hand dipping into the water as she nudged her hips forward, her pout deepening.

She complied, lifting her pelvis slightly above the water's surface, her green skin glistening as she spread herself for him.

"Here—look at it." She huffed, her voice trembling with a childish edge. He slid his fingers along her slick folds, parting them gently before pushing one inside, sliding it in and out with a slow, testing rhythm. "See? It's different now—bigger."

She insisted, her pout growing as she watched him.

He tilted his head, his finger moving slowly as he felt her walls, his voice warm and reassuring.

"Hmm, doesn't feel any different to me, Nina—you're as tight as always. Still gripping me just fine—nice and tight." He grinned, pulling his finger out with a playful flick, water splashing lightly.

Nina's pout deepened, her ears twitching as she crossed her arms, her voice rising in a stubborn whine. "No, it's not like that at all! I can feel the difference—it's looser, and it's all your fault, Kafka! You and that huge thing—you've ruined me!"

He laughed, leaning back with a mischievous smile, his hand resting on her thigh as he teased her. "Well, I can't exactly do anything about it, can I? My dick's just too big and it's not like I can shave the sides off to make it smaller for you." He winked, his tone light but edged with flirtation. "If you don't like it that much, you could always abstain—no one's forcing you to take it."

Her face flushed a deeper green, her eyes widening as she flailed her hands in a flustered panic.

"No—not at all! I didn't mean that!" She stammered, her voice rising with urgency as she grabbed his hand, clutching it tight. "I want your dick—I really do! I don't want Abigaille and Camila to be the only ones sharing it—I want it too!"

"...I don't even mind if my pussy gets loose, as long as I get you—I mean it!"

She hugged his hand to her chest, her pout softening into a shy, adoring smile as she pressed her cheek against his fingers.

Kafka's grin widened, his heart softening at her adorable outburst as he leaned in, planting a gentle kiss on her forehead.

"You're too cute, Nina. I can't resist you when you're like this." He murmured, his voice tender as he brushed a strand of wet hair from her face, his thumb stroking her cheek.

Nina giggled softly, her gaze drifting across the pool to where Abigaille and Camila slept, their exhausted forms a striking sight against the stone.

"Look at them over there." She said, her voice a quiet marvel as she nudged Kafka's arm. "You really worked your best on them, didn't you? Pushed them right to their limits. They look completely worn out, like they've been through a battle."

"...I mean, just look at how battered they are—it's like they walked through a battlefield."

He followed her gaze, a proud smirk tugging at his lips as he admired the sleeping pair, their bruised pussies still leaking his cum in slow, sticky trails.

"That's what they wanted, Nina, I was just satisfying their desires." He said, his voice full of satisfaction. "They begged for it, wanted me to fuck them senseless, and I did."

"...And look at their faces, though, see those satisfied smiles? They're happy as can be, dreaming sweet dreams after getting exactly what they craved."

Nina tilted her head, studying them closer, and nodded slowly, a faint blush creeping up her cheeks.

"You're right—they do look happy. Those smiles...They're so peaceful, even after all that." Her eyes lingered on their leaking pussies, her blush deepening as she bit her lip, her voice dropping to a shy whisper. "Um, Kafka...If I feel this loose after just one time with you, I can't imagine how they must feel after so many rounds. Their pussies look so...used."

He chuckled, his hand sliding back into the water to rest on her thigh, his voice warm with amusement.

"I don't know exactly how they feel—they still seem as tight as always to me, honestly. But my mother's told me before that her pussy feels like it's molded to the shape of my cock, like it's reshaped itself just for me....So maybe there's some change after taking me so much."

He grinned, his eyes glinting with mischief as he watched her flush deepen.

Nina's ears twitched, her hands flying to her cheeks as she squeaked, her voice a flustered stammer.

"Molded to your cock? Oh—does that mean mine's going to do that too? Is my pussy going to change shape because of you?" Her wide eyes darted to her lap, then back to him, embarrassment and curiosity swirling in her gaze.

Kafka laughed, his hand slipping between her legs again, his finger brushing her folds as he slid it inside with a slow, teasing thrust.

"Even if it does, Nina, it doesn't matter—hell, it's a good thing." He said, his voice dropping to a playful murmur as he fingered her gently, water rippling around his hand. "Think about it—when you give birth to our kids someday, a little stretch down there's gonna help."

"...Honestly, I can't see a baby's head fitting through that tight little hole you've got otherwise—it's way too snug right now."

Nina gasped, her body tensing at the sensation of his finger, a shiver of pleasure running through her despite her attempt to stay composed.

"Kafka!" She huffed, her voice full of delight and indignation as she slapped his hand away, her cheeks burning. "Stop saying such naughty things that involve our children!"

She then looked up at him with wide, tender eyes, her voice softening to a dreamy whisper.

"Babies...With wonderful eyes like yours. I can't wait to see them, Kafka—I want to know what they'll look like, holding them in my arms."

Her gaze drifted, lost in the thought, then snapped back to him with a curious tilt of her head.

"What do you think they'll look like? We're so different—you're human, and I'm a tree-fairy with this green skin and long ears. Will they look more like you, all soft and pink, or more like me, with little green tints and pointy ears? What would you prefer?"

Kafka paused, his dark eyes drifting to the rippling water as he thought for a moment, a faint smile tugging at his lips. He then turned to her, his expression warm and unguarded.

"Honestly, Nina, I wouldn't mind either—whether they're as green as you or as pale as me, they'd still be our children, ours alone, and that's what matters most...No matter how they look, I'd love them just the same."

Her heart swelled at his words, a bright smile breaking across her face as she leaned closer, her ears perking up with joy. She thought to herself how rare it was to find someone like him a man who didn't care about the race of his child, who saw beyond the divides that so many clung to in this world.

It was a quiet, profound acceptance that made her love him even more, a love that felt like roots sinking deeper into her soul.

"You're amazing, Kafka...So damn loveable and amazing." She murmured under her breath, her voice barely audible as her chest warmed with gratitude.

He then tilted his head, catching the glint in her eyes, and added with a playful grin.

"But if I had to choose...I'd pick little tree-fairy babies, hands down. Tiny versions of the woman I fell so hard for, I mean, how could I not want that?"

His voice softened, laced with blatant affection as he reached out, brushing his fingers along her cheek.

"They'd look just like you—adorable and cute, with that feisty attitude of yours and those long ears I can't stop playing with."

He tugged gently at one of her ears, his touch teasing as she squirmed, her fluster only making her smile wider.

Nina's heart raced, thudding so fiercely she could feel it in her throat, his words a sudden, overwhelming proposal of love that set her aflame.

"Kafka!" She squeaked, her voice trembling with delight as she swatted his hand away, her ears twitching under his playful grasp. "You're too much—saying things like that! Little me's running around—oh, I'd love them so much too, especially if you'd love them like that."

Her green eyes shimmered with happiness, her whole body buzzing with the joy of his adoration.

Seeing her excitement, he pulled her closer, his arm wrapping around her waist as he gazed down at her, his gentle smile softening his rugged features.

"I'd adore them, Nina—those little fairies with your spark, your ears, your wild spirit. I can just imagine the look of happiness on your parents' faces when they first saw you as a baby—all green and fierce, kicking up a storm."

"...I want that too, to feel that same rush, bringing a little version of you into this world."

Her joy overflowed, too big to contain, and she lunged forward, hugging him tightly with a sudden, fierce embrace, her bare breasts pressing against his chest as water splashed around them.

"Kafka, you can't say things like that!~" She cried, her voice breaking with emotion as she peppered his face with kisses—his cheeks, his nose, his forehead, his lips—each one a burst of love she couldn't hold back. "You always steal my heart like this—how do you do it?!~"

"...I'm so lucky to have found you, I'm never letting you go, ever!~ You're stuck with me forever, you hear me?!~"

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

He laughed, overwhelmed by the onslaught of affection as he tried to push her back, his hands gentle but firm on her shoulders.

"Stop, stop, Nina—it's too much!" He protested, his voice a blend of amusement and exasperation as her kisses rained down, her lips soft and insistent against his skin.

Hearing this, she pulled back just enough to pout at him, her arms still locked around his neck as she pressed herself closer, her voice a stubborn whine.

"It's not too much at all! I want to give you all the love in the world—you deserve it, and I'm not stopping!"

She dove back in, kissing his jaw, his chin, her giggles mingling with his reluctant chuckles as he surrendered, letting her shower him with adoration, his hands resting on her hips as he accepted her relentless affection.

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

Their playful tussle stretched on, the water rippling with her fervor, until Kafka's laughter faltered, a sudden thought flickering across his face. He stilled, his hands tightening on her waist as he murmured.

"Wait—shit, I totally forgot why I came here tonight...It hit me when I mentioned your parents just now."

Nina blinked, her kisses pausing as she pulled back, confusion clouding her bright eyes.

"What? Why you came here?" She asked, her voice tilting with curiosity as she tilted her head, her mind racing. Her late parents—why would they be tied to his visit?

But before she could voice her question, Kafka disentangled himself from her embrace and rose from the hot spring, water cascading off his muscular frame as he stepped onto the stone.

"Hold on—wait here." He said, his voice quick with purpose as he glanced back at her. "I've got something for you—a gift I meant to give you all along. Just stay put, alright?" He padded off, leaving her alone in the water, her heart fluttering with surprise.

"A gift?" She murmured to herself, her lips curling into a soft smile as she sank back into the spring, the warmth soothing her swollen, tender body. She wasn't expecting anything today—not a trinket, not a token.

But the thought of Kafka giving her something, anything, made her giddy. Even if it were a grain of sand, she'd treasure it, because it came from him—the man she loved more than words could hold.

She splashed the water playfully, her hands swirling as she daydreamed about their future—little green babies with his eyes, their laughter filling a home they'd build together, her mind a whirl of tender, hopeful visions...