

God of Milfs 601

Chapter 601: Heartfelt Gift

Moments later, Kafka returned, a small parcel wrapped in shimmering silk cloth cradled in his hands.

He slipped back into the hot spring with a gentle splash, settling beside her as she watched him with eager eyes.

But before he could speak, Nina moved, climbing onto his lap with a sudden, playful wiggle, her firm ass shifting against his thighs as she sought the perfect spot, water sloshing around them.

She then looked up at him with an impish grin, her voice a teasing lilt.

"Why're you looking at me like that, huh? Got a problem with me sitting on you like this? I wanted to—I like it here, so what're you gonna do about it?"

He blinked, caught off guard, then let out a reluctant laugh, his hands settling on her hips as he smiled down at her.

"My little tigress can sit on my lap whenever she wants—I'm not complaining."

He said, his voice warm with affection as he pulled her closer, one arm wrapping around her neck in a gentle embrace. His cock also stirred beneath her, hardening slightly against her ass, and he grinned mischievously.

"...Especially not when I can feel your sexy little ass on me like this—I don't mind at all."

Nina gasped, slapping his knee with a playful huff, her cheeks flushing a deeper green.

"Kafka! Don't get any dirty thoughts right now I can't handle another round, not with how swollen I am down there!" Her voice was stern, but her eyes sparkled with amusement as she wagged a finger at him.

He chuckled, raising his hands in surrender, his tone softening to a teasing drawl.

"Fine, fine—it's as my princess says. No naughty stuff, I promise." His grin lingered, but his eyes grew gentle as he handed her the silk—wrapped parcel, his fingers brushing hers.

She took it eagerly, her curiosity piqued as she held the small, light package in her hands, its sturdiness intriguing her.

"What's this?" She asked, turning it over with a puzzled frown, her voice bright with wonder.
"What's it for—what's the occasion?"

Kafka sighed, his expression shifting to something deeper, more somber as he leaned back, his hand resting on her thigh.

"Well, I know how much you loved your parents, Nina—how much they took care of you, how much they meant to you." He said, his voice low and earnest, his gaze locking with hers.

And at the mention of her parents, her eyes lit up, her voice bubbling with excitement as she clutched the parcel tighter. "My parents? They were the best, you know—the ultimate parents!"

"They loved me so much, Kafka—you wouldn't believe how they'd dote on me, teach me everything. I was so lucky to have them and without them, I'd be so lost in this world that's always hated me for being different."

Her smile faltered, a shadow creeping into her expression as she looked down at the silk in her hands, her voice softening with a pang of sorrow.

"A-Actually, you know...Today's the day my mother passed away from that awful illness. And all day, because of that I've been feeling so lonely without her. She was the one who shaped me gave me this fierce personality I've got."

She paused, her green eyes shimmering with unshed tears as she traced the cloth with her fingers, her voice dropping to a fragile whisper.

"I used to hate it, you know—how aggressive I can be. It's why people always butted heads with me, why I felt so out of place. But now...I can't help but appreciate it. It's her gift to me—her strength, her fire...It made me who I am, a strong woman who can stand up to anything."

She looked up at him, her gaze tender yet aching.

"And you've told me before—it's one of the reasons you fell for me, isn't it? That strength. So, I owe her so much I wish I could see her again, just once, to tell her how grateful I am."

Her words hung in the air, heavy with love and loss, and a pitiful, sad look settled on her face, her lips trembling as she clutched the parcel like a lifeline.

Kafka's heart broke at the sight, his chest tightening as he watched her eyes glisten with the weight of her grief, her fierce spirit softened by the tender ache of memory.

But Nina quickly shook her head, a small, determined motion as she pushed the sadness aside.

Kafka was here—her anchor, her light—and she didn't want to dim their moment with tears. She tilted her head up at him, her pout softening into a curious smile as she refocused on the gift in her hands.

"Okay, enough of me being gloomy—what's this, Kafka? What's it got to do with my parents?"

Her voice lifted with a playful lilt, her ears twitching as she added with a giggle.

"Did they come to you as ghosts and hand it over? That'd be funny—ridiculous, even! 'Here, Kafka, give this to our little sapling!'"

Kafka chuckled, shaking his head as he pulled her into a tight hug, his arms wrapping around her slender frame as if he needed her warmth to steady himself.

"It's not like that, Nina—no ghostly visits, I promise."

He said, his voice soft but tinged with a nervous edge as he buried his face briefly in her damp hair, drawing strength from her closeness. He then pulled back just enough to meet her gaze, his expression shifting to something more serious, almost shy.

"The thing is I...I already knew that today was the day your mother passed away...Camila told me about it."

Nina blinked, her playful grin faltering into surprise as her ears perked up.

"Camila? She told you?" She asked, her voice tilting with curiosity as she glanced across the pool at her sleeping friend, sprawled beside Abigaille in exhausted bliss.

He nodded, his hands resting on her hips as he continued, his tone gentle but hesitant.

"Yeah—she mentioned how you get really sad and somber every year on this day. She said you'd sit there, all quiet and pitiful, missing your mom so much it'd break her heart to see you like that."

"...She was worried about you, you know—told me how you'd curl up and just...fade away for a bit."

Nina scoffed, rolling her eyes with a faint smirk, though inside, her heart swelled with a warm ache.

"Ugh, she's such a busybody—always sticking her nose in my business." She muttered, her voice laced with mock annoyance as she crossed her arms over her chest.

But beneath the surface, a quiet gratitude bloomed—Camila cared, truly cared, enough to confide in Kafka, and that meant more than she'd ever admit out loud.

"Still...It's sweet of her, I guess." She added under her breath, her smirk softening into a tender smile.

Kafka shifted, his cheeks flushing slightly as he rubbed the back of his neck, his voice dropping to a shy murmur.

"And when she told me, I...I couldn't help but feel bad for you, Nina. I didn't like thinking of you all alone, hurting like that I couldn't just leave it alone."

"...I wanted to do something, anything, to cheer you up. So, I-I made you this gift."

He gestured to the parcel in her hands, his eyes darting away as if embarrassed by his own earnestness.

Nina's breath caught, her eyes darting to the parcel as her mind reeled.

"Wait—you made this?!?!"

She asked, her voice rising with excitement as she leaned forward, nearly toppling off his lap in her eagerness.

"You mean with your own two hands? Not something you bought—you actually crafted it yourself!?"

He ducked his head, a flush creeping up his neck as he rubbed the back of it, his voice sheepish.

"Yeah, I did, I wanted it to be sincere, you know? Something from me to you. But don't expect too much, alright? It's just...something I put together. I'm no expert or anything."

She shook her head frantically, her ears flapping so much that they looked like they would fly away as she clutched the gift tighter, her voice bubbling with joy.

"No, not at all—I'm so happy, Kafka! A handmade gift? From you? I don't care what it is it could be a lumpy rock, and I'd still love it because you made it for me! My heart's so warm right now—I can't believe you did this!"

Her green eyes sparkled, her whole body practically vibrating with anticipation as she turned the parcel over in her hands.

"What is it, though? I can't figure it out—it's so light but sturdy. Can I unwrap it? Please? I can't handle the suspense I need to see what's inside!"

Kafka's smile faltered, a sudden wave of embarrassment washing over him as her eagerness hit him full force.

"Wait—uh, maybe not yet." He stammered, his hands reaching for the parcel as if to snatch it back, his voice tinged with panic. "I'm not sure it's good enough—I want to redo it, make it perfect."

"...Give it back, Nina—I'll fix it first, hide it away till it's better—"

"Never!" She cried, yanking it out of his reach with a stubborn grin, her voice firm as she held it aloft. "I want this gift—the one you made right now! No take-backs, Kafka—I'm unwrapping it, and you can't stop me!"

Under his reluctant, wide-eyed gaze, she tore into the silk with quick, eager fingers, the fabric falling away to reveal the treasure within and the moment she did, her hands stilled, her breath catching as her eyes widened, fixed on the object now cradled in her palms.

It was a wooden sculpture, intricately carved a younger version of Nina of the past, her green skin and long ears unmistakable, standing alongside her parents, their figures captured mid-laughter as they emerged from a hot spring, each chugging a bottle of cold sasfra juice with satisfied, carefree expressions.

And even though Kafka said it was his first time, the detail was utterly breathtaking the curve of her mother's smile, the crinkle of her father's eyes, the way Nina's teenage self tilted her head just so, her ears perked with youthful mischief.

The wood also gleamed with a soft polish, every line and texture so vivid it felt alive, radiating the joy of that fleeting, perfect moment.

Unable to see her reaction without cringing, Kafka shifted beside her, his face turned away as a flush burned across his cheeks, his voice a nervous rush as he tried to fill the silence.

"I, uh—I saw that picture on your wall, you know? The one where you and your parents were drinking milk after the hot spring. It looked so wholesome—so happy and I thought it'd be nice to capture it like this, make it real again."

"And your dad was a wood sculptor, right? You had told me he met your mom when he came to work on the woodworking here at the hot spring—said he fell for her the moment he saw her. So, I figured...maybe I could weave that into it too, honor his craft."

"...But it's my first time making something like this, so don't judge it too hard, okay? If you don't like it or if it offends you you can toss it in the trash, and I'll start over, make something better—"

His words tumbled out in pride and embarrassment, but they trailed off as he glanced at her, expecting a laugh, a shout, maybe even a playful critique.

But instead, Nina sat frozen, her wide eyes locked on the sculpture, her face unreadable—expressionless, still as stone.

The silence stretched, heavy and unnerving, and Kafka's stomach twisted, his hand hovering near her shoulder as he hesitated.

"Nina? You okay? Say something—did I mess it up? If it's bad, just tell me"

But before he could finish, a soft sound broke the quiet—a faint snuffle, barely audible over the gentle lap of the water. Then another, louder, trembling, and he froze as he saw it—drops of water sliding down her cheeks, falling into the hot spring below with tiny, shimmering splashes.

His heart lurched, panic flaring as he reached for her, his voice urgent. "Nina—what's wrong? Hey, look at me—"

He gently turned her face toward him, and his breath caught, his chest tightening at the sight.

She was sobbing—quietly, violently—tears streaming down her green-tinted cheeks in a relentless flood, her lips pressed tight as if to hold back the sound, her eyes red and glistening as she stared at the sculpture.

Her shoulders shook, her hands trembling around the carving, and she looked for all the world like she was mourning the most heartbreaking loss imaginable, the raw grief spilling out in silent, wrenching waves.

"Nina—" He whispered, his voice cracking as he pulled her closer, his arms wrapping around her in a desperate bid to comfort her, his own eyes stinging with the shock of her tears. "Hey, talk to me what's going on? Is it too much? I didn't mean to—"

But she didn't answer, couldn't—her sobs swallowed her words, her face buried against his chest as the sculpture rested in her lap, a tiny, perfect echo of a joy she'd lost, now brought back to life by the man who loved her...

Chapter 602: Because I Love You

Nina's sobs shook her small frame as she buried her face in Kafka's chest, her tears soaking into his skin as the hot spring's water lapped gently around them. Her hands clutched the wooden sculpture tightly, its intricate details pressing into her palms as she trembled against him.

Kafka's arms encircled her, one hand patting her back in a steady, soothing rhythm as he whispered.

"Hey, shh...It's okay, Nina." His voice soft but laced with worry as he tried to steady her.

She shook her head against him, her sobs hiccupping as she pulled back just enough to speak, her voice thick with emotion and broken by sniffles.

"I-I'm sorry, Kafka...I-I'm so sorry I'm crying like this." She managed, her green eyes glistening with tears as she wiped at them frantically, her breath shuddering. "I don't want you to s-see me like this...so weak and pathetic. I h-hate it and I've always hated feeling this way, but I couldn't help it."

"...The moment I saw this statue, it all came rushing back...t-that day, that exact moment...It hit me so hard I couldn't hold it in."

He frowned, his hand stroking her back as he murmured. "You're not weak, Nina, don't say that. Just tell me, what's going through your head? Let it out."

She nodded, her tears still flowing as she clutched the sculpture closer, her voice trembling as she began, her words spilling out between sobs.

"T-That day, it was sports day at school, back when I was in high school. I'd won the race—got a gold medal, my first ever. My parents were there, right in the stands, watching me cross the finish line."

"They were so proud, Kafka, you should've seen their faces. On the way home, in the car, my father kept saying it over and over—'I'm so proud of you, sprout, so proud!'—like he couldn't believe it, like it was the best thing he'd ever seen."

"And my mother, she just laughed and said, 'Of course she won, she's my daughter, it's only natural!' I couldn't stop smiling the whole ride, chuckling at how they went on and on."

Her voice softened, a wistful smile breaking through her tears as she remembered, her fingers tracing the carved figures.

"When we got home, Mom made this huge meal —everything I loved. There was roasted root stew, those little honey-glazed pastries I'd beg for, and fresh berry bread she'd baked just for me...Dad kept praising me, even as we ate he couldn't stop. He grabbed the phone and called every relative —'You won't believe what Nina did today!' he'd say, and I was so embarrassed, hiding my face in my hands while Mom teased him for bragging too much."

"...But I loved it, loved how happy they were."

She sniffled, her sobs quieting as she continued, her eyes distant with memory.

"At the end of the night, we went to the bath together. Dad went to the men's side, and me and Mom took the women's—we'd splash water over the divider, mocking him. I'd yell, 'I stole Mom from you, Dad!' and he'd shout back, 'You little thief, give her back!'"

"We'd banter like that the whole time, laughing until our sides hurt. And when we came out, all warm and relaxed, we grabbed those bottles of Sasfra juice—cold and crisp from the cooler and drank them down in one gulp."

"...I can still taste it, Kafka, the most refreshing thing I've ever had, like all that happiness was bottled up in it."

She looked up at him, her teary eyes shimmering in the steamy light, her voice breaking as she clutched the sculpture to her chest.

"That day—it was one of the happiest of my life. And when I saw this this perfect little moment you carved I felt it all again, like it happened today...Seeing them here, right beside me in this wood. It's like they're still with me, like they never left."

"...I-I miss them so much, Kafka. I-I'd give anything to see them again, just one more time."

Her sobs returned, fiercer now, as she pressed her face back into his chest, her shoulders shaking with the weight of her longing.

Kafka's heart ached at her words, her raw grief cutting through him like a blade. He wrapped her in a warm, enveloping hug, his arms tight around her as he stroked her back, his voice urgent and soothing.

"Nina, hey, listen to me...I know that I'll never be able to replace the love your parents gave you that kind of love was so deep, so pure, it's impossible to replicate."

"But I promise you this, Nina: I'll love you just as much, with everything I've got, so much that even they'd look down from wherever they are and nod, satisfied that you're in good hands."

"...You'll never feel alone again, not on this day, not ever. I'll be by your side no matter what happens."

He pulled back slightly, cupping her face as he looked into her tear-streaked eyes, his voice steady with conviction.

"Unlike them, who left too soon, not because they wanted to, I'm staying. I'll be here for the rest of your life, Nina, making sure you're the happiest woman in the world."

"...I promise that with all my heart, every damn beat of it."

Her breath hastened, her heart swelling so fiercely it felt like it might burst as his words sank in.

No one—not since her parents had ever made such a deep, unshakable promise to her, vowing to keep her happy, to stand by her through everything.

They'd been her rock, her unwavering family, and now here was Kafka—this miracle of a man—offering her the same devotion, a love so vast it felt like a gift from the heavens.

She stared up at him, her sobs softening as her green eyes shimmered with awe.

"R-Really, Kafka? You'd really be by my side, f-for the rest of my life? As my family?"

Her voice trembled, fragile with hope as she searched his face.

He gazed down at her, his expression tender and unwavering as he nodded, his hands cradling her cheeks.

"Of course, Nina and not just me, either. Camila's with you, my mom and my other mom as well, Bella too—they're all your family now."

He smiled deeply, a playful glint sparking in his eyes as he tugged gently at her cheeks, stretching them until she squeaked.

"And our future kids, those little tree-fairy babies we talked about, they'll be by your side too, always...From here on out, there won't be a single moment where you feel alone. I promise you that."

Her throat tightened, tears welling anew as his words wrapped around her like a warm blanket, choking her with emotion.

She looked up at him with a tender, limpid gaze, her voice barely above a whisper as she asked.

"Why, Kafka? Why are you so nice to me? Why do you give me so much happiness when you could've given it to anyone else out there someone who deserves it more? Why me? Why am I the one you're with?"

He paused, his hands stilling on her cheeks as he met her eyes, his smile softening into something simple, pure, and unshakably true.

"Why? Because I love you, Nina. That's it—there's no other reason I need."

"...Love's all the reason there is and all the reason I need."

Nina's breath caught, Kafka's simple yet profound answer, 'Because I love you' piercing through her like a bolt of light, leaving her speechless and trembling.

Fresh tears spilled down her green-tinted cheeks, but they were different now—tears of overwhelming gratitude, of a love so deep it felt like it could carry her through any storm, any sorrow.

Her chest heaved, her heart pounding so fiercely she couldn't contain it anymore, the flood of emotions too vast, too wild to hold back.

And with a sudden, desperate lunge, she threw herself forward, wrapping her arms around his neck in a deep, clinging hug, her bare breasts pressing against his chest as the hot spring's water splashed around them.

"Kafka, I love you!~" She cried out loud, her voice raw and unrestrained, echoing faintly in the steamy night. "I love you so much!~ I-I can't even say how much!~ You give me so much happiness, every moment with you is pure, utter joy, and I don't know what I did to deserve it!~"

"...Every laugh, every touch, every look you give me it's like a gift I never earned, and you don't know how grateful I am that s-someone like you entered my lonely life!~"

Kafka's hands settled on her back, ready to pat her gently as he opened his mouth to respond, his voice soft and steady. "Nina, you don't have to do anything to deserve it, you just—"

But before he could finish, her tone shifted, dropping into something darker, almost frenzied, like a spark of love had ignited into a wildfire.

She pulled back just enough to look up at him, her green eyes glinting with an intensity that bordered on madness, her voice low and fervent as she spoke.

"No, Kafka...Since you give me so much happiness, it's my duty as your woman, as your obedient wife to give you the same in return." She said, her words slow and steady, her gaze locking onto his with a fierce, unyielding devotion. "I'll do whatever you want, anything to make you happy, to love you as much as you love me."

"...It's what I owe you, what I need to do as your beloved little wife!~"

Chapter 603: I'll Do Anything For You

Kafka froze, startled by the sudden change, his hands hovering on her shoulders as he stammered.

"W-Wait, Nina, you don't need to do anything special. Just be yourself, that's more than enough—"

His voice faltered as he looked down at her, and what he saw made his breath catch.

Her eyes were wide, practically heart-shaped, shimmering with a love so fierce it teetered into obsession.

Her smile stretched across her face, wild and almost crazed, like she was drunk on him on the idea of him—so much so that he could feel the weight of her devotion, a willingness to do anything, anything, to stay by his side.

Rob a bank?...Kill someone?

She'd do it with that same smile, that same adoring gaze, and the realization sent a shiver of unease down his spine, mingling with the heat of her closeness.

"Nina..." He started, his voice hesitant as he tried to ease her back.

But she shook her head, her eyes boring into his with a fervor that silenced him.

"No, an obedient wife should make her husband happy." She insisted, her tone firm, almost reverent, as if she'd cast herself as his servant, his slave, bound to his every whim and before he could protest, she declared, "I'll make you happy tonight—right now."

And with a sudden, fluid motion, she ducked beneath the water's surface, vanishing into the steamy depths.

Kafka blinked, confusion flashing across his face as he peered down.

"Nina? What are you—" His words cut off with a sharp gasp as he felt it—his flaccid cock suddenly engulfed by a warm, wet heat under the water.

His head snapped down, eyes widening as he saw her through the rippling surface: Nina's mouth wrapped around his length, taking him whole, all the way down to her throat.

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

Her tongue swirled frantically, teasing every inch, her lips tight as she sucked with a desperate, love-crazed intensity, choking slightly but undeterred, her sole focus on pleasuring him.

"Damn, Nina!" He gasped, his voice cracking with shock and an overwhelming sensation as his cock hardened rapidly under her relentless assault.

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

Her tongue danced over the veins, the tip of his shaft hitting the back of her throat as she bobbed back and forth, her movements wild and unrestrained.

He reached down, his hands grasping at her shoulders under the water, trying to pull her up as he stammered, "You don't need her grip on his thighs tightening as she stayed to do this, come up, you're gonna—!"

But she resisted, submerged, not caring if she could breathe, her eyes frenzied, heart-shaped gaze—like a sex slave devoted to flicking up at him through the water with that same her master, willing to drown if it meant pleasing him.

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

His fingers curled, his breath hitching as the pleasure surged through him, his cock now rock-hard in her throat, stretching her as she gagged but kept going, her tongue relentless, her lips a tight seal.

"Nina, fuck, stop, you're—" He groaned, biting his lip as his body betrayed him, the pressure building as she sucked harder, her lust-crazed stare piercing him from below.

She smiled around him, the corners of her mouth twitching as she took him deeper, gagging audibly underwater, the pain in her throat a distant second to her mission.

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

Back and forth, back and forth—her head moved with a fierce rhythm, feeling every pulse, every vein, until his cock jammed fully into her throat, rigid and throbbing.

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

And then, knowing that his cock was as hard as can be, with a sudden gasping burst, she slid his cock out of her mouth and broke the surface, water streaming from her hair as she coughed and wheezed, her chest heaving like she'd nearly drowned.

"Cough!~ Cough!~ Cough!~"

Kafka leaned forward, worry etching his face as he reached for her. "Nina, a-are you okay? Shit, you didn't have to—"

But before he could finish, she cut him off, her voice low and lustful as she stared at him with dripping, wild eyes.

"My Kafka...I need to please my Kafka, give him all the happiness in the world." She rasped, her tone dripping with devotion as she climbed onto his lap, her hands seizing his fat, erect cock.

He barely had time to react before she positioned it at the entrance of her swollen pussy, her gaze locked on his with that same crazed smile.

"Nina—"

He started, but she silenced him with a final, adoring look, then slammed herself down, taking him all the way in one swift, desperate thrust.

"Ahhhh!~ Aughhh!~ Haughh!~"

His cock hit the back of her womb, stretching her tender, bruised walls as she cried out, pain and ecstasy tearing from her throat.

"Kafka, yes!~" She gasped, her voice trembling with love and fervor as she clung to him, her body shuddering around his length. "You're so deep inside of me!~ Ahhh!~"

Her heart-shaped eyes never left his, her smile trembling with a crazed adoration as she rode him, her voice spilling out in a fevered rush.

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

"I-I love you!~ I love you so much!~ I'll do anything for you, Kafka!~ You make me so happy, happier than I've ever been!~ And I'll give you everything, everything I have, to make you feel the same!~"

"...I'm yours, your wife, your cow, your anything—just tell me what you want, and I'll do it!~"

Her words tumbled over each other, her tone teetering between devotion and mania as she ground herself against him, her pussy clenching around his cock with every thrust.

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

Kafka's breath stuttered, his hands tightening on her hips as he tried to steady her, his voice a strained blend of pleasure and concern.

"Nina—slow down, fuck, you don't have to prove anything! You're enough, just you—"

But her fervor drowned him out, her body moving with a desperate motion as she chased his pleasure, her love-torn gaze burning into him like she'd tear the world apart to keep him by her side.

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

Her sobs from earlier had also morphed into something else—a wild, unbridled passion that consumed her, her tears now replaced by a frenzied determination to show him every ounce of her love.

"I'll make you happy!~ Happier than anyone else ever could!~"

She gasped, her voice breaking as she slammed herself down again, his cock hitting her womb with a force that made her shudder, her swollen walls quivering around him as she pushed herself.

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

From the moment Nina took Kafka's cock all the way in, slamming herself down until it hit the back of her womb, her body erupted in a cascade of orgasms—wave after wave crashing through her as she squirted violently, her love juices bursting out in hot, pulsing streams that mingled with the steamy water.

The surface rippled with her release, a cloudy swirl of her essence floating around them, so copious that Kafka could feel the vibrations of her quivering pussy shuddering around his shaft, each tremor amplifying the pleasure searing through him.

But Nina didn't stop—didn't even pause her love-crazed fervor driving her to keep going, her firm ass slamming down onto his cock with relentless, manic force, water splashing chaotically around them as she rode him like a woman possessed.

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

Kafka's legs went weak beneath her, the intensity of the pleasure threatening to unravel him completely as he gasped for air, his hands clutching her hips in a futile bid to steady himself.

"Goddamn, Nina! T-This is too much!" He gasped, his voice a broken, breathless plea as the sensation overwhelmed him, his body trembling under her assault.

Normally, he was the dominant one—possessive, commanding, in control. But now, he felt like a helpless deer pinned beneath a tigress, her claws sunk deep as she savored him with every ounce of her heart.

Her pussy clamped around his shaft like a vice, tightening so hard it felt like she was trying to suffocate his cock, squeezing him with an unimaginable pressure that sent bolts of ecstasy ripping through him, leaving him dizzy and speechless.

He couldn't resist, couldn't fight her. His dominance melted away under the relentless torture of her love, his gasps turning to ragged moans as she dominated him, her hips rocking with a frenzied rhythm that made his head spin.

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

Nina's green eyes locked onto his, her heart-shaped pupils glinting with a wild, adoring madness as she watched him struggle, his face contorted in a pitiful blend of pleasure and desperation.

She found it adorable...irresistibly cute, seeing him so vulnerable when he was usually so commanding, so possessive, and a grin spread across her face, wide and unhinged as she leaned closer, her voice a taunting, lustful purr.

"Oh, Kafka, you're so handsome right now, so cute like this!~" She cooed, her tone dripping with adoration as she slammed herself down again, her pussy pulsing around him. "Look at you, struggling under me, all mine, all mine alone!~ I want to make you mine forever—only mine!~"

She surged forward, her tongue darting out to lick his face, claiming him like a tiger marking its prey.

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

She dragged it across his cheek, his jaw, his nose, her lips sucking at his skin with a fevered hunger as she taunted him, her breath hot against his trembling flesh.

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

"You're everything a woman can ask for and I can't get enough of you, Kafka!~ I just can't!~"

Her mouth roamed wildly, her tongue swirling over his ears, teasing the sensitive edges as he shuddered beneath her, his moans muffled by the overwhelming pleasure.

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

She then latched onto his neck, her sharp canines grazing his skin before sinking in with a sudden, fierce bite—hard enough to pierce, a thin trail of blood welling up and trickling down his collarbone.

"Ahh! Fuck, that hurts!"

Kafka gasped, his body jerking at the sting, but Nina didn't flinch—her eyes flared with excitement, her pussy clamping even tighter around his cock as she saw the crimson stream, her lust-filled grin widening with a thrill that bordered on insanity...

Chapter 604: You're Mine Forever

"Blood...Your delicious blood, Kafka!~"

Nina gasped, her voice a frenzied chant as she dove back in, licking the wound with a wild, desperate fervor, her tongue lapping at the trickle like it was sacred.

"My husband's precious blood! I need it all, can't waste a single drop!~"

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

She sucked at the bite, her lips sealing around it as she drew the metallic tang into her mouth, moaning against his skin as she savored him, her ass shaking with a crazed motion that drove his cock deeper into her pulsing core.

"So good, Kafka, you taste so good!~ I'll take everything you have!~"

Kafka's head tipped back, his breath coming in short, ragged bursts as disbelief and pleasure warred within him, his hands gripping her hips tighter as her pussy squeezed him mercilessly.

"Nina, fuck, what are you—" He managed, his voice a hoarse, trembling whisper, but the words dissolved into a groan as she sucked harder at his neck, her tongue swirling over the wound while her hips slammed down, water splashing violently around them.

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

The pain of her bite mingled with the ecstasy of her tight, clamping pussy, pushing him to the edge of sanity as his cock throbbed inside her, trapped in her relentless, love-drunk assault.

She then pulled back just enough to meet his eyes, her lips stained with a faint smear of his blood, her grin wild and unhinged as she rocked against him, her voice a low, frenzied growl.

"You're mine, Kafka, my husband, my everything!~ I'll please you forever, make you feel this good every day, every night, anything you want, I'll do it!~"

"...I love you love you so much it hurts!"

Her pussy tightened again, a suffocating grip that milked his cock as she bounced, her squirting orgasms soaking them both, her love juices clouding the water as she lost herself in her manic devotion.

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

Kafka's vision blurred, his body shaking as the pleasure consumed him, his dominance stripped away by her feral, tigress-like command.

He was hers—utterly, helplessly hers and she reveled in it, her tongue flicking back to his wound as she sucked and licked, her ass slamming down with a rhythm that drove him wild.

"Ahh, Nina, you're killing me!" He gasped, his voice breaking as his legs trembled beneath her, his cock pulsing with a need he couldn't control, caught in the jaws of her borderline crazy passion.

And in response, Nina laughed a high, delirious sound as she bit him again, lighter this time, her teeth grazing his skin as she murmured against his neck.

"Good—I want you to feel it all—every bit of my love! You're mine, Kafka, mine forever!~"

Her pussy clamped down harder, her movements growing erratic as she chased his pleasure, her eyes glinting with a madness that was equal parts adoration and obsession, binding them in a steamy, violent dance of love and surrender.

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

Kafka's breath came in ragged, desperate gasps as Nina rode him with unrelenting fervor, her tight, green pussy clamping around his cock like a vise, her eyes boring into him with a hunger that sent shivers down his spine.

The pleasure built to an unbearable peak, a tidal wave crashing through him as his orgasm loomed, his hands gripping her hips so hard his fingers sank into her soft, yielding flesh, leaving red marks on her green skin.

"Nina—fuck, I'm gonna come!" He groaned, his voice a hoarse, trembling shout as his body tensed beneath her. "I'm gonna come so soon! I-I can't hold it—!"

Her grin widened, a manic gleam flashing in her verdant eyes as she tightened her pussy even more, her walls squeezing his shaft with a ferocious grip that felt like she was determined to milk every drop from him.

"Yes—give it to me, Kafka!~" She cried, her voice a lustful, frenzied chant as she slammed her ass down harder, water splashing violently around them. "Pour all your baby batter into my pussy—fill me up with your thick milk!~ I want it!~ I need you to fill me so much that your white cum leaks out of my green pussy, making a mess all over!~"

"...Do it—cum, cum, cum!~ Cum inside of me!~"

Her words—wild, pleading, commanding drove him over the edge, and with a loud shout, Kafka let go, his cock pulsing as he poured a torrent of cum into her, the thick, hot load flooding her womb with such force that it felt like it was expanding her from the inside.

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

"Fuck, Nina!" He roared, his hips jerking upward as he emptied himself, the sheer volume stretching her tight walls until her abdomen seemed to swell slightly under the pressure, her pussy brimming with his seed.

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

Nina also moaned a high, ecstatic cry, as she felt it fill her, her own orgasm crashing through her in return, squirting so violently that bubbles erupted in the water, her love juices mixing with his cum in a steamy, chaotic swirl.

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

Their bodies vibrated together, locked in a shuddering dance of mutual ecstasy, their orgasms so intense it felt like they'd ascended to some heavenly plane—limbs trembling, breaths syncing in short, ragged bursts as pleasure consumed them.

Nina's pussy pulsed around him, her squirting relentless as it clouded the water, while Kafka's cock throbbed inside her, spilling every last drop until he was spent, his head tipping back against the edge of the spring as exhaustion crashed over him like a wave.

He then slumped back, utterly drained, his body limp and unresponsive as the aftershocks rippled through him, every muscle weak from the sheer intensity of what she'd done.

He thought Nina must feel the same—wrecked, sated, ready to collapse beside him and he parted his lips, his voice a faint whisper as he tried to check on her.

"Nina...you okay...?"

But before the words could fully form, his breath hitched, a jolt of shock coursing through him as he felt her pussy tighten around his softening cock once more, her walls clenching with a slow, steady grip as she began to move—up and down, up and down, like she was gearing up for another round.

His eyes then snapped open, darting up to meet hers, and his heart stuttered at the sight—Nina's bright green eyes glinting with a lustful, predatory hunger, staring down at him like he was a half-eaten steak she couldn't bear to abandon.

"I needs to pleasure her husband!~" She purred, her voice low and dripping with devotion as she rocked her hips, her pussy sliding along his shaft with a torturous, teasing rhythm. "I need to be a good little wife—pleasure you all night for everything you've done for me!~"

"...So, lay back, Kafka I'll do all the work, drain every single drop from your balls until there's nothing left!~"

Terror flashed through him, his exhausted body screaming in protest as he realized she wasn't done—not even close.

"Nina—no, wait, I can't—"

He stammered, his voice weak and trembling as he tried to push her off, his hands fumbling at her hips.

But she didn't budge, her strength fueled by her manic love as she pressed her milk-heavy breasts against his chest, her nipples rubbing against his in a slow, steady grind that sent fresh sparks of pleasure through his oversensitive nerves.

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

Water sloshed around them as she rocked harder, her pussy clamping down with a possessive grip, and just like that, he was under her control again—helpless, speechless, a deer trapped beneath his tigress.

She grinned, her tongue flicking out to lick his lips as she taunted him, her voice a sultry growl.

"You're mine, Kafka—my husband, my love—I'll make you feel so good you'll never forget it!~ All night—every thrust, every drop—it's all for you!"

Her breasts pressed tighter, milk leaking from her nipples in warm streaks that mingled with the water, her hips moving with a relentless rhythm that tortured his cock back to hardness despite his exhaustion.

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

Kafka groaned, his head lolling back as pleasure overwhelmed his protests, his body betraying him as it surrendered to her insatiable desire.

He knew it then—tonight would be long, endless, a marathon of love and lust that would leave him a husk of the man he'd been by morning.

This little tigress was determined to drain him dry, to claim every ounce of him until his balls were empty and his spirit broken under her wild, adoring assault.

"Damn, Nina, you're gonna kill me!"

Kafka gasped, his voice a broken plea as she rocked harder, her pussy squeezing him with a ferocity that made his vision blur, his hands clawing at her hips in desperation and ecstasy.

But she only laughed in response, a high, delirious sound as she bit his shoulder, her sharp canines grazing his skin, her voice a breathless chant against his flesh.

"Good—I want you to feel it feel me feel how much I love you!~ You're mine, Kafka, all mine, forever and there's nothing that can change that!~"

The night stretched on, Abigaille and Camila slept, sated and still, their bodies locked in a steamy, violent dance—Nina dropping herself onto her beloved lover with a crazed, unrelenting passion, her pussy milking him as if she could wring his soul from his body.

His moans mingled with hers, a chorus of surrender and devotion that filled the hot spring, the water clouded with their mingled fluids as she pushed him beyond his limits, determined to leave him a trembling, emptied shell by dawn.

Chapter 605: Dutiful Husband, Son And Father

The kitchen hummed with the gentle rhythm of slow music drifting from a small speaker on the counter, its mellow notes weaving through the air as Kafka stood over the stove, stirring a pot of pasta with a practiced ease.

The rich, savory aroma of garlic, herbs, and simmering tomato sauce filled the room, curling upward in fragrant tendrils that promised a meal crafted with care.

His movements were flawless effortless, almost second nature—as he tossed the pasta in the pan, a sprinkle of fresh basil here, a dash of olive oil there, each action seamless and precise. The kitchen glowed with warmth, the pleasant smell wrapping around him like a comforting embrace, and for a moment, he lost himself in the simple joy of cooking, the clink of utensils and the bubbling sauce grounding him in the present.

But his mind wandered, drifting beyond the steam and the music to a single, nagging comment that Evangeline had made after that unforgettable night with Nina.

She'd said it casually, almost offhandedly,

"Your real mother, up in heaven, Lady Vanitas, didn't watch this last trial. She'd been at every one before, but not this time."

The words echoed in his head, tugging at a thread of curiosity he couldn't quite shake.

Why hadn't she watched?...What were her intentions now, after all this time?

His brow furrowed as he plated the pasta, twirling it neatly onto three dishes, the sauce glistening under the soft kitchen light.

Was she judging him from afar?...Planning something?

The thought lingered, a faint shadow over his contentment, but as he finished garnishing the plates with a sprinkle of parmesan, he let it go with a quiet exhale.

"Doesn't matter." He muttered to himself, his voice low against the music. "As long as she doesn't show up knocking on my door, stirring up trouble, I don't care what she's up to. I'm happy—right here, right now."

He carried the plates into the living room, the scent of the pasta trailing behind him as he stepped into the cozy space.

There, on the couch, sat Bella, his adorable daughter and Abigaille, his beloved mother—huddled close, their eyes glued to the television with rapt attention.

The drama unfolding on the screen had them utterly captivated, their faces etched with serious focus as the characters argued passionately about some tangled betrayal.

Kafka paused in the doorway, a soft smile tugging at his lips as he took in the sight. Just a few months ago, these two had been strangers—distant figures in a life he hadn't yet claimed—and now, they were his closest family, the heart of his world.

The thought warmed him, a quiet pride settling in his chest as he realized that no matter who came his way—even if it was his 'almighty mother' from beyond, he'd protect this little haven with everything he had.

He stepped forward, setting the three plates down on the coffee table with a gentle clink, the steam rising in delicate wisps.

"Alright, you two—eat up." He said, his voice warm and inviting as he straightened, wiping his hands on a dish towel slung over his shoulder. "It's that creamy herb pasta you both love—I made it special, infused it with those flavors I know you can't resist."

"...Bella, I added that extra kick of garlic you're always sneaking into everything, and Mom, I went heavy on the basil, just how you like it. Dig in before it gets cold."

But neither of them moved. Bella's pretty blue eyes, just like her mother's stayed fixed on the screen, her brow furrowed as the drama's heroine slammed a door in a fit of tears, while Abigail leaned forward slightly, her lips parted in quiet suspense as the music swelled.

Neither of them even twitched at his presence, their focus absolute, as if he'd vanished into thin air.

Seeing this, he cleared his throat, louder this time, his voice cutting through the room with a touch of impatience.

"Hey, hello? Earth to Bella, earth to Mom? The food's gonna get cold if you don't eat soon—stop ignoring me already!"

He waved a hand dramatically, gesturing at the plates, the savory aroma of the creamy pasta wafting up as if to back him up.

But to his disbelief, they treated him like a ghost, their eyes never leaving the screen, Bella's fingers clutching the edge of the couch, Abigail's breath hitching as the drama's plot thickened.

Kafka sighed, a deep, exaggerated sound as he rubbed the back of his neck, his gaze softening despite his irritation.

He knew this about them both Bella and Abigail had always loved these sappy dramas, even before they'd become family. Bella would curl up with her mother's old DVDs, tearing up over star-crossed lovers, while his mother had her secret stash of melodramatic mobhies she'd watched late into the night.

When they discovered their shared passion, it was like a match made in soap-opera heaven. They'd started spending nights like this—huddled together, binge-watching episodes, gasping and giggling in sync, swapping theories about who'd betray whom next.

Kafka loved it, really he was happy to see his new-found daughter and his mother bonding, their laughter filling the house with a warmth he'd never known growing up.

Bella soaked up Abigail's presence like a sponge, delighting in the motherly affection, while Abigail glowed with the joy of having a daughter—figure to dote on, something she'd never had before.

But there was a catch—whenever they got into one of these drama marathons, they slipped into their own little world, a bubble he couldn't pierce no matter what he did.

Normally, they'd shower him with attention—Bella chattering about her day, his mother fussing over his cooking or teasing him about his latest antics with Nina.

He'd gotten used to being the center of their orbit, their affection a constant hum in his life, so this sudden exclusion stung more than he'd admit.

Right now, they were like kids glued to a cartoon, ignoring dinner despite his best efforts, and it left him feeling oddly out of place in his own home.

"Alright, that's it."

He muttered, his patience fraying as he stepped forward, planting himself squarely in front of the TV, his broad frame blocking their view of the screen.

The reaction was instantaneous—both erupted into a commotion of complaints, their voices overlapping in a cacophony as they flailed their arms.

"Kafi, move!" His mother cried, her tone a full of exasperation and urgency as she leaned to the side, trying to peek around him. "The big reveal's coming—you can't stand there right now!"

"Daddy, come on!" Bella chimed in, her eyes wide with horror as she clutched a throw pillow, her voice pitching into that familiar, pleading 'Daddy'. "We have to see this—she's about to confront him about his cheating! We can't miss it!"

Kafka turned to face them, his expression full of dismay and incredulity as he crossed his arms, the remote dangling from one hand.

"You're kidding me, right?" He said, his voice rising with a theatrical edge as he waved the remote at them. "This isn't the olden age—you can pause it, you know! It's not some live-or-die broadcast—hit a button, and you can watch it later!"

Hearing this, Abigail fixed him with a look like he was some rookie who'd never heard of true fandom—her lips pursing as she sat back, her tone dripping with mock superiority.

"Oh, Kafka, you innocent little child—watching it live is the best. It's like you're in it with the rest of the world, feeling every twist as it happens."

"...A true fan doesn't just pause a show like this—it's about the experience, the connection! You just wouldn't get it."

Bella nodded vigorously, her parted bangs bouncing as she chimed in, her voice earnest and resolute. "Exactly, Auntie's right! Pausing it kills the vibe, we'd miss the whole thrill of it airing right now!"

Kafka stared at them, his mouth half-open in disbelief as they doubled down, their united front unshakable.

"Unbelievable." He muttered, shaking his head as he held up the remote, his thumb hovering over the pause button. "Fine, then what about dinner? You gonna skip the poor meal I slaved over—hours of hard work, blood, sweat, and tears, poured into this pasta just for you two?"

"...I'm out here like some neglected housewife, cooking my heart out, and you're letting it go cold over some guy's secret letters that revealed his infidelity!"

His voice took on a guilt-tripping whine, his eyes narrowing as he played up the wounded act, knowing full well it'd tug at their soft spots.

It worked—almost too well.

Bella's resolve wavered, her gaze flicking to the plates, the creamy herb pasta glistening temptingly under the living room light, its garlic-basil aroma curling toward her.

"Oh...It does smell really good."

She murmured, her voice softening as she bit her lip, clearly torn.

Abigail's stern expression faltered too, her nose twitching as she inhaled, her love for his cooking warring with her drama obsession.

"I mean, it is our favorite."

Abigail admitted, her tone reluctant as she glanced at the plate, then back at the screen, her hands twisting in her lap.

"You did make it just how we like it, Kafi—and it'd be a shame to let it sit there...but we can't stop watching now! It's too good!"

They sat there, caught in a comical deadlock—eyes darting between the TV and the food, their faces scrunched in indecision.

Kafka watched them, half-amused, half-exasperated, waiting for one of them to crack.

Then Bella's face lit up, a spark of genius flashing in her blue eyes as she snapped her fingers, her voice bright with triumph.

"Wait—Daddy, you can feed us! Yeah, just sit here and give us bites while we watch—problem solved!"

Abigail latched onto the idea instantly, her eyes widening with delight as she clapped her hands together, her voice eager.

"Oh, that's brilliant, Bella! Kafi, you can sit right in the middle of us—feed us both at the same time! It's perfect—you get to pamper us, and we don't miss a second of the show!"

Kafka blinked, staring at them in sheer disbelief as their plan sank in, his jaw dropping slightly.

"You're serious?" He said, his voice rising with incredulity as he gestured at them with the remote. "You're not babies—you don't need me spoon-feeding you like some toddler duo! What's next, bibs and mashed peas?"

But they weren't backing down. Bella's lips puckered into a pout, her blue eyes going wide and pleading as she clasped her hands together, her voice a sugary whine.

"Please, Daddy? Just this once? It'd be so nice—pretty please?"

Abigail joined in, her own pout forming as she tilted her head, her tone softening into an adorable, coaxing lilt.

"Come on, Kafi—you're so good to us. Won't you spoil your girls a little? We'd love it so much!"

Their twin pouts hit him like a double punch and kick combo, their voices weaving a net of guilt and charm he couldn't escape.

He groaned, dragging a hand down his face as he muttered, "You two are impossible—absolutely shameless."

But the fight was already lost—he couldn't resist them when they teamed up like this, their adorable pleas melting his resolve like butter in a pan.

"Fine, fine—I'll do it." He relented, his voice gruff but tinged with affection as he tossed the remote onto the table, unpauseing the show with a flick of his thumb. "I have to make dinner and feed it as well...The things I do for love."

They cheered in unison, a burst of giddy laughter as they parted on the couch, scooting to either side to make room for him.

"Yes! You're the best, Daddy!" Bella chirped, patting the cushion beside her as Abigail nodded, her smile wide and triumphant. "Such a good son! I knew you'd come through, Kafi."

He sighed again, a theatrical sound as he grabbed a fork and settled between them, the two pasta plates balanced on his lap. The drama resumed, the heroine's sobs filling the room as he twirled a forkful of pasta, lifting it toward Bella's mouth.

"Here, open up, drama queen." He teased, his voice warm despite the grumble. She obeyed, her eyes still on the screen as she took the bite, a muffled "Mmm!" escaping her lips. He turned to Abigail, offering her a forkful next. "You too, Mom—eat before you faint from all this suspense."

The night settled into a cozy mood—Kafka feeding them bite by bite, their murmurs of delight blending with the TV's melodrama, the pasta slowly disappearing as he played the role of dutiful husband, son and father for his beloved family...

Chapter 606: You Know What Happens In This Household

Kafka sat wedged between Bella and his mother on the couch, a fork in each hand as he fed them bites of pasta, their eyes still locked on the television where the drama unfolded in a whirlwind of tears and shouting.

He squinted at the screen, his brow furrowing in confusion as the heroine wailed about yet another betrayal, the plot twisting in ways that felt all too familiar.

"Okay, I don't get it." He said, his voice cutting through the orchestral swell as he twirled another forkful for Bella. "What's so appealing about this? All these twists and turns—they're so predictable! It's the same old story over and over—cheating lover, evil mother-in-law, dramatic slap—boring as hell."

"...Why do you two like this stuff so much?"

Bella didn't even glance at him, her eyes wide with focus as she opened her mouth for the bite, chewing quickly before responding, her tone dripping with playful condescension.

"Oh, Daddy, you wouldn't understand the greatness of this even if I sat you down and explained it for hours. It's not about the plot—it's the feelings! The passion!"

"...So, just stop asking questions and feed me like the good daddy you are, okay?" She flashed him a cheeky grin, then snapped her attention back to the screen as the music hit a emotional peak.

His mother nodded sagely, leaning into Kafka's side as she swallowed her latest bite, her voice carrying a hint of maternal authority.

"She's right, Kafi—these are things you just won't get. It's a girl thing, pure and simple. We need our little moments like this—our drama nights—so let us have it, alright?"

"...Oh, and my mouth's empty again—spoon, please!" She tilted her head toward him, lips parted expectantly, her tone teasing but firm.

Kafka stared at her in disbelief, his jaw dropping slightly as he scooped up another forkful and fed it to her, the pasta disappearing into her mouth with a satisfied hum.

"Just what am I doing..." He muttered, shaking his head as he turned to Bella, who piped up with a sudden whine, her voice pitching into a playful pout. "Daddy, I've got something on my lips—wipe it off for me!"

He glanced at her, spotting a tiny smear of sauce on her lower lip, and raised an eyebrow.

"You've got hands, Bella—wipe it yourself." He said, his tone dry as he twirled the fork in the plate on his lap.

She pouted harder, her eyes glinting with mischief as she leaned closer, her voice a sugary taunt.

"But I don't wanna miss anything—it's too good right now! Come on, Daddy, please? You're right here!"

She batted her lashes, clearly teasing him, and he sighed a long, dramatic sound—as he relented, grabbing a napkin from the table and wiping her lips with a gentle swipe, her satisfied giggle ringing in his ears.

"Happy now?" He grumbled, but as he settled back, he noticed something—both Bella and Abigail had latched onto his hands, their fingers wrapped tightly around his arms, their bodies snuggled so close he could feel their warmth seeping into him.

The plate wobbled on his lap, the forks awkward in his grip as he tried to maneuver.

"Okay, hold on this isn't gonna work." He said, his voice tinged with exasperation as he tugged lightly at his trapped hands. "How am I supposed to feed you two when you're holding onto me like this? I'm not a contortionist!"

But they didn't budge. Bella squeezed his hand tighter, her voice a stubborn chirp as she nestled against his shoulder.

"Make do with it, Daddy—it's your job to feed us no matter what! And there's no way I'm letting go—you're the perfect snuggling pillow for drama night!"

Abigail echoed her, her grip firm as she pressed closer, her tone warm but unyielding.

"She's right, Kafi—you're stuck with us. You're too cozy to let go since you make us feel so safe, like nothing in the world can touch us...So figure it out, because we're not moving!"

They snuggled in even tighter, their heads resting against his chest, their bodies molding to his like he was their personal fortress, the safest place they could imagine.

Kafka stared down at them, his disbelief melting into a reluctant grin as he felt their warmth, their trust, their silly, stubborn love wrapping around him.

"You're both ridiculous."

He muttered, but there was no bite to it as he struggled to feed them, twisting his wrists awkwardly to scoop up bites while they clung to him like koalas.

The pasta dwindled slowly, their hums of approval punctuating the drama's dialogue as he worked around their grip, the night stretching on in a cozy, chaotic tangle.

Finally, the episode ended—the credits rolling, the music fading into silence and Bella and Abigail let out twin sighs of satisfaction, their hands loosening slightly as they leaned back, still pressed against him.

"Oh, that was such a good one." Bella said, her voice dreamy as she stretched her arms, her curls bouncing. "I'm glad it wasn't too sad this time, since we had no tissues around to wipe our tears!"

Abigail nodded, her smile soft as she patted Kafka's knee. "Yes, thank goodness—no crying tonight. It was just the right amount of drama—perfect, really."

Kafka snorted, glancing at the coffee table where his own plate of pasta sat, cold and untouched, the sauce congealed into a sad little puddle.

"Yeah, well, you two should probably wipe my tears." He said, his voice laced with woe as he pointed at the lonely dish. "You happily ate your fill while I'm sitting here starving since haven't even had a bite of my own masterpiece! All that hard work, and I'm left with a cold plate—tragic, really."

Their eyes widened, guilt flashing across their faces as they turned to him, their earlier smugness evaporating.

"O-Oh, Daddy, we're so sorry!" Bella cried, her voice a rush of remorse as she threw her arms around his neck, hugging him tight. "We didn't mean to ignore you—the drama was just so good!"

"...And just know that you're the best daddy in the world—nobody cooks like you, nobody takes care of us like you!" Bella said trying to appease him.

Abigail joined in, her hands cupping his face as she planted a kiss on his cheek, her tone adoring and contrite.

"She's right, Kafi—you're such a good son, feeding us like that even when we were lost in our little world. There's no one like you—absolutely no one! We're awful for letting your pasta go cold—forgive us, please?"

He rolled his eyes, his lips twitching as he tried to play it cool, brushing off their praise with a gruff.

"Yeah, yeah, whatever—save it."

But inside, warmth bloomed in his chest, their coddling melting away the last of his mock frustration. He couldn't stay mad at them—not when they looked at him like that, their affection wrapping around him like a blanket.

Still, they pressed on, sensing his resistance, their voices growing more insistent.

"Come on, Kafi—what do we have to do to make it up to you?" Abigaille asked, her tone earnest as she squeezed his hand, her eyes searching his. "We'll do anything—you name it!"

Bella nodded, her hair bouncing as she leaned in, her voice a soft plea. "Yeah, Daddy—tell us! We feel so bad, how can we make you happy again?"

Hearing this, Kafka paused, a slow, mischievous grin spreading across his face as he looked between them, his eyes glinting with a lewd, teasing spark.

"Oh, you know exactly what you two can do to make me happy." He said, his voice dropping to a low, suggestive drawl as he wagged his eyebrows, the sudden shift catching them off guard.

Bella's eyes widened, a flush creeping up her neck as Kafka's suggestive words hung in the air, while his mother's cheeks burned red, her hand darting to her throat as if to steady her racing pulse.

"Kafi!" Abigaille sputtered, her voice a flustered mess of shock and admonishment as she swatted his shoulder, her fingers trembling slightly. "You're such a pervert—how can you say such a thing when Bella is around?!"

"Oh God, Daddy!" Bella squeaked, her tone pitching high as she clutched the throw pillow to her chest, mimicking what Abigaille said. "That's s-so gross! Where do you get off saying stuff like that with Auntie Abigaille around?!"

But Kafka didn't fall for the bait, his grin stretched wider, a wicked glint dancing in his dark eyes as he pulled them both closer, his arms wrapping around their waists in a firm, teasing hug.

"Oh, don't act like you're not already familiar with how things go in this house."

He said as his hands slipped beneath their tops, his fingers grazing their warm skin with a slow, deliberate touch that sent shivers racing down their spines.

Bella gasped, her body tensing as his hand slid up to cup her breast, pressing the soft, apple-sized flesh through her bra, his thumb brushing her nipple until it peaked against the fabric.

His mother moaned softly as well, a shudder rippling through her as he kneaded her fuller curve, his fingers sinking into her plush softness, tugging her nipple with a gentle pinch that made her squirm.

"Kafi—what are you, oh!~ Ohhh!~"

His mother's protest dissolved into a breathy whimper, her hands gripping his arm as his touch ignited a flush across her chest, her resolve crumbling under the familiar heat of his hands.

Bella echoed as well, a soft whine escaping her lips as he rolled her nipple between his fingers, the sensation sparking through her like a live wire.

"Daddy—no!~ Stop, you're so bad!~ Haughh!~"

He chuckled, his hands moving with shameless confidence as he pressed their breasts harder, savoring the way their flesh yielded under his palms, the fabric of their tops bunching up to reveal slivers of skin.

"You two know exactly what I want and what happens in this house when I'm left alone at night with two beautiful women like you." He murmured, his voice thick with playful lust as he leaned in, his breath hot against their flushed faces. "I get all worked up and I can't help myself, and now you're both trapped here with me, all night long."

"...And right now I'm feeling awfully excited, and I need somewhere to vent it—guess where that is?"

"Hmmm!~ Nnn!~ Ahhh!~ Nooo!~"

Their moans grew louder, Bella's a high, needy trill, Abigail's a deeper, trembling groan as he squeezed harder, his fingers digging into their soft mounds with a teasing firmness that made their bodies arch against him.

"That wasn't our plan!" Bella gasped, her voice quivering as she tried to muster a glare, her blush betraying her as she squirmed in his grasp. "We just wanted to watch the drama—honest! You're making this...Ahhnn!~...i-into something it's not!"

Abigail nodded, her hands clutching his shirt as she writhed, her tone shaky but defiant.

"She's right, Kafi—we didn't mean—oh, heavens!~—for this to happen! It was supposed to be a quiet night—just pasta and TV, not—not this!...Hmmm!~...Y-You're twisting everything!"

Her words faltered as he pinched her nipple again, a sharp moan breaking free as her head tipped back, her resistance melting into the steamy air.

"I don't care." Kafka growled, his voice rough with desire as he squeezed them harder, drawing louder moans—Bella's a desperate whimper, Abigail's a throaty cry—that filled the living room.

"Plans don't change facts—you're here, I'm here, and I'm too excited to let it slide. You're mine tonight, and I'm gonna vent every bit of this heat...starting right now."

Chapter 607: A Sudden Call

Kafka's hands roamed with purpose, teasing their nipples until they stiffened, their shivers fueling his grin as he turned his gaze to Bella, his eyes glinting with a possessive spark.

"Look at you, Bella." He murmured, his hand pressing her breast with a slow, tender squeeze, feeling the soft swell beneath his palm. "Seems like my little girl's had some development in the chest department since I last checked—grown a bit, haven't you?" His thumb circled her nipple, coaxing a gasp from her as he grinned wider. "And now I wanna see my girl's growth—take that top off, sweetheart."

"...Let Daddy see those naked breasts of yours."

Bella's face turned scarlet, her hands flying to cover her chest as she glanced at Abigail, her voice a flustered stammer.

"Daddy—I can't! Not—oh—not right now, not in front of Auntie Abigail! Hers are so big—huge, like a Titan's—and mine are so small compared to hers!"

"...I'd be ashamed to show them next to hers—it's embarrassing!"

Her baby blue eyes shimmered with nervous heat, her body trembling as she shrank back, her blush spreading to her ears.

And hearing her statement, Abigail flushed deeper, her hands fluttering as she tried to wave off the compliment, her voice soft and flustered.

"Oh, Bella, it's not that big a deal—don't say that! Mine aren't, they're just—well, they're not that impressive!"

But her cheeks betrayed her, the red glow intensifying as she shifted, her ample curves pressing against Kafka's side.

Kafka chuckled, his hand stroking Bella's back as he leaned in, his voice warm and reassuring.

"Hey, listen—you're still growing, sweetheart. You've got years ahead to develop, so don't worry about it now...Besides, even your mom, she's scared of your Auntie Abigail's breasts as well because of how big they are."

"...So, just know that your Auntie Abigail is a league above everyone else, so it's not a fair comparison and you're perfect just as you are and my little girl's got nothing to be ashamed of."

His words melted her insecurity, a shy smile tugging at her lips as she peeked up at him, her desire to please him outweighing her embarrassment.

"T-Thank you, Daddy...I honestly feel so much better seeing that even my mom feels the same way about Auntie Abigaille."

She murmured, her voice soft and hopeful as she hesitated, her hands hovering at the hem of her top and then with a slow, trembling breath, she tugged it off, the fabric sliding over her head to reveal her pale breasts, her bra following with a quiet snap.

The soft mounds jiggled slightly, crowned with pink little nipples that stood out against her creamy skin—innocent yet undeniably sexy, a delicate temptation that made Kafka's breath catch.

"Fuck, just look at you." He rasped, his hands diving in to grope her bare breasts, his fingers sinking into the soft flesh as he tugged her nipples, rolling them between his thumbs and forefingers with a teasing pull. "They've grown so much, Bella—really coming along."

"...It won't be long before you're as big as your mom, Camila—maybe even bigger."

His touch was firm but tender, coaxing a moan from her as her body arched into his hands, her skin flushing under his praise.

"Really, Daddy?" She gasped, her voice trembling with excitement as she felt his fingers tease her sensitive peaks, her nipples hardening under his touch. "You think I'll get as big as Mom one day?"

Her blue eyes sparkled, her shyness giving way to a eager thrill as he kneaded her breasts, the sensation sending shivers down her spine.

"Of course." He said, his voice a low, confident rumble as he met her gaze, his hands never stopping their slow, sensual assault. "You're basically a copy of your mother, so it's only natural that you'll have those pillows she has as well...But you know, Bella..." He paused, his eyes glinting with mischief as he leaned closer, his breath warm against her ear. "...The reason they're growing so big so fast? That's because of a certain someone, isn't it."

"...So, go on and name that person, sweetheart. I'd like to hear it from your own mouth."

Bella blushed harder, her hands twisting in her lap as she hesitated, her voice a coy whisper. "I-I don't know, Daddy..."

But he insisted, his fingers pinching her nipple lightly as he pressed. "Come on, Bella—tell me. Who's making these pretty little breasts grow so much?"

She squirmed, her blush deepening as she glanced away, then back at him, her voice barely audible as she finally admitted the truth.

"It's...It's you, Daddy...It's because of you they're growing so big."

Her admission came out shy and sweet, her eyes flickering with a mix of embarrassment and adoration as she surrendered to his teasing.

"That's right." He growled, his hands teasing her nipples harder, tugging and rolling them until she whimpered, her body trembling against him. "Tell me what'd your daddy do to make them grow like this?...Explain it, baby girl—don't hold back."

Her throat went dry, her voice quivering as she bit her lip, the memories flooding back in a rush of heat.

"You—you licked them, Daddy." She stammered, her blush burning as she spoke, her words spilling out in a bitter, breathless rush. "You sucked them—teased them with your tongue, over and over. And—and you even...fucked them with your p-penis, sliding it between them, making them feel so good—so much pleasure, that's why they're growing so big!~!"

Her confession tumbled out, raw and unfiltered, her body arching as he squeezed her breasts, her nipples throbbing under his touch.

He grinned, a wicked satisfaction in his eyes as he leaned in, his voice a low, approving murmur.

"That's my girl—such a good daddy I am, huh? Helping my little Bella grow so much, taking such good care of you."

His hands pressed her breasts together, his thumbs flicking her nipples as he watched her squirm, her moans filling the air.

"Yes—yes, Daddy!~" She gasped, her voice breaking with adoration as she nodded, her blue eyes shining up at him. "You're the best daddy in the world—no one's like you!~ You've made me...Ohhh!~...g-grow so much, I love it!"

"Then show me some appreciation, sweetheart."

He purred, his voice thick with desire as he squeezed her breasts one last time, his hands guiding her closer.

"Let Daddy feel how much you love him."

Bella didn't hesitate, her shyness incinerated by Kafka's command as she pressed her bare breasts against his chest, the soft mounds rubbing against him with a slow, passionate grind that sent heat radiating through his shirt.

"Pucker!~ Pucker!~ Smooch!~ Pucker!~ Suck!~"

Her lips found his neck, kissing him with a hungry fervor—wet, open-mouthed presses that trailed along his skin, her breath hot and needy as she moaned against him, her body trembling with a intoxicating mix of love and lust.

"Daddy—I love you so much!~"

She whispered between kisses, her voice a sultry chant as she lost herself in him, her pink nipples dragging against the fabric as she clung to him, her curls tickling his jaw, her passion spiraling into the steamy night.

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

Kafka's eyes darkened with desire as he savored Bella's devotion, her soft moans vibrating against his skin. But then his gaze shifted to his mother who was still pressed against his side, her fuller curves heaving with each flustered breath.

A grin curled his lips as he turned his attention to her, his hand sliding from Bella's breast to grip hers with a tighter, almost painful squeeze, his fingers sinking deep into her plush, yielding flesh.

"And you, Mom—you're a sinner, you know that?" He growled, as he kneaded her breast, pressing the heavy mound until it spilled over his palm. "This unnecessarily plump body of yours—look at it, so absurdly full, making a youth like Bella feel self-conscious, ashamed of their own figures."

"...You're tempting everyone with these fat tits, and it's downright criminal."

"Ahhh!~ Nooo!~ Don't say that!~ Mmm!~"

Abigaille cried out, a sharp moan escaping her as his grip tightened, his fingers digging into her soft flesh like he was punishing her for her curves, her body arching against him as pleasure and protest mingled in her voice.

"Kafi—oh—it's not my fault!~" She gasped, her tone trembling with defiance and arousal as she squirmed, her hands clutching his arm. "I didn't mean to pull Bella down like this—I'd never want that!~ I-I'd even give her part of my breasts if I could, just to make her feel better!~"

Kafka's eyes flashed with possessive heat, his hand squeezing her breast harder, his thumb rolling her nipple with a punishing tug that made her whimper.

"Oh, no you don't." He said, his voice a dark, commanding growl as he leaned closer, his breath hot against her ear. "I won't allow that these tits are mine, Mom...Not even you can give them away—not a single inch."

"...Only I've got rights over these fat, gorgeous milkers, and I'm not sharing."

His fingers pressed deeper, kneading her with a fierce ownership that sent a jolt through her, her purple nipples hardening even more beneath his touch, betraying how his words ignited her despite herself.

"Ahh!~ Huaghh!~ Mmm!~"

Instead of outrage, Abigaille's breath hitched, a flush spreading across her chest as her body responded, her moans softening into a needy hum.

"Oh, Kafi—oh, you're awful...Staking a hold over your mother's body!~"

She murmured, her voice thick with arousal as her nipples throbbed under his relentless groping, her resistance melting into a steamy puddle of desire.

The dirtier he got, the more she surrendered, her plush curves trembling against him.

And noticing this, he grinned, his hand sliding to her other breast as he squeezed it with equal force, his voice dropping to a filthy, teasing murmur.

"That's right, Mom—I need to punish these milkers for tempting today's youth, making poor Bella feel small next to them. They're too much—too lecherous."

"...So, take that top off, Mom—let me see them bare. Time to discipline these naughty tits proper."

Her hands shook as she obeyed, her breath ragged with anticipation as she tugged her top over her head, the fabric catching briefly on her curves before falling away. Her bra followed, unhooked with a quiet snap, and her fat, big breasts spilled free, dropping with a soft bounce that made Kafka's breath catch.

The perky purple nipples stood out against her rich skin, glistening faintly in the dim light—lush, heavy, and undeniably erotic, a sight that drew a low, appreciative growl from his throat.

"Now, would you look at these..."

He gasped, his hands diving in to grope her bare breasts, his fingers sinking into the soft, pliant flesh as he squeezed them tight, lifting them to feel their weight.

"So damn big—taking up all the share of tits in the world, huh? Greedy as hell, Mom—these fat milkers are obscene, stealing the spotlight from everyone else."

His voice grew dirtier, a filthy edge lacing his words as he slapped her breasts lightly, the soft smack echoing in the room as they jiggled, her purple nipples bouncing with each hit.

"Lecherous—naughty as fuck—making even a sweet girl like Bella jealous with how plump and perfect they are."

"...You oughta be ashamed, tempting me like this."

"Slap!~ Ahhh!~ Slap!~ Mmmm!~"

Abigaille moaned louder, her body arching into his slaps as pleasure surged through her, her voice trembling with apology and ecstasy.

"Oh—Kafi, I'm sorry!~" She gasped, her hands clutching the couch as his palms struck her breasts again, the sharp sting blending with the heat pooling in her core. "I didn't mean to—Oh!~—they're just too much, I know!~ Punish them—please—I can't help it!~"

Her nipples throbbed under his mistreatment, her moans growing more desperate as she surrendered to the sensation, her plush curves quivering with each slap.

Kafka's grin widened, his hands alternating between groping and slapping her breasts, the soft flesh rippling under his touch as he growled.

"That's it take your punishment, Mom. These tits are mine to tame—too fucking tempting for your own good."

He slapped them again, harder this time, watching them bounce as she cried out, her moans filling the room with a steamy, needy edge.

Bella, still pressed against his chest, her bare breasts rubbing against him, kissed his neck with renewed fervor, her soft whimpers joining Abigaille's cries as the night spiraled deeper into their tangled, lustful play.

"Keep moaning for me, both of you."

Kafka rasped, his voice thick with satisfaction as he squeezed Abigaille's breasts one last time, his other hand drifting back to tease Bella's nipple, binding them in the heat of his command.

"You're mine tonight—my naughty girls and I'm gonna enjoy every second of this."

Kafka's hands roamed with a possessive relish, one kneading Abigaille's heavy, jiggling breasts, the other teasing Bella's smaller mounds, that were actually quite big as they moaned and writhed against him, their bare skin hot under his touch.

A deep, rumbling satisfaction settled in his chest as he leaned back on the couch, his dark eyes sweeping over the scene—Bella's soft whimpers as she kissed his neck, her breasts rubbing against his chest, and Abigaille's breathless cries as her plump curves bounced with each slap.

He grinned, a smug, contented curve of his lips as he thought to himself what a lucky bastard he was.

'No other man gets this—abusing Mom's fat tits like they're mine to punish, playing with my little girl's growing breasts like a toy.'

'Fuck, this is paradise—pure, twisted heaven, and it's all mine.'

The living room pulsed with their heat, the air thick with their moans and the faint scent of cold pasta lingering on the table, a forgotten relic of his earlier efforts.

His cock also throbbed in his pants, straining against the fabric as the thought of taking it further ignited his mind. He imagined pulling it out, thick and hard, and asking them—no, ordering them to kneel in front of him, their lips wrapping around him at the same time, Bella's soft tongue and his mother's eager mouth working him together.

The idea sent a shiver down his spine, a heavenly promise of pleasure that made his breath catch. He shifted, his hands pausing on their breasts as he prepared to make his move, his voice already forming the filthy request.

"Hey, you two—how about you—"

But before he could finish, a sharp, but melodious sound sliced through the steamy haze—the shrill ring of the phone, echoing from the kitchen counter.

Kafka froze, his hands stalling mid-squeeze as Abigail's moan cut off into a startled gasp, her body tensing against him, while Bella simply continued what she was doing.

Normally, they'd ignore it—some random call could wait, let it ring out while they lost themselves in the night's wild spiral.

But this wasn't just any ringtone.

It was a distinct, chiming melody, one both Kafka and his mother recognized instantly, and it made both of them jerk towards the phone.

Why?...Well, that was because it was Olivia's ringtone—Kafka's second mother and for some reason or another, whether it was instinct or not, Abigail felt something really wrong, almost as if the reason Olivia was calling was because something had gone wrong...

Chapter 608: Distracting Phone Call

The phone's ringtone sliced through the steamy haze of the living room, its distinct chime halting Kafka mid-thought and making Abigail tense against him, her plush breasts still quivering from his earlier teasing.

Bella paused too, her lips hovering over his neck, her blue eyes darting between them as she caught the sudden shift in their postures. She pulled back slightly, her brows knitting as she tilted her head, her voice a soft, puzzled whine over the loud, wet kisses she'd been planting on his skin.

"Daddy, Auntie, why're you both getting so stiff all of a sudden? It's just a phone call, we can ignore it, right? We've got way more important stuff going on here!"

She leaned in again, her lips smacking noisily against his neck in a playful bid to reclaim the mood.

Kafka chuckled, as he gently pushed her back, his hand lingering on her shoulder with a crooked smile. "Not just anyone, Bella—this is Auntie Olivia, my second mom calling."

"...Do you still want to ignore the call after hearing that?"

His voice carried a teasing edge, but his eyes flickered with something, sharper as he glanced toward the phone on the coffee table, still chiming relentlessly.

Bella's reaction was instant—she straightened up like a soldier snapping to attention, her spine rigid as her hands dropped from his chest, her face paling beneath her lingering blush.

"Mother-in-law?!" She squeaked, her voice trembling with shock and fear as her wide eyes locked onto the phone.

She'd never met Olivia, but she remembered that one call with her mom to plan for their sauce business—Olivia's voice, cold and monotone, cutting through like a blade, leaving her stammering even through the safety of a phone screen.

It had scared her stiff, and now the thought of that formidable woman—Kafka's second mother calling them made her freeze, her playful kisses stopping cold as respect and dread washed over her.

Kafka's chuckle deepened, his grin widening as he watched her, finding her panicked stiffness adorable.

His smile then faltered, his brow furrowing as he noticed his mother's expression—her lips pressed tight, her hands clutching her top like a lifeline, her eyes fixed on the phone with a worry he hadn't expected.

"Mm, what's with you, Mom?" He asked, his voice softening as he tilted his head, concern threading through his playful tone. "I get Bella freaking out—her Auntie's intense, sure—but why're you looking so worried? You're usually happy when she calls."

Abigaille swallowed hard, her voice low and unsteady as she met his gaze, her fingers tightening around the fabric.

"I-I don't know, Kafi. Normally, I am happy—she hardly ever calls, you know how busy she is. It's always me reaching out to her, chattering away while she listens. But right now...something feels off."

"...I can't explain it it's like a gut feeling, like she's calling because something's wrong. Something bad."

Her words hung heavy, her instincts prickling with unease, and it made Kafka's eyes narrow, a flicker of doubt creeping into his mind.

He trusted his mother's intuition—her gut was rarely wrong, and if she felt this, there might be more to Olivia's call than a casual hello.

He exhaled sharply, nodding as he gestured toward the phone. "Alright—no use guessing. Pick it up, Mom, see what's going on. Put it on speaker so we can all hear."

Abigail nodded, her movements slow and hesitant as she reached for the phone, her fingers trembling slightly as she swiped the screen and tapped the speaker button.

The ringing stopped, replaced by a silence that stretched across the room, and then a voice emerged—chilly, beautiful, and unmistakably monotone, slicing through the air with precision.

"Hello, Abi..." She said, Olivia's emotionless tone filling the space, her words quick and direct. "...Why aren't you talking?...I can't hear you, are you there?"

The sound of her voice sent a shiver down Bella's spine, her earlier fear surging back as she pressed herself closer to Kafka, while Kafka's lips twitched into a faint smirk, his concern tempered by a spark of mischief as he glanced at Bella, her trembling form clinging to him.

And while Abigail fumbled with a response, "O-Olivia, hi, I'm here, just—just a second!" He leaned down, his hand sliding to the back of Bella's neck, caressing the soft skin there with a soothing touch.

Her eyes flicked up to him, wide and questioning, but before she could protest, he unzipped his pants with a slow motion, freeing his fat, erect cock—a thick, towering shaft that stood proud like a tall tree, pulsing with need.

Bella's breath caught, her eyes ballooning as she stared at it, her voice a flustered whisper.

"Daddy—what—?!" He cut her off, his hand guiding her closer as he murmured, his voice a low, coaxing growl.

"Keep going, sweetheart—finish what you started. Suck Daddy off while your Auntie takes the call."

She choked, her blush flaring as she shook her head, her voice trembling with embarrassment.

"I—I can't, Daddy! Not with Auntie Olivia on the phone it's disrespectful! And—and way too embarrassing! What if she hears? What if Auntie gets mad?"

Her eyes darted to Abigaille, then the phone, her fear of Olivia's chilling presence clashing with her desire to please him.

Kafka's grin softened, his hand stroking her neck as he pulled her in closer, his cock brushing her cheek as he soothed her.

"Shh—it's alright, Bella. Nothing to worry about, Daddy's got you. Your Auntie Olivia won't know a thing, and Auntie Abigaille is too busy to care."

"...Just be good—suck me nice and quiet, and we'll all be happy."

His voice was a command, his touch firm but gentle, and despite her nerves, Bella's resolve crumbled under his gaze, her love for him outweighing her fear.

With a shaky breath, she leaned in, her tongue darting out to lick his cock—slow, tender strokes that traced the thick veins, her lips trembling as she tried to keep it silent.

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

"H-Hi, Olivia, sorry, I'm here now—what's going on?"

She kept one eye on the phone, her ears straining to catch Olivia's voice over Abigaille's nervous greeting, her sucking soft and careful, her tongue swirling around his tip as she fought to please him without making a sound, her heart pounding with thrill and dread.

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

Olivia's voice then cut through the speaker, cold but edged with a faint concern that felt rare for her.

"Abi, what's going on over there? You sound rattled? What's got you so off-balance when you're usually so cheerful when you pick up the phone to the extent you even have a happy conversation with the salesperson selling you a loan?"

Her words were direct, piercing, and Abigail's eyes widened, her gaze darting to her left where Bella knelt, her lips wrapped devotedly around her son's throbbing shaft, her head bobbing slightly with each careful suck.

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

A flush blazed across Abigail's face, her breath catching as she fumbled for an answer, her voice pitching high with flustered haste.

"Oh, n-nothing at all, Olivia! Really, it's nothing—I-I was just surprised you called, that's all! You know it's usually me ringing you up, so it caught me off guard—ha, silly me!"

There was a pause on the line, a beat of silence that felt heavier than it should, before Olivia responded, her tone flat but tinged with a dry self-awareness.

"Is it really so surprising?...Well, I suppose it is—I'm not exactly the one who calls, am I? You're always the one calling me, chattering away about your day while I listen."

She let out a faint, almost imperceptible sigh, her voice softening just a fraction as she continued.

"It's just that I got a break from work today, things slowed down for once, so I thought I'd call you. Check in."

"...Is that alright or are you busy right now?"

Abigail's eyes flicked back to Bella, who was now gazing up at Kafka's balls with a reverent, lustful focus as her tongue lapped quietly, her lips glistening with effort.

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

She gulped, her voice rushing out in a flustered burst as she forced a smile into her words.

"Of course it's alright, Olivia! I'm always free for your calls—always! And I'm so happy you did, really—it's so good to hear from you!"

Her hands fidgeted with the phone, her gaze darting between the erotic scene beside her and the invisible presence on the line, her mind scrambling for a distraction.

"So—uh—how's everything going with your work? How's it all holding up? And when are you coming back home after tying things up in the city and all that?"

Kafka smirked, his hand resting lightly on Bella's head as she worked, his ears perked to the conversation.

Olivia's work wasn't some mundane employee gig as Abigaille's question carried weight because Olivia was a titan in her own right.

She'd built a real estate empire from scratch, starting as a scrappy agent in college, hustling through late nights and cutthroat deals until she owned a decent-sized agency that raked in serious money.

Years of grit and perseverance had paid off, and now she was trying to sell it all to retire from the chaos of city life and join Kafka and Abigaille in their quiet town for a peaceful existence, something they both craved after decades of urban grind.

But sadly, it wasn't that simple.

One of her partners, a major stakeholder, had sold his shares to a wretched bastard who was throwing wrenches into her plans—refusing to let her sell unless he agreed, dragging her into endless legal battles that kept her away from her family, which was why she hadn't seen her family in months since she was constantly tangled in some sort of issue.

Olivia's voice came through again, steady but laced with a weary edge.

"It's the same as usual, Abi. No matter how many cases I file, no matter how many disputes I push, he's got his team of lawyers—slimy little weasels—who either tangle everything up or bribe the judges in his favor."

"...It's a pain, always has been. I'm fighting tooth and nail, but he's relentless."

She paused, her voice cracking just enough to hint at frustration, though it quickly smoothed over.

Abigail's brows furrowed, her voice rising with indignation as she clutched the phone tighter, her flustered state giving way to protective anger.

"That's despicable! What a horrible man! Why's he making it so hard for you for us? He barely knows us what's his problem?!"

Her eyes flicked to Kafka, then Bella, her cheeks still burning as she tried to focus on Olivia's words, the absurdity of the moment—her son's cock in Bella's mouth, clashing with her outrage.

There was another pause, longer this time, and Kafka's eyes narrowed, his hand tightening slightly in Bella's hair as he caught it—a subtle hitch in Olivia's silence, like she knew something she wasn't saying.

Abigail didn't seem to notice, too caught up in her own whirlwind, but Kafka did, his brow lifting as suspicion flickered in his mind.

'What was she holding back?'

Olivia's voice then resumed, cool and even. "Who knows why he does it, some people just thrive on trouble...But don't worry about it, Abi, I've got it under control."

Abigail wasn't convinced, her voice softening with concern as she leaned closer to the phone, her free hand twisting in her lap.

"Olivia, are you sure? You've been struggling with this alone for so long—maybe I should come there, help you out. I'm not just some housewife, you know, I was a damn good accountant back in the day, ran the numbers for the family business like a pro. I could support you, lighten the load. What do you say?"

Olivia's response was immediate, her tone firm and unyielding.

"No need, Abi, I can handle it. I've been dealing with worse than this for years. Besides, more important than the business, you've got Kafka to look after."

"...With him there, there's no way I'm letting you leave. He needs you more than I do right now."

Her voice shifted at his name, warming ever so slightly from its usual frost, a faint crack in her icy facade.

"Speaking of him, how's Kafi? What's he up to? Is he alright these days?"

Abigaille's face lit up, her nerves melting into excitement as she seized the chance to gush, her voice bubbling over with pride.

"Oh, Olivia, he's doing splendid! So much better than before—compared to the last time you saw him, he's a completely different man, like I told you! He's thriving out here, being the best son ever, really putting his all into it."

"...He's enjoying himself, making friends, building a life—tons of lovers...I mean a-acquaintances too!"

She gulped, her eyes darting to Bella, who was still sucking Kafka off with quiet, devoted precision, her lips stretched around his thick shaft, her tongue flicking softly as she gazed up at him.

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

"He's—he's really settled in, you know? Couldn't ask for more!"

She said, her tone bright but unsteady, her gaze flickering to Bella's head bobbing softly as she kissed Kafka's tip with quiet, passionate devotion, her lips glistening in the dim light.

Olivia's voice came through the speaker, frosty but softened by a rare, reassured edge that hinted at relief.

"That's good, Abi...That's really good." She said, her words measured but carrying a weight of genuine gladness. "I've been worried about him, you know—after everything. So, hearing he's doing fine...It's a load off...Really."

Her tone held a faint warmth, a crack in her usual icy facade, as if the news of Kafka's well-being was a balm to some unspoken tension she'd been carrying.

Abigaille seized on it, her excitement bubbling over as she leaned closer to the phone, her voice rising with enthusiasm.

"Oh, it's amazing, Olivia—truly! He's come so far, you wouldn't believe it. You should come back, see it for yourself! See how much he's changed, how much better he's doing out here."

"...It's like night and day from before—he's thriving, honestly!"

Her hands gestured wildly, though Olivia couldn't see, her words tumbling out in a rush as she tried to paint the picture, her heart swelling with pride for her son.

But beneath her eager chatter, Abigaille's mind churned, a private whirlwind of thoughts she couldn't voice aloud...yet.

'Oh, but how's she going to react when she gets here?'

She wondered, her eyes flicking to Kafka, sprawled smugly on the couch, his hand resting in Bella's hair as she lavished his cock with soft, reverent kisses.

'When she finds out Kafi's got a whole harem of women—older ones like Nina and Camila, lovers who dote on him night and day, and now Bella too, this sweet little thing calling him Daddy, kissing him like that right now?'

'...Not to mention, me, his own mother as well?'

Her cheeks flushed deeper, a blend of amusement and apprehension swirling in her chest.

Olivia was formidable—cold, commanding, a woman who'd built an remarkable business with her bare hands.

How would she take to this wild, steamy tangle of a family her son had built?

Would she approve, or would that icy stare of hers freeze them all in their tracks?

Chapter 609: Failure Of A Mother

"I'm glad he's settled in, Abi, really glad."

Olivia said, her calm tone cracking slightly with relief.

"I thought for sure he'd struggle to adjust to this new life, especially after how hard it was for him in the city."

"...Back then, he pushed everyone away, everything away—me, you, the world. So, to hear his new environment's accepted him fully...It's good. Better than I'd hoped."

She paused, a heavy silence stretching across the line, as if her mind had drifted back to a shadowed past, her current distance from Kafka weighing on her.

Then, in a wry, almost bitter tone, she added,

"And as much as I want to come back and see him...I wonder if I should."

"...Maybe I should just stay here in the city—let you and Kafi have your peace without me stirring things up."

Abigaille's dark blue eyes widened, her frustration flaring as her heavy breasts bounced with the sharp jerk of her body, her grip tightening on the phone.

"What are you talking about, Olivia?!"

She snapped, her voice rising with exasperation and hurt as she leaned forward, her free hand slapping the couch for emphasis.

"Why're you saying things like that...like we don't want you back? We've been dying to see you again both of us! Don't you dare act like we wouldn't!"

Her gaze flicked to Kafka, sprawled smugly beside her, his hand still guiding Bella's head as she kissed his tip with soft, passionate reverence, her lips brushing his cock in quiet devotion.

The absurdity of the moment—Olivia's self-doubt clashing with the steamy scene unfolding only fueled Abigaille's protective fire.

Olivia's voice came back, steady but tinged with a faint melancholy.

"Well, i-it's just...When I was with you both, Kafi was always so troubled. He pushed us away—me especially and he lived in his own little bubble, brooding up in that room of his."

"...He never treated us like family back then, Abi, he was struggling so much, and I couldn't reach him no matter what I did."

Her words hung heavy, pulling Abigaille's mind back to those distant days—Kafka as a troubled young man, holed up in his room, his door locked tight, his brooding silence a wall she and Olivia could never breach.

She remembered the late nights, the unanswered knocks, the way he'd shrink from their touch, his world a dark, solitary fortress.

Olivia continued, her tone growing hesitant, almost fragile.

"But now...hearing he's changed, I can't help but think, maybe it's because I'm not there anymore. Maybe my absence is what let him bloom. Maybe I was such a bad mother that he only acted out because I was around since I was too caught up in work, too distant."

"...What if I'm the reason he was like that?"

Her voice wavered, a rare crack in her icy shell, and Kafka's brow lifted, his hand pausing on Bella's head as he registered her words, a flicker of recognition in his eyes.

The truth was he hadn't met his second mother, Olivia...not in this life, not really.

He wasn't the original Kafka, after all, he'd transmigrated into this body, waking up one day in a world he hadn't built, with memories that weren't his own.

But Abigail had filled in the gaps, her stories painting a vivid picture of his past with Olivia.

Apparently, she'd been a ghost in his life back then—always at work, building her real estate empire from the ground up, a relentless force who turned a college gig into a thriving agency that raked in millions.

It was her blood, sweat, and tears...But it came at a cost.

She was rarely home, her days swallowed by deals and disputes, leaving Abigail to raise him alone. Olivia had wanted to be close craved it, even but her business demanded her, and every missed dinner, every absent hug, had widened the chasm between her and her son.

Eventually, she'd convinced herself he hated her for it, that her absence was a failure she could never undo, a regret that gnawed at her even now and why she felt that leaving them alone was the best choice she could make as his mother.

Hearing this, Abigail's face twisted with indignation, her sweet nature giving way to a fierce, protective scolding as she cut Olivia off.

"What are you talking about, Olivia?! You're talking like a crazy person—stop it right now!"

Her voice cracked with emotion, her hands flailing as she leaned closer to the phone, her breasts bouncing with the force of her outburst.

"Kafi loves you no matter what! He understands your struggles, knows everything you've done is for him for us! Don't you dare say you're a bad mother—don't you dare! You've fought tooth and nail for this family, and he gets that he always has!"

Olivia tried to interject, her voice a faint murmur, "Abi, I just—" but Abigail barreled over her, her tone sharp and unrelenting.

"No, you be quiet! Don't you speak bad about yourself again, you hear me? You're not some failure—you're his mom, and he misses you like crazy! All you need to do is finish that damn work and get your butt back home so you can see it for yourself! See how much he wants you here!"

"...Stop this nonsense about staying away, it's breaking my heart, and his too!"

Kafka's smirk softened, his hand resting lightly on Bella's head as she paused her kissing, her lips hovering over his tip as she glanced up at him, her eyes wide with curiosity at the raised voices.

He then gave her a small nod, urging her to continue, and she resumed with a soft lick, her tongue tracing his shaft as he listened, his mind turning over Olivia's words.

He didn't have the original Kafka's memories, but Abigail's stories had painted a clear enough picture—Olivia's guilt, her distance, the way she'd blamed herself for his old self's brooding isolation.

He didn't know if the old Kafka hated his mother or not. But he was sure that the current him surely didn't have any sort of negative emotion towards her, as all he could was a parent working her hardest to provide for her child and there was no way in hell that he could hate such a devoted mother.

Olivia's voice came back, reluctant and subdued, as if Abigail's tirade had worn her down.

"Alright, Abi, alright. I'll...I'll focus on wrapping things up. I'll come back soon, if I can. But I still wonder..."

She trailed off, her tone heavy with doubt, like she couldn't shake the belief that Kafka resented her, that her absence had been his salvation and her presence his curse.

Abigail huffed, her voice softening but firm as she shot Kafka a quick, pleading look.

"No wondering—just come home, Olivia. You'll see he's waiting for you. We all are." Her eyes darted to Bella, still quietly sucking Kafka's cock, her lips moving with a devoted care that made

Abigaille's breath hitch, a flush creeping up her neck as she turned back to the phone. "...H-He's doing so good—better than ever. You'll be proud, I promise."

She then paused, then lit up with a sudden idea, her voice rising with excitement.

"In fact, you should talk to him right now! Let him tell you himself—show you he doesn't think what you're afraid he does. He loves you, Olivia, truly—let me give him the phone!"

She reached to hand it over, her hand trembling with anticipation, but before she could, Olivia's voice erupted through the speaker—sharp, frantic, the most emotion she'd shown yet.

"No—don't! Abi, please, don't do that!" Her words tumbled out in a panicked rush, her usual icy composure shattering. "I-I'm not ready to talk to him—I can't! Not right now...I-I'm scared, alright? I don't want to hear it!"

Abigaille froze, her brows knitting as she pulled the phone back, her voice firm with confusion and insistence.

"Olivia, what are you saying? It's not like you think it's not like he's going to say he hates you or anything! Stop avoiding him like this—you always do! Every time his name comes up, you run off, dodge it like he's some stranger."

"...He's your son, he loves you, and you need to hear it!"

Olivia's breath trembled audibly, her tone trembling as she persisted, her guilt spilling out.

"I-I can't, Abi...I really can't. I feel too guilty—too ashamed. When I think about facing him...What if he does say it? What if he tells me he hates me?...It's my worst nightmare, I couldn't bear it." Her voice cracked, raw and unsteady. "I'll—I'll talk to him when I come back, I promise. I won't run then, I'll try to make up for everything. Just...not now."

Hearing this, Abigaille sighed, a deep, frustrated sound as she slumped back, her hand loosening on the phone.

"Fine, fine, Olivia. I know how hard this is for you, how you struggle with all this...But you're promising, alright? When you're home, you'll face him."

She relented, her sweet nature bending under the weight of Olivia's plea, though her eyes flickered with concern. Then, a thought struck her, and her tone shifted to one of worry.

"But wait—leaving Kafi aside for a second, why'd you call in the first place? Is something wrong? Tell me don't brush it off."

Olivia hesitated, caught off guard, her voice smoothing back to its monotone as if nothing had happened.

"What're you talking about, Abi? I just...wanted to hear your voice, see what's going on at home. That's all—no big reason."

Her words were casual, too casual, and Abigaille's eyes narrowed, her intuition flaring.

"No, don't give me that." Abigaille shot back, her voice firm as she leaned closer to the phone, her breasts bouncing with the motion. "I know you, Olivia, I can hear it in your tone. You're not just calling to chat. Something's up, so what're you hiding? What's worrying you?"

"...Tell me right now since I'm not letting this slide!"

The line went silent, a heavy pause that confirmed Abigaille's suspicions, and Kafka's gaze sharpened, his hand pausing on Bella's ass as he caught the shift.

He'd been wondering the same—Olivia's earlier pause, her reluctance—it wasn't just guilt about him. Something else was gnawing at her.

He tapped Bella's shoulder, murmuring low, "Hold up, Bella." and she pulled back, her lips glistening as she looked up at him, her blue eyes wide with curiosity about the family feud as she wiped her mouth, the sucking halted for now.

Olivia's voice returned, softer, almost resigned.

"I really can't hide anything from you, can I, Abi?" She exhaled, a faint tremor in her breath as she continued. "Well, the thing is, it's just a...a little struggle at work and I don't know how to get past it."

"...I've even thought about going to the police, but I'm not sure there's no clear case, no way to make it stick. It's messy."

Abigaille's eyes widened, shock rippling through her as she opened her mouth to demand more

"Police? Olivia, what's—"

But before she could finish, Kafka who couldn't wait anymore reached over, his hand swift and steady as he plucked the phone from her grasp, his voice cutting through the air with a calm, composed authority.

"Mom...It's Kafka speaking."

The moment he uttered those words, the line went dead silent, then erupted with Olivia's flustered stammer.

"K-Kafi...W-When did you—...Kafi?!"

Her cold demeanor dissolved into a mess of confusion, her voice trembling as she fumbled.

"I—uh—what—how—"

She sounded like a startled girl, not the steely woman who became a real estate mogul, and Kafka's lips twitched into a faint smirk as he leaned back, his tone even and soothing.

"Calm down, Mom, there's no need to panic. Just breathe and explain what's happening. I've been listening this whole time."

His voice was a stark contrast to the erratic, shouting Kafka she'd known in the past—composed now, steady, a balm to her frayed nerves.

And hearing his voice, her breathing slowed, his calm seeping through the line, and she murmured, hesitant and shaky,

"I-I'm sorry, Kafi. The first thing we talk about in months, and it's this...I should've called sooner."

"It's fine, Mom..." He said, his tone warm and forgiving as he waved off her apology. "Don't worry about it, I'm not mad. I heard what you said earlier, and Mom's right—you don't need to feel bad about anything. I don't hold the past against you."

His words puzzled her, stirring a flicker of hope as she wondered if he truly didn't resent her, but before she could respond, his voice grew solemn, his eyes darkening.

"More than that, though—what's going on with you? What's so serious that you're talking about the police? Tell me right now."

She hesitated, her voice tight with reluctance..

"No, Kafi—I can't. It's...It's an adult matter. I won't drag you into it—you're still my kid, and I can handle it alone...I thought I could, anyway."

She hoped that'd end it, expecting the old Kafka—distant, apathetic to drop it like he always had.

But his voice shifted, sharp and unyielding as he leaned forward, his hand pressing Bella's head down harder, her lips stretching around his cock with a sudden, aggressive thrust that made her gasp softly.

"I'm not asking, Mom...I'm demanding."

He said, his tone brooking no refusal, dark and authoritative.

"As your son, as part of this family, I care about you, I want to make sure nothing happens to you."

"...So, you better start explaining right now, or I swear I'll drive up there tonight and make you tell me face-to-face."

Abigail's eyes widened, concern flashing as she opened her mouth to intervene, "Kafi, easy—"

But before she could finish, his free hand slid to her neck, gentle but firm, guiding her head down toward his cock beside Bella. His gaze locked on hers, dark and intense, a silent command that left no room for protest.

She flushed, embarrassment flooding her as Olivia's voice crackled through the speaker, but his eyes—gloomy, resolute pinned her in place.

So, with a shaky breath, she relented, her lips parting as she joined Bella, sucking his tip with fervent, flustered urgency, her tongue brushing against Bella's as they took turns.

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

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

Olivia faltered, her composure crumbling under his tone—stronger, more commanding than any man she'd ever faced.

"F-Fine..." She stammered, her reluctance giving way to his authority. "I'll tell you...J-Just don't take it too seriously as it's my problem to work over."

Her voice trembled, caught off guard by this new Kafka, a son she barely recognized yet couldn't resist.

Hearing her submission, Kafka's smirk returned, his hands guiding both women as they sucked, their lips working his cock in tandem—Bella's soft laps, his mother's fervent pulls, while he growled low.

"Good...Start talking, Mom...I'm all ears."

The room pulsed with a strange, erotic mix—Olivia's confession looming, the wet sounds of their devotion muffled beneath his command, and Kafka's unwavering resolve binding it all together...

Chapter 610: Become My Woman...

Olivia's voice trembled slightly through the speaker, her usual icy monotone softening with hesitation as she broached the subject, assuming Kafka was unaware of her prolonged absence.

"Kafi...I don't know if you realize why I've been stuck in the city so long. Why I haven't come home yet...You probably think I'm just keeping my distance, like always, staying away from you and Abi ___"

But to her surprise, Kafka interrupted, his voice steady and assured, cutting through her assumptions with calm certainty.

"I already know why, Mom. Mom told me everything—about the business, the mess you're dealing with trying to sell it so you can come back."

"...I also know it's not your fault, that you're tangled up in circumstances you can't control. You're not choosing to stay away."

Hearing this, Olivia fell silent, a wave of secret relief washing over her, thinking, 'He knows? He doesn't blame me?' mingled with a spark of frustration at what Abigaille had done.

Her voice tightened, a hint of reproach creeping in as she responded, "Abi shouldn't have done that. Those are adult matters, Kafi, she should've kept it between us...You're still a child and you didn't need to be dragged into this."

The word 'child' landed like a jolt, and both Abigaille and Bella choked softly around his cock, their lips trembling as they stifled gasps.

They exchanged a fleeting, incredulous glance—Child? What child in the world would command his mother to suck him off while a college woman, older than him, knelt beside her, her mouth stretched around the same pulsing shaft, all while he spoke with such authority on the phone?

The absurdity sent a shiver of arousal through them, their bodies tingling despite the humor. Bella's sucking broke, her eyes widening, and noticing this, Kafka's gaze snapped to her, dark and unyielding.

In response, he pushed her head deeper, his hand firm while at the same time he glared at his mother, a silent order that spurred them to work faster, their tongues swirling with fervent, sloppy devotion—Abigaille's lips gliding down his length, Bella's lapping at his tip in a desperate dance.

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

Kafka's attention shifted back to the call, his frown deepening as he spoke, his voice edged with conviction.

"Don't put this on Mom, since it's not her fault. If anyone's to blame, it's you, Mom."

His words cut sharp, and Olivia's breath caught, her voice hesitant as she echoed, "Me? Why? H- How is it my fault?"

He leaned forward, his tone resolute as he stroked Abigaille's ass from behind, his fingers slipping beneath her skirt to tease her dripping lips, making her moan softly against his cock, her body trembling.

"I'm not a child anymore, Mom. No matter my age, I'm family—I care about you, about us. So, it's not right to think you should hide things from me. Mom told me because I deserve to know, because I'm part of this. You on the other hand are treating me like I can't handle it and that's on you."

Olivia stammered, her composure fraying as she struggled to respond, her voice a shaky blend of shock and something softer, almost grateful.

"Kafi...I-I didn't expect this...You've never talked to me like this, barely said a word to me back then, always shut away in your room. I never imagined you'd...speak out like this."

She sounded flustered, caught between frustration and a quiet gladness that her son—once so distant was now voicing his emotions, even if it meant challenging her. For the first time in years, she felt a flicker of connection, though it tangled with her guilt, leaving her at a loss.

"I don't I don't know what to say. You're different now."

Kafka's lips twitched into a faint smirk, his hand twisting Bella's nipple as it hung low, coaxing a muffled whimper from her as she sucked harder, her tongue lashing his tip with renewed urgency.

"You don't have to worry about how I was before, Mom, that's the old me." He said, his voice steady and unyielding. "That's gone, doesn't matter anymore. From now on, every matter goes through me—no secrets."

"...Now tell me what happened. Go on."

Olivia hesitated, her breath audible as she weighed his command, then relented, her tone reluctant but resigned.

"Alright...You should know about the man, the one who bought a major share of our company. Abi must've told you he's why I can't sell, blocking me with legal disputes at every turn."

Kafka nodded, his fingers plunging deeper into Abigaille's folds, making her gasp against his cock as he murmured.

"Yeah, she did, keep talking."

Olivia pressed on, her voice tinged with exasperation.

"For months, I've been trying to figure out why he's doing this—why he's so determined to make my life hell. I've offered him everything—extra profits, compensation deals that anyone else would've snatched up in a heartbeat."

"...But he won't budge, won't even sit down to talk properly. It's like he's playing some game, dragging it out for no reason I can see."

She paused, her tone growing heavier, a trace of vulnerability seeping through.

"Then, a few days ago, I...I saw a picture of you and Abi together when you were still a baby—smiling, happy, like a real family and it hit me like a truck, made me miss you both so much I couldn't stand it."

"...So I got fed up, marched to his office, and confronted him directly—demanded to know what his problem was."

Kafka's eyes narrowed, his hand tightening in Bella's hair as he twisted her nipple harder, her soft moan vibrating against his shaft as she sucked with desperate fervor.

"And what'd he say?..."

He prompted, his voice low and expectant, his fingers working Abigail's clit with a slow, teasing motion that made her lips sloppy with need, her tongue tangling with Bella's as they shared his cock.

"...What's he after?"

Olivia's voice quivered with barely restrained anger through the speaker, her usual icy composure fraying as she recounted her confrontation, her words laced with disdain.

"No matter what I asked, Kafi, he danced around it—refused to explain why he won't sell his share, why he's making it so damn hard. He kept throwing out excuses, saying the business is thriving, trying to convince me not to sell, spouting nonsense about 'future potential'—a dozen reasons, each flimsier than the last...It was like he was hiding something, playing me for a fool."

Kafka's eyes narrowed, as he groped Bella's breasts harder, her soft moan vibrating against his shaft as she sucked with desperate fervor, her lips stretched tight around him.

"And what'd he say?...What's he after?"

Olivia gritted her teeth, the memory souring her tone as she continued, her disgust obvious.

"I finally snapped—told him to stop bullshitting me and give me a straight answer. He must've realized he couldn't fool me anymore, because his whole demeanor changed. That smug grin of his...It turned my stomach."

"And in response, he leaned back in his chair, looked me up and down, and decided to tell the truth—at least, his version of it." She paused, her voice trembling with revulsion, as if the words themselves were poison. "It was so...repulsive, Kafi. I can barely say it."

Kafka sensed the shift, his gaze darkening as a chill settled in his chest, the air around him growing heavy.

Bella noticed it too, her sucking faltering as she shivered under his touch, his gloomy expression sending a prickle of fear down her spine—she'd seen that look before, a rare, terrifying intensity that made her heart race.

Abigaille's eyes flicked up as well, catching the same darkness, but Kafka's voice remained steady, a commanding tone that brooked no evasion.

"Tell me, Mom—no matter what it is, I need the truth. What'd he want? Don't hold back."

Olivia hesitated, her breath shaky as she weighed his demand, the weight of his tone pulling her forward despite her instincts.

"It's...not something a mother should tell her son—not something anyone should have to hear. It's disgusting, Kafi, but you're not giving me a choice, are you?"

She exhaled sharply, then plunged in, her voice thick with disdain.

"He started talking about how I'm single—how I don't have a husband, like that's some kind of weakness. Said it's 'dangerous' for a woman like me to be alone, that if anything happened, I'd need someone to rely on. It was so...intrusive, so out of line."

Kafka's fingers stilled on Abigaille's plump lips, his jaw tightening as he listened, the first threads of understanding coiling in his mind.

Olivia pressed on, her tone growing sharper.

"I told him to mind his own damn business, that my personal life's none of his concern, that I'd handle myself like I always have. But he wouldn't stop—kept going on about how a woman alone in this day and age can't survive without a partner, especially a 'titan' like me, playing with other big players."

"...It was patronizing, slimy—like he was trying to worm his way into my life."

Kafka's eyes darkened further, a storm brewing behind them that made Bella shiver again, her body tensing as she tried to focus on her task, her tongue lapping nervously.

Abigaille noticed too, her gaze darting to his face, and she instinctively pulled back slightly, wary of the intensity radiating from him.

When Kafka was like this—silent, brooding it was best not to provoke him.

Olivia's voice cracked with anger as she continued, her words spilling out like a dam breaking.

"I couldn't stand it—couldn't stand the way he was looking at me, like I was some prize he was entitled to. So I lost it, told him to stop being so damn indirect and just say what he wanted, straight up."

"And he...he laughed, Kafi. Laughed like it was all a game, said that's why he 'liked' me—because I'm direct, smart enough to see through his lies from a mile away. Said he'd rather speak plain than keep circling."

She paused, her voice dropping to a disgusted hiss, as if the memory burned her tongue.

"Then h-he looked me up and down—lewd, shameless, like he was undressing me right there and said a woman like me needs a man like him in this business. Said without 'proper support', I'd fall, crumble, lose everything. And then..."

She stumbled, her words catching as fury choked her.

"...he said if I really wanted to live smoothly, sell the business like I planned...I would have to...become his woman...b-become completely his."