

God of Milfs 611

Chapter 611: Let Your Son Watch

Hearing this vile statement, Abigaille's head snapped up, her lips pulling free from Kafka's cock with a wet pop as fury blazed in her eyes, her voice rising in outrage.

"That disgusting—!"

But before she could finish, she caught Kafka's gaze—silent, cold, staring past the room into some abyss and her words died in her throat.

His expression was a void, a terrifying stillness that froze her blood, and she didn't dare speak.

With a trembling breath, she dove back down, sucking his cock with frantic urgency, her tongue swirling as if to appease the demon she sensed stirring in him.

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

Bella froze too, her lips trembling against his shaft, but Kafka's hand pushed her deeper, his grip unyielding as he also held his mother's head in place, their mouths working together, while Olivia, oblivious to her son's murderous thoughts, ranted on, her voice a torrent of revulsion.

"He said he'd wanted me since the moment he saw me—said women in power like me, who built something from nothing, are rare. Said he wanted to...to tame me, make me his, so he'd be above me, own me."

"...It was vile, Kafi—like I was some conquest, not a person."

Her tone turned bitter, dripping with disdain.

"And then...God, it gets worse, he looked at me, up and down, with this...this lewd grin, and said it wasn't just my power he liked. He said...he loves women with 'plump bodies' like mine—called me a 'perfect package'. Said he'd sell his whole damn share, let me have my business, if he could sleep with me."

"...H-He even gave me a hotel key, Kafi! Slid it across his desk like I was some call girl, told me if I wanted to 'keep my business', I should show up tonight and told he'd be waiting."

Kafka's silence was deafening, his hand stilling on Bella's head as his eyes burned with a cold, fathomless rage. Olivia, expecting anger or shock, faltered, her voice uncertain.

"Kafi? Are you there? Did...Did the call get disconnected?" She sounded almost nervous, the weight of his quiet unnerving her.

Then his voice came, low and emotionless, a blade of ice that sent a shiver down her spine.

"Go on, Mom...I'm listening."

It was so cold, so devoid of warmth, that even Olivia felt it—a prickle of unease cutting through her frustration.

Abigaille and Bella sucked harder, their lips trembling as they sensed the shift, their tongues tangling in a frantic bid to please him, to anchor him.

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

Olivia, unaware of the storm brewing, pressed on, her voice rising with renewed disgust.

"I've dealt with men like him before—sleazy bastards in a world that favors them, always trying to put women like me in our place. I'm used to it, Kafi, normally, I'd brush it off, handle it with a clear head, like I always do."

"...But this time...It's different...I'm so angry, so flustered, because of what he said when I left—what his final words were."

She paused, her voice dropping to a horrified whisper, as if the memory itself was toxic.

"When I was walking out, he stopped me—called me back with this...this sick grin. H-He said he'd seen a picture of Abi in my office once, from a visit months ago. And then—God, I can't believe I'm

saying this he told me to bring her along tonight, saying...she's...she's got a 'sexy body' too, that he...he wanted to 'play' with both of us at the same time."

Abigail's eyes widened, a muffled gasp escaping her lips as she sucked, her body trembling with fury and fear.

Kafka's gaze also grew darker, a void so deep it seemed to swallow the room, and Abigail sensed it instantly.

In a panic, she yanked herself off the couch, pulling Bella with her in a swift, desperate motion, while Bella stumbled, her lips glistening as she gasped.

"Auntie—what's—?"

But one look at Kafka's face silenced her, his eyes, black as the abyss, radiating a fury so raw it didn't seem human.

She froze, stepping back as Abigail clutched her, their bodies pressed together in a protective hug, their breaths shallow as they stared at him. They knew he'd never hurt them, but in that moment, Kafka looked like a demon unleashed, his silence more terrifying than any shout.

Olivia, oblivious to the scene, raged on, her voice fierce and unyielding.

"I wanted to break every bone in his body when he said that, Kafi—every damn one. I'm not some wilting flower, I've crushed men like him before, and I'd do it again. But what made me gasp—made my blood run cold—was what he said next."

"...He...He mentioned seeing a picture of you in that photo, realized you were my son. And his face—it was so dirty, so lewd, like he was savoring something vile."

Her voice broke, struggling to form the words as disgust choked her.

"...He said...He said to bring you along too, Kafi. Told me that he didn't mind you watching—w-watching as he...as he 'played' with me and Abi in bed..."

"...I-It's the most disgusting thing I've ever heard—sick, twisted, like we're all just toys for his amusement."

Olivia's voice cracked with raw disgust, her words trembling as she forced them out, each one heavy with revulsion.

"When he said that, Kafi, when he told me to bring you along, to watch as he...as he toyed with me and Abi in bed—I felt so sick I thought I'd puke right there on his office floor. I've never felt that way before, not in all my years dealing with scum."

"...He's not a man—he's a beast in human skin, a vile, twisted thing that doesn't belong in this world."

Her tone was venomous, a rare fire breaking through her icy facade as she recounted the encounter.

"I was ready to march straight to the police, report every word of it—his threats, his...his filth. But I stopped myself, hesitated. Thought I should call Abi first, talk it through before I did anything rash. That's why I called...why I'm telling you this now. It's the whole truth, ugly as it is."

Abigail and Bella from the side, expected Kafka to erupt—urge Olivia to go to the police, demand action, anything. But his voice came instead, soft and calm, almost too calm, an eerie serenity that sent a shiver down their spines.

"I see...That's all I needed to hear, Mom...That's all I need...There's no need for you to do anything else."

He said, a faint chuckle underscoring his words, dark and unsettling.

Bella and Abigail froze, their gazes snapping to his face. His smile was gentle, but his eyes—those dark wells held a gloomy glint that made their hearts race with fear.

It was terrifying, that contrast—his voice so light, his expression so heavy, like a storm held back by a thread.

Olivia, caught off guard, faltered on the line, her voice uncertain.

"Kafi, what do you mean? You're not...You're not saying I shouldn't go to the police, are you? If that's not the best move, then what is? Tell me I'm lost here!"

Her frustration bled through, confusion mingling with her lingering disgust.

Kafka chuckled again, a low, carefree sound that chilled the room as he leaned back on the sofa, his posture relaxed, almost lazy.

"It's a simple matter, Mom, no need for the police at all...It'll handle itself."

"It'll handle itself'...W-What do you mean by that?" Olivia asked in confusion at what her son was saying.

"You see, Mom, my horoscope today said all my family's problems would sort themselves out—no effort needed. And it's been pretty spot-on lately, you know?"

"...So, with that, by tomorrow, I bet this'll be done. You don't need to worry."

Olivia's silence was heavy, disbelief crackling through the line.

"Your...horoscope? Kafi, what are you talking about? This is serious—this man isn't some joke! You can't just—"

She cut herself off, bewildered by his nonchalance, the absurdity of his words clashing with the gravity of her confession.

But he only smiled wider in response, his voice smooth as silk.

"Trust me, Mom, trust your son. Everything's gonna be fine by tomorrow...I've got a feeling."

His tone was sincere, almost earnest, and something in it—some unshakable confidence made Olivia pause, her instincts warring with reason.

She didn't understand why, but his certainty wormed its way into her, coaxing her to believe the impossible, just for a moment.

"Alright..." She said at last, hesitant, her voice softer. "I'll...I'll leave it for now. But if this persists if he keeps pushing—I'm going to the police, Kafi. I mean it."

She sounded reluctant, still rattled, but willing to defer to him, if only temporarily.

Kafka nodded, his grin softening.

"Fair enough, but won't come to that, though. And it also won't be long before we're together again, Mom."

"...I'm looking forward to meeting you—seeing you, catching up."

His words carried an odd weight, like he was meeting her for the first time, a quirk of his transmigrated self that didn't quite align with their history.

Olivia caught it, confusion flickering in her response, but she didn't take it too mind and spoke what had been on her mind for a long time.

"Together...Yeah, I'm looking forward to that too, Kafi. I-I also want to start over with you, you know? Build something new, something better."

"...Our relationship, it wasn't so good before and I-I want to change that, if you'll let me."

Her voice trembled, hope and guilt intertwining as she laid herself bare.

Kafka's eyes warmed, the gloom fading as he replied, his tone light and open.

"Of course, Mom, I'd like that...We'll have all the time in the world for that when you're back."

He glanced at Abigaille and Bella, their naked breasts pressed together in their nervous embrace, a sight that stirred him anew, and his voice took on a playful edge.

"But I'm kinda busy right now—got some things to handle. I'll call you later, alright?"

Olivia laughed softly, a rare sound that eased the tension.

"Of course, of course, busy man, huh? Alright, bye, Kafi...I'll see you soon."

The call clicked off and Kafka's gaze softened, the abyss in his eyes replaced by their usual clarity as he turned to Abigaille and Bella, still huddled together, their flushed, bare figures pressed close, breasts brushing in an unintentionally erotic manner.

He smiled, a gentle, inviting curve of his lips, and called out.

"You two...Come here."

Chapter 612: A Fate Worse Than Death

Kafka's voice was warm, coaxing, but the memory of his earlier darkness made them hesitate, their hands clasped tight as they stepped forward, still a little scared.

Seeing them hesitate, he patted his lap, his grin widening.

"Sit down...Both of you."

Seeing him call them in a caring manner, they finally gave in as they moved to him and settled onto his thighs—Abigaille's plush ass on one side, Bella's slender frame on the other their skin hot against his.

He hugged their waists, pulling them close with a possessive ease, his hands slipping beneath their pants and skirt, fingers finding their wet pussies with a slow, sensual tease.

Abigaille gasped, Bella whimpered, and he leaned in, biting Abigaille's ear gently as he murmured,

"Who do you belong to, Mom? Hmm?...Tell me who's this sexy body devoted to?"

Abigaille flushed, her breath hitching as his fingers curled inside her, her voice trembling with flustered heat.

"W-What, Kafi, you—"

But he only repeated himself, his tone firmer, teasing but commanding.

"Who do you belong to? Who owns this gorgeous, curvy body—every inch of it? Name the person you've given your whole existence to, right now."

Her cheeks burned, arousal flooding her as his fingers thrust deeper, but she surrendered, her voice a loving, elaborate confession.

"You, Kafi, you, my son. I belong to you—heart, body, soul. This this body, every curve, every part...it's yours. I love you so much, more than anything. Without you, I'd be lost and empty. You're my everything, and always will be."

Her words poured out, raw and adoring, her eyes shining as she leaned into his touch, her folds clenching around his fingers.

Hearing her reply, he kissed her cheek, a satisfied hum in his throat. "Good girl."

Then his gaze shifted to Bella, his fingers teasing her clit as he grinned, "And you, Bella—who's your daddy? Who's this perfect, maturing body belong to? Tell me."

Bella's breath caught, her hips bucking as she flushed, her voice a fervent echo of Abigaille's.

"You, Daddy...you're my daddy, no one else. This body, it's yours, all of it...No one else can touch me, ever—just you. I love you so much—you're my whole world, my reason to breathe."

Her confession spilled out, passionate and possessive, her eyes locked on his as she melted under his fingers, her body trembling with devotion.

Kafka's grin widened, his hands working them both—Abigaille's plush curves, Bella's slender frame as he nodded.

"That's right...Good girls, both of you. You know who you belong to." He paused, his voice dropping to a playful, probing murmur. "But what if some man came along—said he wanted you, tried to claim you? What would you do?"

Their response was immediate, frantic, their voices overlapping in a possessive chorus.

"No way!" Abigaille cried, her arms wrapping around him, her breasts pressing against his chest. "You're the only man in my life, Kafi, no one else could ever compare! I'd never go—never!"

Bella nodded, her breasts bouncing as she hugged him tighter, her voice fierce.

"Never, Daddy, you're it, the only one! No other man exists for me—just you, always!"

They clung to him, their bodies molding against his in a desperate, loving embrace, as if he were the center of their universe, their devotion a shield against any threat.

Kafka's grin widened, a deep satisfaction settling in his chest as he savored their words, their warmth enveloping him like a drug.

"That's my girls..."

He murmured, as he cupped their faces, his thumbs brushing their flushed cheeks. He drew them closer, their heads tilting toward each other as he leaned in, capturing both their lips in a single, searing kiss.

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

Their tongues intertwined—a messy, passionate dance of heat and hunger, Abigaille's fervent swirls blending with Bella's eager licks, their breaths mingling as they accepted his love without hesitation, not even caring that their lips brushed each other's in the steamy tangle.

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

The kiss was erotic, consuming, a claim that bound them to him and each other, their soft moans vibrating against his mouth.

Kafka's hands then slid down, fingers slipping beneath their pants and skirt, finding their slick, throbbing pussies with a knowing touch.

"Stroke!~ Rub!~ Slide!~ Glide!~ Press!

He teased their wetness, stroking their folds as they gasped into the kiss, their bodies trembling under his control.

"Swipe!~ Brush!~ Slip!~ Slick! Swirl!~"

Pulling back slightly, his lips curled into a smirk as he murmured. "Damn, feel how wet you are. Seems like you two were real excited, huh? Sucking my cock while I was talking to Mom—pretty perverted, don't you think?"

Abigail's cheeks blazed, her voice a flustered stammer as she squirmed on his lap.

"K-Kafi! That's not fair—you made us do it!"

Bella nodded, her parted fringe bouncing as she pouted, her tone indignant but shaky.

"Yeah, Daddy, you forced us! Don't pin this on us!"

Kafka chuckled, his gaze dropping to his rock-hard cock, jutting proudly between them, glistening from their earlier attention.

"Oh, I'm not denying it, just look at this thing. I'm just as perverted, gotta admit...Got all worked up watching you two go at it while I was on the phone." His voice dipped, teasing and suggestive.

"And since it's obvious we're all a bunch of perverts here, why don't we help each other out?"

"...Strip down, both of you. Get those clothes off and use those pretty pussies to satisfy my cock."

Their blushes deepened, Abigaille's eyes widening, Bella's breath becoming warm, but his command sparked a thrill they couldn't resist.

He patted their butts to urge them—Abigaille's plush curve, Bella's firm roundness with a playful smack, grinning. "Go on...My cock's waiting."

They hesitated only a moment before standing, their hands trembling as they peeled off their clothes, revealing their bodies in the dim light.

Bella's pale skin glowed, her slender frame still blossoming, her well endowed breasts perky and inviting; Abigaille's rich brown curves overflowed, her heavy breasts bouncing, her hips a lush temptation.

The contrast was striking, erotic, and Kafka's cock twitched at the sight.

Abigaille then moved to climb onto him, her thighs straddling his lap, but paused, uncertainty flickering in her eyes as she glanced at Bella, then back at him.

"Kafi...Wait." She said, her voice soft and hesitant. "What about Olivia? Her situation? That man...Is it really alright not to go to the police? I-I'm worried."

Her hands hovered, her naked body tense as the weight of that man's threats lingered.

Kafka's hand found her butt, caressing it with a loving, reassuring stroke, his voice calm but firm.

"It's alright, Mom—trust me. Fate's got this one. That bastard's time is up and he'll get what's coming."

"...For now, just focus on me...on this."

He nodded toward his cock, thick and pulsing, a playful glint in his eyes.

Abigaille exhaled, her worry easing under his touch, and nodded. She climbed onto his lap beside Bella, their movements synchronized as they positioned themselves—legs cast over his thighs, hands braced behind them on the sofa.

And then in a slow, erotic motion, they lowered their pussies to his cock, one on each side, their slick folds enveloping him in a double sumata that was pure heat.

"Gloop!~ Squelch!~ Thwap!~ Splat!~"

Abigaille's plump, wet pussy slid up and down one side, her heavy lips hugging his girth, while Bella's tight, tiny cunt pressed against the other, her folds gripping him with desperate need.

"Slosh!~ Plop!~ Drip!~ Schlurp!~"

They moved in perfect rhythm, their asses rising and falling in sync, accommodating his massive cock with a practiced ease that betrayed their experience—this wasn't their first time pleasing him like this.

Their eyes met, Abigaille's dark blue gaze locking with Bella's light blue ones, a flush of embarrassment coloring their faces as they realized how exposed they were, how shamelessly they were grinding together.

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

But the shame only fueled their arousal, their pussies soaking his cock as they moaned softly, their coordination a silent will to their shared devotion.

Kafka watched, satisfaction curling his lips as their slick heat coated him, their bodies a living altar to his desire.

And while they slid up and down his cock, he picked up his phone, dialing a number as he leaned back, one hand caressing their backs—Abigaille's smooth curves, Bella's slender spine, while their pussies worked his cock in a steady, erotic grind.

The line immediately picked up, and a woman's voice answered—beautiful, disciplined, composed, like a leader forged in fire.

"Master..." She said, her tone direct and respectful, cutting straight to the point. "What can I do for you?"

Kafka smiled, his fingers tracing lazy circles on Abigail's hip as he spoke, his voice calm but laced with authority.

"Do you know about the situation where a man is bothering my mother Olivia?...What's the status?"

The woman—Seraphina, the current leader of 'Lesser Demons of Azrael', an ancient assassin family that Kafka had taken over to protect his family—responded instantly, her voice crisp.

"Of course, Master. We've been monitoring that man for weeks. He's a nuisance, but nothing more...If he ever made a move on her, we'd eliminate him without hesitation. No trace, no question."

Her words were cold, clinical, as if killing was a routine task, a mere flick of her wrist.

Seraphina then hesitated, a faint tremor in her tone, as if wary of overstepping.

"We...We considered informing you earlier, Master, but you instructed us not to report every detail about your family—said you didn't want to micromanage. But nonetheless we apologise for not reporting it to you sooner."

Kafka's smile widened, a soft chuckle escaping as he shook his head, his fingers dipping deeper into Bella's pink cave, making her whimper.

"It's fine, Seraphina...no need to stress. I don't wanna know every little thing—makes me feel like a control freak, and that's not my style. I trust you to keep my family safe, watch their backs. That's enough."

Seraphina exhaled, relief audible, but then his voice turned colder, still smiling but edged with a chilling finality.

"But this guy who's bothering my mother and even has the gall to bring me into his wretched desires...His time has finally come."

"I've heard that my mother, Olivia is a proud woman who likes to care of her responsibilities on her own, so I didn't resolve the issue she had, thinking that she could do it herself and have the satisfaction of doing so...But with what's going on, it's time to step in."

"...Bring him to me tonight. I'd like to deal with him personally."

Hearing this command, Seraphina's voice tightened, a shiver of her own betraying her fear—not of that man, but of Kafka.

She knew what 'personally' meant, knew the depths of his wrath, when provoked since she had seen it personally which was exactly why they were serving him out of pure unadulterated fear.

"Of course, Master, I'll do so immediately. My girls are already on him; we can have him within the hour."

"Right...And also do you know if he has some loved one or children he's fond of?" Kafka asked all of a sudden, which caught her off guard.

But nonetheless, she still answered saying, "Yes, Master...He has two sons that are just a wretched as him in college with multiple cases on them that primarily consist of sexual assault and coercion."

"Ah, that's perfect...Can you bring those two as well along with their father?"

"Of course, Master, those two aren't too far away from their father since he cherishes them quite a lot and always want to keep them by his side for protection." Seraphina answered even though she had a really bad feeling as why he was bringing his sons along as well. "Where exactly should I bring them all?"

"I'll send an address later." Kafka said, his fingers stroking his mother's ass as she ground harder, her moans soft but desperate. "And one more thing—every girl, except the ones guarding my women directly, I want them to assemble there...On the spot."

Seraphina paused, confusion creeping into her tone. "Every...all of them, Master? That's...may I ask why?"

Her question was cautious, probing, but she knew better than to push too far.

Kafka's grin sharpened, his voice light but unyielding.

"You'll see, just do it. Get it done." His tone left no room for argument, and Seraphina relented, her voice firm despite her unease. "Yes, Master, it'll be done...I'll await your instructions."

The call cut off, the silence heavy with unspoken plans.

Kafka set the phone down, exhaling deeply, but before he could settle back, a request came from the Gods themselves.

Ding~

[The God of War Kaela sends a request: Deal with that man...Give him a fate worse than death.]

[Successfully fulfill the request and gain the Gods satisfaction and approval]

[Fail the given request and get trampled by the God of War Kaela's war chariot and her cosmic elephants leading the charge]

Hearing this, Kafka's lips curled into a dark, satisfied smile, the request aligning perfectly with the storm brewing in his heart.

'I was already planning on doing exactly that anyway.'

He thought, his gaze drifting to Abigail and Bella, their pussies stroking his cock in a loving, synchronized grind, their bodies a haven of heat and devotion.

"That's it, my girls..."

He murmured, his hands guiding their hips as they moved, Abigail's hard little bean stroking one side, Bella's tight cunt hugging the other, their wetness coating his with a fresh coat of their love juices that was mixed into one another.

"Keep going...Just like that."

He leaned back, savoring the sight, the night split between their passionate worship and the dark promise of what awaited that wretched man, a reckoning Kafka would deliver with his own hands..

Chapter 613: The Church Of The Lesser Demons

In a dimly lit hotel room, the air thick with the scent of cheap cologne and anticipation, a middle-aged man sprawled across a king-sized bed, his bulk sinking into the mattress. His bathrobe, a shade of burgundy, gaped open to reveal a hairy chest and a protruding belly, glistening faintly with sweat.

A glass of red wine dangled lazily in his hand, the liquid sloshing as he chuckled to himself, his eyes gleaming with a perverse delight. His face, flushed and jovial, wore the smug satisfaction of a man who believed he was on the cusp of getting exactly what he wanted.

On the television mounted to the wall, a fashion show flickered, models strutting down a runway in glittering dresses, their bodies slender and angular.

The man snorted, taking a sloppy sip of his wine, his lips smacking as he shook his head.

"These girls." He muttered, his voice thick with disdain. "They're nothing. Skinny little twigs, all of 'em. Can't hold a candle to my Olivia." He chuckled, a low, guttural sound that seemed to rumble from deep within his chest. "That woman...God, that body. Thick in all the right places, curves that could make a man lose his damn mind."

"...And those big, fat breasts of hers? One in a million. Absolute perfection."

His tongue darted out, wetting his lips as his eyes glazed over, lost in the fantasy.

"I'm gonna have so much fun with those tonight. Gonna play with them, squeeze 'em, make her beg for me...She's mine, all mine!"

This was the man who had threatened Olivia, who had dangled his power over her like a guillotine, his demands laced with menace.

Ever since he'd laid eyes on her—those lush curves, that defiant spark in her eyes, he'd been consumed by a singular obsession: to tame her, to bend her to his will, to make her his in every way. He'd spent months orchestrating this moment, pulling strings, making threats, ensuring she had no choice but to come to him.

And now, here he was, in this tacky hotel room with its gaudy gold wallpaper and mirrored ceiling, waiting for her to walk through that door. He was certain she wouldn't back down.

No woman ever had.

They all crumbled eventually, just like the others from his past under his thumb. Olivia would be no different. The thought made his chest swell with a sick kind of joy.

He leaned back against the headboard, the bed creaking under his weight, and let his mind wander to the depraved things he planned to do with her.

"Gonna start slow." He mused aloud, his voice dripping with relish. "Tease her a bit, make her squirm. Maybe tie her up, yeah...let her know who's in charge. Then I'll take my time with that body, every inch of it. Gonna make her scream my name."

He laughed, a wet, ugly sound, and took another gulp of wine, some of it dribbling down his chin. His thoughts drifted, growing darker, more twisted.

"Wonder if she'll bring that Abigaille along. Now that would be a treat. Two of them, all for me. Those curves, those mouths...oh, I'd have a field day. And that kid, what's his name—Kafka? Hah!"

"...Imagine the look on his face, watching his two mommies get banged right in front of him. Bet it'd break him. Bet it'd make him cry."

The thought sent a shiver of perverse excitement through him, and he felt a stirring beneath his robe, his arousal evident as he shifted on the bed.

"Goddamn, tonight's gonna be good."

He cackled, his laughter echoing in the empty room.

He was so lost in his vile fantasies, so consumed by the image of Olivia and Abigail at his mercy, that he barely registered the sharp knock at the door.

And the moment he did, his head snapped up, his heart leaping with glee.

"She's here..." He whispered, his voice trembling with eagerness. He then scrambled off the bed, nearly spilling his wine in his haste, and waddled toward the door, his robe flapping open.

"Olivia, baby, you didn't keep me waiting long."

He called out, his tone smug, certain that she had no choice but to submit to him.

"Knew you'd come crawling to me. They always do."

He flung the door open, his grin wide and lecherous, but the sight that greeted him made his jaw slacken.

It wasn't Olivia standing there. Instead, a woman he didn't recognize filled the doorway—a mature beauty with a commanding presence.

Her dark hair was swept back, framing a face that was both elegant and dangerous, her eyes sharp and unyielding. She wore a fitted black dress that hugged her curves, accentuating a body that, while not as voluptuous as Olivia's, was undeniably stunning.

Her waist was tiny, her hips flared, and her breasts, though not as large as Olivia's, were full and inviting.

But it was her ass, round and firm, that drew his gaze, and he felt a fresh wave of lust surge through him.

"Well, hello there." He purred, his voice oozing with sleaze as he leaned against the doorframe, already imagining dragging her inside. "Did Olivia send you as a little appetizer? Or are you here to join the party?"

He didn't care who she was or why she was there. His mind was already racing with thoughts of pulling her into the room, of tearing that dress off and ravaging her until he was satisfied.

Consequences be damned—he'd deal with them later.

"Come on in, sweetheart." He said, stepping aside and gesturing toward the bed. "Let's have a little chat, get to know each other better. I promise I don't bite...unless you want me to."

But before he could say another word, the woman moved with a speed that caught him off guard.

Her hand darted out, and he felt a sharp prick at his neck. His eyes widened as he saw the syringe, its plunger already depressed, a clear liquid disappearing into his bloodstream.

"What the—"

He gasped, his hand flying to his neck, but the words died in his throat. A wave of dizziness crashed over him, his vision blurring at the edges.

His legs buckled, his massive frame swaying as he tried to grab the doorframe for support, but his fingers slipped, numb and useless.

"You...bitch..."

He slurred, his voice fading as the room spun violently and then collapsed to the floor with a heavy thud, his robe splaying open, his wine glass shattering beside him.

The last thing he saw, as his consciousness slipped away, was the woman standing over him, her expression cold and merciless, like a hunter sizing up a slaughtered pig, and in that moment, he realized with a flicker of terror that he had underestimated everything.



In the suffocating darkness of a car trunk, the man stirred, his consciousness clawing its way back from the haze of the sedative.

His eyes fluttered open, meeting nothing but pitch black, and the memory of his last moments flooded back with brutal clarity—the woman at the hotel door, her cold stare, the sharp sting of the syringe in his neck.

Panic surged through him like wildfire, his heart hammering against his ribcage as he thrashed against his restraints.

Thick ropes bit into his wrists and ankles, the coarse fibers chafing his skin, and a foul-tasting gag muffled his attempts to scream. His body jolted with every bump and rattle of the car, the jagged pathway tossing him against the trunk's hard interior.

He didn't know where he was or who had done this, but the uncertainty gnawed at him. He had enemies, sure—plenty of them...but kidnapping?

This was beyond anything he'd imagined.

His muffled cries echoed uselessly in the confined space, swallowed by the hum of the engine and the crunch of gravel under the tires.

All he could do was wait, helpless, for whatever fate awaited him.

In the front of the car, Seraphina gripped the steering wheel with steady hands, her expression serene as she navigated the steep, winding mountain path.

The road was little more than a forgotten trail, overgrown and uneven, the kind of place no one would think to look. Her dark eyes flicked to the rearview mirror, unperturbed by the faint thumping coming from the trunk.

Beside her, in the passenger seat, sat Lyla, her younger sister, whose short pink hair with blonde streaks caught the moonlight filtering through the windshield.

Lyla's light pink eyes sparkled with curiosity as she twisted in her seat, craning her neck to glance at the trunk.

"Sounds like our guest is awake." She said, her voice light, almost playful. "He's making an awful racket back there. Want me to hop back and give him a good whack? Quiet him down again?"

"No need, Lyla." She replied calmly, her voice smooth as silk. "The path's rough enough to jostle anyone awake. Besides, we're almost there. It won't be long before we deliver the package to the Master."

Her tone was matter-of-fact, as if kidnapping a man and hauling him up a desolate mountain was just another Tuesday.

At the mention of the Master, Lyla's face lit up like a child hearing about their favorite hero. She leaned forward, practically bouncing in her seat, her slender frame vibrating with excitement.

"Oh, Sera, I can't wait to meet him!" She gushed, her words tumbling out in a rush. "I've been dreaming about this moment forever."

"You're so lucky, you know? You've already seen him, worked with him, witnessed all his glorious deeds! I've been stuck babysitting his mother, Olivia—don't get me wrong, she's impeccable woman in her own right, but I've never even seen Master in person."

"...I mean, can you imagine? The man who changed everything, who saved us all, just...standing there, being all powerful and amazing? I bet he's even more incredible up close!"

The way Lyla spoke of the Master—Kafka, was laced with a reverence that bordered on worship.

To her, he wasn't just a man; he was a savior, an idol, a beacon of hope who had shattered the chains of their past.

And the truth wasn't far off.

Kafka was their savior, in every sense of the word, a figure who had upended their lives and given them something they'd never dared to dream of: freedom.

The organization they belonged to, 'The Church of the Lesser Demons', was a relic of a darker age, born in the shadows of a world ruled by kings and queens.

On the surface, it masqueraded as a benevolent church, a sanctuary for orphans, its public face radiating goodwill and charity. But behind closed doors, it was a merciless machine, a guild of killers that executed the bidding of nobles, warlords, and anyone with enough coin to pay for blood.

From ancient times to the present day, they had been the best in the world, their reputation forged in countless silent kills.

The assassins themselves were orphans, plucked from the streets and molded into weapons through brutal, unrelenting training.

From childhood, they were taught to kill, to move like ghosts, to bury any trace of humanity beneath layers of discipline and fear. Those who resisted were disposed of without hesitation, their bodies vanishing into the same shadows the guild thrived in.

This cycle had persisted for centuries, unbroken, as the guild adapted to the modern era, trading royal courts for corporate boardrooms and noble estates for underworld empires.

They worked as mercenaries now, their services available to the highest bidder, but the wealth never trickled down to the assassins.

Every cent was siphoned off by the higher-ups, a council of ruthless overseers who ruled the guild with an iron fist. The assassins, despite their deadly skills, were little more than slaves, their lives dictated by fear and coercion.

The guild's most insidious tactic was its use of sibling pairs. They deliberately took in sister pairs, knowing the bond between them could be weaponized.

Failure on a mission didn't just mean death for the assassin—it meant death for their sibling, too. This ensured absolute loyalty, as no one dared risk the life of the person they loved most.

Seraphina and Lyla were one such pair, drawn into the guild's clutches years ago as frightened children.

Seraphina, with her cunning and relentless drive, had clawed her way to the top, becoming the guild's most lethal operative and its leader among the assassins.

Lyla, though less experienced, was no less skilled, her agility and precision honed to a razor's edge.

But both sisters hated the life they'd been forced into.

Every kill, every mission, left a stain on their souls, and they dreamed of a life beyond the bloodshed—a life that seemed impossible under the guild's suffocating control.

That is, until Kafka appeared.

He came like a storm, swift and unstoppable, tearing through the guild's corrupt leadership in a single, bloody day. The higher-ups, those untouchable tyrants who had ruled for generations, were slaughtered without mercy, their heads presented as proof of his dominance.

And when Kafka declared the guild under new management, the assassins braced for another master, another leash.

But Kafka was different.

He was kind...Carefree.

He didn't demand blind obedience or force them to kill for profit. His only command was to protect his family, those he held dear.

Beyond that, he gave them something they'd never had...choice.

He told them to live, to chase their dreams, to step out of the shadows and into the light.

Want to study? Go to school. Want to bake? Open a shop. Want to leave the life entirely? Walk away.

As long as his family was safe, he didn't care what they did.

To the assassins, this was nothing short of a miracle. Kafka hadn't just freed them from their chains—he'd given them a future.

And for Lyla, who had spent her life in the guild's grip, Kafka was a hero, a godlike figure who had rewritten her destiny.

It was why she was so giddy now, her heart racing at the thought of meeting him, of standing in the presence of the man who had changed everything.

Chapter 614: Meeting With The Devil

Lyla's excitement bubbled over, her heart pounding with anticipation at the thought of meeting Kafka, the man who had reshaped their world. Her eyes sparkled as she fidgeted in the passenger seat.

Seraphina, however, didn't share Lyla's starry-eyed enthusiasm. Her grip on the steering wheel tightened, her knuckles whitening as she glanced at Lyla's beaming face. The serene mask she'd worn earlier cracked, revealing a flicker of something darker—dread, perhaps, or the weight of a memory she couldn't shake.

"Lyla..." Seraphina said, her voice low and edged with caution. "You need to calm down. Stop acting like he's some kind of saint or hero." Her words cut through Lyla's chatter like a blade, sharp and deliberate. "Yes, he's our savior in a way. He gave us a new life, freed us from those bastards who chained us. But don't fool yourself into thinking he's some noble knight. In some ways...he's worse than the ones who came before."

"...So much worse. And so much scarier than you can possibly imagine."

Lyla blinked, her smile faltering as she caught the haunted look in Seraphina's eyes, a rare vulnerability from the woman who was always unshakable.

"Worse? Scarier? Sera, what are you talking about? He's the one who saved us, who gave us freedom! How can you say that?"

Seraphina's jaw tightened, her gaze fixed on the jagged mountain path ahead, the car's headlights slicing through the darkness.

"You're only this excited because you haven't seen him, Lyla." She said, her voice dropping to a near—whisper. "You haven't seen what he's capable of. You haven't stood in front of him and felt...But I have." She paused, her breath hitching as her mind dragged her back to a night she'd

tried to bury, a night that still clawed at her dreams. "I've had first-hand experience of what he can do. The monstrous things he's capable of."

Lyla tilted her head, her curiosity piqued despite the unease creeping into her chest. "What exactly do you mean?"

Seraphina's hands trembled slightly on the wheel, and she forced herself to steady them.

"It was what I told earlier, the night I met him." She began, her voice heavy with the weight of the memory. "He came out of nowhere, Lyla. Like a shadow, like he wasn't even human...One moment, I was alone, and the next, he was there, standing in front of me, his eyes...God, those eyes."

"He didn't say much, just grabbed my arm and said he wanted to show me something. I didn't have a choice—I couldn't have fought him if I'd tried. He dragged me through the city, to the houses of every family that ruled the organisation, the ones who kept us in chains."

She swallowed hard, her throat tight.

"And then...he slaughtered them...Every single one. But it wasn't just killing, Lyla. It wasn't clean, or quick, or anything like what we've done. He used his bare hands. He tore through them like they were nothing, slicing their heads clean off—clean off, Lyla, with just his hands and tossed them at my feet like they were garbage."

"One after another, house after house, until the ground was slick with blood and I was standing in a pile of heads, staring at him while he just...stood there, calm as you please, like it was nothing."

Lyla's eyes widened, her breath catching. "He...He did that? With his hands? You didn't tell me about that."

Seraphina's laugh was bitter. "Yes, with his hands! Tell me, Lyla, what kind of human does that? What kind of person can rip a man's head from his body like it's paper? It's impossible. It's not natural. He's not...he's not human. He's a demon wearing a man's skin, I swear it."

Lyla shifted uncomfortably, her earlier excitement dimming but not entirely gone. She clutched her hands together, her voice soft but defiant.

"But...We're killers too, Sera. We've taken lives, spilled blood. We've got just as much on our hands as he does. What's the difference? Why does it matter how he did it?"

Seraphina's eyes flashed with frustration, and she turned to face her sister, her voice fervent, almost desperate.

"Because there's a world of difference between killing someone with a gun or a knife and tearing their head off with your bare hands."

"Think about it, Lyla...Imagine standing in front of someone who you know could crush every bone in your body, one by one, slowly, until they're nothing but powder...Imagine looking into their eyes and knowing they could break you without even trying, in the worst possible way, and they wouldn't blink."

"...That's what it's like to be near him. That's what I felt that night."

She shuddered, her voice dropping to a whisper.

"And it's not just his strength, or his speed, or the way he moves like he's not bound by the same rules as the rest of us. It's his eyes. There's a darkness in them, Lyla, a kind I've never seen before, not even in the worst monsters we've hunted."

"It's the kind of darkness that says he'd burn the entire world to ash, watch it all go up in flames, if it meant protecting his family. He wouldn't hesitate. Not for a second. And that...That scares me more than anything."

Lyla's lips parted, but no words came. She wanted to argue, to cling to the image of Kafka as her savior, her hero, but Seraphina's words had planted a seed of doubt. She sank back in her seat, her hands twisting in her lap, her earlier giddiness replaced by a quiet unease.

Seraphina's gaze softened, but only slightly.

"He's not someone you should idolize, Lyla." She said, her voice firm but not unkind. "He's given us freedom, yes, and I'm grateful for that. But he's no hero. He's something else entirely. And you'd do well to remember that when you meet him."

The car's engine hummed as it climbed the final stretch of the jagged mountain path, the dense forest closing in around them. Seraphina's eyes narrowed as she sensed they were nearing their destination, a secluded clearing deep in the wilderness where no one would hear a scream.

Her earlier unease lingered, but she forced it down, her voice taking on a steely edge as she glanced at Lyla, who was still wrestling with the conflicting emotions stirred by Seraphina's chilling words.

"Lyla..." Seraphina said sharply, snapping her sister out of her thoughts. "We're almost there. You need to be ready to meet him. And I mean ready. Don't do anything careless, not a single move, because one wrong step could end your life before you even realize what's happening."

Lyla's eyes widened, her earlier excitement now tangled with a growing sense of dread. "End my life? Sera, you're making him sound like—"

"Like the devil himself." Seraphina cut in, her voice low and grave. "That's exactly how you should act when you meet him. Treat him like you're standing in front of something that could destroy you without a second thought. Because he can, Lyla. Don't let your guard down, not for a moment."

Lyla's lips parted, but no words came. The image of Kafka as her savior, her hero, was crumbling under the weight of Seraphina's warnings, replaced by a nebulous fear of a monster she couldn't yet comprehend.

She clutched her hands together, her heart pounding with anticipation and apprehension.

'What kind of man could inspire such terror in her unshakable sister?'

Her mind conjured images of a grotesque figure, a face so horrifying it could scare ghosts, a presence so vile it would make her stomach churn. She braced herself for the worst, expecting a demon in human form, a creature whose very existence would justify Seraphina's dread.

And just as she was figuring out her master's looks, the car slowed to a stop in a small clearing, the trees forming a dense canopy that blocked out most of the moonlight.

The air was thick with the scent of pine and damp earth, and the silence was oppressive, broken only by the faint thumping from the trunk.

Lyla's breath caught as she peered through the windshield, her eyes scanning the shadows for the terrifying figure she'd imagined.

But what she saw made her blink in disbelief, her mind struggling to reconcile the reality with her expectations.

There, in the center of the clearing, sat a young man—Kafka, unmistakably sat casually atop two stacked barrels. He was strikingly handsome, with sharp features and a relaxed posture that exuded an almost disarming confidence. His dark hair fell messily over his forehead, and his eyes, though shadowed, held a glint of something unreadable.

But what threw Lyla completely was his outfit: a bright yellow rain suit, complete with a hood, covered in a cheerful pattern of cartoon ducks.

The sight was so absurdly adorable, so utterly at odds with the monstrous image Seraphina had painted, that Lyla's jaw dropped. She rubbed her eyes, half-convinced she was hallucinating.

She whipped her head toward Seraphina, her voice a full of shock and disbelief.

"This is him? This is the guy you're so scared of? Seraphina, he's...he's wearing a ducky raincoat! He looks like he's about to go splash in puddles, not...not tear people's heads off! And he's young! He's gotta be younger than me, what, like nineteen? Twenty? How is this the terrifying demon you were talking about?"

Seraphina, too, was momentarily thrown by Kafka's appearance. Her brow furrowed as she stared at the incongruous sight of their fearsome master in such a whimsical outfit.

She shook her head, her lips pressing into a thin line. "I...I don't know why he's dressed like that." She admitted, her voice tinged with confusion. "But don't let it fool you, Lyla. Appearances are deceiving. He's still the same man I told you about. That raincoat doesn't change what he's capable of."

Lyla crossed her arms, unconvinced, her earlier fear giving way to a stubborn skepticism.

"Come on, Sera. He's practically a kid! And he's cute! Look at those ducks! How am I supposed to be scared of someone who looks like he raided a toddler's closet? There's no way this guy's the monster you described."

Seraphina's eyes darkened, her expression turning grave as she leaned closer to her sister, her voice a low, urgent warning.

"Don't. Underestimate. Him. I don't care how young he looks or how ridiculous that outfit is. He's not some innocent boy, Lyla. He's the same man who tore through entire families like they were nothing, who could snap your neck before you blinked."

"...Promise me—promise me you won't do anything stupid just because he looks harmless. Swear it."

Lyla hesitated, her gaze flickering between Seraphina's deadly serious expression and the absurdly charming figure in the clearing. Part of her wanted to laugh off her sister's warnings, to cling to the hope that Kafka was the hero she'd imagined.

But the intensity in Seraphina's eyes, the raw fear beneath her words, gave her pause. Reluctantly, she nodded, her voice soft.

"Fine. I promise. I won't do anything stupid. But I still don't get how that guy is supposed to be so scary."

Seraphina exhaled, a small measure of relief softening her features. "Good...Now, are you ready to meet him?"

Lyla swallowed, her earlier excitement rekindling despite the knot of unease in her stomach. She wanted to know the truth, to see for herself who Kafka really was—hero, demon, or something else entirely.

"Yeah." She said, nodding with a hint of determination. "I'm ready."

Seraphina gave her a final, scrutinizing look before shutting off the engine.

"Stay sharp."

She murmured, then pushed open her door. Lyla followed, her heart racing as they stepped out into the cool night air, the crunch of leaves underfoot the only sound in the eerie stillness.

Chapter 615: Rats And Leeches

As Seraphina and Lyla stepped out of the car, they were soon joined by the low rumble of engines as several black SUVs pulled into the clearing behind them.

One by one, the vehicles lined up in a neat row, their headlights cutting through the misty darkness.

Doors opened, and a dozen women emerged, all members of the church, their movements precise and disciplined. Their faces were solemn, their eyes guarded, as if they were stepping into the presence of a king.

They, too, had heard the stories about their master, Kafka, but for most, this was their first time meeting him. The weight of that moment hung heavy in the air as they assembled in a tight, orderly formation before the barrels where Kafka sat, their postures rigid, like soldiers before a general.

Seraphina led the way, her steps stiff and steady, each one betraying the fear that coiled in her chest. Lyla followed close behind, her earlier excitement now tempered by confusion and curiosity, her gaze fixed on the figure in the duck-patterned raincoat.

The other assassins fell into place behind them, their silence speaking volumes about the apprehension they felt.

Kafka, however, seemed oblivious to their arrival, his head tilted back as he gazed at the star-streaked sky, lost in thought. The casualness of his posture, the soft rustle of his raincoat, only heightened the surreal contrast between the man they'd feared and the scene before them.

Seraphina cleared her throat, stepping forward cautiously. "Master." She called, her voice steady but laced with deference.

Kafka's head snapped down, his eyes locking onto her with a suddenness that made her flinch. A warm, disarming smile spread across his face, as if he'd just noticed an old friend.

"Oh, Seraphina! You're here." He said, his tone light and almost playful. "You're earlier than I expected. Did you have any trouble finding this place? These mountains can be a maze."

Seraphina shook her head, her expression carefully neutral. "No trouble, Master. The path was clear enough. We made it here without issue."

"Good, good." Kafka said, nodding approvingly. His gaze shifted to Lyla, and his smile widened. "And this must be your sister. Lyla, right? Just as pretty as you are. You two could be twins, you know—same eyes, same fire. It's obvious you're family."

Lyla felt a flush creep up her cheeks, caught off guard by the compliment and the sincere warmth in his eyes.

At twenty eight, she was nearly a decade older than Kafka, who couldn't have been more than nineteen, and the idea of someone so young speaking to her with such easy charm was oddly endearing.

She opened her mouth to respond, a spark of her earlier excitement flaring up, ready to forget Seraphina's warnings and engage with this unexpectedly approachable master.

But Seraphina was quicker.

"Thank you, Master."

She said sharply, cutting Lyla off before she could speak. Her tone was polite but firm, her eyes flicking to her sister with a warning glance.

Kafka's smile didn't falter, but his eyes gleamed with a knowing glint as he tilted his head, studying Seraphina.

"You look tense, Seraphina. Scared, even. What's got you so spooked? Afraid I'm gonna gobble up your little sister or something?" His tone was teasing, but there was an edge to it, a subtle challenge that made the air feel heavier.

Seraphina stammered, her composure faltering under his gaze.

"N-No, Master, it's not that. It's just..." She trailed off, unable to find words that wouldn't betray her fear or provoke him. Standing before him, she felt exposed, as if he could see through every lie, every thought, stripping her bare with a single look.

Kafka's eyes swept over the assembled assassins, taking in their stiff postures and wary expressions. He chuckled softly, the sound both amused and slightly mocking.

"In fact, everyone here looks like they've seen a ghost. What exactly did you tell them about me, Seraphina? Got them thinking I'm some kind of monster?"

Seraphina's breath caught, her mind racing for an answer that wouldn't anger him. She opened her mouth, but no words came, her fear locking her tongue in place.

Kafka watched her struggle for a moment, then waved a hand dismissively, his smile returning.

"Never mind. Doesn't matter. I don't care what stories you've spun. Let's move on."

Seraphina exhaled, a quiet sigh of relief, while Lyla's thoughts churned.

To her, Kafka seemed nothing like the demon Seraphina had described. He was charming, easygoing, even merciful in brushing off her sister's obvious discomfort.

'Maybe Sera had exaggerated to keep them all in check.' She thought, her earlier doubts softening.

Kafka stood up, stretching his arms as if he'd been lounging for hours, and addressed the group.

"I bet you're all wondering why I dragged you out to the middle of nowhere." He said, his voice carrying a casual warmth. "Probably scared I've got some terrifying mission lined up, right?...But relax. It's nothing like that."

"...I just need some help moving a few things—quite a lot of things, actually and I can't do it alone. That's where you come in."

A collective sigh rippled through the assassins, their tension easing at the mundane explanation. The idea of their fearsome master needing help with something as ordinary as transport was almost laughable, and it humanized him in their eyes, if only slightly.

But then Kafka did something that stunned them all. He stepped forward, his expression softening, and gave a slight, respectful bow.

"Before we get to that, though." He said, his voice sincere. "I want to thank you. All of you. For taking care of my family, for keeping them safe, for watching over them from the shadows like you always do."

"...They mean everything to me, and I know they're safe because of you. I'm grateful for every single one of you."

The assassins froze, their eyes wide with shock.

Gratitude? From their master? Their previous overlords had treated them like tools, disposable pawns to be used and discarded without a second thought.

But Kafka looked at them not as weapons, but as people, his words carrying a weight of genuine appreciation that none of them had ever experienced. For a moment, the clearing was silent, the assassins grappling with the unfamiliar warmth of being seen as human.

Lyla's heart swelled, her earlier excitement surging back tenfold. This was the Kafka she'd dreamed of meeting—the savior, the hero, not the monster Seraphina feared.

She felt a sudden urge to speak, to ask him a dozen questions, to learn everything about the young man who'd changed their lives. Her lips parted, words bubbling up as she leaned forward, her fangirl enthusiasm threatening to spill over despite her sister's warnings.

Seraphina, sensing the shift in Lyla's demeanor, shot her a sharp look, her hand twitching as if ready to physically restrain her.

But before either could act, Kafka's expression changed.

His warm smile morphed into something else—still innocent, but with an undercurrent that sent a shiver racing down every spine in the clearing, Lyla's included. It was a smile that didn't reach his eyes, a smile that hinted at something vast and unknowable lurking beneath the surface.

"Before we get to the transport..." Kafka said, his voice deceptively light. "I've got a few loose ends to tie up. Just one more, actually. I'd appreciate it if you'd bear with me for a bit longer. Won't take long."

Seraphina frowned, confusion flickering across her face. "Loose ends, Master? If there's something that needs handling, I can take care of it. You don't need to trouble yourself."

Kafka's smile widened, and for a moment, the air seemed to grow colder.

"Oh, no need to worry, Seraphina. I've already dealt with two of them. Just...one left."

Kafka's smile lingered, a faint, chilling curve that seemed to deepen the cold in the clearing.

"But before I deal with the last loose end." He said, his voice light but carrying an undertone that made the assassins skin prickle. "I'll need to put these two barrels away. They're part of what needs transporting and disposing of later."

He slid off the barrels with a casual hop, landing lightly on the ground, and reached for one of the rusted drums as if it weighed nothing.

Seraphina, ever the loyal servant, reacted instantly, her instincts overriding her unease.

"No, Master." She said quickly, stepping forward and raising a hand to stop him. "You don't need to lift a finger. My girls will handle it."

She turned to the assembled assassins, her voice firm, despite the tremor in her chest.

"You heard him. Take the barrels to the truck...Now."

Kafka tilted his head, his expression mildly concerned. "They're heavy, Seraphina. I can manage—"

"No." Seraphina insisted, her tone sharper than she intended. "We'll do it. It's our job." She shot a pointed look at the nearest group of assassins. "Move."

The women hesitated for a fraction of a second, their eyes flicking between Kafka's unreadable smile and the barrels, but they obeyed.

Four of them stepped forward, two to each barrel, their movements precise but cautious. As they gripped the handles, their muscles strained, the barrels far heavier than they'd expected.

One seemed to slosh faintly, as if filled with liquid, while the other felt solid, almost unwieldy. The assassins exchanged uneasy glances but pressed on, hauling the barrels toward the small truck parked at the edge of the clearing, part of the convoy they'd brought for the transport job.

The path was uneven, littered with roots and rocks, and the women moved slowly, their breaths labored, while Seraphina stood rigid, her eyes never leaving the barrels, as if she could sense something terrible within them.

...But unfortunately, they were nearly at the truck when disaster struck.

One of the women carrying the sloshing barrel caught her foot on a gnarled root protruding from the ground. She stumbled, her grip faltering, and the barrel slipped from her hands.

The sudden shift in weight threw off the other woman holding it, and with a collective gasp, the barrel crashed to the ground, its rusted lid popping off from the impact.

The second group, startled by the noise, lost their grip as well, and their barrel followed suit, slamming into the first and bursting open.

The moment the barrels opened, a sickening stench filled the air, a mix of rot, blood, and something far worse.

The girls watching froze, their eyes drawn to the contents spilling out onto the forest floor.

The women who'd dropped the barrels stepped back, their faces paling as they saw what lay within.

Gasps and stifled screams rippled through the group, even from killers hardened by years of bloodshed.

Seraphina's breath hitched, her worst fears confirmed, while Lyla's hand flew to her mouth, her stomach churning. The other assassins recoiled, some gagging, others trembling, their training no match for the horror before them.

Meanwhile Kafka, standing a few paces away, tilted his head and let out a soft chuckle, the sound jarringly out of place.

"Oh no." He said, his tone almost playful. "Looks like you've seen my two loose ends...My bad."

What poured out of the barrels wasn't just refuse or contraband—it was death and horror itself.

The first barrel had held the body of a middle-aged man, or what was left of it.

His flesh was a mangled ruin, torn and gnawed beyond recognition, his face reduced to a grotesque mask of exposed bone and shredded tissue.

As the barrel had split open, a swarm of rats had spilled out alongside him, their fat bodies scurrying into the underbrush. The man had been locked inside with them, alive, until the rats, starved and frenzied, had eaten him piece by piece.

His empty eye sockets stared blankly at the sky, a testament to a death so slow and agonizing it defied comprehension.

The second barrel was no less horrifying.

A body of a man in his 30s, bloated and pale as death itself, lay in a pool of water tinged red with blood. His skin was puckered and translucent, clinging to bones that jutted out like sharp edges.

Clinging to his corpse were dozens of fat, glistening leeches, their bodies swollen with the blood they'd drained from him.

He'd been submerged with them, trapped in the barrel as they fed, sucking him dry until nothing remained but a hollow, emaciated shell. The leeches, plump and sluggish, writhed in the spilled water, a living reminder of the torture that had ended his life.

The assassins, though no strangers to violence, were shaken to their core.

They had killed, maimed, and seen horrors most could never imagine, but this was different.

This wasn't just death—it was cruelty, meticulous and unrelenting, designed to inflict maximum suffering. The sight of the bodies, mutilated in ways that spoke of both ingenuity and malice, was too much.

One woman turned away, retching into the bushes.

Another clutched her arms, her nails digging into her skin as she fought to stay composed.

Even Lyla, who had clung to the image of Kafka as a benevolent savior, felt bile rise in her throat, her earlier admiration shattered by the grotesque reality before her.

She glanced at Kafka, hoping for some sign that this was a mistake, but his casual demeanor only deepened her horror.

Seraphina, though, wasn't surprised.

Her face was a mask of grim resignation, her eyes fixed on the barrels as if she'd known all along what Kafka was capable of.

She'd warned Lyla, warned them all, but even she hadn't anticipated this level of brutality.

Her stomach twisted, not just at the sight, but at the realization that this was only the beginning.

Kafka had one more 'loose end' to deal with, and if this was what he'd done to the first two, she dreaded what was coming next...

Chapter 616: Beasts Hiding Inside Human Skin

The mountain clearing was steeped in a stunned silence, the assassins faces pale and their breaths shallow as they grappled with the grotesque spectacle before them.

The stench of decay hung heavy, burning their eyes and twisting their stomachs, but none dared speak or move.

Kafka, however, seemed unfazed, his expression one of mild inconvenience as he stepped forward, his yellow duck-patterned raincoat a jarring contrast to the horror at his feet.

"Oops." He said, his voice light, almost sheepish. "Should've secured those lids tighter. My fault. I knew they were heavy and I should've carried them myself."

He bent down, his hands moving with unsettling ease as he began to push the mangled corpses back into the barrels.

Blood and filth smeared his fingers, the rats gnawed remains and the leech-bloated body squelching under his touch, but he didn't flinch.

The stench was overpowering, the kind that clung to the back of your throat, yet Kafka worked as if handling nothing more than spoiled groceries.

"Didn't mean to stain your eyes with this." He added, glancing at the assassins with a faint, apologetic smile. "But, well...accidents happen."

The women watched, frozen, as he stuffed the bodies back into their respective barrels, his movements methodical yet disturbingly casual.

He then stood, wiping his hands on his raincoat, leaving streaks of dark red against the cheerful yellow, and began searching for the lids that had rolled away in the chaos.

As he did, he glanced at the group, his smile taking on a storytelling lilt.

"Since you've already seen them, might as well tell you the story behind these two. Don't want you thinking I'm some kind of psychopath, right?"

His tone was almost playful, but there was a glint in his eyes that made the air feel colder.

He nudged the first barrel with his foot, the one that had spilled the rat-eaten corpse.

"This guy..." He began. "He was Camila's husband. My lover's husband, to be exact. And no, it wasn't jealousy that did him in."

"You see when he was away from his home, away from my family, this piece of trash was out there cheating on her...Not just with one woman, mind you, but with girls young enough to be his daughter...Girls Bella's age."

His voice darkened, a rare edge creeping in.

"Out of pure coincidence, his daughter caught him once, you know. Saw him with some university girl who'd sleep with anyone for the right price. When Bella confronted him, the girl spilled everything—how he'd been doing this for years, how he'd go from one to the next."

"...And the worst part? The most despicable part? He was asking these women if they knew anyone younger. Girls still in school. Practically children."

Kafka paused, his eyes narrowing as he found the first lid half-buried in the dirt. He picked it up, turning it over in his hands.

"Bella came back to her mother's house because she couldn't stomach it. Couldn't live with the fact that her father was a predator lusting after kids. And me?...I wasn't about to let a man like that walk away with a quick death. No way. He didn't deserve it."

He slammed the lid onto the barrel, the sound echoing in the silent clearing.

"So I gave him what he deserved...A slow, fitting end."

He moved to the second barrel, his tone shifting to something almost casual as he searched for the other lid.

"This one's easier to explain. Nina's husband. Another real winner. Guy was a leech in every sense of the word. Lived off Nina's money, did nothing but some half-assed accounting work, and still had the nerve to demand more cash than he earned."

"Worse, he was scheming with some shady company that wanted to buy up Nina's land—her hot spring, the one thing her mother left her. They saw money signs, thought they could turn it into some tacky resort."

"...And this guy? He was helping them trick Nina into signing it all away."

Kafka's fingers closed around the second lid, and he straightened, his smile returning, though it didn't reach his eyes.

"Nina's sweet, you know. Too trusting. She'd sign anything he put in front of her, no questions asked. Bit by bit, he was selling off her legacy. I caught it just in time, right before he could get that final signature to hand over the whole property."

"And let me tell you, there was no way I was letting a parasite like that off easy. He leeches off Nina his whole life, sucking her dry without her even noticing."

"...So I thought, why not let him feel what it's like?"

He gestured to the barrel, where the leech-riddled corpse had been stuffed back inside.

"Those leeches made sure he knew his mistake. Drained him slow, just like he did to her."

He fitted the lid onto the second barrel, then paused, glancing at the first with a chuckle that sent a fresh wave of chills through the group.

"The rats, though? That wasn't some grand metaphor like the leeches. Honestly, I just looked at that guy's face and thought he reminded me of a rat...All sneaky and scurrying. So I threw a bunch in there with him. Figured it fit."

His laugh was light, as he hoisted both barrels with ease, carrying them to the truck as if they were no heavier than sacks of flour.

"Guess the rats were hungrier than I thought. Ate his face clean off, wrinkles and all...Not much of a face left now, huh?"

The assassins stood rooted to the spot, their eyes wide with horror and disbelief. Kafka's casual recounting of his actions, delivered like a bedtime story, was more unnerving than the bodies themselves.

They were killers, every one of them, their hands stained with blood from years of missions, but this was different.

This was personal, deliberate, a kind of cruelty that went beyond necessity.

The way Kafka spoke—joking about the rats, chuckling about the faceless corpse made their skin crawl. Even Seraphina, who had seen his brutality firsthand, felt a fresh wave of dread. She'd known he was capable of this, but hearing him describe it so flippantly, with that innocent smile, confirmed her worst fears.

Lyla's stomach also churned, her earlier admiration for Kafka crumbling into ash. The easygoing, grateful master she'd wanted to believe in was gone, replaced by the demon Seraphina had warned her about.

His youth, his charming smile, the absurd duck raincoat—they were all a mask, hiding something far darker.

She glanced at her sister, seeing the grim resignation in Seraphina's eyes, and realized with a sinking heart that she'd been right all along.

Kafka wasn't just scary...He was a force of nature, a storm that could destroy without hesitation or remorse.

Kafka then finished securing the barrels in the truck, dusting his hands off as he turned back to the group. His smile was still there, bright and disarming, but now it carried a weight that made their blood run cold.

"Alright..." He said, his voice deceptively cheerful. "That's two loose ends down. Just one more to go, and then we can get to the transport job. Won't keep you long."

He paused, his gaze sweeping over the group.

"Now, could you bring me the men you brought along? I'd like to finish this up so we can all head home early."

No one responded.

The assassins were still reeling, their minds trapped in the visceral horror of the barrels. Seraphina's face was a mask of grim resignation, her hands trembling slightly at her sides. The other women stood like statues, their training no match for the raw terror Kafka's actions had instilled.

It was only when Kafka tilted his head, repeating his request with a touch of impatience, "The men, please?" did Seraphina snapped out of her daze.

"My apologies, Master." She stammered, her voice hoarse. She turned to the group, her eyes hard despite the fear clawing at her chest. "You heard him. Bring the three men. Now."

The assassins jolted into action, their movements mechanical as they obeyed, desperate not to provoke their terrifying master further.

Two groups of women hurried to their SUVs, dragging out two young men—gagged, bound with thick ropes, their eyes wide with panic.

These were the sons of the man who had lusted after Olivia, the same man now being hauled out of Seraphina's car by Lyla herself.

The father, his bulk straining against his restraints, was dragged forward, his muffled cries mingling with those of his sons. The three were shoved into a tight cluster, forced to crouch on the cold forest floor, their terror palpable.

The sons, in particular, were a mess of confusion and fear.

Just hours ago, they'd been at a pub, plotting to drug a woman they'd targeted, their minds filled with vile intentions of dragging her to a hotel room.

But their plan had backfired spectacularly.

A sudden dizziness had overtaken them, and they'd woken up bound in the back of a car, now surrounded by a group of armed women in a desolate forest.

The sight of their father, equally bound and gagged, only deepened their panic. They thrashed against their restraints, their muffled shouts unintelligible but desperate, while their father's eyes darted wildly, recognition dawning as he saw his sons.

Kafka strolled over to the trio, his steps light and unhurried, as if he were approaching friends rather than captives. He looked down at them, his expression almost bored, and nodded at Seraphina.

"Good work." He said, his tone warm with approval. "Bringing them all in on such short notice? Impressive...I'm quite excited to wrap up this last loose end."

The father's eyes locked onto Kafka, and a fresh wave of panic surged through him as he recognized the young man—the son of Olivia, the woman he'd threatened and lusted after.

He thrashed harder, his muffled screams growing frantic, as if begging to know why he was here. Kafka ignored him completely, his gaze sliding over the man like he was less than dirt.

Instead, he turned to the assembled assassins, his smile widening into something that sent a chill through the group.

"You probably already know their story..." He said, his voice carrying a dark amusement. "What they did to earn a place here. I could tell you how I'm going to deal with them, but..."

His grin turned evil, almost demonic.

"I think I'll just show you...Let you all watch."

Without another word, Kafka stepped away and retrieved a large, folded tarp from the ground nearby. He unfurled it with a flourish, spreading it across the forest floor like a grotesque stage.

"Seraphina." He called, his tone casual but commanding. "Hold the father. Make sure he watches what's about to happen." He glanced at two other assassins. "You two, bring the sons over. Lay them flat on the tarp, face down."

Seraphina's face paled, but she obeyed, gripping the father's shoulders with a strength that belied her trembling hands. The two women holding the sons hesitated for a heartbeat, their eyes flicking to the tarp, but they complied, dragging the struggling men to the tarp and forcing them face-down against the plastic.

The sons muffled cries grew more desperate, their bodies writhing as the women pinned them down, their faces pressed into the cold ground, leaving only their backs exposed.

Kafka surveyed the scene, his expression unreadable.

"Bind them completely." He instructed. "Hold their legs and feet tight. Leave their backs open."

Several more assassins stepped forward, their movements jerky with fear, and took hold of the sons' limbs, pinning them so tightly they could barely move.

The sons flailed, their panic reaching a fever pitch, while the father's eyes bulged, his muffled screams a constant, frantic hum.

Kafka then turned to the women holding the sons, his voice calm but laced with warning.

"You'll need to be strong for this. Once I start, they're going to flail hard. Hold them steady. And..." He paused, his eyes narrowing slightly. "...Don't be queasy. What I'm about to do isn't for weak stomachs. If you can't handle it, step away now and let someone else take your place."

The women exchanged nervous glances, their faces pale, but none moved. They were assassins, hardened by years of bloodshed, and the thought of showing weakness in front of their master was unthinkable.

They steeled themselves, their grips tightening, though their eyes betrayed the dread coiling in their chests.

Kafka's smile returned, softer this time, almost approving. "Good. I'm glad I've got such strong, dependable women on my side."

He then turned to the rest of the group, his gaze sweeping over the assembled assassins.

"As for the rest of you..." He said, his tone almost gentle. "This won't be easy to watch. You don't have to look. Turn away if you need to, there's no shame in it...I won't think less of you."

Several women felt a surge of relief at his words, their instincts screaming to look away after the horror of the barrels.

But pride, or perhaps fear of appearing weak, kept them rooted in place. They were killers, after all, and they'd seen death in all its forms.

Surely they could handle whatever Kafka had planned. They braced themselves, their eyes fixed on the tarp, determined to prove their strength.

Seeing this, Kafka nodded, a faint smirk tugging at his lips.

"Alright. I hope you don't regret that choice."

He reached down and picked up a transparent surgical mask on the ground, the kind used to shield a surgeon's face from blood splatter. He fitted it over his face with practiced ease, the plastic glinting in the moonlight.

Then, to the collective horror of the group, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a small, gleaming scalpel, its blade so sharp it seemed to catch the light in a cruel, almost beautiful way.

The father saw it first, his eyes widening in abject terror. He thrashed against Seraphina's grip, his muffled screams rising to a fevered pitch, his body jerking as if he could break free through sheer desperation.

Seraphina held him firm, her own face ashen as she braced herself for what was coming. The sons, unable to see the scalpel, sensed the shift in the air, their struggles growing more frantic as the women pinned them down.

Kafka then crouched beside the sons, the scalpel glinting in his hand as he looked down at them.

His voice was calm, but it carried a weight that made the air feel so cold and unsettling.

"My mother Abigaille always said to me that men like you, who prey on women, who use them like toys, aren't human. She called you beasts wearing human skin...Even earlier tonight she said the same."

He tilted his head, his smile widening beneath the mask.

"And I've been thinking about that. Wondering if it's true. And now..."

His eyes gleamed with a dark, almost scientific curiosity.

"...I'm going to find out."

The scalpel then moved to hover over the exposed neck of one of the sons, the blade catching the moonlight in a cold, merciless arc.

Seeing this, the father's screams grew hoarse, his body shaking uncontrollably as he realized what was about to happen.

The assassins holding the sons also tightened their grips, their breaths shallow with anticipation and dread.

Finally realising what he was going to do, Seraphina's eyes darted to Lyla, who stood frozen, her face a mask of confusion and growing horror.

"Lyla..." Seraphina hissed, her voice low and urgent. "Look away. Now. You don't need to see this."

Lyla blinked, her mind struggling to process the scene. "What...What's he going to do?" She whispered, her voice trembling.

Seraphina's expression grew even graver, her eyes wide with a fear she couldn't hide.

"Turn around." She ordered, her voice shaking. "I mean it, Lyla...I'll make you if I have to."

Lyla hesitated, her gaze flicking between Kafka's scalpel and her sister's ashen face. The seriousness in Seraphina's eyes, the raw terror beneath her words, was unlike anything she'd ever seen.

With a reluctant nod, she turned away, her heart pounding as she faced the trees, unable to shake the feeling that something unspeakable was about to unfold.

Behind her, the clearing seemed to hold its breath, the assassins bracing for a horror that would sear itself into their memories forever...

Chapter 617: Skinless Bodies

In a composed, almost artistic manner, as if he were merely sketching on a canvas, Kafka knelt beside the first son.

He produced a small knife from his pocket—not the scalpel, but a sharper, broader blade and began to cut away the young man's clothes, slicing through the fabric with precise strokes until finally the son's back was laid bare, pale and trembling under the cold night air.

Kafka then glanced at the father, his eyes locking onto the man's horrified gaze for a brief, chilling moment, as if to say: Watch closely, what I'm about to do to your sons.

And then, without a word, he returned his attention to the son, raising the scalpel near his neck.

And just like that, the blade sank into the flesh at the base of the son's neck, not deeply enough to kill, but just enough to pierce the skin—a few centimeters, no more.

"Mmm!~ Ahhh!~ Aughhh!~ Hahhhh!~"

The son's body convulsed, a muffled scream tearing through his gag as pain seared through him.

But Kafka's hand was steady, his expression unchanging, as he began to drag the scalpel downward, carving a long slit along the spine.

The blade sliced through skin and muscle with surgical precision, blood welling up in a crimson line that glistened in the moonlight.

"Ahhhh!~ Aughhhh!~ Gahhhh!~"

The son's screams grew hoarse, his body bucking against the women holding him down, but their grips held firm, though their faces were masks of nausea and horror.

Kafka worked slowly, methodically, as if savoring the act, as the slit widened into a gaping wound, exposing the raw, twitching muscle beneath.

Satisfied with the incision, he set the scalpel aside and began to peel the skin away, his fingers separating flesh from muscle with the ease of a hunter flaying a deer.

"Hahhhhh!~ Maaa!~ Gaaaahhh!~"

Feeling the sensation of his skin getting torn apart, the son's screams reached a fever pitch, a sound so raw and primal it seemed to shake the trees. The women pinning him down fought to maintain their hold, their knuckles white, their stomachs churning as they tried not to look at the blood—soaked tarp or the glistening muscle now exposed.

Some clenched their jaws, swallowing bile, while others stared blankly, their minds struggling to process the nightmare unfolding before them.

Kafka continued, undeterred, his hands moving with a practiced grace that suggested he'd done this many times before.

He worked from the back to the shoulders, then down to the arms, making precise cuts to free the skin in large, intact sheets. The son's body twitched and spasmed, his screams fading into choked whimpers as shock began to set in.

Kafka then moved to the legs, slicing through the flesh with the same meticulous care, peeling away the skin until the entire backside of the body was a raw, bloody mass of muscle and sinew.

Blood pooled on the tarp, soaking into the dirt, the air thick with the coppery stench.

"Turn him over..."

Kafka said, his voice calm, almost clinical. The women hesitated, their faces drained of color, their hands trembling.

They were too shaken to move, their strength sapped by the horror they'd witnessed and seeing this Kafka sighed softly, as if mildly inconvenienced, and stepped forward.

With a gentle but firm grip, he rolled the son onto his back himself, letting the bloody, skinless mass rest against the tarp. The son's chest heaved weakly, his eyes glazed with pain and shock, barely conscious but still alive.

Kafka then resumed his work, the scalpel dancing across the chest, carving away the skin in smooth strokes. He worked with the precision of a sculptor, removing the flesh in neat, even sections, exposing the muscle and bone beneath.

The son's body was now a grotesque parody of humanity, a living anatomy lesson laid bare under the moonlight.

Kafka then moved to the arms and legs, flaying the remaining skin until only the face remained untouched.

He paused, looking down at the son, whose eyes flickered with the last vestiges of awareness.

The young man was on the brink of unconsciousness, his body wracked with pain beyond comprehension.

But then, Kafka's smile returned, soft and almost tender, as he raised the scalpel once more.

With slow precision, he sliced across the son's face, cutting through the cheeks, the forehead, the scalp.

His fingers worked with horrifying finesse, peeling the skin away in a single, intact sheet, until the son's face was gone, replaced by a bloody, eyeless mask of muscle and bone.

The scalp came last, torn free with a wet, ripping sound that echoed in the silent clearing.

Finally, Kafka held up the suit of skin, a grotesque trophy, inspecting it with a detached curiosity before setting it aside on the tarp.

The son's body lay still now, either dead or so far gone that death was a mercy.

And seeing the remains of his son, the father's muffled screams had turned to sobs, his body shaking uncontrollably.

The assassins were also in chaos—several had vomited, their bodies heaving as they stumbled away from the tarp. Others had turned away, unable to bear the sight any longer, their training shattered by the sheer brutality of what they'd witnessed.

Only a few, like Seraphina, remained watching, their faces pale, their legs trembling their eyes fixed on the scene as if to prove they could endure it.

But even they were shaken, their composure a fragile facade.

Kafka straightened, wiping the scalpel on his raincoat, leaving a fresh streak of blood across the cheerful duck patterns. He then turned to the father, his smile unchanged, and gestured to the skinless corpse.

"Well..." He said, his voice light. "Looks like there was a human under all that skin after all. But..."

His eyes slid to the second son, who had watched his brother's torture in abject horror, his body trembling against the tarp.

"...I should double-check, just to be sure."

The second son's muffled screams erupted anew as Kafka approached, the scalpel glinting in his hand. He crouched beside the young man, the blade hovering over his neck, ready to begin the process again.

Seeing this, the father thrashed against Seraphina's grip, his eyes bulging with despair, but she held him fast, her own face a mask of grim resolve.

Seraphina was the only one still watching, her face a mask of grim endurance, though her legs trembled and her hands clenched into fists to hide their shaking.

Her eyes, wide and unblinking, were fixed on Kafka, as if by sheer will she could anchor herself against the tide of horror threatening to sweep her away.

The father, held in her grip until moments ago, now lay slumped on the ground, his spirit broken.

His eyes, once wild with panic, were dull and lifeless, covered with tears that carved tracks through the dirt on his face. He stared at the remains of his sons, their skinless bodies barely recognizable, and his body shook with silent sobs.

Regret consumed him—regret for every vile act, every twisted desire, but above all, for crossing the family of the monster before him, a young man who could smile so innocently while committing atrocities that would haunt the devil himself.

Seraphina's chest tightened, her breath shallow as she dared to hope the worst was over. The sons were dying, their suffering nearly at an end, and surely Kafka's wrath had been sated.

She longed to turn away, to join Lyla in facing the trees, to escape the weight of this moment. Her stomach churned, her composure fraying, and she felt the first stirrings of nausea clawing at her throat.

But then, to her utter shock, Kafka stood, his blood-soaked raincoat rustling, and reached into his pocket and then pulled out a needle and thread, the kind used for mending clothes, its simplicity so mundane it was almost absurd against the backdrop of carnage.

Seeing this, Seraphina's heart stopped for some reason. Her voice, trembling and barely audible, broke the silence.

"M-Master...What....What are you going to do with that? Why...Why do you have that here?"

Kafka turned to her, his expression as casual as if he were discussing the weather, though the blood splattered across his surgical mask and raincoat made him look like a vision from a nightmare.

"Oh, this?" He said, holding up the needle and thread, letting them dangle in the moonlight. "Our friend here..." He nodded toward the father, who lay slumped and broken "...he looks so terrified, doesn't he? So heartbroken. Like he'd give anything to be with his sons right now, even in their final moments."

"...So I thought I'd do him a favor. Let them be together. Really together."

Seraphina's blood ran cold, her mind struggling to process his words.

"Together?" She whispered, her voice cracking. "What...What do you mean?"

Kafka's smile widened, a chilling blend of innocence and malice.

"Well, the thing is...I'm going to make him wear them."

He said, his tone almost cheerful.

"Their skins, I mean. I'll stitch them together, patch them up nice and neat with this needle and thread, and wrap him up in a suit made of his sons skin."

"...That way, they'll be as close as can be, even as they pass on. One big, happy family, right?"

The words hit Seraphina like a physical blow, her knees buckling as the full horror of his plan sank in. Her mind reeled, unable to comprehend such depravity.

The image—vivid, grotesque, and unrelenting seared itself into her thoughts: the father, draped in the flayed skins of his sons, their bloodied flesh stitched together like some monstrous garment. It was too much.

Even for her, a woman who had killed without flinching, who had seen the worst of humanity, this was beyond endurance. Her composure shattered, and she acted on instinct, releasing the father, who collapsed to the ground with a dull thud.

Stepping forward, her voice shaking but resolute, Seraphina spoke, her words spilling out in a desperate plea.

"Master, please." She said, her eyes wide with panic. "I'm begging you—stop. None of us can bear this any longer. Not me, not the girls, not anyone. What you've done...It's already too much. We'll have nightmares for the rest of our lives if you go through with this."

"...Please, just...just kill them and be done with it. I know I shouldn't speak out of turn, and I'll take any punishment you see fit for my insubordination, but I'm begging you—finish this quickly..."

"...No more. We can't...We can't handle any more."

The mountain range fell silent, the assassins holding their breath, their eyes darting between Seraphina and Kafka.

Lyla, still facing the trees, felt her sister's words like a knife, her curiosity warring with the terror that kept her rooted in place. The other women, some still retching, others trembling with their faces averted, waited for Kafka's response, dreading what he might do to Seraphina for her defiance.

Kafka tilted his head, his gaze settling on Seraphina's pale, pleading face. For a moment, his expression was unreadable, the surgical mask hiding the full extent of his smile.

Then he looked around, taking in the devastation he'd wrought—the vomiting assassins, the shaking hands, the averted eyes.

"You're right..." He said finally, his voice soft, almost apologetic. "I shouldn't have shown you all this. It was...thoughtless of me. I got carried away."

He tossed the needle and thread aside, letting them fall into the dirt, and Seraphina's shoulders sagged with relief, a shaky breath escaping her lips.

"There's some petrol over there." Kafka continued, nodding toward a canister near the truck. "Group them together—all three of them and burn them. That'll be the end of it."

Seraphina didn't hesitate. She moved as if her life depended on it, terrified that Kafka might change his mind.

She grabbed the canister, her hands trembling as she hauled it back to the tarp. The father, too broken to resist, didn't even flinch as she dragged him across the ground, positioning him between the bodies of his sons.

Their skinless forms lay still, their faint breaths barely audible, their lives ebbing away with each passing second.

Seraphina worked quickly, pouring the petrol over the three of them, the sharp, chemical smell cutting through the stench of blood and decay. The father's eyes flickered, a final spark of awareness as he realized what was coming, but he didn't fight.

His tears mixed with the fuel, his body shaking with grief and pain.

And then, with a trembling hand, Seraphina struck a match, the tiny flame casting a warm glow in the darkness. She hesitated for a fraction of a second, her eyes meeting the father's one last time.

Then she tossed the match onto the petrol-soaked bodies.

The flames erupted with a whoosh, a roaring inferno that engulfed the father and his sons in seconds. The father's muffled screams rose, raw and anguished, as the fire consumed him, his body writhing in agony.

The sons, too weak to move, burned silently, their suffering finally ending in the merciless blaze.

The heat was intense, driving the assassins back, their faces illuminated by the flickering orange light, along with the ghoulish shadow of the master watching it all...

Chapter 618: The Madness Of Love

The flames roared in the clearing, a towering inferno that consumed the father and his sons, their bodies reduced to writhing silhouettes in the merciless blaze.

The father's muffled screams, pierced the night before fading into silence, leaving only the crackle of burning flesh and the acrid stench of petrol and charred skin.

Kafka stood a few paces away, his face bathed in the flickering orange glow, his expression utterly blank. He watched the fire with the detached calm of someone observing a bonfire, his eyes devoid

of remorse or satisfaction, as if the horror unfolding before him was no more significant than a routine chore.

The assassins, scattered around the clearing, were a stark contrast—pale, trembling, their faces etched with the trauma of what they'd witnessed.

Seraphina, her hands still shaking from lighting the match, stepped closer to Kafka, forcing herself to meet his gaze despite the fear coiling in her chest. Her voice was steady, though it took every ounce of her willpower to keep it that way.

"Master..." She said, her words cutting through the crackle of the flames. "What exactly are we transporting now? You said there was a job to finish...What is it?"

The other assassins, stirred by her voice, realized how weak and broken they must appear, hunched and scattered like frightened children.

Pride, or perhaps fear of further displeasing their master, drove them to their feet. They assembled behind Seraphina in a ragged line, their movements sluggish, their eyes averted from Kafka's blood-soaked figure.

Even Lyla, who had missed the worst of the carnage, joined them, her gaze catching the burning pyre for the first time.

The sight of the three figures engulfed in flames made her stomach lurch, but she didn't know the full extent of what had happened only that it had broken even the strongest among them. She stood close to Seraphina, her curiosity warring with the dread that kept her silent.

Kafka turned to Seraphina, his expression softening into something almost considerate, though his eyes retained that unreadable glint.

"You know..." He said, his voice gentle. "Today might not be the best day to finish this job. You're all...Well, you're shaken. I can see it. And any more of this, and you might not hold up. I don't want to push you past your limits."

Seraphina's jaw tightened, her mind flashing to the horrors of the night the barrels, the skinning, the fire. The thought of returning to this cursed place, of prolonging this nightmare, was unbearable.

She shook her head, her voice firm despite the tremor in her hands. "No, Master. We'll do it today... Let's finish it and be done with it."

The other assassins nodded silently, their faces grim but resolute. The idea of escaping this forest, of putting this night behind them, was a lifeline they clung to, even if it meant more work. Their agreement was unanimous, a quiet chorus of determination born of desperation.

Kafka sighed, a sound that was almost resigned, and ran a hand through his hair, smearing a streak of blood across his forehead.

"Alright..." He said, relenting. "If you're sure. But it's a heavy job, I'll warn you."

"...To start off grab the shovels I told you to bring. Start digging right here."

He gestured to the patch of ground beneath his feet, the spot where he'd been standing earlier, perched atop the barrels.

The assassins froze, their eyes darting to the ground, confusion mingling with a fresh wave of unease.

Dig? Here?...They exchanged wary glances, but the urgency to finish and flee this place overrode their hesitation.

Several women hurried to their vehicles, retrieving the shovels they'd brought at Kafka's instruction. They returned, their movements fueled by a desperate need to end this night, and began digging, the metal blades biting into the soft earth.

Seraphina joined them, her shovel plunging into the soil with a force born of both fear and determination. The others followed her lead, their breaths heavy, their muscles straining as they dug faster and faster, the pit growing deeper with each scoop.

The fire burned on, casting long shadows across the clearing, the flames reflecting in Kafka's eyes as he watched them work. The assassins' shovels struck dirt and roots, the sound rhythmic but tense, until one blade hit something softer, less resistant than soil.

A muffled thud echoed, and the women paused, their faces paling as they looked to Kafka.

He waved a hand dismissively, his tone calm. "Don't worry. I put it there. Pull it out...That's exactly what we need to transport."

Seraphina hesitated, then stepped into the pit, her boots sinking into the loose dirt. With the help of two other assassins, she gripped the object and hauled it up, straining under its weight.

It was a large, heavy shape, wrapped tightly in a thick black garbage bag, its contours irregular and unsettling.

To an outsider, it might have looked like a bulky sack of refuse, nothing remarkable.

But the assassins were no strangers to death, and the tell tale protrusions—the faint outlines of limbs, the unnatural weight told them exactly what it was.

Their faces drained of color, their breaths catching as the realization hit.

Lyla, standing at the edge of the pit, stared at the bag, her earlier ignorance giving way to a sickening clarity. She knew, without being told, what lay inside. Her hands trembled, her eyes wide with horror as she looked to Seraphina for confirmation.

Seraphina met Kafka's gaze, her voice barely above a whisper. "Master...Is this...?"

Kafka cut her off, his tone matter-of-fact, as if discussing the weather.

"Exactly what you're thinking, Seraphina. No point hiding it from you. That's a body in there. Chopped up, bagged, and buried...Been here a while."

The assassins recoiled, some clutching their shovels tighter, others stepping back as if the bag might spring to life.

Compared to the horrors of the barrels and the skinning, a dismembered body was almost mundane, but the casual way Kafka spoke of it reignited their fear.

He then stepped closer, his voice taking on a storytelling lilt.

"If memory serves, this guy was following my mother around at night. Had some nasty ideas in his head. Couldn't let that slide, so I took care of him. Quietly. And this..." He nudged the bag with his foot. "...is the result. Buried him here after I was done, but I realized recently I shouldn't leave loose ends lying around, just like the others. Not so...exposed."

Seraphina nodded mechanically, ready to load the bag onto the truck and be done with it, but then his words sank in.

Loose ends...Plural.

Her face paled, her eyes widening as she turned to him, her voice stammering.

"Master...You said 'loose ends' and 'Others'. D-Does that mean that this...this not the only one?"

Kafka chuckled, a low, amused sound that sent a shiver through the group.

"If it was just one body, Seraphina, I'd have handled it myself. No need to drag all of you out here for something that simple."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a folded piece of paper, handing it to her with a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"Here. I marked down all the places I buried bodies in this forest...Dig them up, transport them, destroy them properly. That's the job."

Seraphina unfolded the paper with trembling hands, her breath catching as she saw the map Kafka had drawn—a rough sketch of the forest, dotted with countless X marks.

Lyla peered over her shoulder, her gasp audible as she counted.

Ten, twenty, fifty...over a hundred marks, scattered across the terrain like a constellation of death.

Seeing this, Seraphina's head snapped up, her voice shaking with disbelief. "Master, this...this can't be right. Over a hundred? There's no way...There's no way there can be so many bodies?"

But to her utter shock, Kafka only shook his head, his expression almost apologetic, though his eyes gleamed with something darker.

"No mistake, Seraphina. There really are that many...You see, my family's safety has been tested more times than you'd think, and I handled it myself before you all stepped in to protect them."

"But it's not just that...I also took out anyone who might've been a threat—serial convicts, predators, anyone lurking too close to my home. Made the town safer for my family, for all of them."

"...That's how the numbers added up."

The assassins stared at him, their horror deepening with every word.

A hundred bodies...A hundred lives snuffed out, not just in defense, but preemptively, to carve out a sanctuary for his family.

The scale of it, the cold pragmatism, was staggering. Kafka's willingness to kill—relentlessly, mercilessly, revealed a devotion so absolute it bordered on madness.

Kafka then glanced at his phone, checking the time with a casual flick.

"Better get started." He said, his tone brisk. "There's a lot to dig up, and even with all of you, it'll take time. Best to finish before sunrise—don't want anyone spotting a bunch of pretty girls hauling bodies around, right?"

He paused, his smile softening as he suggested helping out.

"You know, I can stay and help if you need me. Could speed things up."

But Seraphina's head snapped up, her voice urgent.

"No, Master. We'll handle it. You...You should go home. Be with your family."

Kafka raised an eyebrow, his smile turning faintly amused. "You sure? I could be useful."

"Yes." Seraphina said quickly, her tone firm despite the fear in her eyes. "We've got this. Please, go home."

The truth was unspoken but clear: his presence, his casual ease amidst such carnage, made their skin crawl. They couldn't work with him looming over them, a reminder of the demon they served.

Kafka shrugged, seemingly unbothered.

"Alright, if you insist. Take care, ladies. Finish the job properly."

He peeled off his blood-soaked raincoat, tossing it into the dying flames, and walked away, his steps light and unhurried, as if he were merely strolling through the night.

The ducks on the discarded raincoat curled and blackened in the fire, a final, mocking image of the night's horrors.

The assassins stood in stunned silence, the weight of their task settling over them like a shroud. Lyla stepped closer to Seraphina, her voice barely above a whisper.

"I get it now..." She said, her eyes wide with realization. "Why you're so afraid of him. He's...He's an angel, Seraphina. He saved us, pulled us out of hell. But he's a demon, too. What he did tonight."

"...It's the kind of carnage that would make the emperor of the underworld himself look away in fright."

Seraphina's expression was grave, her gaze fixed on the map in her hands.

"As long as we're on his side, Lyla, we're safe. He'd protect us with his life, same as he does his family. But..." Her voice dropped, a shiver running through her. "If we ever cross him, if we ever step onto his bad side, we're nothing but trash bags under the ground...Just like them."

The words hung heavy, a chilling truth that silenced the group. The assassins shivered, their eyes darting to the map, to the hundred X marks promising hours of grueling, soul-crushing work.

Seraphina folded the paper, her jaw set. "No time to waste." She said, her voice steady despite the tremor in her chest. "Sun's coming up soon. Start digging. Every body, every mark. Let's get this done."

The women moved, their shovels biting into the earth once more, the notion of their work a desperate attempt to outrun the horrors of the night.

The fire burned low, its embers glowing faintly as the forest swallowed Kafka's retreating figure.

The assassins dug, their hands blistered, their hearts heavy, knowing that the demon who had saved them was also the one who had stained their souls forever.

And as the night settled, the forest seemed to whisper its own warning: to serve Kafka was to walk a razor's edge, where loyalty meant survival, and betrayal meant a shallow grave...

Chapter 619: God's Favorite Child

The kitchen glowed with the soft, golden light of late afternoon, the air rich with the scent of simmering herbs and freshly chopped vegetables. Kafka stood at the counter, a knife in hand, methodically slicing carrots, though his focus wavered.

His eyes kept drifting to the hallway, where his mother buzzed about like a hummingbird, her movements quick and brimming with nervous excitement. She was a whirlwind of energy, flitting from one corner of the house to another, checking every detail with meticulous care.

She rearranged the ornaments in living room for what Kafka was certain was the fifth time, nudged a vase on the side table a fraction of an inch, and ran a cloth over already spotless surfaces.

Her face was alight with a giddy smile, her eyes sparkling with a joy so pure it seemed to fill the entire house. It was clear she was preparing for someone whose arrival meant the world to her, someone she'd been yearning to see for far too long.

Abigail then paused in the living room, hands on her hips as she surveyed her work.

"Perfect..."

She murmured, though she immediately darted to a picture frame, tilting it ever so slightly to the left and her laughter, soft and melodic, echoed through the house, making it obvious about the anticipation bubbling inside her.

Kafka, watching from the kitchen, couldn't suppress a fond chuckle. He set the knife down, wiping his hands on a towel as he leaned against the counter.

"Mom..." He called, his voice warm with intrigue. "I get that you're over the moon—Mom's coming home today, huge deal...But do you really need to fluff those pillows again? That's gotta be the ninth time you're doing so."

"...You're making me tired just looking at you, and I'm the one making dinner here."

Abigaille spun around, her smile radiant, and clapped her hands together with a delighted squeal.

"Oh, Kafi, I can't help it!" She exclaimed, practically bouncing as she hurried into the kitchen. "After all this time, Olivia's finally coming back home! Do you know how long I've been dreaming of this?"

She leaned against the counter beside him, her eyes shining with emotion.

"When we first came to this town a year ago, we said this was it—this was where we'd settle, where we'd spend the rest of our lives. Just the three of us, together, happy...And now it's happening! Olivia's coming home, and we're going to live here, all of us, just like we planned."

"...I'm so excited I could burst!"

Her joy was infectious, and she couldn't contain it. She began to hop from foot to foot, her body swaying as she broke into a little dance, humming a cheerful tune under her breath.

Her skirt swished with each movement, her laughter filling the kitchen as she spun in a playful circle, her excitement making her look years younger.

Kafka's lips curved into a soft smile, his heart warming at the sight of his mother so unabashedly happy. It was a precious moment, seeing her so free, and it made the house feel like a true home, a sanctuary of love and light.

But as Abigaille danced, her enthusiasm carried her perilously close to the stove, where a pan sizzled, and the counter, strewn with knives and cutting boards.

And seeing this, Kafka's smile faltered, a flicker of worry crossing his face. She was twirling now, oblivious to the dangers around her, and he could already imagine her tripping over a knife or brushing against the hot burner.

So, before she could spin again, he moved swiftly, stepping behind her and wrapping his arms around her waist, pulling her gently but firmly against him.

Her back pressed into his chest, her body trapped between him and the counter, his hands resting lightly on her hips as he picked up the knife and resumed chopping vegetables over her shoulder.

Abigaille froze, caught off guard by the sudden closeness. She then tilted her head back, her eyes meeting his with curiosity.

"Kafi, what in the world are you doing?"

She asked, her voice playful but tinged with confusion, while her soft curves pressed against him, her ass warm and snug against his crotch, the intimacy of their position sending a subtle thrill through her, though she didn't pull away.

Kafka's voice was low, teasing, as he leaned down, his breath warm against her ear.

"You're having way too much fun dancing around like that, Mom. This kitchen's a death trap—knives, fire, and that hot pan full of oil on the stove and I'm not about to let you twirl your way into a disaster right before Mom gets home."

"...What kind of welcome would that be, sending you to the ER right as she comes home? So, you're staying right here, safe and sound, until you calm down a bit."

Abigaille laughed, a rich, hearty sound that vibrated through her body.

"Oh, Kafi, you're being ridiculous." She said, her smile widening as she looked back at him. "You think a little thing like this is going to stop me? I'm too excited! Olivia's coming home, and I could dance all day!"

To prove her point, she began to wiggle in his arms, her body swaying in an attempt to continue her dance. Her movements were cute, almost comical, as she shook her hips and twisted playfully, humming her little song.

But the effect was anything but innocent.

Her ass, pressed firmly against Kafka's crotch, moved in slow, sultry circles, the friction warm and tantalizing. Each wiggle was a soft, teasing grind, her curves sliding against him in a way that felt less like a dance and more like an unintentional lap dance.

The fabric of her skirt brushed against his pants, her body warm and soft in his arms, and Kafka felt a heat stirring down under, his grip on her hips tightening slightly to steady himself.

And unable to hold back, he leaned down again, his lips brushing the shell of her ear as he whispered with a bit of amusement and something deeper.

"Mom, are you sure you're just dancing?...Because it's starting to feel like you're trying to seduce your son."

Abigaille stilled, her body pausing as his words sank in.

For a moment, she blinked, her mind catching up to the reality of her movements—the way her ass had been grinding against him, the intimate press of their bodies.

A flush crept up her cheeks, her eyes widening as she turned her head to look at him, her expression a full of embarrassment and flustered excitement.

"N-No way, Kafi!" She stammered, her voice higher than usual. "I was just...just having fun! I didn't mean to...oh, goodness, I wasn't trying to do that!"

Kafka chuckled, the sound low and warm, his lips curving into a teasing smile.

"Sure you weren't." He said, his tone dripping with playful skepticism. "Having fun at my expense, huh?"

Before she could protest further, he dipped his head, pressing a soft, lingering kiss to the side of her neck, just below her ear.

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

His lips lingered on her neck, the soft, warm press of his mouth sending a cascade of shivers down her spine. Each kiss was tender, a slow, sensual act of love that traced the delicate curve just below her ear, where her pulse fluttered like a trapped bird.

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

His breath was hot against her skin, a teasing contrast to the cool air of the kitchen, and the faint scrape of his stubble added a delicious edge to the sensation.

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

Abigail's heart raced, her body instinctively leaning into his touch, though a small voice in her mind whispered that she should push him away, should scold him for being so bold with his mother.

But the warmth of his lips, the way they moved with such tender precision, was too intoxicating, too perfect. She let herself melt into it, her resistance dissolving as she surrendered to the forbidden thrill of his affection.

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

His hands, strong and sure, also slipped beneath the hem of her dress, the fabric sliding up her waist with a whisper of cotton against skin, while his fingers found her soft, plush tummy, the gentle curve that spoke of comfort and warmth, and he caressed it with a reverence that made her heart race.

"Stroke!~ Rub!~ Slide!~ Glide!~ Press!

His touch was slow, almost worshipful, as he traced lazy circles around her navel, his fingertips dipping into the sensitive hollow with a teasing, intimate pressure. Her skin tingled under his exploration, each stroke igniting a spark that spread through her core, her body growing warmer, more tender, as she pressed herself closer to him.

"Swipe!~ Brush!~ Slip!~ Slick! Swirl!~"

The contrast of his rough palms against her silky flesh was uncontrollable, a silent promise of more, and she felt a flush creeping up her chest, her breath coming in shallow, needy gasps.

And wanting to distract herself from what was happening, she said while controlling her moans, "...K-Kafi, about what you said that night? "

Kafka's lips then moved higher, brushing the sensitive shell of her ear as he whispered, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through her.

"What did you mean, Mom? About what I said that night?" His kisses continued, a trail of heat along her neck, each one deeper, as if he were savoring the taste of her skin.

Abigaille's breath came in shallow pants, her body alight with the heat of his touch, the press of his lips, the hard length of him against her ass. She struggled to form words, her mind clouded by the sensations overwhelming her.

"You...You said that night." She gasped, her voice thick with need. "That everything would work out. That fate was on our side, that by morning it'd all be fine. And...oh, Kafi, it happened."

"That man, the one bothering us, he got caught in some tax evasion mess. Him and his sons, they fled, left their whole business behind. The police are after them, and they're gone...Olivia's also free now—she sold the business, and she's coming home, just like you said."

Her words spilled out in a rush, punctuated by soft moans as Kafka's fingers circled her navel, his touch sending sparks of pleasure through her. She turned her head, her blue eyes catching the sight of his hand under her dress, the way his finger moved in and out of her navel, slow and teasing, like a lover's caress.

His lips found her earlobe, sucking it gently, and she whimpered, her body pressing tighter against him, her ass grinding in slow, needy circles.

"How...How did you know, Kafi?" She whispered, her voice trembling with both curiosity and the throbbing ache between her thighs. "How'd you know it'd all work out?"

Kafka chuckled, his lips brushing her ear as he spoke, his breath hot against her skin.

"Why?...Because you're God's favorite child, Mom. I knew the heavens wouldn't let anything happen to his sweetest daughter."

His hand spreads across her tummy, fingers spreading wide to claim every inch of her soft, warm skin, while his other hand slid up to cup her face, tilting it toward him.

Abigail's pulse raced, her body humming with desire as his words wrapped around her like a caress.

"God's favorite child?" She asked, her voice playful but edged with a needy whine, her hips shifting to press her ass harder against him. "How am I that, Kafi? How do you know?"

His lips hovered over her neck, his breath a warm tease as he spoke, his voice low and reverent.

"Because you're an angel, Mom. Your face—God, it's perfection. Those blue eyes, so bright they pull me in like a tide. Your smooth brown skin, soft as silk, glowing like it's kissed by the sun. And those pink lips..."

His thumb brushed her lower lip, tugging it gently, making her gasp.

"...So sweet, so tempting, I can't stop thinking about them. You're a vision, Mom, like you fell straight from heaven and sometimes I just wonder if you're even real, or if you're an angel who got lost down here."

His words set her alight, each one a spark that fanned the flames of her arousal. Abigail's cheeks burned, her heart swelling with a dizzying burst of love and lust.

To hear her Kafi praise her so openly, to feel his hands worship her body, his lips claim her skin—it was a bliss so profound it left her trembling.

Her excitement, already sky-high from Olivia's return, spilled over into a bold, cheeky impulse. She turned her head, her eyes locking onto his, sparkling with mischief and desire.

"Well, Kafi." She purred, her voice a sultry whisper. "If I'm an angel who fell from heaven, don't I deserve a kiss? I've been so lonely down here, you know. Even an angel needs love...even if it's from her own son, her sweet, beloved Kafi."

Kafka's eyes flashed with hunger, a primal spark that made her breath catch. He didn't hesitate, his hand on her jaw guiding her face to his as his lips crashed against hers.

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

The kiss was fire, a searing, desperate clash of tongues and teeth, their mouths moving in a frantic, needy manner. His tongue plunged into her, tasting her deeply, the wet slide of it against hers sending shudders through her body.

Saliva glistened on their lips, dripping down her chin as she moaned into his mouth, her body arching to press every curve against him.

Her ass ground harder against his crotch, feeling the thick, pulsing heat of him through his jeans, and she whimpered, her lower half throbbing with a need she couldn't deny...

Chapter 620: What Would I Do To My Daughter?

Abigaille's soft whimpers filled the kitchen, her body trembling as she ground her plush ass harder against her son's crotch, the thick, pulsing heat of his erection pressing through his jeans, sending shivers of raw need through her core.

His tongue still lingered in her mouth, the kiss a wet, hungry clash that left her breathless, but he pulled back just enough to speak.

"It's not just that beautiful face that makes you God's daughter, Mom." He murmured, his breath hot against her skin. "It's this body—this sexy, plump, juicy body of yours."

"...It simply doesn't belong on earth. It's too perfect, too sinful for this world."

Before Abigaille could respond, Kafka's hands moved with swift, hungry intent. He gripped the hem of her top and yanked it upward, pulling it over her head in one smooth motion, tossing it aside to reveal the full, heavy swell of her breasts, barely contained by her bra.

Her chest heaved, the creamy brown skin glistening under the kitchen's warm light and then with a quick tug, he pulled her bra down, the fabric catching beneath her breasts, making them bounce free—fat, plump, and gloriously unrestrained.

They jiggled with each breath, her dark purple areolas stark against her skin, taut and begging for touch. Abigaille gasped, her cheeks flushing, but the heat in her pussy only intensified, her body arching instinctively toward him.

Kafka's hands were on her instantly, his fingers sinking deep into the soft, yielding flesh of her breasts, kneading them with a possessive, almost reverent greed.

"Goddamn, Mom." He groaned, his voice thick with lust. "These tits—look at how fucking erotic they are. So fat, so heavy, bouncing like they were made to be groped, made to be worshipped."

His thumbs brushed her areolas, circling the puckered, purple peaks with slow, teasing strokes, making her nipples harden under his touch.

"No one else has breasts like these. They're perfect, Mom. Only God's favorite child could have tits this juicy, this fucking obscene."

"Mmm!~ Ahhh!~ Noo!~"

Abigaille moaned, her head tilting back against his shoulder, her body quivering as his fingers dug into her flesh, squeezing and molding her breasts with a roughness that sent sparks of pleasure—pain shooting through her.

"Haughh!~ Ahnn!~ Nnn!~"

His words, dirty and unfiltered, wrapped around her like a spell, amplifying the heat pooling between her thighs. She whimpered, her hips twitching, grinding her ass harder against his crotch, feeling the rigid length of his cock pressing into her, straining against his jeans.

The sensation of his hardness, so blatant and undeniable, made her pulse race, her excitement spiking at the thought that she—her body, her curves was driving her son, her Kafi, wild with desire.

Kafka's fingers then found her nipples, pinching them gently at first, then tugging them with a firm, insistent pull that made her cry out, her back arching to push her breasts further into his hands.

"Noo, Kafi!~ Noo!~ Hmmm!~"

He rolled the sensitive buds between his fingers, stretching them, twisting them, each movement sending jolts of pleasure straight to her spine.

"Fuck, these nipples." He growled, his lips brushing her ear, his breath hot and ragged. "So hard, so perfect. I could play with these all day, Mom, just watch you squirm and moan for me."

His hands cupped her breasts, lifting their heavy weight, letting them bounce in his palms before squeezing them again, his fingers sinking deep into the soft flesh.

At the same time, he pressed himself closer, grinding his cock against her ass with slow, purposeful thrusts. Even through his pants, she could feel the thick, throbbing heat of him, the way his erection nestled between her cheeks, slipping into the cleft as he rocked against her.

"And this ass..." He groaned, his voice dripping with lust. "This fat, lewd fucking ass. It's unreal, Mom. So round, so juicy, I can't keep my hands off it. It's begging to be grabbed, to be fucked."

His hands slid down briefly, gripping her hips to pull her tighter against him, his cock grinding deeper into her ass, the friction making her thighs clench with need.

"Ahh!~ Haughh!~ Haugg!~ Nnn!~"

Abigaille's moans grew louder, her body trembling as she surrendered to the onslaught of sensation—his hands on her breasts, his cock against her ass, his filthy words painting her as a goddess of desire.

Her panties were soaked, the damp fabric clinging to her folds, her pussy throbbing with a desperate ache.

Kafka's lips then returned to her neck, sucking hard enough to leave a mark, his teeth grazing her skin as he spoke. "How could God let a daughter like you come down to earth, Mom? This face, these tits, this ass—you're too fucking perfect."

"If I had a daughter this sexy, I'd never let her go. I'd keep her locked away, all to myself, and do unspeakable things to her every single day...Fuck her until she couldn't think, until she was mine in every way."

Abigaille's body trembled, her slick thighs quivering as the heat of Kafka's words and touch consumed her. The filthy image he'd painted—her as his captive, his to worship and ravage pushed her to the brink, her mind swirling with forbidden desire.

She turned in his arms, her movements slow and tender, her eyes glazed with lust as she faced him. Her plump breasts, still exposed, bounced softly, her purple nipples hard and aching from his relentless teasing.

"Kafi..." She purred, her tone a sultry mix of scolding and invitation. "You shouldn't do such things with your daughter. Lewd acts like this....They're not allowed."

Kafka's lips curled into a wicked smirk, his hands never leaving her body. His fingers pinched her nipples, tugging them with a firm, teasing pull that made her gasp, her back arching to press her breasts closer to his touch.

"Oh, Mom." He growled, his voice thick with dark amusement. "What exactly do you think I'd do to you if I was your father? What unspeakable acts are you imagining in that pretty head of yours?"

His eyes burned into hers, daring her to voice the filthy thoughts swirling in her mind.

As he spoke, his hands slid lower, slipping beneath the waistband of her soaked panties. His fingers found her ass, groping the fat, juicy cheeks with a possessive hunger, kneading the soft flesh until she moaned.

Then, with a slow, teasing touch, he traced the cleft between her cheeks, his fingertip circling her tight anus, pressing against the sensitive ring with a gentle, insistent pressure.

"Ahhh!~ Not there!~ Nooo!~ Mm!~"

Abigaille's breath hitched, her body shuddering as he slipped a finger inside, the intrusion slow and slick, stretching her in a way that made her thighs clench and her core throb with desperate need.

Her voice was a dirty, breathless whisper, her words spilling out in a rush of raw, unfiltered lust.

"K-Knowing you, Kafi, you naughty pervert of a son."

She gasped, her hips rocking back to meet his probing finger.

"You wouldn't care if I was your daughter or not. You'd lock me away, keep me all to yourself, treat me like some kind of sex slave."

Her eyes fluttered shut, her body trembling as his finger pushed deeper, spreading her anus open, playing with the tight, sensitive walls in slow, teasing strokes.

"You'd...fuck, you'd have me naked all day, tied to your bed, my legs spread wide, my pussy dripping for you...You'd fuck me raw, Kafi, your cock pounding into me, filling me up until I'm screaming, begging for more."

"...You wouldn't stop, not even when I'm shaking, not even when I'm coming so hard I can't think!
~"

Kafka's finger thrust deeper, curling inside her anus, stretching her wider as he groaned, his cock throbbing against her ass through his jeans.

"Keep going, Mom." He urged, his voice a low, hungry growl. "Tell me more. What else would I do to my sexy little daughter?"

"Ahhh!~ Mmmm!~ Nnnn!~"

Abigail's moans grew louder, her body writhing as his finger fucked her ass, slow and deep, the sensation pushing her closer to the edge.

"You'd...oh, God, you'd suck my tits, Kafi!~" She whimpered, her voice thick with lust. "Bite my nipples, pull them with your teeth until I'm crying out, my pussy soaking the sheets!~ You'd fuck my ass, too, bend me over and shove your thick cock inside, stretching me until I'm sobbing, loving every second of it!~"

"You'd make me ride you, my fat ass bouncing on your cock, my tits jiggling in your face, and you'd spank me, leave my cheeks red and stinging, telling me what a naughty little slut I am for you!~"

Her words were a torrent of filth, each one painting a vivid, erotic picture that made her body burn hotter. She could feel his finger sliding in and out, spreading her anus, teasing the sensitive nerves until her legs shook.

"Y-You wouldn't give me a break!~" She gasped, her hips grinding back against his hand, chasing the pleasure. "You'd fuck me all day, every day, in every hole, until I'm a mess, until I'm yours completely!~ You'd...fuck, you'd come inside me, fill my pussy, my ass, my mouth, mark me as yours!~"

"...You'd corrupt me, Kafi, turn me into your perfect little whore, begging for your cock, craving it, needing it to feel whole!~"