

The Heart System

#Chapter 1 - Read The Heart System Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

The cigarette tasted sharp against the night air, smoke drifting past the open window. I leaned there for a while, watching the world wake up—cars sliding down the street, a kid pedaling too fast on a bike, the corner store flicking its neon sign to life. Same view as always, but I never minded looking. It gave me something to do before work.

I tapped the ash into the tray, stubbed the cigarette out halfway, and turned back into the room. Clothes were waiting on the chair. Black jeans, a clean shirt, my jacket. I pulled them on piece by piece, the motions familiar, practiced. Living alone had that effect—everything stayed where I left it, no surprises, no mess but mine.

The mirror by the door caught me for a second. My eyes looked like I hadn't slept enough, but that was nothing new. I pressed my hair back with a wet hand, good enough, and grabbed my keys.

Gas station shift in twenty minutes. Another night of swiping cards, restocking shelves, and listening to people's late-hour stories. Not exciting, but it paid rent.

I slipped my lighter into my pocket, shut the door behind me, and headed out.

The hallway was dim, the light overhead buzzing like it wanted to die. I locked up behind me, slipped the keys into my pocket, and started toward the stairs.

That's when I saw her.

Jasmine, my next-door neighbor, was half leaning out of her doorway, cigarette in one hand, the other resting lazily on her hip. A guy in a hoodie slipped past me, his head ducked, trying not to make eye contact as he zipped up his fly. Jasmine gave him a lazy wave with her cigarette, smoke curling around her smirk. Another one of her customers. This horny woman, I swear...

"Come back when your wallet forgives you, baby," she purred after him.

The guy muttered something and shuffled off.

Then her eyes flicked to me.

She was dressed like always: lingerie instead of clothes. Black lace that clung to her chest so tight it looked ready to give out, her tits pushing against the thin fabric, heavy and distracting. The robe she wore over it was silk, barely tied, sliding off one shoulder to show smooth skin. Her thighs were bare, the curve of her ass just visible when she

shifted her weight. She didn't look like she was getting ready for bed—she looked like she was advertising a goddamn fantasy.

"Well, well. Morning, Evan." Smoke drifted past her smile as she looked me over. "Heading to your glamorous little kingdom behind the counter?"

"Yeah," I said, adjusting my jacket. "Same as always."

She took a drag, lips painted too red for daylight, then exhaled slowly. "You know, you walk past me every damn day, and you never stop for a taste. What's a girl gotta do? Offer a neighbor discount?"

I smirked, shaking my head. "Pretty sure I can't afford even the discounted rate."

"Oh, sweetheart, you'd be surprised what I can do for the right neighbor." She leaned in, cleavage obvious, her voice dropping low and dirty. "You look like the kind who bottles it up. You need someone to take care of that before it poisons you."

"Yeah, yeah," I muttered, not slowing down. "You tell me that every time."

"Because it's true every time." She flicked her ash, eyeing me with a sly grin. "One day you'll give in. And when you do, you'll wonder why you didn't fuck me sooner."

I chuckled under my breath, stepping off the curb. "I'll keep it in mind."

"You'd better," she called after me, voice playful. "I might even knock ten percent off for you. Special offer, just for the boy next door."

I waved her off without turning. Same banter, different day.

The street outside was already alive. Cars pressed bumper to bumper, horns blaring as if that would change anything. Neon signs buzzed even in the daylight, flickering with ads for clubs, pawn shops, massage parlors, and a dozen fast-food joints packed side by side. A woman in heels brushed past me, her perfume cutting through the stink of exhaust. Somewhere, a vendor shouted about hot buns fresh from the steamer, and the crowd rolled on without listening.

I pulled my jacket tighter and slipped into the flow, letting the noise wash over me. People everywhere—faces lit by phone screens, eyes empty, moving fast like the city might swallow them whole if they stopped too long.

The bus stop was just ahead, glass walls smeared with graffiti and old gum clinging to the bench. A couple of kids in school uniforms were kicking at each other's shoes, an old man muttered to himself, and two girls in tight skirts giggled over a screen. I leaned against the pole, pulled out my phone, and scrolled through nothing. Messages I didn't

feel like answering, feeds full of people pretending their lives were more interesting than they were.

Minutes dragged until the bus finally pulled up with a squeal of brakes. Doors hissed open, and the crowd surged forward. I slid in with them, pressing past shoulders and backpacks. The air inside was warm, heavy with too many bodies and too little space.

I managed to claim a seat halfway down, wedged between a guy in a suit dozing against the window and a woman juggling grocery bags. Not comfortable, but better than standing.

I slipped my phone back into my pocket, resting my head against the seatback as the bus lurched forward, carrying me deeper into the city's glow.

The bus rattled down the avenue, every stop pulling more people in until the aisle was packed shoulder to shoulder. I leaned slightly to the side, phone forgotten in my pocket, eyes drifting over the crowd.

That's when I saw him.

A man in his forties, pressed too close behind a girl who couldn't have been older than twenty. She had long brown hair that brushed her shoulders, a soft face made smaller by the way she tried to keep her eyes down. Her skirt barely reached her knees, and her hands clutched the strap of her bag like it was a shield. Every time the bus jolted, the man's hand shifted, brushing against her hip, her ass, too deliberate to be an accident.

Her jaw tightened. She shifted away an inch, but he followed, closing the gap again, pretending it was the sway of the bus.

I sighed through my nose, pushed myself up from my seat. "Here," I said, nodding toward the empty spot. "Take it."

Her eyes flicked up, wide. "Oh, no, that's okay. I don't—"

"I insist," I cut her off, stepping aside.

She hesitated, then lowered herself into the seat like her legs might give out. Her voice was soft, almost breaking. "...Thank you."

I gave a small nod and turned away, planting myself in the aisle, one hand gripping the overhead bar. The man was still there, staring at nothing, pretending like he hadn't been caught.

I looked straight at him until his eyes finally met mine. Didn't say a word. Just let the silence stretch, the weight of it hanging between us.

Then I exhaled, long and slow, and looked away.

Coward.

The bus shuddered, carrying us all forward, the city's lights flashing across the windows as if it didn't notice at all.

I shifted my weight as the bus rumbled on, trying not to think about the man anymore. My eyes wandered down the aisle, past the bodies crammed shoulder to shoulder.

Then I saw someone...

At the far end of the bus, tucked into the corner seat by the window, sat a girl I knew I'd never seen before. Long blonde hair spilled like silk over her shoulders, catching the glow of the passing neon outside. Her eyes—blue, piercing, almost unreal, were fixed on something beyond the glass, and for a second, the whole noise of the bus seemed to dull around her. Her skin was pale, soft in a way that didn't look like it belonged to this city, this world.

I blinked.

And she was gone.

The seat was empty, the glass behind it reflecting nothing but the blur of headlights and rain-streaked signs.

I frowned, rubbing at my eyes, then let out a breath and leaned back against the pole. "Yeah... I really gotta stop drinking beer for breakfast."

The bus jolted again, carrying me forward into the night, and I didn't look back.

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Chapter 2: Chapter 2

The bus hissed to a stop, and I slipped out into the night air. The city smelled different here—stale beer, piss, fried food from the 24-hour diner across the street. This was the edge of town, the kind of place neon signs didn't quite brighten, no matter how hard they buzzed. The gas station sat a block ahead, its flickering lights glowing sickly yellow, the kind of glow that made you feel dirtier just for standing under it.

On the way there, I caught sight of movement in the narrow gap between two buildings. At first, I thought it was just a couple arguing. Then I looked again.

They weren't arguing.

The woman was bent forward against the wall, one hand bracing herself on the bricks while the other tugged her crumpled T-shirt up over her chest. Her breasts were full and heavy, flushed from the man's rough grip, his mouth fastened to one as he sucked with hungry need. She moaned low, arching her back, while his hips drove into her from behind, jeans pushed down around his thighs.

"Fuck, harder," she panted, tilting her head back.

"Yeah? You like that?" His voice was a grunt, raw and impatient. He slammed into her again, one hand kneading her breast, the other gripping her hip hard enough to leave marks.

She cried out, hair sticking to her sweaty face, her tits bouncing with every thrust.

I slowed, watching from the sidewalk. Nobody else paid them any attention—two men walked past with cigarettes dangling from their lips, barely glancing at the scene before carrying on. This neighborhood had long stopped pretending to care.

The man's pace grew erratic, harsher. "Shit... I'm close."

He pulled out in a rush, fumbling off the condom, and stroked himself fast, groaning as he spilled hot across her lower back and the crumpled fabric of her pants. His chest heaved, sweat dripping down his forehead.

The woman didn't flinch. She just sighed, straightening, tugging her shirt down over her sticky skin. Then she held out her palm, flat, expectant.

"Two hundred," she said, casual as asking for bus fare.

He swore under his breath, pulled a wad of bills from his pocket, and slapped it into her hand.

She counted quick, stuffed the cash between her tits, and adjusted her shirt like nothing had happened. "Pleasure doing business."

The man zipped his jeans, muttered something, and the two of them walked out of the alley in different directions—disappearing back into the city's pulse like ghosts.

I lit another cigarette and kept moving, the city alive around me. Neon signs buzzed, flickering like they couldn't decide if they wanted to be bright or broken.

My eyes drifted back to the alley, where that woman had been. There was a woman I'd known once—a girl with soft skin and bright eyes who had, long ago, chosen money over something real. My girlfriend.

I exhaled smoke, letting it drift into the cool night. Yeah... money made people do all sorts of things.

The gas station's flickering lights came into view, the weak yellow glow highlighting the grime along the pavement. Lost in thought, I flicked the last ember of my cigarette to the side, watching it sizzle and die on the cracked asphalt.

The hum of the overhead lights greeted me as I stepped inside. The glass door chimed lazily, announcing me in a tone that didn't quite match the grit outside. I paused for a second, letting my eyes adjust to the fluorescent glare, the smell of oil, coffee, and stale air wrapping around me like a familiar coat. Another night, another shift. Same as always.

Ricky was behind the counter, slouched over his phone. He looked up, eyes half-lidded. "You're late."

"Two minutes," I said, stepping behind the register. "Don't get emotional."

He snorted, grabbing his jacket from the hook. "Thank fuck. This place was dead, man. One guy bought gas, some drunk chick tried to piss in the trash can—same old."

"Sounds lively."

"You can have it." He slid his time card into the punch machine, the beep echoing sharp. "Try not to die of boredom."

"Thanks for the pep talk."

He smirked, already halfway out the door. "See you tomorrow, Evan."

And then I was alone.

The hum of the fridges filled the silence, the smell of burnt coffee hanging in the air. I set my phone on the counter, leaned against it, and exhaled smoke into the stale night.

Another shift. Another night watching the hours crawl by, pretending not to see the city's filth bleeding in through the glass.

The clock ticked over to midnight, and I was officially on duty.

The first couple of hours passed in a dull rhythm. People came and went: a guy grabbing a pack of cigarettes, a woman filling her tank and buying energy drinks, a teenager fumbling with change for a soda. Faces blurred together, some tired, some careless, some too drunk to notice the world around them. I nodded, said the usual lines, scanned the items, punched the register. Nothing new. Nothing worth thinking about.

Then the door chimed again.

I looked up and froze. The man from the bus—the one I had caught harassing that girl—stood in the doorway. His eyes locked onto mine for a heartbeat that felt too long. Behind him, two more men stepped in, moving with easy confidence toward him, murmuring to each other in low whispers. I let out a slow breath, tension crawling up my neck.

He approached the counter, casual like nothing had happened. "Can I get a pack of these?" he said, pointing to a brand of cigarettes.

I grabbed the pack he indicated and slid it across the counter.

"You love playing the hero, huh?" he said, dropping coins onto the counter, the change clattering. "I get that. You're still young."

"I love playing a man with common sense," I replied, taking the coins and dropping them into the register. "Would that be all?"

One of his friends bumped into a display, sending an orange juice bottle crashing to the floor. I exhaled, shaking my head, muttering, "Of course..."

They chuckled but didn't linger. The three of them left the station, and I went to the mop closet to grab a broom and mop, muttering to myself as I cleaned the spill.

The door jingled softly again.

"I'm coming in a second," I called, expecting another customer. "There's just..."

No. The same three men were back, their expressions dark, eyes like predators. The first man—the molester—stepped forward.

"Play the hero more, cunt," he spat, the saliva hitting my cheek. "I dare you."

I groaned, bracing myself as the two men lunged, slamming me into the counter. The register rattled beneath me, bottles clinking on the shelves. Fists and elbows met my ribs and shoulders, sharp and relentless.

"Should've kept your mouth shut, kid," one of them muttered as they hit me again.

I gritted my teeth, letting my arms absorb the blows as best I could, coughing from the hits. "Shit... agh..." I groaned, pushing back where I could, but there were too many of them.

Minutes—or maybe seconds—later, they stepped back with cold, satisfied smirks, leaving me on the floor, bruised and gasping.

I was still lying on the floor, ribs aching, head pounding from the earlier beating, when the door chimed again.

Someone stepped inside—a girl, but I couldn't see her face from behind the counter. Her presence felt different, almost... surreal. She leaned slightly on the glass, voice calm, measured.

"Can I get a mint cigarette?"

I groaned, pressing a hand to my ribs. "I'm... kinda beaten up right now."

She smirked. "I expect service when I enter here. Don't let your little injuries get in the way."

I exhaled sharply, forcing myself up. My legs shook, but I managed to grab a stool and drag it behind the counter, sitting down heavily. Pain lanced through my side as I straightened, and that's when I saw her—blonde hair falling like silk, blue eyes that somehow made the harsh fluorescent lights feel soft, and skin so unreal it almost hurt to look at.

"Wait... I saw you on the bus," I said, blinking. "Then you... disappeared."

"Minted cigarettes," she said, tone sharp, almost teasing.

I coughed, wincing from the pain in my ribs, then hesitated. Something about her... she looked impossibly young. "Uh... can I... see an ID?" I muttered awkwardly, as if talking to myself.

She raised an eyebrow, unimpressed, and reached into her pocket. "Fine," she said, handing it over.

I took it, squinting as I read it aloud.

"Karamine. Goddess of Lust?" I muttered, voice tight. "What kind of a name is—"

Before I could finish, a hand shot up toward my face. I jerked back instinctively, but her fingers clamped over my left eye with impossible force. I screamed, flailing, and felt something hot and sharp inside me as she pulled. Pain exploded, blinding and absolute.

Fuck! She pulled out my eyeball just like that.

And then... she ate it.

"Delicious," she said, almost casually.

"OH GOD! OH GOD OH GOD!"

Then the pain became unbearable, and darkness swallowed everything.

Was I... dead?

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Chapter 3: Chapter 3

I woke to the shrill alarm from my phone. My ribs ached, my eye felt fine, and the sunlight cut through the blinds. My chest heaved as I gasped.

"Oh god... what the hell was that..." I muttered, shivering. "Oh... nightmare. God. Nightmare. Okay... okay, Evan. Okay."

Shaking my head, I tried to ground myself in the mundane: I grabbed a beer from the fridge—breakfast as always—and popped it open. Leaning against the counter, I lit a cigarette, letting the smoke curl toward the window.

"I'm... shaking. I need to sit."

I sank onto the edge of my bed, heart still hammering, sweat clinging to the back of my neck. My hands shook a little as I tried to catch my breath.

"Phew... okay, okay," I muttered to myself, leaning forward, elbows on my knees. "It's a dream. Just a dream."

The room was quiet except for the soft hum of the city outside my window and my own ragged breathing. I closed my eyes for a second, trying to will my heartbeat back to normal.

And then it appeared.

Right in front of me, hovering midair, a translucent box shimmered into existence. Clean, sharp edges, soft light outlining the text. My full name glowed across the top:

EVAN MARLOWE

Welcome.

I blinked, leaning back slightly, hand going to rub my temple. "What the hell...?" I whispered.

The box pulsed faintly, like it was waiting for a response. It wasn't a dream. It was... something else. Something that refused to let me ignore it.

I let out a long breath, eyes narrowing. "Alright... okay, Evan. Don't freak out. Just... what the hell is this?"

The words shimmered again, inviting, almost coaxing, and I felt the undeniable tug of curiosity.

Current Stats:

Strength: 1

Charm: 1

Libido: 1

Pleasure: 1

You have 3 points to distribute.

I blinked, leaning back on the edge of the bed. "Wait... what the hell is this?" I muttered, rubbing my eyes. "Points? Stats? Am I... in some kind of game?"

I stared at the box for a moment, baffled. My fingers hovered in the air like I could tap it, but nothing happened. "Alright, calm down, Evan. Probably just a... hallucination? Yeah... hallucination."

Before I could puzzle over it more, a sharp knock on the door yanked my attention. I groaned, forcing myself up.

"Coming!" I called, stumbling toward the door. I swung it open.

It was Jasmine. My next-door neighbor. She leaned casually against the frame, cigarette in hand, and smiled lazily.

"Hey, got any sugar?" she asked, voice smooth. "I'm trying to bake a cake, and I... well, I ran out."

Her presence made my brain stutter. And then I noticed it—floating just above her head was a small translucent box, faint but readable. Her full name shimmered inside: JASMINE MARQUEZ, and next to it was a small heart, empty, not full.

I blinked. "Uh... sugar, yeah," I said, trying not to let her see how weirded out I was. "Hold on a sec."

I walked into the kitchen, grabbed a small bag of sugar, and handed it over.

Jasmine leaned in, letting the bag rest against her hip. Her outfit was... well, her usual: a silk robe, partially tied, slipping off one shoulder, black lace bra visible beneath, barely covering her chest. Her shorts were tiny, teasing glimpses of smooth skin along her thighs.

"Thanks," she said, tugging lightly at the bag with a small smirk.

"No problem," I said, scratching the back of my neck. "Cake... huh? That sounds... domestic."

She laughed, soft and throaty. "Yeah, well, don't judge. Even a working girl deserves a cake every now and then."

The floating box above her head blinked faintly, the empty heart drawing my eye every few seconds. I tried not to think about it too hard, but the curiosity bubbled under the surface.

"Okay, thanks again," she said, adjusting her robe and giving me a sly smile before stepping back. "You'll see the cake later if it turns out edible..."

"Sure."

"Ugh, my back is killing me."

"What happened?"

"Ah forget it... wait, your eye seems... different?"

"Hmm?"

"Ah, it must be the poor lighting. Anyway, see ya."

"R-right. See you." I mumbled, letting the door click shut, all the while my mind drifting back to that glowing box and the empty heart.

I sat down at the couch, exhaling slowly, rubbing my temples. My mind refused to quiet down—what the hell was this thing? Points? Stats? Skills?

Sure enough, as if in answer to my inner panic, the translucent box shimmered into existence once more, floating a few inches from my eyes, as if it could read my mind, knowing I wanted to see that screen again.

Current Stats:

Strength: 1

Charm: 1

Libido: 1

Pleasure: 1

You have 3 points to distribute.

"Okay... okay. What am I supposed to do with this? What does it even mean? Strength? Charm? Libido? Pleasure?" I rubbed my face, staring at the numbers. Nothing made sense.

Minutes passed. I tapped my fingers against my leg, pacing the possibilities in my head. Maybe it's a dream... maybe it's a hallucination... maybe it's just one of those weird apps...

Finally, with a shrug that was half curiosity, half defeat, I muttered, "Alright... screw it. I might as well try and see what this box actually does."

I pointed—or at least thought about pointing, I wasn't sure how—and assigned one point to Strength and two points to Charm.

Current Stats:

Strength: 2

Charm: 3

Libido: 1

Pleasure: 1

Points to distribute: 0

Are you sure? (Yes / No)

I stared at the blinking prompt for a long moment. "Yeah... yeah, sure. Why not?" I said aloud, pressing the mental "Yes" like it was the obvious choice.

Points assigned successfully.

Current Stats:

Strength: 2

Charm: 3

Libido: 1

Pleasure: 1

The box blinked once and disappeared, leaving me sitting there, blinking at the empty air. I couldn't explain it. I couldn't rationalize it. But... something about it made my pulse tick faster, like I'd just crossed some invisible threshold into a world I wasn't ready for.

I exhaled again and leaned back. "Well... that was weird. Guess I'll see what this thing actually does next."

I checked my phone and froze. Shit. I was late.

I grabbed my jacket from the chair and shoved it on, fumbling with the zipper. My shoes were half-laced, my hair still messy from sleep, but I didn't have time to care.

I bolted out of the apartment, the door clicking shut behind me, and started walking toward the bus station, my backpack bouncing against my shoulder. The city smelled the same as usual—exhaust, fried food, faint perfume from someone passing, but I barely noticed, lost in the rhythm of my own hurried steps.

At the bus stop, I checked the time again, trying to calm myself. And then... the translucent box appeared again, hovering a few inches in front of my eyes like it had been waiting.

Daily Task:

Compliment 5 women

Reward: 32 XP

I stared at it. Blinked. Stared some more.

I stared at the floating box, blinking in disbelief. Compliment five women? That was impossible. All my life, I hadn't been the kind of guy to just talk to women like that. I kept things to myself, stayed in my corner, said what I needed and nothing more. How I was supposed to go around handing out compliments like this thing expected was beyond me.

I ran a hand through my hair. Yeah, fine. Impossible or not, it looked like I had no choice but to see what this thing was really about.

The rumble of the bus arriving cut through my thoughts. The doors hissed open, and I clambered inside, jostling slightly with the crowd.

I slumped into a seat, letting the weight of my backpack settle on the floor. My mind kept flicking back to the task. Compliment five women. 32 XP.

I muttered to myself again, shaking my head. "Yeah, alright, floating boxes. Let's see what you're really about."

The bus pulled away from the stop, neon lights outside blurring past the windows as the city swallowed me into its night chaos.

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Chapter 4: Chapter 4

I was behind the counter, half-listening to the hum of the fluorescent lights and half-scanning the store. Most customers were boring—first a man buying a pack of cigarettes, then another grabbing an energy drink. I rang them up quickly, said the usual lines, and watched them leave.

Then the bell chimed again, softer this time, and I looked up.

A woman stepped inside, drawing my attention immediately. Her clothes were... well, revealing, the kind that left little to the imagination—a tight crop top that barely covered her chest and a short skirt that hugged every curve. Her high heels clicked as she

walked toward the snack aisle, scanning the shelves. She paused and picked up a single cracker, holding it delicately in her manicured fingers.

I rang up the item, scanning the barcode, and then the floating box appeared in front of me again, almost like it had a mind of its own:

Daily Task Progress:

Compliment 5 women

Reward: 32 XP

Current: 0/5

I swallowed hard and forced a nervous smile, feeling sweat bead on my forehead.

"I... really like your high heels," I said, voice slightly awkward. "My sister had the same ones. Fits really well."

Her half-lidded eyes glanced down at her feet. "Oh... yeah. Thanks," she murmured, voice soft, almost teasing.

"Mm-hmm..." I mumbled, shifting my weight and wiping sweat from my brow.

She gave a small smile. "Well... see you."

The floating box shimmered again, confirming my awkward victory:

Daily Task Progress:

Compliment 5 women

Reward: 32 XP

Current: 1/5

"That was it?" I muttered to myself. "I thought she'd freak out... damn. When was the last time I struck up a small conversation with a girl other than Jasmine?"

Customers came and went, and I went through the motions, scanning items, punching numbers, making the usual small talk. Whenever a woman came in, I forced myself to compliment something trivial—her shoes, her bag, the way she smiled. Each time, I saw the floating box blink, confirming the progress, little notifications lighting up in my peripheral vision.

An hour passed. The box showed:

Daily Task Progress:

Compliment 5 women

Reward: 32 XP

Current: 4/5

One more customer, and the task would finally be done. I let out a small sigh, already feeling relief.

And then the door chimed.

My blood ran cold. Long blonde hair, piercing blue eyes, flawless skin that looked almost unreal... she was back. The girl who had... ripped out my eye. My body tensed instinctively, every muscle coiling. That wasn't a nightmare—but reality. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

She smiled, walking casually up to the counter.

"Mint cigarette, please."

"You..." I muttered, staring. "That wasn't a dream. You..."

"Ate your eyeball?" she asked casually, tilting her head. "Yeah. It was bitter."

"What did you do to me?"

"Nothing," she said, smiling, almost amused. "Just having fun. Is that illegal?"

"You..."

"Mint cigarette, please."

I swallowed hard, forcing my trembling hands to grab the pack she wanted. I scanned it, slid it across the counter. She placed the money down, and I dropped it into the register, my eyes fixed on her, half fear, half anger.

"Just one more girl. And you'll get the task done," she said, opening the pack like it was nothing. "Come on. Compliment me."

"What?"

"Are you deaf?" she asked, smiling. "Come on. Compliment me."

She could see the floating boxes, the stats, the task... That meant this wasn't a hallucination. This wasn't a dream. This was real.

I forced myself to speak. "You... look... good."

"Why, thank you," she chirped. "I changed my hairstyle a bit. You liked it?"

"Yes..." I said, my voice tight with fear and hesitation. "I do."

The floating box blinked aggressively, confirming the final step:

Daily Task Completed!

Reward: Choose one chest:

[?] [?] [?]

I exhaled, my focus snapping back from the UI. I blinked—and she was gone. Just like that.

Damn it. What the hell was this?

I stared at the three chests on the screen for a long moment, sweat dripping down my forehead, hands trembling. My heart was still racing from the blonde girl and the tension of finishing the task.

Finally, I reached out—or rather, willed myself to choose—and selected the chest in the middle.

The chest clicked open, and an image flickered to life inside: a silver coin with a woman's face embossed on it. Text shimmered beneath the image: 50c.

I blinked and read it aloud, voice incredulous. "50c... 50 credit? "What... the hell?" I muttered, leaning closer to the floating box, my mind spinning.

And then the screen shifted, transitioning into a full main menu. It floated in front of me, clean and simple:

EVAN MARLOWE

Stats Shop

Crafting Inventory

Quests Women

I exhaled slowly, shaking my head. "Yeah... okay, that's... real. I'm actually seeing this." I ran a hand through my hair, still trying to convince myself I wasn't hallucinating. "50 credits for a coin... whatever the hell that means."

Curiosity got the better of me. I lifted my index finger and tentatively tapped the Shop option.

To my surprise, the floating menu responded immediately, as if it could feel my touch. My finger hadn't even pressed anything—yet the screen reacted, flickering and opening a new UI in front of me.

SHOP

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)

Credits: 50c

Select item to purchase

New items will appear as you level up

The rest of the night passed in a blur of routine. Customers came and went, some leaving with small smiles, others indifferent, and the neon glow outside gradually dimmed as the city quieted. After my shift ended, I walked back toward my apartment, the streets mostly empty now, only the distant hum of traffic and the occasional shout breaking the silence.

I reached the door to my building and started fumbling with my keys. The cold metal slipped in my hand as I cursed under my breath.

Then the door swung open from next door. Jasmine stood there, holding a plate carefully in her hands. A small cake rested on it. My eyes flicked to the clock on the wall: one o'clock. Surprising she was awake at this hour.

She was wearing an oversized t-shirt that barely reached the tops of her thighs. Nothing underneath. The fabric hung loose over her body, yet still teased the curve of her panties beneath.

"Hey," she said, smiling softly. "The cake turned out edible, so here you go." She said.

I nodded, awkwardly. "Thanks... uh, nice surprise."

She rubbed at her lower back, wincing slightly. "Man... my back is killing me."

I raised an eyebrow. "Yeah, you said the same thing this morning. What happened?"

Jasmine's cheeks colored faintly. "A customer... went a little wild. Tried a new position, and let's just say... my back is paying the price."

I froze for a split second, memories of the shop flashing in my mind. Then, out of nowhere, the floating shop UI blinked before me again. My eyes landed on Sensual Massage Oil.

SHOP

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- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
 - Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
 - Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
 - Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
 - Flirt Potion (20c)
-

Credits: 50c

Select item to purchase

I could actually try that oil and see what it would do... if this whole shop thing was real. And, honestly, I kinda wanted to see her up close. Her body was smoking hot—the way her tits bounced with every step because she refused to wear a bra... Damn. I was getting hard just thinking about it. I had to calm myself down, or I'd pop a boner right there.

"I, uh... know a thing or two about massaging, if you believe it," I stammered. "If... I mean, if it's okay with you, I can massage you. For the cake, though—don't get me wrong."

Her eyes widened in surprise, then she nodded slowly. "If any other guy came to me with a deal like that, I'd assume he's just some horny dog. But... when it's you? I think I kinda trust you."

"Oh... thanks," I mumbled, feeling my face heat up.

"Yeah. I mean... what would a virgin do, right?"

"H-hey..." I flushed harder. "Come on. Don't be like that."

"Fine, fine. Come in?"

"I... gotta change first. Be there in five. That work?"

"Yep."

We exchanged an awkward smile, and I stepped inside my apartment. Fuck. I'd done it now. Why the hell had I offered a massage? I'd never given one to anyone before. I was screwed. No way, no way, no way. I could cancel—maybe tell her I hurt my hand, or just ignore her and continue with my life. Damn it.

I dropped my backpack on the floor and went into the bathroom to wash my hands, staring at my reflection in the mirror. Well... she wasn't wrong about me being a virgin. Twenty-one and never even kissed a woman. Damn, I was pathetic.

"Okay..." I muttered to myself, voice tight. "What are you going to do now, you idiot?"

Chapter 5: Chapter 5

I hesitated for a long second, heart pounding. 'Do I... really want to do this?' My mind raced with every possible scenario. But the truth was simple—I wanted to see her up close. I wanted to touch her, even if it was just through this massage.

SHOP

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)

Credits: 50c

Select item to purchase

I lifted my index finger and tapped the oil's icon. Immediately, another UI box appeared in front of me:

Purchase Item

Sensual Massage Oil (15c)

Credits: 50c

Confirm Purchase? [Yes] [No]

I blinked, sweating slightly. My finger hovered over the "Yes" button. Alright, here goes nothing.

I pressed it, and the UI shimmered. In an instant, the air in front of me seemed to ripple, and a small, sleek bottle of oil materialized in my hands. The label glimmered faintly: "Sensual Massage Oil! Apply liberally for maximum effect."

This was magic. Pure, simple magic.

How did it even materialize just like that? Out of thin air? There had to be some trick—some sleight of hand I missed. But no... I was holding it. The weight was real. The glass cool against my palm.

"Oh, shit..." I whispered, my voice thin, shaking. "It works. This is real. Real, real."

I exhaled hard, the breath rattling out of me. My eyes flicked to the plate of cake Jasmine had shoved into my hands earlier. I set the bottle carefully on the counter, picked up the fork, and jabbed it into the sponge. One bite. Sweet, soft, almost too sugary. But damn—delicious. I nodded to myself, muttering under my breath, "At least one thing tonight makes sense."

I put the fork down, grabbed the bottle again, and stepped out of my apartment. The hallway felt strangely silent at this hour. My pulse was loud in my ears as I walked next door and rapped my knuckles against Jasmine's door.

She answered almost instantly, like she'd been waiting. Her oversized shirt clung to her shoulder, slipping lower than before. She blinked down at me, then at the bottle.

"What's that?" Jasmine asked, tilting her head.

"Oh—uh, this?" I fumbled, holding it up like I wasn't sure how it got into my hand. "It's, um... special oil. Helps with, you know, muscles. I thought—it might... help with your back."

Her lips curled into a sly half-smile. "Special oil, huh? You're full of surprises tonight."

I stepped inside. Her place was warm, faintly smelling of vanilla and coffee, like she'd been burning a cheap candle. The living room was cozy but cluttered—throw blankets, a couple mugs stacked near the TV, laundry basket half-forgotten in the corner.

"So..." Jasmine said, her voice pulling me back. She tugged at the hem of her shirt with one hand, watching me with playful suspicion. "Where should I lay?"

"Uh—the couch is fine," I managed, scratching at the back of my neck.

"Alright," she said, already moving. "But I don't wanna ruin the couch with that oil. Hard to scrub off. I'll grab a towel. Wait here."

"Yeah, sure."

I froze where I stood, the bottle sweating in my grip. Jasmine turned and walked away, and that was the moment I realized just how dangerous this was going to be for me. Her ass swayed with every step, round and thick, the oversized shirt barely concealing the way her hips curved. My cock twitched in my jeans before I could stop it. I swallowed hard, throat dry, pulse hammering.

"Don't stare. Don't you dare."

I stared anyway... damn. Hot fucking damn.

She came back with a folded towel, tossing me a quick grin like she'd caught me peeking but wasn't going to call me out—yet. She spread the towel over the couch neatly. Then, after lying down, she tugged her oversized shirt up, high enough that the smooth line of her back was exposed.

And because of the way she pulled it, the rest of her lower half was now visible too—black panties hugging her hips, the curves of her ass almost fully on display.

"Go ahead," she murmured into the cushion. "I'm ready."

I stepped closer, my breath caught somewhere between my chest and throat. I couldn't stop staring. Her skin was soft, bare, glowing in the warm lamp light. My palms itched, my heart screaming against my ribs.

"Don't drool on me, rookie," Jasmine said suddenly, her tone low and teasing.

I jolted. "W-what? I—I wasn't—I mean, no, I was just—" I stammered like a fool, words tumbling out broken.

She chuckled, shaking her head against the couch. "Relax, Evan. I'm kidding. Just... you look like you're about to pass out."

"R-right..." I muttered, my face burning hot.

I uncapped the bottle, the faint scent of something floral and intoxicating spilling into the air. The liquid glistened as I poured it into my hand, slick and warm almost instantly. I looked down at her back, then at my trembling fingers.

I gulped, hard enough that I felt it echo down my chest.

"...Okay," I whispered. "It's starting."

The oil shimmered against my palm, heavy and warm, and when I pressed it gently to Jasmine's bare back, it spread across her skin in a glistening sheen. The towel beneath her caught a few drops, but she didn't seem to care.

Her shirt was bunched high, her body stretched out, every curve offered up without shame. My throat tightened. I let my fingers move in slow circles at first, rubbing carefully, letting the oil sink into her. Her skin was soft, supple, and hotter than I expected, like it was pulling the warmth straight from my hand.

"Mmm..." Jasmine's voice hummed low in her throat, half a sigh, half a moan. "Damn, Evan... you're hitting all the right spots already."

The sound hit me like a jolt. I swallowed and kept going, rolling my thumbs over her shoulder blades, down the slope of her back.

"You've done this before, haven't you?" she murmured.

"I mean... a little," I lied, though my hands were shaking less now. "Just... watched some videos. Read stuff. I don't know if I'm actually—"

She moaned again, deeper this time. "Trust me. You're doing better than most guys would."

Her praise burned in my chest. I pressed lower, kneading small circles into the center of her back, and she shifted, letting out a shaky breath.

"Oh, yeah... right there. A little lower."

EVENT

Jasmine's Interest +7

'Huh, interest?'

I hesitated, then obeyed, sliding my hands further down her spine. The oil glided smooth under my palms.

"Good. Just like that. Lower."

I went lower again, my pulse quickening. Now I was close to the dip of her waist, her hips twitching slightly under my touch.

"Mm. Don't stop... lower."

I paused, almost choking on air. My hands hovered, just above the swell of her ass. I looked down at her, frozen, not sure if this was a test or a trap.

She turned her head, resting her cheek against the cushion. Her eyes slid to me, heavy-lidded, amused, daring. "What's wrong?"

"I—uh... I'm just... not sure," I admitted, my voice cracking. "If I should—"

"Keep massaging," she interrupted, firm but playful.

"Are you sure?" I asked, needing to hear it again, needing the ground to feel solid beneath me.

Her smile crooked. "Yeah, Evan. Go for it."

I nodded, more to myself than to her, forcing the breath out of my lungs. "Alright..." I whispered.

I pushed my thumbs lower, into the small of her back, right above her ass. Her body arched into the touch with a soft moan, like she'd been waiting for me to get there all along.

"God, that's good," she breathed. "Don't hold back."

I worked in slow, steady movements, kneading her muscles, the oil making each stroke glide smooth and hot. My cock strained painfully against my jeans, every noise she made feeding the fire.

Between sighs, she smirked into the cushion. "Careful, Evan. If you keep this up, I might start thinking you actually enjoy touching me."

I flushed. "I—uh—I'm just... trying to help."

"Mhm." She peeked at me again, her eyes glinting. "Your hands say otherwise. You're way too into this for it to just be charity work."

I laughed nervously, pushing harder at the muscles near her hips. "Maybe I'm just... good at following instructions."

She moaned, deeper this time, hips shifting slightly under me. "Then keep following. Lower... slower. Just like that."

Her words dripped heat into me, each one sinking in deeper than the oil on her back. My hands obeyed without thought, pressing and sliding, and every time she breathed out another moan, I felt myself unraveling more.

The oil made my hands glide too easily, and before I realized it, my fingers had slipped lower—past her hips, past the towel, until the tips brushed against the folds of her pussy.

I froze. My chest locked up like I'd just stepped off a cliff.

Jasmine turned her head again, cheek pressed into the couch cushion, eyes burning into me. "Mmm... I need to relax more," she purred, voice husky. "Go lower."

My lips parted, but before I could move, she smirked and added, "Actually... no. Go inside."

"What?" I stammered, pulse hammering.

"Inside." She wiggled her ass, making it bounce right in front of me. The black panties had slid to the side, her wet slit glistening in the dim light. "Don't just tease me, Evan. Slide that hand in."

Chapter 6: Chapter 6

My brain short-circuited. I just... stood there, stiff as a statue, my cock twitching against my jeans like it was ready to explode on the spot.

Jasmine giggled, a wicked sound, and shook her ass again, slower this time, making the cheeks jiggle. "Come on, boy. Don't make me beg."

"I—uh—I don't—" I swallowed. My hands trembled. "Are you... sure about this?"

She rolled her eyes, grinning into the cushion. "Evan. My pussy is dripping on your hand already. Yes, I'm sure. Now quit being such a scared little nerd and finger me."

Her words snapped something in me. I grabbed the bottle, poured more oil into my palm until it slicked between my fingers, and pressed one hand against her folds. She was hot. Wet. Fucking soaked.

I slid one finger inside.

"Ohhh, fuck yes," Jasmine groaned, her back arching, ass lifting just enough to push against my hand. "God, you feel good."

'The oil' I thought. 'It is real magic!'

Her walls clenched tight, sucking me in, and I started moving my finger awkwardly, pumping in and out. Her moans came faster, louder, her body writhing on the towel.

"Holy shit," she gasped. "Evan, what the fuck—ahhh—how are you this good? You're a natural!"

I stared at her, dumbstruck. My finger was soaked, my cock was a steel bar, and all I could do was move faster, deeper.

She cried out, trembling, and then it happened—her body tensed, shuddered, and she came hard all over my hand. Warm liquid coated my fingers, dripping down my wrist.

She collapsed forward, panting into the cushion. "Jesus fucking Christ... you just made me cum with one finger. What the fuck are you?"

I pulled my hand back slowly, staring at the mess. "I... uh... I don't know."

Her head turned, lips curling into a lazy, satisfied grin. "Don't stop now. Make me cum again."

"Again?" My voice cracked.

"Yeah, again," she demanded, grinding her hips against the couch. "Get those fingers back inside me, Evan."

I hesitated, then gave her a shaky smile. "I'm gonna need... another slice of cake after this."

Jasmine laughed breathlessly. "You greedy fuck. Fine. I'll bake you a whole cake if you keep making me cum."

I slid two fingers in this time, pushing deeper, curling against her walls. She screamed into the couch, hands clawing the fabric, her ass lifting higher to take me in.

"Ohhh, fuck! Yes, just like that! Curl them—fuck—oh my god, you're gonna make me cum again—"

Her body convulsed, juices splattering against my hand as she climaxed a second time.

I didn't stop. She begged, moaned, cursed, calling me every dirty name between gasps.

"Finger my pussy harder!"

"Don't stop, don't you fucking dare stop!"

"God, you're making me squirt—fuck, yes!"

By the fifth orgasm, she was a wreck. Sweat dripped down her back, her thighs shaking uncontrollably, her panties shoved halfway off.

But she still wasn't done.

Suddenly, Jasmine pushed herself up, her chest heaving. Her eyes locked on me, wild and hungry. Before I could react, she spun around, grabbed me by the collar, and yanked me onto the couch.

Her lips crashed against mine, tasting of heat and desperation.

"We're fucking," she growled against my mouth, climbing onto my lap, grinding her soaked pussy against the bulge in my jeans.

"Wait—" I gasped. "Jasmine, I... I don't have money."

Her smirk was pure sin. She rolled her hips once more, soaking my crotch, then leaned in close, whispering hot against my ear:

"It's on the house."

My hands were shaking as I fumbled my jeans open and freed my cock. It sprang out, throbbing, hard as a damn rock.

Jasmine's eyes flicked down, and she smirked. "Mmm... bigger than I expected."

Before I could even breathe, she lifted her ass and sank down on me in one smooth motion.

"Holy fuck—!" I gasped, my head snapping back.

Her cunt wrapped around me instantly, sucking me in like a velvet vice. She was slick, wet, and unbelievably tight, her walls clenching down on me as if my cock belonged

there all along. So... thats how a pussy felt? My whole body shuddered. It was like being swallowed alive—hot, soft, and dangerous.

Every inch I sank into her sent sparks through my spine. My cock pulsed so hard it hurt, every nerve ending screaming with pleasure. My legs felt weak. My chest locked up.

"Oh, God..." I groaned, my hands gripping her hips. "You're... fuck—you're so tight..."

I couldn't even process it. The pressure, the friction, the unbearable warmth of her pussy milking me—it was too much for me to handle. All those years of jerking off, thinking I knew what sex would feel like, and none of it came close. This wasn't just pleasure; it was overwhelming, drowning, like my body didn't know how to survive it.

My cock twitched violently, and before I could even think about stopping it, I was already cumming.

"Fuck, fuck, fuuuck!" I gasped as the first hot spurt shot out of me.

Cum poured out of me in heavy pulses, flooding her, making my whole body convulse. My abs tightened, my head spun, and I kept pumping load after load into her as if I'd been holding it back my entire life.

I couldn't stop shaking. My chest heaved, my face burned like fire, my vision blurred.

"Shit," I muttered, red as a tomato. "I'm... I'm sorry."

Jasmine blinked, then laughed, her tits bouncing as she shook with it. "Oh my god, I totally forgot you were a virgin."

"Yeah, well," I groaned, covering my face with my hand. "That's... embarrassing."

She leaned forward, still sitting on me, still warm around my cock. "Relax. It happens. Trust me, it's not the end of the world."

I forced myself to look at her, my ears burning. "Seriously, though. Sorry."

"It's fine," she said, grinning as she slowly lifted off me. My cum dripped from her pussy, sliding down her thighs. She didn't even flinch. "Good thing I'm on the pill."

That didn't make me feel much better. "Still... I should've been more careful."

She waved a hand. "Evan, relax. I usually use condoms with the guys I fuck, but honestly? You fried my brain so hard with that massage I forgot. You were way too good with those hands for me to think straight."

I scratched the back of my neck. "Guess... I learned a thing or two. Books, videos. Stuff like that."

Jasmine raised a brow. "Uh-huh. Well, whatever you did, keep doing it. Because I'd love to borrow those hands again tomorrow. That okay?"

I swallowed. "Y-yeah. Sure."

"Good." She leaned in and kissed me on the cheek, her lips warm, then stood up. "Now go. I've got another customer coming over soon."

"Oh. Right." I pulled my pants back up, awkwardly fastening them. "Thanks for... uh... everything."

"Mm-hm." She gave me a teasing smile and pointed at the door. "Get out before I make you cum again."

I laughed nervously, nodded, took my oil bottle and left.

The moment I stepped into my own place, a glowing blue box flickered into view:

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Jasmine MARQUEZ

EXP Gained: +30

Star Rating: 1.1 ★

Reason: Premature Ejaculation

"Wow," I muttered. "Thanks, floating boxes. Real fucking helpful."

Another screen slid in right after, crisp and cold:

System Notice

To reduce risk of premature ejaculation,

consider allocating points to: Libido

Increased Libido improves stamina,
control, and overall performance during sex.

I groaned, dragging a hand down my face. "Yeah, yeah. Rub it in."

Chapter 7: Chapter 7

I sat on the couch and opened the system again. I didn't say anything or make a gesture—it just turned itself on with me thinking. Handy.

EVAN MARLOWE

Stats Shop

Crafting Inventory

Quests Women

I first pressed my name on the screen, and another menu slid open.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 1

EXP: 62 / 147

"Man... it knows everything about me. I don't know if it's impressive... or scary."

This time, I pressed Quests and watched as a new screen popped up. There were tons of quests on this screen. And all of them included dirty, perverted things. But the most innocent one I could find was at the bottom, with the lowest EXP reward.

Quest Available

Title: Self-Control

Task: Do not masturbate

Duration: 7 Days

Reward: +30 EXP

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

"For a week." I muttered. "That's hard... but I can do that."

I pressed Accept and the box disappeared in front of me. For a week... hmm... well, it could be done. I had a busy work life, I couldn't even find time to scratch my ass, let alone masturbate.

"Okay..." I muttered. "Good. More EXP, more rewards..."

—

Well, this was going to be more challenging than I thought.

I woke up with a raging boner that felt like it could punch a hole through drywall. Jasmine's body wouldn't leave my mind—the curve of her hips, the softness of her tits, the way her pussy swallowed me whole and squeezed like it didn't want to let go. That heat. That tightness. Fuck, even remembering it made my cock throb painfully against my shorts.

I groaned, rolling over in bed, clutching the damn thing like it would calm down if I just held it. Spoiler: it didn't.

"Goddamn it..." I muttered. "I wanna cum so bad."

My phone was right there on the nightstand. Porn, a quick nut, sweet relief. Easy.

But then the stupid quest box flashed in my head: Don't masturbate for one week.
Reward: 30 XP.

"No shortcuts," I told myself. "You want rewards, you suffer for it."

I exhaled and tossed my phone back down. My cock hurt. Precum slicked the tip, soaking a wet spot in my shorts. The damn thing kept tenting up, twitching with every heartbeat.

"Not jerking off. Nope. Not today."

I yanked off my shorts and glared at it. Thick veins ran down the shaft, the head swollen and leaking like it hated me. I felt like a desperate, horny idiot. With a groan, I forced myself up, pulled on my work clothes, and tried not to think about how badly I wanted to rub one out before leaving.

By the time I stepped outside, the morning air slapped my face awake. My cock was still semi-hard, rubbing against my boxers as if mocking me. And of course, fate had to make it worse.

A woman walked past me on the sidewalk, wearing a low-cut tank top that barely contained her tits. They bounced with every step—big, round, soft-looking melons that made my mouth dry. Her shorts rode up so high I could practically see the bottom curve of her ass cheeks.

"Jesus Christ..." I muttered under my breath, wrenching my eyes away. My cock jerked in agreement, pushing against my zipper.

Don't look. Don't think about it. XP. Think about XP.

"Shit... the bus came."

I hurried down the street, clutching my bag, and finally reached the bus stop. Right as I was about to climb on, an old man in front of me stumbled and dropped one of his grocery bags. His leg caught the curb, and he almost went down.

"Shit," I said, stepping forward. "Here, let me help you."

I grabbed all three bags in one hand, balancing them carefully so nothing fell, and with my other hand, I steadied the man and helped him to his feet.

The old man squinted at me. "Wait... aren't those too heavy for one hand, son?"

I blinked, glancing at the bag dangling easily from my grip. It should've felt heavy, but... it didn't.

"Oh," I said slowly. "I guess so. Huh."

He thanked me and shuffled onto the bus. I followed, found an empty seat, and slumped into it. Under my breath, I whispered, "That's right... I put a point in Strength. Guess it's kicking in already."

The thought made me grin, but it didn't last long, because the bus was packed with temptation.

A girl sat across from me, her skirt so short I could see the edge of her thighs, smooth and pale. She crossed her legs, and I caught the hint of lace underneath. My cock pulsed instantly.

Two seats down, another woman leaned against the window, her breasts straining against a tight blouse, nipples poking through the thin fabric. Her ass was pressed into the seat, round and juicy, making me imagine riding her from behind.

I bit the inside of my cheek and forced my eyes away, staring hard out the window like I was fascinated by the fucking traffic lights.

"Don't look. Don't look," I muttered to myself, shifting uncomfortably as my cock pressed painfully against my pants.

The bus jostled, girls laughed, legs brushed against mine. My entire ride turned into a test of willpower. My body screamed at me to give in, to stare, to jerk off the second I got home. But I kept repeating the same thing in my head:

Thirty XP. Thirty XP. Thirty XP.

I slumped into a seat and let my head fall back against the bus window. The hum of the engine mixed with the chatter of people, but my brain wasn't focused on any of that. No—it was stuck on Jasmine.

Her face. The way her body writhed under my hands. The wet heat that had swallowed my cock the night before. Just remembering it made me shift uncomfortably in my seat. My pants tightened, my pulse racing as if my body was trying to betray me.

"Shit..." I muttered under my breath, dragging my eyes away from the memory—only to catch sight of the girl across from me.

She was scrolling through her phone, legs crossed. Her short skirt had ridden up just enough for me to catch a teasing view of smooth thighs, and her shirt clung tight against her chest. Big tits. Perfect curves. The kind of body that screamed look, but don't touch.

I clenched my jaw, forcing myself to stare out the window. If I kept ogling every woman I saw, this no-masturbation quest was going to break me in a single day.

That was when the system blinked into my vision, startling me.

Daily Task

Run/Walk 3 km

Reward: 15 XP

Progress: 0 / 3

Chapter 8: Chapter 8

I stared at it, blinking. "Huh," I muttered. "Three kilometers? I can do that. Easy XP."

The bus rattled on, but I couldn't sit still anymore. The thought of EXP buzzing in the back of my head, Jasmine's moans still echoing in my ears—I needed air. Movement. Something. And lucky enough, the gas station was nearly 3 km away. Win-win for me.

When the bus hit the fourth stop, I pushed myself up and stepped off into the morning chaos. The air was thick with exhaust, the sidewalks buzzing with the usual grimy rush of the city. I pulled out my phone and dialed Richard.

"Yo, Rich. I'll be, uh, well, I'll be about ten minutes late," I said.

On the other end, he groaned. "Maan... you owe me ten bucks for covering you."

I smirked, letting the corner of my lip curl. "Make it fifteen." Then I hung up before he could answer.

Tucking my phone away, I adjusted my bag and started toward the gas station. The city loomed around me—loud, restless—like it never wanted to let anyone breathe.

I kept my pace steady, letting the city swallow me up as I walked. Every car horn, every barking street vendor, every pair of heels clicking by—it all blurred together, because my head was somewhere else entirely.

The system.

I couldn't get it out of my mind. The way those little pop-ups appeared right in front of my eyes, crisp letters hanging in the air like some kind of videogame overlay.

And the bottle. Shit. I still remembered how it had appeared in my hand last night—like it just blinked into existence. One second, I was staring at the confirmation screen. The next, cool glass was pressing against my palm, like the universe had just... handed it to me. Magic. Real fucking magic, in my hand.

And Jasmine. God. Jasmine. The way she'd melted under my touch, her voice breaking when I pressed harder, her legs parting just for me. The oil had worked, sure, but even thinking about it now I couldn't help but wonder—would she have let me touch her like that without it? Would she have begged me to keep going?

I exhaled through my nose, dragging my hand over my face. Either way, the system was helping me. Not just with Jasmine, but in general. I'd helped an old man with grocery bags like it was nothing. Small things, yeah. But they were adding up.

'This thing's changing me,' I thought. 'Piece by piece.'

I blinked, realizing the squat red-and-white awning of the gas station had already come into view. Damn. I'd been so lost in my thoughts I hadn't even realized I was this close.

A soft chime pulled my eyes upward.

Daily Task

Run/Walk 3 km

Progress: 2 / 3

Reward: 15 XP

"Only two?" I muttered. My legs had carried me almost the whole way here without me realizing, and I was still short. I glanced down the street, spotting the other bus station a couple of blocks further ahead. Easy enough. After shift, I could swing that way, finish the last kilometer, and cash in the XP.

For now, though, work.

I tugged the glass door open and stepped inside. The familiar hum of the coolers greeted me, mixed with the faint scent of burnt coffee that never seemed to leave this

place. Richard was behind the counter, leaned back on a stool with his phone in hand. He looked up as I walked in, squinting.

"You're late."

I tossed him a look as I slid behind the counter. "Yeah, I told you I'd be late."

"I wanna see that fifteen bucks in my bank account until tonight, ya lazy bastard." He said as he left.

I ignored that, tapping my card into the punch clock by the register. The little beep confirmed I was on shift, and I set my bag down with a sigh.

Another day. Another grind.

The hours slid by in a blur of scanning groceries and handing out change. Normally, no one looked twice at the cashier stuck behind the counter. But today felt... different.

A couple of women glanced my way while I worked—one tapping her nails against the counter as she ordered cigarettes, another brushing her hair back slow while I handed over a receipt. Their eyes lingered just a fraction longer than I was used to.

I wasn't fooling myself—I knew what I looked like. Not ugly, not some model either. Just... average. An average guy with messy hair and a tired face. But the way those women's eyes tracked me made my stomach twist.

'Charm points,' I thought. 'It's gotta be the Charm points.'

Still, I couldn't tell for sure. Maybe I was imagining things. Maybe I just wanted to believe it.

The bell over the door jingled.

I looked up—and nearly lost my breath.

Jasmine.

She walked in with two friends, her presence immediately sucking the air out of the room. A white crop top hugged her chest so tightly it looked painted on, a pink skirt cutting off high at her thighs. Her strappy heels clicked against the tile with each step, her dark hair swaying around her bare shoulders.

Her friends weren't far behind. One rocked a short, skin-tight red dress that plunged down the front, cleavage on full display. The other had on frayed denim shorts that barely covered anything and a glittery silver top that flashed more skin than fabric.

The three of them looked like they'd just stepped out of some music video—loud, hot, dangerous.

Jasmine's eyes locked onto mine as she approached the counter. Her lips tugged into a teasing smirk.

"Well, well," she purred. "My favorite masseur."

I blinked, my brain short-circuiting. "Oh, uh—what are you doing here?"

"Hanging with my girls." She tossed a chocolate bar onto the counter. "Needed a treat so we took a break."

One of her friends leaned closer to the other, not even bothering to whisper. "This is him, right? The one who made you cum, like, five times with just his fingers?"

Blood rushed straight to my face. My ears went hot, my throat locked up.

"Shut up!" Jasmine swatted at her friend's arm, laughing but clearly flustered herself. "Don't say that here. People will hear."

I scanned the chocolate with hands that suddenly didn't feel steady, eyes fixed on the little glowing numbers of the register so I wouldn't have to meet theirs.

"That's... one twenty," I muttered.

Jasmine slid a couple of coins over, still smirking as if she knew exactly what she was doing to me. She picked up her chocolate, winked, and turned toward the door.

Her skirt flipped just enough to show the soft curve of her ass as she walked out, her friends giggling beside her. The bell jingled again, leaving me alone in the quiet.

I exhaled sharply, realizing only then how hard my pulse was pounding.

'Charm points or not,' I thought, rubbing a clammy hand over my face, 'I am so fucking screwed.'

—

The rest of the day dragged by in its usual haze of boredom and small talk. When my shift finally ended, I slung my bag over my shoulder and decided not to head for the closest bus stop. Instead, I walked the extra two blocks to the farther station just like I planned for the quest to be completed, letting my steps chew through the distance.

By the time I got there, sweat clung to my shirt... but it was worth it.

Daily Task Completed!

Reward: Choose one chest:

[?] [?] [?]

I rubbed my chin. "Last time I went middle..." I muttered, staring at the floating chests lined up before me like some old RPG screen.

I pressed the right chest and waited.

Reward: +1 Ability Point

I grinned. "Alright. Handy."

Without hesitation, I pulled up my stats.

Current Stats:

Strength: 2

Charm: 3

Libido: 1

Pleasure: 1

You have 1 point to distribute.

I tapped Libido. The number blinked, then shifted.

"Goodbye, pre-ejaculation," I muttered, smirking as I confirmed.

Current Stats:

Strength: 2

Charm: 3

Libido: 2

Pleasure: 1

The bus groaned up to the curb just in time, headlights cutting through the fading dusk. I stepped on, swiped my card, and slid into an empty seat near the back.

As the city rolled by in streaks of neon and shadow, only one thought burned in my head.

Massage session with Jasmine.

—

Chapter 9: Chapter 9

Back home, I tossed my bag down by the door and let myself breathe. The apartment was quiet, dim, the only sound the hum of the fridge.

I picked up the half-empty oil bottle, turning it between my fingers. The liquid shimmered faintly, catching the light like liquid gold. Magic in a bottle, huh...

I slipped it into my pocket, grabbed my keys, and headed out before I could overthink it.

I walked up to Jasmine's door. My heart hammered as I knocked, each second stretching out. Then the door swung open.

She leaned against the frame, wearing nothing but a lacy black bra and matching panties, her curves framed perfectly in the soft glow of her hallway light. Her hair spilled down over her shoulders, and she gave me that teasing little smirk that always left my throat dry.

"Hey, stranger," she said, tilting her head.

I tried to keep my voice even. "What, no pajamas tonight?"

She chuckled. "Didn't feel like it. You're here to make me melt again, right?"

I held up my hands. "Professional service, you know. Strictly above-board."

Her laugh rang out soft and warm. "Uh-huh. Sure." She turned and padded inside, hips swaying just enough to make me swallow hard.

The living room was the same as yesterday, a little messy but cozy. She flopped down onto the couch, lying back with her head on the armrest and her long legs stretched out.

"Well?" she said, raising an eyebrow. "Don't just stand there."

I slipped the vial of Sensual Massage Oil from my pocket, rolling it in my hand as I stepped closer. My pulse was already racing. I stood by the couch, hands hovering just over her thigh. "Alright," I murmured, more to myself than her. "Let's get started."

I began with her legs, the motion of my thumbs working down her thigh and up her calf. The oil was warm, slick between my fingers. She sighed, a low, contented sound. "You know," she began, her voice a little softer than before, "it's weird, you doing this. Most of the guys... they just want the job done. In and out. No talking."

I kept my hands moving, feeling the smooth skin of her leg. "I get it. People are in a hurry."

"No," she said, her voice dropping. "It's not a hurry thing. It's... they don't want to know. They just want the fantasy. The quiet hooker. The one without a past or a life outside of this room."

"Hmm..."

She paused, and I could feel the shift in her body language, a subtle tension replacing the relaxation. "I lost a lot of male friends when I started. It was like I was contaminated or something. Like suddenly, I was just a walking set of holes, and anything else about me didn't matter." She paused again, then continued after an exhale. "I just... I didn't want to become this. It wasn't the plan. It was just supposed to be a side thing for a while, just to get by. But it's so hard to get out of it, you know? Once you start, it's all people see you as."

I didn't say anything. I just listened.

Jasmine's head turned to face me. "What is it? You're quiet. You want it too, don't you?" she said, her voice laced with bitterness. "You wanna fuck me as well."

I shook my head, my hands finally stilling on her thigh. "No. Not today. Today, I'm just your masseur. I'm here to serve you."

I poured the remaining Sensual Massage Oil, all of it, into my hand. It was a golden, glistening puddle in my palm. Slowly, I let my hand slide down her leg, inch by inch, until

my fingers found the edge of her panties. Her breath hitched. The elastic was slick with oil as I pushed it to the side, my fingers finding the wet heat of her pussy.

Jasmine let out a gasp, her back arching off the couch. Her head fell back, and a low, guttural moan escaped her lips as I slid one finger inside. The muscle there was tight, but I felt it relax almost instantly as I started to stroke it. She started to whimper, a small, pained sound that quickly turned into a soft, breathless plea.

"God, Evan..." she whispered, her voice strained.

I added a second finger, and then a third, her wetness making it easy. She began to writhe on the couch, her hips bucking up to meet my hand. Her whimpers turned into a low hum, a continuous string of soft moans as my fingers worked her, teasing her clit with the pad of my thumb.

I kept going. My fingers worked a steady rhythm against her wet pussy. Jasmine's hips moved, a silent ask for more. Her back arched, and she let out a low, breathless whimper as I felt her clit swell under my thumb. A second wave of pleasure hit her, so hard she could only moan my name, her body shaking with the force of it.

"Don't stop... please," she begged, her voice a desperate pant.

I pulled my hand out, but only for a second. With her panting, I used the chance to turn her onto her back. Her eyes fluttered open for a brief second, unfocused and glazed over with pleasure. She lay there, breathing hard, and I knelt between her legs, my fingers finding her pussy again. It was slick and swollen. She let out a small cry as I slid a finger inside.

"Oh my god," she whimpered, her voice raspy. "Evan, you're... a miracle worker."

I kept going, a steady, fast pace. The Sensual Massage Oil had her so sensitive, so ready, that she kept coming, over and over. Her body was twitching, and her massive tits bounced with every thrust of my fingers. Her eyes were squeezed shut, her head rolling back and forth on the couch.

"Fuck me, Evan! Fuck me with your fingers!" she moaned, her hips bucking up to meet my hand.

I didn't count, but she was spent after ten times, at least. Her body was twitching, her breathing still ragged. Her body ached, but the Sensual Massage Oil was too strong. She came and came and came, a beautiful mess of moans and shudders.

"I need to... tell my friends about you," she panted, her voice slurred. "Seriously. You are the best."

I smiled, my hand still working her, still feeling her clit pulse under my thumb. A thought came to me. "You know," I said, my voice low. "I needed this. I've been so... I've been so insecure around women. You've really helped my confidence. You're a real friend."

Jasmine's eyes, which had been closed, snapped open. She flushed a deep red. "Sheesh. Not the time, Evan. Not while you're fingering the shit out of me."

I chuckled. "Yeah, you're right, I guess."

With that, I brought my thumb down on her clit one last time. Her body seized. She screamed my name, a long, drawn-out cry of pure bliss. She went completely limp, spent, and silent.

She lay there, a mess. Her thighs and the couch were stained with her juice, a sticky sign of how much she'd come. She couldn't even move.

"Well," I said, with a soft smile. "Let me clean this place. You rest."

Jasmine groaned, but it was a happy sound. "Wow," she said, her voice faint. "I never came this much. Your fingers are something else."

Chapter 10: Chapter 10

I walked into the bathroom, and grabbed a mop. When I came back out, Jasmine was still lying there, a boneless puddle of satisfaction. Her eyes were half-closed, a dazed smile on her face. She was in a perfect state of bliss. I started to mop up the mess on the couch, the liquid a little sticky under the mop head. The smell of her juice mixed with the sweet, magical scent of the Sensual Massage Oil. It was all a beautiful, sticky mess.

Jasmine grabbed my arm, her fingers digging into my bicep. She pulled me back to the couch with surprising strength. Her eyes were still half-lidded, but the dazed look was gone, replaced by a raw, determined hunger.

"I want to fuck," she said, her voice a husky whisper.

I shook my head, my heart hammering against my ribs. "No, I can't. Then I'd be no different than your clients."

She laughed, a low, throaty sound, and leaned in close, her lips brushing against mine. "You'll be the first man I'd like to fuck for my own pleasure. It's been a long time."

Her words hit me hard, and I could feel my cock getting harder and harder, a thick, insistent throb against my jeans. Her lips found mine, a soft, slow kiss that was nothing like the frantic hunger from before. I kissed her back, my hands finding her waist, pulling her closer.

She broke the kiss, her eyes shining in the dim light. She sat up and reached for her shorts that were on the dinner table. With a small rustle, she pulled out a condom and ripped the package open with her teeth.

"Come on," she murmured, her eyes on my crotch. She unzipped my jeans, freeing my hard cock, which sprang out, thick and throbbing. She rolled the condom down my length, her touch gentle but firm. "There. Now you're ready to get in here."

I knelt between her legs as she lay on her back on the couch, her legs wrapped around my waist and linked behind me. With a grunt, I pushed into her, a low groan escaping my lips. The feeling was incredible, the tight, hot wetness of her pussy gripping me, sliding over me. I was glad I had put a point into libido; the pleasure was intense, a glorious rush that I could feel building already, but I didn't feel the panic of pre-ejaculation. I could last, I could ride this out.

We started with a slow, even pace, a deep, grinding movement that sent shivers of pleasure through us both. Her massive tits bounced with every thrust, a mesmerizing dance of soft flesh. She let out a gasp, her head falling back as I hit a spot deep inside her.

"Oh god... Evan... harder," she begged, her voice a low moan.

I did, my thrusts becoming faster, more urgent. We moved together, a blur of sweat and skin, the sound of our bodies hitting together filling the small living room. She let out a cry, her hips bucking up to meet me, her nails digging into my back.

"Fuck me," she cried out, over and over. "Fuck me, Evan! Yes! Yes!"

I leaned in, my mouth finding hers in a frantic, open-mouthed kiss. As my hips kept their pace, my hands moved to her back, my fingers finding the clasp of her bra. With a quiet click, I unhooked it and slid the straps off her shoulders. She barely seemed to notice, too lost in the moment. I broke the kiss, my eyes dropping to her breasts, heavy and pale in the dim light. I lowered my head, my tongue flicking out to tease the tip of her nipple before I took it into my mouth. I began to suck, my hips grinding against her, pushing deep inside her as my mouth worked on her breast.

Jasmine let out a shocked gasp, a sound that was a mix of a laugh and a moan. She raised a hand and patted my head, a light, teasing touch. "Does it feel good, Evan?" she murmured, her voice breathless and thick.

I pulled away for a second, my cock still buried deep inside her. "You're the fucking best," I whispered, my voice hoarse with need. And then I went back to it, my mouth hot and wet on her nipple.

Our pace became a frantic, desperate dance. My hands slid from her waist to her ass, cupping her cheeks and pulling her harder onto my cock. She wrapped her legs tighter

around my waist, her feet digging into the small of my back as her nails raked across my shoulders.

"God, Evan... you feel so fucking good," she panted, her voice a mix of moans and words. "Just like this... faster!"

I obeyed, my thrusts becoming a blur. The sound of our bodies hitting together was a drumbeat, loud and urgent. I pulled my mouth from her breast and leaned down, my lips finding hers in a frantic, open-mouthed kiss. Her tongue met mine, a desperate dance of its own.

"I'm so close, Evan," she whispered against my lips. "Oh god, I can't... I can't hold it back!"

I felt it then, the tiny shudders that started deep inside her. Her body tensed, her hips grinding against me as her breath hitched. A long, drawn-out cry escaped her lips as she convulsed around my cock, her body spasming with the force of her orgasm.

It was a beautiful sight, and it was all I needed. Her climax sent me over the edge, and I came hard—like I don't remember cumming this much before.

I leaned down and buried my face in her neck, my own groan of pleasure a thick, hoarse sound as my body trembled with the massive, shuddering release that seemed to last forever. I pushed one last time, deep inside her, before going limp.

We lay there for a long time, tangled together on the couch, our bodies slick with sweat and the residue of our lovemaking. Her breathing was soft and even against my shoulder. I was spent, completely and utterly satisfied.

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Jasmine MARQUEZ

EXP Gained: +32

Star Rating: 2.3 ★★

Reason: Performance Assist Detected

The system had detected the assist from the Sensual Massage Oil and had given me fewer stars. But oh well. Thirty-two XP. I wouldn't say no to that. Besides, I got to fuck a beautiful woman, with her wanting me as well. So it was a win-win for me all day.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 1

EXP: 109 / 147

We lay there for a long time, tangled together on the couch, our bodies slick with sweat and the residue of our lovemaking. Her breathing was soft and even against my shoulder. I was spent, completely and utterly satisfied.

After a while, I slowly pulled out of her, the slick, wet pop of my cock leaving her pussy. Jasmine sat up, her movements graceful even after the intense session. She crouched between my legs, a soft smile on her face as she took my cock in her hand. With a gentle tug, she rolled the condom off, her eyes fixed on the thick cum inside.

"Wow," she said, her voice a low murmur. "You came buckets."

I chuckled, running a hand through my hair. "Yeah, well... when it's you, how could I not?"

She smirked, a wicked glint in her eyes. Without a word, she slowly poured the contents of the condom over her breasts. The thick, white liquid ran down her skin, glistening in the dim light. She looked at me, a challenge in her gaze. My cock twitched, then began to grow, a hard, throbbing pulse.

"Oh my god, you're so easy," she said, a soft laugh escaping her lips.

"I'm sorry," I said, my voice thick. "It was just so... uh, was so—hot."

"Oh, come on, you horny neighbor," she said, her voice a warm invitation. "Let's make you cum again and send you home."

My eyebrows shot up. "Huh?"

Jasmine didn't answer. She just leaned forward, her mouth open as she took my hard cock inside.

Sexual Activity Task Available

Title: The Final Push

Task: Make Jasmine Cum Before You Do

Duration: 5 minutes

Reward: +1 Ability Point

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

My head swam, my brain trying to process the words. Fuck. I was out of oil. The thought hit me like a physical blow. The only way I knew how to make her—or any other women cum like that was with the magic Sensual Oil thing, and the vial was empty. I had no idea how I could possibly make her climax before I did.

As I sat there frozen, her whole damn head bobbed down until her lips brushed my balls. I leaned in, both hands on her head as I groaned.

"Holy... shit!"

Well... I came. I didn't expect such a sensation just from her mouth. Jasmine stayed like that as I pumped my cum into her throat. My cock twitched, spazmed, my moans escaping my lips as I held her head down. She was even moving her tongue inside. Fuck, she was good.

Then, as my orgasm ended, she didn't just lifted her head... she kept going. She kept moving her head up and down to get the last of the cum out of my balls.

"Agh... shit. Jas—Jasmine. Stop... Fuck!"

She finally lifted her head up and met eyes with me, smirking. I was just—looking at her like an idiot.

"How did that feel?" she asked, then opened her mouth, tongue out. "Swallowed them all. I usually charge double for that."

"I..." I stammered. "You... how—"

"Ah, you poor virgin." She said, then yawned. "Come on, shoo. Shoo. I need to sleep."

"I... you—"

I got up, zipped my pants and grabbed my backpack, still had no idea what to say. Then, I turned toward the door, scratching the back of my head. As I grabbed the doorknob, Jasmine came from my side and kissed me on the cheek, which made me flush all red.

"Oh my god!" She said. "You're getting red. So cute!"

"Ah, stop it. Please." I said, tilting my head to the ground. "I'm... I'll just—bye."

"Bye-bye." She said as she watched me leave the house and waved. "Virgin boy."

QUEST FAILED

Title: The Final Push

Task: Make Jasmine Cum Before You Do

Duration: 5 minutes

Reward: +1 Ability Point

Result: You came too soon.

"Maan, I came too early," I muttered as I walked back to my door, dragging a hand through my hair. "Always do that. I can do better... I can do better. And since it didn't count as masturbation..."

I shoved my key into the lock, twisting it open and stepping inside. "...It's still a win-win."

—