

The Heart System #Chapter 101 - Read The Heart System Chapter 101

Chapter 101: Chapter 101

I took a drag from my cigarette, exhaling hard, the smoke curling in the damp air. I stood under the hospital's awning, Jasmine beside me, both of us watching the rain pour down. An ambulance wailed in the distance, its lights flashing on the slick main road below. The storm had fucked the roads—traffic was a mess, cars barely moving.

After I got that strange reward, I called Penelope right after, warning her about Mendy. Told her to check on her, said she might've done something to herself. Penelope braved the storm, found Mendy at her place. Lying on the bed, pills beside her. Unfortunately, her mom was out of town, but thank fuck Penelope managed to get her to the hospital just in time. The doctors pumped her stomach; she was stable now. This whole thing was a mess, but at least Mendy was alive.

"I can't believe she'd do something like that," I said, taking another drag, my voice heavy. "Fuck... it's because I helped Richard."

"It's not your fault," Jasmine said, her voice soft but firm, her eyes on the rain. "From what you told me, you were just trying to help a friend."

"Yeah," I said, eyes half-lidded, the cigarette burning low. "That almost cost Mendy her life."

I exhaled, the rain pounding the city beyond, neon lights flickering through the haze, giving me a dull headache. Behind us, the automatic doors slid open, and Kim, Tessa, and Penelope stepped out. Any other day, I'd have been staring at Penelope's fake tits, but my head was too fucked up for that. I gave them a tight nod, eyes fixed on the blurry cityscape.

"She's getting better," Penelope said, crossing her arms against the chill. "Doctors said I got her there just in time."

Kim nodded. "You guys were lucky."

Penelope exhaled, her breath visible in the cold. "Thank you, I guess."

"It's my fault she's here," I muttered, shaking my head, the weight of it sinking in. "Don't deserve thanks. Maybe a hard fuck you."

"Fuck you, then," Penelope snapped, shooting me a final glare before turning and disappearing through the hospital doors.

Jasmine, Kim, and Tessa stayed under the awning with me. I took one last drag from my cigarette, the smoke curling into the damp air, and flicked the butt into a nearby bin. My mind churned—Dierella, that crimson sky, those knocks, becoming her 'subject.' What the hell did that mean for me? At least Mendy was alive. That was something.

Jasmine rested a hand on my shoulder. I turned, meeting her gaze. She exhaled, rubbing the back of her neck, then gave a small nod. "You should talk to her."

"Yeah," I mumbled, scratching my jaw. "You're right. I owe her an apology."

I headed inside, the hospital's sterile air hitting me as the automatic doors closed behind me. I found the elevator, jabbed the button, and stepped in. The ride to the second floor was quick, the ding sharp as the doors slid open. I stepped out, scanning the signs, and made my way to room 130. My knuckles rapped lightly on the door before I pushed it open.

The room was small, clinical—white walls, a single window with rain streaking down, a monitor beeping steadily. Mendy lay in the bed, pale but awake, an IV line taped to her arm. Penelope sat beside her, perched on a chair, her arms still crossed, her eyes flicking to me as I entered.

I closed the door softly and cleared my throat. "Hey, Mendy."

She glanced at me, her expression flat, and gave a small nod.

"I won't take long," I said, hands clasped in front of me, lingering just inches away from the door, too nervous to step closer. "I'm sorry for... making you think that video was fake."

"You convinced Kayla to tell Mendy it was fake," Penelope cut in, her voice sharp, eyes boring into me.

I nodded, my throat tight. "I know. And I'm sorry. Really, Mendy. I'm just... terribly, terribly sorry."

I stood frozen, Mendy's words cutting through the sterile hospital air. "Why?" she asked, her voice cracking, eyes welling with tears. "Why did you lie to me?"

I hesitated, weighing my words carefully. The last thing she needed was more pain or anger. What was the right thing to say?

"Richard promised me he'd never do it again," I said slowly, my voice low. "But I shouldn't have believed him. I knew what kind of guy he was."

"Did you know," Mendy pressed, her voice trembling, "that Richard was cheating on me the whole time we were together?"

I shook my head. "No."

"Do you think he was... cheating?"

I nodded, my jaw tight. "Probably. His exes... they dumped him for the same reason. He kept cheating."

Mendy's lips quivered, a tear sliding down her cheek, catching the dim light from the window. I looked away, staring at the rain-streaked glass, guilt twisting in my gut. Penelope gripped Mendy's hand, her presence steady but silent. Why the fuck wasn't Richard here, facing this? He should be the one apologizing, not me.

"You can go," Penelope said, her tone sharp. "She's had enough of you."

"I'm sorry," I said, gripping the doorknob, my voice barely above a whisper. "I wish things were different."

"Enough talk, don't you think?" Penelope snapped. "Get out."

I stepped into the hallway, the door clicking shut behind me. I hadn't realized I'd been holding my breath—the air in there was suffocating. Fuck Richard. Fuck everything. I'd nearly gotten Mendy killed because I trusted that bastard. I knew better.

- Quest Available

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- Title: Teardrop

- Task: Make Mendy forgive you

- Reward: +40 EXP

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- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

I mentally hit [Yes] without a second thought. Quest or not, I was going to make this right with Mendy—for her sake and to clear my damn conscience.

I headed toward the elevator and it dinged open—there he was, Richard, stepping out, reeking of booze, his eyes bloodshot.

"Fuck, Evan," he said, his voice slurring as he fell into step beside me. "Is Mendy—"

"Okay?" I cut in, my voice sharp, turning to face him. "No, you fucking dumbass. Look what you did to her."

"Hey, it's your fault as much as mine," he shot back, his words dripping with arrogance. "Don't pin this on me."

"You couldn't keep your dick in your pants, could you?" I snapped, my fists clenching. "You fucking maniac. A disgrace to everything you touch."

Richard shoved me hard, my back slamming into the wall. I held my ground, locking eyes with him, fury boiling over. His face wasn't remorseful—just annoyed, like being here was a chore. Like he didn't give a shit he'd nearly caused a woman's death.

"Watch your tongue," he growled. "It's just a girl. Calm down."

"Calm down?" I roared, shoving him back, my hands slamming into his chest. "Calm the fuck down?"

"She's my girlfriend," he said, stepping into my space, his breath sour with alcohol. "Not yours. You don't know her like I do."

"I don't need to know her to feel like shit," I spat. "What kind of person are you?"

"YOU BITCH!"

He swung, his fist catching my jaw. I'd taken worse growing up in shitty neighborhoods—his punch was nothing. I crouched, grabbed his waist, and hoisted him up, charging forward. We crashed through a random patient's door, the old man in the bed jolting upright, staring as we hit the floor.

"You son of a bitch!" Richard bellowed. "Over a fucking girl?"

"You fucking cunt!" I yelled, landing a punch to his face. "You still don't get it, you narcissistic bastard!"

He shoved me off, scrambling to his feet. I stood, too, just as he grabbed a glass water bottle from a side table and hurled it at me. It shattered against my forehead, shards flying, blood trickling down my face. Fucking great.

I lunged, locking him in a headlock, squeezing hard. He flailed, punching my gut, but I held tight, my anger outweighing the pain. He pushed forward, and we stumbled back into the hallway, still grappling. The elevator dinged, and a patient on a rolling bed came through. To avoid hitting them, I yanked Richard to one side, stumbling to the other.

"Stop!" a doctor shouted from down the hall. "Call security!"

"It's all her fault!" Richard screamed, his voice wild as the nurses hurried the patient away. "She did nothing I wanted! Fucking nothing! What choice did I have? That bitch had it coming!"

I froze, my blood boiling. To my right, Penelope stood in the doorway of Mendy's room, her face pale. Behind her, Mendy watched, tears streaming down her face, her sobs cutting through the chaos as Richard's words hit her.

"Animal," Penelope hissed at him, her voice venomous.

"Oh, just fuck you, fake tits," Richard snarled, turning on her. "You attention whore! You fucking slut! You whore! YOU FUCKING WHORE! WHOREEEEE!"

He was unhinged, reeking of liquor, lashing out at everyone. If he didn't get fired from the gas station after this, I'd quit myself. I couldn't stand another second near this prick.

Footsteps pounded up the stairs, and two security guards burst into the hallway. They grabbed Richard, pinning his arms as he thrashed. "You're all against me!" he screamed, spitting as they dragged him toward the stairs. "Fuck all of you!"

I stood there, blood dripping from my forehead, glass shards stinging my skin. The guards hauled Richard downstairs, his shouts fading. I glanced to the side, catching Penelope's eye as she stepped back into Mendy's room, closing the door softly. Mendy's sobs echoed through the wood, each one a knife in my chest.

I looked up at the ceiling, blood running into my eyes. "Fuck."



Chapter 102: Chapter 102

The rain hadn't let up, hammering the summer house's windows like it was trying to break in. Two days since the hospital chaos, and the storm was only getting worse, not better, despite Kim's prediction of clear skies and beach days. I was jobless now—the boss at the gas station didn't give a shit about my fight with Richard. Told me I could fuck off if I wanted; he wasn't firing his golden boy over "a small thing like that." So I walked. No job, no money in my pockets. The only way to make cash was through system credits, and that meant grinding quests.

I liked working, though. Kept my mind busy. I'd applied to a few jobs online, but my gas station resume wasn't exactly opening doors. No replies yet. With no reason to rush back to the city, we were holed up at Kim's summer house, riding out the storm.

"I need to go back to the city," Kim said, sprawled on the couch, scrolling her phone. "We've got two days of food left. Shame we forgot to buy some stuff after we left the hospital."

"I'll handle it," I said, leaning back on the opposite couch. "Text me the list."

We were lazing in the living room, the fire crackling, blankets draped over us. Jasmine had scored some days off from her job. Tessa was fielding customer service calls for an online clothing brand, her phone buzzing constantly. Kim, unemployed like me, was just chilling.

Speaking of Kim, I realized Tom still hadn't shown up. I'd meant to ask yesterday but forgot.

"Hey," I said, glancing at her. "Where's Tom?"

Kim looked up from her phone. "With his mom. Messy family stuff."

"Damn. Family drama," Tessa muttered, eyes glued to her screen. "Been there. It sucks."

"I'm hungry," Jasmine said from the couch. "Pizza, anyone?"

"As if we have anything but pizza," Kim quipped, rolling her eyes.

Jasmine stood, tossing her blanket aside, and headed to the kitchen, her steps light. Tessa sat next to me, still on her phone, while Kim lounged across from us. I needed to call Mendy, check on her after the hospital. And text Delilah.

As if on cue, my phone buzzed—Delilah's name flashed on the screen. Eight in the morning, early for her.

"Hello?" I answered. "Ms. Komb?"

"Hey," she said, her voice warm. "I was at your house today."

"Yeah, I'm on a little trip," I said, rubbing my neck. "Sorry I wasn't there."

"Your roommate was, though," Delilah said. "Strange girl, but cute. Gulped down the soup I made in seconds."

I frowned. "I don't have a roommate. Definitely not a girl. You were probably at the wrong place."

"What?" Delilah sounded confused. "No, it was your place. That expensive painting on your wall, the green kettle I got you..."

My blood ran cold. What the fuck? Someone was in my house? "Can you describe this roommate, Ms. Komb?"

"Messy black hair, dark circles under her eyes. Poor thing looked like she hadn't slept in days."

Cora. Had to be. That description fit her perfectly. But what the hell was she doing in my place? "Did she give a name?"

"Why are you asking?" Delilah said, curious.

"Just... did she?"

"Aliha," Delilah said.

Fake name. Definitely Cora. But why? Stealing? Delilah said the painting was still there, so probably not. I wasn't hallucinating—I'd heard that song in my living room when I was sick, found my boxers in the middle of the floor. Someone was fucking with me.

"Hey," I said, forcing a strained smile into my voice. "Visit me in a couple of days, yeah? I'd love to catch up, Ms. Komb."

"Oh, I will," she said. "Gotta go, though—driving. See you."

I slipped the phone into my pocket. "I'm heading out," I said, standing. "Text me the list, Kim."

"Now?" Jasmine called from the kitchen, sliding a pizza into the oven. "I'm making pizza!"

"Not hungry," I said, grabbing my jacket. "I'll go now."

"Why so sudden?" Kim asked, eyeing me.

"No reason," I lied. "Don't want the rain getting worse and fucking up the roads."

"Alright," Jasmine said. "Drive careful, okay?"

"Yes, mom," I said, smirking.

"Mommy," Jasmine teased, flashing a grin before turning back to the oven.

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I turned the key and stepped into my house, the door creaking shut behind me. Something felt off—wrong, like the air itself was out of place. A scent hit me, fruity and

sharp, like some kind of perfume. It was nice, but not mine. My colognes didn't smell like that. My heart kicked up a notch, unease crawling up my spine.

A shuffling noise came from my bedroom. I froze, my breath catching. Shaking my head, I grabbed a kitchen knife from the counter, the blade cold in my hand. "Fuck..." I whispered. "Please just be the wind..."

I crept toward the bedroom, my boots silent on the floor. The door was closed—never closed it, not since that night I thought I'd been robbed. Maybe I had been. My grip tightened on the knife as I eased the door open, slow and quiet.

And... yeah. Fuck.

Cora was sprawled on my bed, naked, her pale skin glistening with sweat, legs spread wide. The sheets were soaked, dark patches spreading under her thighs, her pussy dripping as she fucked herself with my Zippo lighter—the big one, its silver glinting between her fingers. My dirty boxers were pressed over her face, her nose buried in them, inhaling hard, her chest heaving with ragged, desperate breaths. Her black hair was a tangled mess, dark circles under her wild, manic eyes, wide open like she was possessed.

She chuckled, saliva dripping from the corner of her mouth, pooling on the pillow as she exhaled into the boxers. "Cumming... keep fucking me... heh-heh. Yeshh... YES!" Her voice was unhinged, a mix of a moan and a snarl.

Her body shuddered, hips bucking as she squirted, a gush of fluid soaking the sheets further, the wet sound echoing in the quiet room.

She yanked the boxers closer, her tongue dragging up and down the fabric, slurping like it was the best meal she'd ever had, her eyes rolling back.

"Not enough..." she muttered, voice low and feverish. She slid off the bed, her movements jerky, and sat at my desk, her wet thighs leaving streaks on the chair. She opened my laptop—fucking knew my password—and plugged in a USB.

A video loaded. My stomach dropped. A hidden camera in my bathroom, catching me jerking off, my hand moving fast, my face twisted in release. Cora's fingers plunged into her pussy, her eyes glued to the screen, her voice a twisted purr. "Yes, Evan, jerk that fat cock... love how you stroke it, so fucking hard for me... cum for your dirty little whore..."

She looped the part where I came, her fingers working faster, her breaths hitching. "Yes... yess..." she hissed, rewinding again. "Yesshh!" Again. And again. "I'm cumming! Yes, Evan! Together!" Her voice cracked, wild and obsessive, as she came hard, her body convulsing, another gush soaking the chair, her thighs trembling.

I stood there, speechless, the knife loose in my hand. My cock betrayed me, hardening in my jeans, a sick mix of shock and arousal twisting in my gut. This was embarrassing—fucking mortifying.

I exhaled, my breath shaky, and pushed the door open fully, the hinge creaking. Cora jumped, her eyes snapping to me, wide and feral. She scrambled to her feet, the Zippo clattering to the floor, her body slick with sweat and cum. We locked eyes, no words, just heavy silence, her chest heaving.

Then her knees buckled, and she collapsed to the floor, sobbing, her hands covering her face, her body shaking like a leaf.

"What the fuck?" I muttered, my voice barely a whisper, the knife trembling in my hand as I stared at Cora, naked and crumpled on my bedroom floor, her body shaking with sobs, her pale skin catching the dim light from the rain-streaked window.

"I didn't mean to!" she screamed, her voice raw, tears streaming down her cheeks, matting her messy black hair to her face. "I'm sorry!"

"What..." I stammered, my head spinning, the air thick with that fruity perfume and the musky scent of her arousal. "You... how... that video—what?"

"I'm sorry!" she wailed, clutching her face, her thin frame quaking like she was unraveling. "I'm sorry!"

A HUD flickered in my vision, the text sharp and cold, like it was taunting me.

- Quest Available

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- Title: Got Caught

- Task: Fuck Cora

- Reward: +75 EXP

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- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

I stared at the floating interface, heart pounding. Fuck Cora? After catching her masturbating on my bed, sniffing my boxers, watching a hidden video of me jerking off? The system was twisted, but 75 EXP was a big step toward leveling up. My cock was already hard, throbbing in my jeans, betraying me despite the shock, her pale, slick body seared into my mind.

I exhaled, jaw tight, and hit [Yes]. Fuck it. I was already neck-deep in this chaos—might as well dive in.

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I stepped into the room, the air heavy with her scent and the heat of what I'd witnessed. The knife clattered to the floor as I slammed the laptop shut, cutting off the looped video of my cumshot. Cora's sobs softened, her wide, manic eyes tracking me, dark circles stark against her ghostly skin. She looked like a fever dream, her thin frame trembling, but there was hunger in her gaze—obsessive, unhinged, like I was her only anchor.

I moved behind her, boots thudding on the hardwood, the sound sharp in the quiet. She stayed on her knees, staring forward, her cries now soft whimpers.

My hands went to my jeans, buckle clinking as I unfastened it. I shoved my pants down, my cock springing free, rock-hard, veins pulsing, precum glistening at the tip, her fucked-up devotion driving me wild despite myself.

I stepped to her side, her tear-streaked face level with my dick. I dragged the head of my cock across her wet cheeks, wiping her tears, her skin hot and slick against me. Then I pressed my balls against her forehead, her trembling heat sending a jolt through me.

"Instead of yelling like that," I said, a dark smile curling my lips, "how about you work that mouth for something else?"

"Huh?" Cora's eyes snapped open, wide and crazed, pupils blown as she stared up at me like I was her salvation. Her crying stopped, lips parting, saliva dripping from the corner of her mouth. A scary, obsessive smile twisted her face, teeth flashing as she let out a shaky, "Oh..."

Before I could blink, she lunged, hands seizing my cock like it was her lifeline. She shoved it into her mouth, lips clamping tight around the head, tongue swirling with desperate, frenzied need that sent a shockwave through me.

She moaned, muffled by my dick, sucking like the world was ending, head bobbing with reckless abandon, hands stroking the base where her mouth couldn't reach.

She was better than Jasmine, Kim, or Tessa—fuck, she was in a league of her own. Her mouth was a wet, hot vortex, tongue flicking against my slit, lapping up every drop of precum like it was ambrosia.

Her lips stretched wide, drool spilling down her chin, pooling on the floor as she gagged, her throat constricting around me, but she didn't stop, didn't slow down. Her hands cupped my balls, massaging them, fingers slick with spit as she sucked harder, faster, her moans vibrating against my shaft, sending sparks up my spine.

"Goddamn, Cora," I growled, hips bucking slightly, feeding her more. "You fucking love this, don't you? Sucking my cock like a greedy little slut."

She moaned louder, eyes rolling back, tongue lashing the underside of my shaft with feverish intensity. Her lips smacked, her throat worked to take me deeper, spit dripping onto her chest, coating her small, pale tits. The sight of her—manic, worshipping my cock—pushed me to the edge, my balls tightening, pressure building fast.

I wasn't ready to cum yet. I yanked my cock back, a wet pop echoing as it left her mouth, a thick string of spit connecting her lips to my tip, her tongue chasing it like she couldn't let go.

"Get on the bed," I said, stroking my cock, slick with her saliva, voice thick with lust. "I'll fuck your ass as punishment."

"YES!" she squealed, her voice a wild scream mixed with a manic chuckle, eyes gleaming with obsession. She scrambled onto the bed, the soaked sheets squelching under her as she got on all fours, pale ass high in the air.

Her hands reached back, spreading her cheeks wide, her tight, pink asshole winking at me, her pussy dripping onto the already-drenched sheets. "FUCK ME! PLEASE! PLEASE!"

I stepped forward, cock throbbing, and pressed the head against her asshole. It was tight—too fucking tight. I pushed, but it resisted, her body clenching. "Relax," I growled, smacking her ass hard, the crack loud in the room. Her cheek jiggled, a red handprint blooming instantly.

She moaned, body shuddering, and I felt her loosen slightly. I pushed again, slower, the head of my cock breaching her ass, stretching her impossibly tight ring. "Fuck!" I grunted, the heat and pressure overwhelming. It was in, just the tip, but she was already losing it, body shaking, voice a high-pitched whine.

"YES, EVAN! FUCK MY ASS!" she screamed, hands gripping the sheets, knuckles white. "PUNISH ME! I'M YOUR DIRTY FUCKING WHORE!"

I thrust deeper, inch by inch, her ass gripping me like a vice, so tight it almost hurt. I smacked her other cheek, harder, the sound echoing as her ass jiggled again, another red mark joining the first. "You like that, huh?" I said, voice rough, hips moving, slow but deep. "Fucking your tight little ass for sneaking into my house, sniffing my boxers, watching me jerk off."

"Yesss!" she wailed, rocking back to meet my thrusts, her ass swallowing my cock. "I'm sorry, Evan! I'm so fucking sorry! Fuck me harder! Make me pay!" Her pussy dripped, a steady stream of slick coating her thighs, pooling on the bed. Her voice cracked, unhinged, begging, her ass clenching with every thrust.

I picked up the pace, slamming into her, balls slapping against her wet pussy with each stroke. The bed creaked, headboard banging against the wall. I grabbed her hips, fingers digging into her soft flesh, and spanked her again, the crack sharp, her ass now bright red.

"You're such a fucking freak, Cora," I growled, cock throbbing inside her. "Cumming on my bed, watching my videos, stealing my fucking Zippo to fuck yourself."

"I LOVE IT!" she screamed, body convulsing as she came, ass tightening so hard I nearly lost it. Her pussy squirted, soaking the sheets, thighs trembling as she gasped, "EVAN! FUCK! I'M CUMMING!" Her voice was raw, body shaking like she was possessed, orgasm ripping through her.

I didn't stop, pounding her ass harder, the tight heat driving me wild. "You're not done yet," I said, smacking her ass again, the sting making her yelp. "You're gonna cum again for me, you little stalker slut." I reached under, fingers finding her clit, rubbing it in tight circles as I fucked her ass, her slickness coating my hand.

"OH GOD!" she cried, body bucking, ass clenching as another orgasm hit, pussy gushing again, the wet sound filling the room. "EVAN! YES! FUCK MY ASS! I'M YOURS!" Her voice was manic, eyes wide and glassy, saliva-slick lips trembling as she rode the wave, shuddering under me.

I was close, cock throbbing, pressure building in my balls. I grabbed her hair, yanking her head back, neck arching as I pounded into her. "You want my cum, Cora?" I growled, voice thick with lust. "You want me to fill your tight little ass?"

"PLEASE!" she begged, voice a desperate sob. "CUM IN MY ASS! I NEED IT! I NEED YOU, EVAN!" Her hands clawed the sheets, body shaking as she pushed back, ass taking every inch.

I couldn't hold back. My cock pulsed, and I groaned, slamming deep as I came, hot ropes of cum flooding her ass, the heat of her tight hole milking every drop. "Fuck!" I grunted, hips jerking, filling her as she screamed, body convulsing with her third orgasm, pussy squirting one last time, soaking the bed, her thighs, everything.

"EVAN! YES! I'M CUMMING!" she wailed, voice breaking, body collapsing onto the bed, my cock still buried in her ass as she trembled, breaths ragged. I pulled out slowly, my cum leaking from her stretched hole, dripping down to her pussy, mixing with her slick.

I stepped back, chest heaving, cock twitching as I caught my breath. The sheets were a wreck, soaked with her cum, my cum, sweat, everything. Cora lay there, panting, her pale body flushed, ass red from my slaps, eyes half-lidded but still burning with that obsessive glint.

"Fuck," I muttered, running a hand through my hair. The HUD flickered, confirming the quest completion, my EXP jumping to 122/543. Worth it, but goddamn, what had I just stepped into?

Cora rolled onto her side, breathing slowing, lips curling into a faint, creepy smile. "Evan..." she whispered, voice soft but unhinged. "I knew you'd fuck me like that..."

I exhaled, shaking my head, cock softening but my mind racing. This chick was trouble—big fucking trouble. The system had me hooked, and now I was deeper in this mess than ever.

Quest Completed

Title: Got Caught

Reward: 75EXP

Cora lay sprawled on her back, her pale legs splayed wide, cum oozing from her stretched asshole, dripping slowly onto the soaked sheets, pooling in a slick mess beneath her. Her fingers parted her glistening folds, exposing her pink pussy, still wet and pulsing. Her chest heaved, small tits rising and falling, her skin flushed despite her ghostly pallor.

"Please," she whispered, her voice a needy, obsessive rasp, her eyes locked on me with that manic glint, dark circles stark under them, like she hadn't slept in days. "Fuck me more, Evan."

"Hmm..." I muttered, my cock stirring despite the fresh cum, sensitivity making every twitch ache deep in my core. My mind screamed to kick her out, call the cops, do anything but this, but my body wasn't listening, still buzzing from the system's quest and her unhinged hunger.

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I climbed onto the bed, the mattress dipping under my weight, and knelt between her legs. My cock was rock-hard again, veins pulsing, precum beading at the tip as I aimed it at her pussy, the head brushing her wet entrance, her slickness coating me instantly. I thrust in hard, burying myself to the hilt in one stroke, her tight, hot pussy gripping me like a vice, sending a jolt through my oversensitive nerves.

"Fuck!" I grunted, starting to pound her, my hips slamming forward with raw force. The headboard smashed against the wall, jarring her slightly, her head brushing it with each brutal thrust, her messy black hair tangling against the pillow. The bed creaked, the wet slap of our bodies mixing with the rain hammering the windows outside, a storm that matched the chaos in my head.

"You love this, don't you?" I growled, my hands pinning her thighs wider, spreading her open as I fucked her relentlessly, her pussy clenching around me.

"Yes, Evan!" she moaned, her body rocking with my thrusts, her tits bouncing, her eyes wild with that obsessive fire. "Fuck me harder! I'm yours—fuck this pussy! Yes, YES!" Her voice was raw, her hands clawing at the sheets, knuckles white, her thighs trembling as I drove into her, the headboard banging louder, threatening to crack the wall.

Her words lit a fire in me, my cock hypersensitive from cumming in her ass just minutes ago, every slide through her slick, tight walls sending electric shocks up my spine. I leaned forward, my hands sliding to her hips, gripping her soft flesh, pulling her into each thrust, her pussy swallowing me whole. "You're so fucking wet for me," I rasped, my voice thick with lust, hips slamming harder. "Taking my cock like you were made for it, you desperate little whore."

"Yes... YES!" she cried, her voice shaking, her body arching off the bed, her nails digging into the sheets as she pushed back against me, meeting every thrust. "I need you, Evan! Fuck me deeper! Fill me up!" Her pussy was dripping, slick coating my cock, running down my balls, soaking the already-ruined sheets, the wet sounds obscene in the quiet room.

I grabbed her ankles, lifting her legs higher, spreading her wider, her pussy opening up for me as I pounded deeper, the angle making her gasp. "Look at you," I said, my voice rough, my hips relentless. "Spread open, begging for my dick after sneaking in here, watching me jerk off. You're fucking insatiable."

"Oh, fuck. Fuck! Please!" she whimpered, her eyes locked on mine, glassy and crazed, saliva glistening at the corner of her mouth. "I'm yours, Evan! Fuck me forever!" Her body trembled, her pussy clenching tighter, but she didn't cum, her focus entirely on me, on taking every inch I gave her.

My cock was too sensitive, the pressure building fast, my balls tightening as I slammed into her, each thrust pushing me closer to the edge. "Shit, Cora," I groaned, my pace

faltering, hips jerking erratically. "You're gonna make me cum again, you're too fucking tight."

"Do it!" she begged, her voice frantic, her hips bucking to meet me. "Cum in me, Evan! I need your cum! Fill my pussy! Fill my cunt, Evan!" Her eyes were wild, her lips parted, her obsession laid bare as she stared up at me like I was her entire world.

I was right there, my cock pulsing, ready to explode. I tried to pull out, not wanting to cum inside her pussy, not wanting to deal with whatever consequences that might bring. But Cora moved fast, her legs snapping around my waist, locking me in place, her thighs strong despite her thin frame. She gave an awkward, creepy chuckle, her nails digging into my back, holding me deep inside her.

"Cora, what the—" I started, but it was too late. The pressure hit, and I groaned, my cock throbbing as I came, hot ropes of cum flooding her pussy, her tight walls milking every drop. "Fuck!" I grunted, my hips jerking, unable to pull out as she kept me locked in, her legs a vice, sensitivity making the orgasm intense, almost painful, my body shaking as I emptied into her.

"Heh-heh-heh..."

"Shit..." I muttered, collapsing onto my elbows over her, chest heaving, sweat dripping from my forehead. "You... you are..."

"Your cum... inside me..." Cora chuckled, that awkward, unhinged edge in her voice, her eyes half-lidded but still burning with obsession. "Feels so good."

I stayed there for a moment, my breath ragged, my cock still twitching inside her, her pussy clenching around me, cum leaking out, mixing with her slick, dripping onto the sheets. Shit, shit, shit. I'd listened to my dick instead of my brain, fucked the shit out of her—twice now. Regrets slammed into me, but half my mind was still buzzing from the rush, okay with the chaos, high on the raw intensity of it all.

I dismissed the Sexual Activity screen, telling me how many EXP I got from having sex with her... because I had a bigger problem to focus on.

Cora.

What's done was done, I knew that. But now I had an obsessive girl in my life, one who'd broken into my house, planted cameras, and was now lying under me, my cum dripping from both her holes.

Just what I needed.

=====

- Height: 180 cm

=====

I knocked on the door, and the second it opened, I threw myself inside, shaking off the rain that clung to my jacket like a second skin. The storm was relentless, pouring down in sheets, a never-ending deluge that didn't know how to quit. Fuck. But if we wanted to hit the beach and escape this miserable weather, we had to be patient. The weather reports promised it'd clear up in a few days, but looking outside, it was hard to believe.

"Yeah," Kim said, leaning against the wall, her arms crossed. "I think it got even worse today."

I'd also changed the lock on my house. Installed a security camera too, hooked up to my phone. If anyone—say, a certain obsessive stalker named Cora—set foot in my place again, I'd get a notification instantly. Setup was stupidly easy, just needed Wi-Fi. After what went down with her, I wasn't taking chances.

"I still don't know why you rushed to the city," Kim said, grabbing a couple of the grocery bags. "You could've eaten first, then got what we needed."

I picked up the rest of the bags, following her to the kitchen. "It's fine. You guys leave any pizza for me?"

"Only four slices," Tessa called from the couch, her eyes glued to the TV. "Hope you're not starving."

"Yep," Jasmine added from the other couch, smirking. "You worked us hard, Evan. We needed to refuel."

I set the bags on the kitchen counter, shaking my head with a half-smile. Tessa and Jasmine were sprawled on the couches, watching the news, the TV casting flickering light across the room. Kim stayed with me, rummaging through the bags, pulling out groceries.

"These go in the freezer," Kim said, handing me a pack of chicken breast.

I opened the freezer door, sliding it in. "Yup."

"How was the city?" she asked, passing me two packs of chicken wings.

"Bad," I said, stacking the wings in the freezer. "Traffic jam bored me to death."

"Yeah, I bet," she said, sorting through the rest of the bags.

I slid the last pack of chicken into the freezer, closing the door with a thud. Kim glanced over, tossing a bag of frozen peas onto the counter. "Wanna watch a movie with us?"

"Sure," I said, grabbing the plate of cold pizza from the counter—four slices, just like Tessa said. I took a bite, the cheese chewy but still good.

Kim nodded toward a blanket draped near the fireplace, its edges warmed by the flickering flames. "My idea," she said with a grin. "Figured you'd want a warm blanket after braving that storm."

"My favorite neighbor," I said, shooting her a smirk.

"Hey, you hear that, next-door neighbor Jasmine?" Kim called, her voice teasing. "I guess I'm the new favorite here now, huh?"

Jasmine giggled from the couch, waving a hand dismissively without looking away from the news. "Yeah, yeah, keep dreaming, Kim."

Chapter 105: Chapter 105

I grabbed the blanket, its warmth sinking into my hands, and headed to an empty couch. I flopped down, stretching out, the blanket settling over me as I took another bite of

pizza, the crust crunching in the quiet. Kim dropped onto another couch, grabbing the remote, and the TV screen flicked from the news to a streaming app, rows of movie titles popping up.

Tessa looked over, her phone finally down, a mischievous glint in her eyes. "We're in a creepy-ass cabin, rain pouring down like a horror flick. If we don't watch a scary movie, I'm second-guessing our IQs."

I snorted, swallowing a bite of pizza. "Fair point."

"Agreed," Jasmine said, tucking her legs under her blanket. "Something spooky. Let's do it."

Kim scrolled through the app, landing on a highly rated horror movie—a slasher with a masked killer, set in a storm-soaked forest. Perfect. She hit play, and the screen darkened, ominous music creeping through the speakers as the opening credits rolled. The fire crackled, the rain pounded outside, and the four of us settled in, blankets pulled up to our chins.

The horror movie played out in classic style. A family moves to a sprawling villa in the woods for the summer, desperate to escape the city's chaos, only to find themselves isolated, far from civilization.

Sheesh. It hit close to home. Here I was, holed up in a cabin in the woods, trying to ditch the city's noise myself.

"I bet he's the killer," Jasmine declared, pointing at the TV, her eyes glued to the screen.

"He's the father," Kim countered, tossing a piece of popcorn in her mouth. "No way it's him."

"What about the butcher shop guy?" Tessa piped up, leaning forward. "He was acting weird."

"Bad acting, more like," Jasmine quipped, smirking. "Father's the killer. Bet on it."

We fell quiet, the movie pulling us in. A masked figure appeared, lurking in the distance, watching the house with a bloodied axe in hand. The camera blurred the background, zeroing in on the blade, and for a split second, a face flickered on the axe—then the scene cut abruptly to something new.

"See," Tessa said, nudging Jasmine. "That guy's outside, but the man was in the house earlier."

"Maybe he grabbed an axe, threw on a mask, and posed ominously," Jasmine teased, undeterred. "Then he's back inside, playing good husband."

The kills started piling up. To Jasmine's disappointment, the father bit it first. Then a nosy neighbor checking on the family. Three cops went down next. Just as the killer loomed over the mother, his mask slipping... the electricity cut out, plunging the cabin into darkness. The storm, relentless, had finally knocked out the power. It'd lasted longer than I expected, but Kim's foresight in making me grab candles paid off.

"Aw, shit," Kim muttered, slumping back on the couch.

"Can't see a damn thing," Jasmine groaned. "My phone's almost dead. Should've charged it."

"I got candles in one of the bags," I said, standing, grabbing the empty pizza plate. "I'll get 'em."

"Yellow bag, kitchen counter," Kim called after me.

I flicked on my phone's flashlight, the beam cutting through the pitch black as I moved to the kitchen, the fireplace's faint glow the only other light. I found the yellow bag, ripped open the packages, and pulled out four candles.

Back in the living room, I set two on the coffee table, lighting them with my lighter, their warm glow spreading. The other two went on a shelf near the stairs, their flames flickering as I lit them.

"Should help," I said, pocketing the lighter.

Kim shook her head, staring at the candles. "This trip's a nightmare. I thought it'd be fun, you know? Beach, swimming, ice cream—whatever."

I returned to my couch, sliding under the warm blanket, the fireplace's heat a small comfort. "It's fine," I said, voice low. "I'm good with this trip. It's fun. Kinda... distracting."

"Distracting?" Tessa asked, tilting her head.

"Yeah," I murmured, eyes on the candlelight. "From everything."

A loud bang on the door made us all gasp, jolting upright. My heart slammed against my ribs as I threw the blanket off and stood, adrenaline spiking. Who the hell was out there? Dierella, that woman from before? My mind flashed to the crimson sky, the frozen time, but outside, the sky was just dark, rain-soaked, no eerie red glow.

Jasmine and Tessa leapt up, trailing close behind me, their breaths shaky. Kim darted to the kitchen, snatching a frying pan from the counter, gripping it like a weapon.

"Oh my god," Kim whispered, her voice tight. "Who is it?"

"No idea," I said, wiping sweat from my brow. "Gotta check the window. Door's got no peephole."

"Be careful, okay?" Tessa urged, her eyes wide.

"Yeah, yeah," I muttered, moving toward the window, my pulse racing. "Alright..."

I parted the curtains just enough to peek out, the rain hammering the glass, blurring everything. Nothing. No one at the door, just darkness and the relentless storm. Fuck. An animal, maybe? I hoped so, because if it wasn't, we were screwed.

I exhaled, shoving my phone into my pocket, and edged toward the door, hand gripping the doorknob. I twisted the lock once, double-checking it was secure, but the door felt flimsy, creaking under my touch, making my stomach churn.

Another bang. I stumbled back, nearly tripping over my own feet. Shit. Who was it?

"Here," Kim said, thrusting the pan into my hands, her face pale. "Oh my god, Evan, who is it?"

I clutched the pan, exhaling hard. "No clue..."

Another bang. Then another. And another. Whoever—or whatever—was out there was either about to kick the door down or shatter a window if that failed. I had to act, and all I had was a damn frying pan. Great.

Gritting my teeth, I unlocked the door and swung it open, raising the pan like a bat. Something slammed into my legs, knocking me back a step. I braced myself, ready to swing, but then I saw it—a rusted metal sign, the kind you'd see on a shopfront, caught in the gap between the porch steps. The wind must've torn it loose, hurling it against the door with each gust. When I opened the door, it dislodged, skittering inside and clattering across the floor.

"My fucking god," I muttered, lowering the pan, my heart still pounding. "It was just a damn sign."

The girls burst out laughing, the tension breaking like a snapped wire.

"A sign!" Tessa cackled, clutching her stomach. "You were ready to fight a ghost with a frying pan!"

"Man, you should've seen your face," Jasmine chimed in, grinning. "Like you were about to take on a serial killer!"

Kim shook her head, still chuckling. "I thought we were done for, and it's just some junk blown by the wind."

I closed the door, locking it tight, the storm's howl muffled again. Kim picked up the sign—a dented, faded thing that looked like it once advertised a diner—and set it on the coffee table next to that skin-colored dildo, the two objects looking absurdly out of place together.

I headed to the kitchen, fishing my lighter from my pocket. I lit a cigarette, the flame steady in the candlelight, and exhaled a cloud of smoke, leaning against the counter. "I nearly shat myself," I admitted, shaking my head.

"For real," Jasmine said, relighting the candles on the coffee table, their flames snuffed out when I'd opened the door. "I nearly jumped out of my skin when that bang hit."

Tessa wandered into the kitchen, grabbing a beer from the fridge, the cap hissing as she popped it open. "Gotta calm my nerves after that," she said, taking a swig.

Kim rummaged under the counter, pulling out a bottle of red wine. She poured herself a glass, the liquid glinting in the dim light. "This trip's testing us," she said, sipping. "But at least we've got booze."

Jasmine grabbed a bottle of water from the counter, taking a quick gulp before heading back to her couch, settling under her blanket. "No alcohol for me. Keeping it chill."

I stayed in the kitchen, smoking slowly, my eyes fixed on the window.

"God fucking help me."



The storm raged on outside, rain hammering the cabin's windows, the wind howling like it was trying to tear the place apart. Inside, the breakfast table was just wonderful, cluttered with plates of half-eaten pancakes, strips of bacon, and a pitcher of orange juice that was almost gone.

The air smelled of maple syrup and coffee, the pot still steaming on the counter. Candles flickered on the table, their soft glow fighting the gloom since the power was still out. A fire crackled in the fireplace, casting warm shadows across the wooden walls, making the cabin feel like a bubble against the chaos outside.

Kim, Tessa, Jasmine, and I sat around the table, chairs creaking as we leaned back, plates pushed aside. The conversation had taken a turn, as it always did with these three, into teasing me mercilessly.

"And, then," Tessa said, chuckling, her fork dangling in her hand, "he asked me to suck his cock while he ate."

"What?" Kim gasped, her eyes wide, nearly choking on her orange juice. "Oh my god, Evan, you're an animal."

I cleared my throat, my face heating up as I shoved a piece of bacon in my mouth. "Look," I mumbled, chewing, "it was just a stupid fantasy, okay? Can we not talk about it?"

Kim leaned back in her chair, grinning like a cat with a mouse. "What other absurd requests did he make? I wanna hear it all."

"Oh, oh, you forgot the kiss thing," Jasmine cut in, pointing at Tessa.

"Right!" Tessa said, slapping the table, her voice bright with mischief. "So, he stands up, right? And he's like, 'Jasmine, Tessa, kiss each other while my dick's in the middle of you.'"

"Girl, what?" Kim's jaw dropped, her laugh bursting out as she clutched her coffee mug. "No way."

"I know, right?" Jasmine said, shaking her head, her grin wide. "He's just... different."

They all burst out laughing, the sound filling the cabin, drowning out the storm for a moment. I groaned, sinking lower in my chair, but a smirk tugged at my lips. "You guys are the worst."

"Admit it," Tessa teased, pointing her fork at me, "you love the attention."

"Yeah, yeah," I muttered, taking a sip of coffee, the bitter warmth grounding me. "Keep roasting me, see where it gets you."

"Oh, we're just getting started," Kim said, winking as she speared a pancake. "What else you got in that freaky head of yours, Evan?"

The conversation rolled on, their teasing not stopping but light, the kind of easy banter that made the cabin feel like home despite the storm outside. We tossed around stories, some true, some wildly exaggerated, the candles flickering as the rain kept pounding, the wind rattling the windows.

Chapter 106: Chapter 106

Breakfast wrapped up, plates stacked in the sink since the dishwasher was useless without power. We migrated to the living room, lazy energy settling in. I flopped onto the couch, stretching out, the warm blanket from last night draped over me. The fireplace

crackled, its glow reflecting off the coffee table where Kim's diner sign and that ridiculous skin-colored dildo still sat, like weird trophies from the storm.

Kim sprawled on another couch, scrolling her phone despite the spotty signal, while Tessa curled up in an armchair, sipping the last of her orange juice. Jasmine grabbed a book from the shelf, settling on the floor near the fire, her water bottle beside her.

"Storm's not letting up," I said, glancing at the window, the rain a blurry curtain. "Guess we're stuck here a bit longer."

"Fine by me," Jasmine murmured, flipping a page. "Beats the city right now."

Despite the chaos outside, the cabin was calm, a bubble of comfort where the storm's fury couldn't reach. Man, it felt good.

Jasmine sat cross-legged on the rug near the fire, her book open in her lap, the pages yellowed and dog-eared. She'd been reading for a while, her hair tucked behind her ears, but she suddenly snapped the book shut with a soft thud, exhaling loudly.

"I'm bored," she said, tossing the book onto the coffee table, where it landed next to the dented diner sign and that absurd skin-colored dildo.

I felt my phone buzz in my pocket and fished it out, the screen lighting up with a notification from Delilah. A grin crept across my face as I tapped it open. It was a selfie—her standing in front of her computer case, giving a thumbs-up, her tight t-shirt clinging to her curves, no bra underneath. Her nipples pressed against the fabric, clear as day. Oh, come on, she was doing this on purpose. I was this close to sending an eggplant emoji, my thumb hovering over the keyboard, but I held back.

"It works so good!" her text read. "When I used to press the power button, the fans spun like a plane taking off."

"Glad it's running smooth now, Ms. Komb," I typed back, leaning against the couch, the cabin's cozy warmth wrapping around me despite the storm still raging outside.

"I'll swing by your place to hear the rest of the story," she replied, followed by another text. "About how you got your ass kicked."

"Hey, I could've taken him," I shot back, smirking. "I was sick, alright?"

"Oh, you turn into such a drama queen when you're sick. Ivy's been spilling all your secrets."

"That's the fattest lie I've ever heard," I texted, shaking my head.

She sent a crying-laughing emoji, and I fired one back, chuckling. Chatting with Delilah always felt good. She'd been different from the start—taking care of me back in uni when I was a broke, clueless mess, always there with a meal or a laugh when I needed it.

"So... how's stuff?" I asked.

"You mean my work life?" she replied.

"Yeah."

"Let's talk face-to-face, Evan. Not feeling texts right now."

"Sure," I typed. "I'll be back in three days, maybe four. I'll hit you up."

"Alright," she responded. "Gotta run. Talk soon, Evan."

"Yep. See ya."

I slipped my phone back into my pocket and glanced out the window. Rain, rain, and more fucking rain, hammering the glass, blurring the world outside into a gray mess. The cabin's glow—candles flickering, fireplace crackling—kept the mood warm, but man, I missed the sun.



Finally. The rain had stopped yesterday, and now the sun was out, scorching the earth like it was making up for lost time. The air was thick, humid, and disgustingly hot, but it meant one thing: beach time. Fucking beach time with three beauties.

We were waiting for Tessa to finish getting ready. Kim lounged on the couch, scrolling her phone, her body barely contained by a red bikini, the top tied in thin straps that crisscrossed her back, the bottoms cut high to show off her hips. The fabric hugged her curves, leaving little to the imagination, her pale skin glowing in the sunlight streaming through the window.

Jasmine lay across my lap, her phone's front camera on, checking her reflection as she adjusted her braids. She wore a teal one-piece swimsuit, the sides cut high, exposing her dark, toned thighs and the curve of her ass. My hand had slipped under the fabric, my fingers lazily circling her nipple, feeling it harden under my touch. My cock throbbed in my swim trunks every few seconds, the thin material doing nothing to hide it. Jasmine just chuckled, pressing her head harder into my lap, rubbing against my bulge with a teasing smirk.

"You're so hard," she murmured, still focused on her phone's screen, her voice low and playful. "Just from playing with my nipples?"

"Can't blame me," I said, chuckling, giving her nipple a gentle pinch, making her squirm slightly.

Tessa bounded down the stairs, her footsteps light, drawing our eyes. She wore a black bikini, the top a halter style that pushed up her full breasts, the bottoms tied low on her hips, accentuating her curves. "Ready," she announced, spinning once, her hair bouncing. "Let's hit the beach."

Jasmine slid off my lap, her teal swimsuit clinging to her dark, toned body as she stood, her braids swaying. My cock throbbed painfully in my swim trunks, her teasing weight still lingering on me. She glanced down, smirking, her eyes glinting with mischief in the sunlight streaming through the cabin's windows.

"You guys grab the bags and load the car," Jasmine said, her voice sultry, tossing a look at Kim and Tessa. "I'll help Evan cum. I swear, he's been so horny the last few days."

"Hey, again, can't blame me," I said, chuckling, leaning back on the couch, trying to play it cool despite the heat pulsing through me.

Kim, sprawled on the couch in her red bikini, set her phone down and scoffed. "Hey, don't hog all the fun," she said, her voice teasing but edged with want. "We're in the middle of bumfuck nowhere, no electricity, my phone's dead. Surprise, surprise, the only entertainment around here is Evan's dick."

"Wow..." I muttered, half-laughing, my face flushing. "That's... what, a compliment or an insult?"

"Come on, magic boy," Tessa said, exhaling dramatically as she sauntered over from the armchair, her black bikini barely containing her curves. "Get those swim trunks off. We can't let you hit the beach with a raging boner."

Kim swung her legs over, straddling my lap, her thighs warm against mine, her red bikini bottoms brushing my bulge, making me twitch harder. Tessa moved behind the couch, her hands guiding my head back until it rested between her big tits, the soft, warm flesh pressing against my neck. She leaned down, her lips finding mine, kissing me deeply, her tongue slow and teasing, tasting of orange juice from breakfast. I groaned into her mouth, my hands instinctively gripping Kim's hips as she ground against me.

Jasmine crouched beside me, her fingers hooking into my swim trunks, tugging them down with a quick yank, my cock springing free, hard and throbbing, precum already beading at the tip. "Fuck, Evan," she murmured, her eyes locked on my dick, her hand brushing my thigh as she leaned closer.

A HUD flickered in my vision, cutting through the haze of lust.

- Sexual Activity Task

=====

- Title: Smothered

**- Task: Make the girls give you a
titjob at the same time and cum.**

- Reward: 75 EXP

+1 Ability Point

=====

- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

Wait, a titjob from all three? How the fuck would that even work? My mind spun, picturing it, and—shit, it didn't sound bad. It sounded fucking incredible. But just blurting out, 'Hey, wrap your tits around my cock, all at once,' felt... weird. I couldn't just jump to that and call it a day. Nah, I needed to fuck them first, give them what they wanted, rack up some EXP, and then maybe ease into the quest's request.

Tessa pulled back from the kiss, her hands cupping my cheeks, her thumbs brushing my jaw. She licked my lips slowly, her eyes gleaming. "You love this, don't you, you horny fuck?" she teased, her voice low, her breath hot against my face.

I didn't answer with words, just leaned up and kissed her again, my tongue tangling with hers, deeper this time, her moan vibrating against my lips. My hands squeezed Kim's ass, pulling her closer, her bikini bottoms damp against my bare cock now that Jasmine had freed it.

Kim lifted her hips, her fingers swift as she untied her red bikini bottoms, letting them fall to the floor, her pussy already glistening. She reached down, grabbing my cock, stroking it once, twice, her touch firm, making me groan into Tessa's mouth.

"Fuck, Evan, you're so hard for us," Kim purred, her voice dripping with lust as she aimed my cock at her entrance, her wet folds brushing the tip.

She sank down, taking me in, her tight, hot pussy enveloping me, making me grunt, my head falling back against Tessa's tits.

"Shit, Kim," I growled, my hands gripping her hips as she started bouncing, her thighs flexing, her pussy clenching around me with every move.

"Mm. Yeah, baby. Keep fucking me."

"Goddamn, you feel so good," I said, my voice rough, smacking her ass hard, the crack loud, her cheek jiggling as a red mark bloomed. "Ride that cock, just like that."

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Kim moaned, her hands braced on my chest, her nails digging in as she bounced faster, her tits bouncing under her bikini top, the thin straps straining. "Fuck me harder, Evan," she gasped, her hips grinding, her pussy soaking my cock, slick dripping down my balls. "You know you want to wreck this pussy."

Jasmine crouched lower beside me with a smirk. As Kim rode me, Jasmine leaned in, her tongue flicking out, licking the base of my cock where it met Kim's pussy, her lips brushing my shaft with every bounce. Her hand cupped my balls, massaging them gently, her fingers slick with Kim's juices, sending jolts through me.

"Mmm, you taste so good," She murmured, her voice muffled, her tongue lapping at me, teasing my balls as Kim kept bouncing, her moans growing louder.

"Fuck, Jasmine," I groaned, my hand tangling in her braids, guiding her closer, her tongue working me with slow, deliberate licks. "Keep licking like that, you dirty little tease."

Tessa's hands slid down my chest from behind, her fingers tracing my nipples, pinching them lightly, making me hiss. She leaned down, kissing my neck, her lips hot, her tongue tracing my earlobe. "You're loving this, aren't you?" she whispered, her voice husky, her tits pressing harder against my head. "Three girls all over you, worshipping that big cock."

Kim's pace quickened, her ass slapping against my thighs, her pussy clenching tighter, her moans turning into high-pitched gasps. "Fuck, Evan, you're so deep," she whined, her hands gripping my shoulders, her nails leaving red marks. "Keep fucking me, don't stop."

I smacked her ass, then, again, harder, the sound echoing, her cheek jiggling as she yelped, her pussy tightening around me. "Take it, Kim," I growled, thrusting up to meet her, the couch groaning under us. "Ride that cock like you mean it."

Jasmine's tongue didn't stop, licking along my shaft, her lips brushing Kim's pussy with every bounce, her hand still working my balls, rolling them gently, her touch driving me wild. Her eyes flicked up to mine, dark and hungry, her lips glistening with Kim's slick.

"You like my tongue on you, don't you?" she teased, her voice low, before sucking lightly on my balls, making me groan louder.

Tessa's hands roamed lower, her fingers brushing my abs, her lips kissing my jaw, then my lips again, her tongue diving in, hungry and aggressive. I kissed her back, my hand reaching up to grab her hair, pulling her closer, her moans muffled against my mouth. The combined sensation—Kim's tight pussy, Jasmine's tongue, Tessa's lips—was overwhelming, my cock throbbing, the pressure building fast.

"Shit, you girls are gonn..." I grunted, my hips bucking up into Kim, her pussy soaking me, her moans filling the room. The cabin's warmth, the sunlight streaming in, the distant sound of waves—it all faded behind the heat of their bodies, their hands, their mouths, all focused on me.

I grabbed Kim's ass cheeks with both hands, squeezing the firm flesh hard, my fingers digging in as I moaned, her tight pussy clenching around my cock with every bounce.

I broke the kiss with Tessa, her lips still hovering close, and leaned forward, my mouth finding Kim's nipple through her red bikini top. I yanked the fabric aside, exposing her full, pale breast, and sucked hard, my tongue swirling around the stiff peak, making her moan louder, her hips grinding faster.

"Fuck, Evan, don't bite into them," Kim whined, her nails scratching my shoulders, her pussy soaking my cock, slick dripping down my balls.

Tessa stepped around to the front, her black bikini barely holding her curves, her eyes glinting with mischief. "It's my turn," she said, her voice husky, cutting through Kim's moans. "I've got a surprise for Evan."

"Hmm? What's that?" I asked, my voice rough, my lips still wet from Kim's nipple, my cock throbbing inside her.

Tessa turned her back to me, and hooked her fingers into her bikini bottoms, pulling them to the side to reveal her round ass. She reached back, parting her cheeks, her tight, pink asshole winking at me. "You can fuck my ass," she purred, glancing over her shoulder, her smile daring.

Kim groaned, a mix of frustration and lust, and hopped off my lap, my cock slipping out with a wet pop, glistening with her juices. "Fine," Kim said, smirking, stepping aside, her bikini top still askew, her nipple hard and wet from my mouth.

Tessa climbed onto my lap, her thighs warm against mine, her ass hovering over my cock. I spit into my hand, slicking my dick, rubbing it to spread the wetness, making it glisten even more. She lifted her ass, her hands guiding my cock, aiming the head at her asshole. She lowered slowly, the tight ring resisting at first, my cockhead pressing against it, then slipping in, inch by inch, her heat and tightness making me groan.

"Fuck, Tessa," I grunted, my hands gripping her hips, my fingers digging into her soft skin. I slid one hand up, wrapping it gently around her neck, pulling her back to kiss her, my lips crashing into hers, my tongue diving deep as I pushed my cock further at once, fully entering her ass, the tightness almost overwhelming.

"OOOOHHH!" Tessa screamed, her voice a mix of pain and pleasure, her body tensing, then shuddering. "Not so... fast... oh, fuck! FUCK!"

Jasmine giggled, rising from her crouch, her teal swimsuit hugging her dark, toned body, her braids swaying as she moved behind Tessa. She grabbed Tessa's waist, her hands firm, guiding her up and down on my cock, making her bounce slowly. "Come on, Tessa," Jasmine said, smiling wickedly, her voice playful but commanding as she moved her friend up and down. "Up and down. Up and down. Up and down on that dick."

I watched Tessa's tits bounce under her bikini top, the fabric straining as her body moved, her ass gripping my cock with every slide. Her pussy was soaked, slick dripping down her thighs, pooling on my lap, the sight driving me wild.

"Fuck, Tessa, your ass is so tight," I growled, smacking her cheek, the crack loud, her skin jiggling as a red mark bloomed. "Taking my cock like a good little slut."

Uh-oh. It slipped again, I called her a slut. Please forget that, please forget that, please forget that...

"Evan!" Tessa gasped, her voice shaking, her body trembling as Jasmine kept guiding her, her ass bouncing faster now, the pain in her moans mixing with raw pleasure. "Fuck my ass harder, you bastard, give it to me!"

Kim walked beside us, her fingers slipping under Tessa's bikini top, pinching her nipples hard, making her yelp. "Look at you, Tessa," Kim purred, her voice dripping with lust, her lips brushing Tessa's ear. "Getting your ass fucked while your pussy's dripping like a whore."

Tessa exhaled sharply, her breath hot against my face, then locked her eyes on mine, her black bikini top barely holding her bouncing tits as she rode my cock in her ass. "Slut?" she asked, her voice a mix of challenge and lust, her gaze burning into me. "You wanted this, Evan."

"Huh?" I grunted, my hands gripping her hips, the tight heat of her ass driving me wild.

Without warning, Tessa started bouncing harder, her ass slamming down on my cock, the slap of her cheeks against my thighs echoing in the cabin's cozy living room. She went so fucking hard, her movements relentless.

"Oh..." I groaned, leaning back on the couch, my head sinking into the cushions. "Oh, fuck, oh fuck..."

The pleasure was intense, almost too much, but the points I'd dumped into libido were kicking in, keeping me in the game despite the overwhelming sensation of her tight ass gripping my cock. I smirked, my hands sliding to her waist, fingers digging into her soft flesh.

"I wanted this, huh?"

I stood, lifting her with me, her legs still wrapped around my waist, my cock buried deep in her ass. I went to town, fucking the shit out of her, thrusting hard and fast, the rhythm brutal, her ass clenching around me with every stroke.

"AAAAAH!" Tessa screamed, her arms wrapping around my neck, hugging me tight, her tits pressed against my chest, bouncing with each thrust. Her voice shook, broken by my pace. "Oh, fuck. F-u-u-u-c-k! EVAN!"

Kim and Jasmine giggled from the side, their voices teasing, dripping with dirty talk. "Look at her, Evan," Kim purred, her red bikini top askew, one nipple peeking out as she leaned against the couch. "Fucking her ass like she's your little toy. She loves it, don't you, Tessa?"

"Fuck yeah," Jasmine added.. "Bounce that ass on his cock, girl. Take it like a good slut."

I kept fucking her, my cock slamming into her tight asshole, the pleasure building fast, my balls tightening. I moved us toward the wall, pinning Tessa's back against it, the wood cool against her skin. Her legs stayed locked around me, her pussy dripping, slick coating her thighs, pooling on the floor. "Apologize," I growled, my voice rough, thrusting harder, my cock stretching her ass. "You fucking slut!"

"AH... SHIT! OH..." Tessa gasped, her body trembling, her nails clawing my back, leaving red streaks.

"Beg," I said, going harder, my hips slamming into her, the wall creaking behind us. "Beg like a good little slut. Beg me to cum inside your asshole!"

"O-O-OH... FUCK! CUM! CUM IN ME!" she cried, her voice breaking, her eyes glassy with desperation.

"Beg like a good slut!" I snarled, my thrusts relentless, her ass so tight it was pushing me to the edge.

"CUM INSIDE MY ASS! PLEASE, PLEASE!" she screamed, her body shaking, her tits bouncing against my chest, her pussy gushing with slick.

That broke me. I could've lasted longer, but my libido points weren't high enough yet, and her desperate pleas sent me over. My legs shook, and I came so fucking hard, my cock pulsing, hot ropes of cum flooding her ass, the sensation overwhelming, my groans loud in the room. Tessa was right on the edge, the intensity of my orgasm pushing her over, her body convulsing as she came, her pussy squirting, soaking my thighs, her moans high-pitched and shaky.

I pumped my cock a few more times, slow and deep, getting every last drop of cum into her ass, her walls still clenching around me. We were sweaty, breathless, our bodies pressed together, her eyes locked on mine, wild and hungry. I leaned in, kissing her hard, our lips crashing together, tongues tangling in a desperate, needy dance, her moans muffled against my mouth.

I slid my cock out slowly, her ass releasing me with a soft pop, cum oozing from her stretched hole, dripping down her thighs to the floor. We stood there, panting, her body still trembling against the wall, the cabin's warmth wrapping around us.

The HUD flickered in my vision, sharp and clinical, cutting through the haze of lust and sweat.

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Foursome

EXP Gained: +67

Star Rating: 3.5 ★★★

Reason: -

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I set Tessa down gently on the rug, her legs shaky as she steadied herself, cum still dripping from her stretched asshole, pooling on the floor beneath her. The cabin's warmth—candles flickering, fireplace crackling—wrapped us in a cozy glow, the distant crash of waves outside barely audible over our heavy breathing. Her black bikini was still pushed aside, her tits heaving, her skin flushed and glistening with sweat.

"You fucking dirty bastard," Tessa said, smacking my shoulder, her voice a mix of playful anger and lingering lust. "You called me a slut! Again! I swear I'm gonna beat you now."

"Sorry, sorry," I chuckled, raising my hands to shield myself, grinning. "But, hey, you called yourself a s—"

"Wait," Jasmine cut in, standing nearby in her teal swimsuit, her dark skin glowing in the candlelight, her braids swaying. "Why am I the one being left out?"

"Actually," I said, clearing my throat, my cock still twitching from the intensity of Tessa's ass. I nodded, feeling a flush creep up my neck. "I have a... you know, kind of a favor to—"

"Oh, no," Tessa interrupted, shaking her head, her lips curling into a smirk. "Another one of his unhinged requests is coming, Kim. Jasmine and I are used to it, but you? Oh, boy."

"Should I run?" Kim chuckled, her red bikini top askew, one pale breast still exposed.

"Well, maybe—" I started, rubbing the back of my neck. "I could get a titjob from you three? You don't have to, of course."

"All three of us, you mean?" Tessa asked, raising an eyebrow. "All together?"

"Y-yes. It'd be... well, you know..." I said, my voice catching, my cock already stirring again at the thought.

The girls shared a look, their eyes glinting with mischief, a silent agreement passing between them. Tessa exhaled dramatically, rolling her eyes. "Okay, lay down, you big baby."

I grinned, my heart pounding, and dropped to the rug, lying flat on my back, the soft fibers warm against my skin.

Kim untied her red bikini top, letting it fall, her full, pale breasts bouncing free, her nipples stiff. Tessa shrugged off her black bikini top, her round tits swaying, her tawny skin glowing. Jasmine peeled off her teal swimsuit, revealing her perky breasts, her dark nipples hardening in the warm air. They leaned in, their bare tits brushing my thighs, their eyes locked on my cock, their lips curled in teasing smiles.

Kim and Tessa positioned themselves on either side of my cock, their breasts pressing against my shaft, soft and warm, their skin slick with sweat. Kim's tits were fuller, enveloping my length, while Tessa's were rounder, her nipples grazing me as she moved. Jasmine knelt in front, her lips hovering over the head of my cock, her tongue

flicking out to lick the precum, her perky tits brushing the tip as she leaned in, her dark skin contrasting with the pale candlelight.

"Fuck, Evan," Tessa purred, pressing her tits tighter around my shaft, sliding them up and down, her soft flesh stroking me. "You love these big tits on your cock, don't you, you horny bastard?"

Kim matched her rhythm, her breasts squeezing my cock from the other side, her nipples hard against my skin. "Look at him, squirming already," she teased, her voice husky, her lips brushing my thigh as she moved. "You're gonna cum so fast, aren't you?"

Jasmine's tongue swirled around the head of my cock, her lips sealing tight, sucking lightly as her tits grazed the tip, her hands resting on my thighs. "Mmm, you taste so good," she murmured, her voice muffled, her tongue flicking faster, her breasts sliding against me with every lick.

The sensation was fucking unreal—Kim and Tessa's tits stroking my shaft, soft and warm, their skin slick with sweat, Jasmine's mouth and tits teasing the head, her tongue relentless. The cabin's warmth amplified everything, the sunlight glinting off their bodies, their moans and dirty talk filling the air. My cock throbbed, the pressure building fast, too fast, the combined feeling of their tits and Jasmine's tongue overwhelming.

"Shit, you girls are too much," I groaned, my hips bucking slightly, my hands gripping the rug. "Fuck, your tits feel so good, squeezing my cock like that."

"Keep squirming, Evan," Kim said, smirking, her tits sliding faster, her nipples brushing my shaft. "We're gonna milk that dick dry."

Jasmine sucked harder, her lips popping off the head with a wet sound, her tits pressing against me as she licked the slit, her eyes locked on mine. "Cum for us, Evan," she whispered, her voice sultry, her tongue teasing. "Cover our tits with that hot cum."

It was too much. The soft, warm pressure of Kim and Tessa's tits, Jasmine's mouth and breasts, their dirty talk—it hit me like a freight train.

My balls tightened, my cock pulsed, and I came hard, only two minutes in, my groans loud as hot ropes of cum shot out, splattering Kim's pale tits, Tessa's round ones, and Jasmine's perky breasts, some hitting Jasmine's lips and chin. The girls gasped, then giggled, their tits glistening with my cum, their eyes wide with amusement.

Jasmine licked her lips, tasting my cum, her tongue slow and deliberate. "It... actually kinda tastes good, not gonna lie," she said, smirking, her fingers swiping more cum from her chin, licking them clean. "Mm. Weird."

"Quick-shot," Tessa teased, standing, her cum-covered tits bouncing, her smirk wicked. "Patheeeeeetic. And this guy calls me a slut. This."

"Hey," I said, panting, still lying on the rug, my chest heaving. "I think... I held back pretty good."

"Yeah," Jasmine said, her smirk softening as she wiped cum from her tits, her dark skin glistening. "When three beauties are all over you, I guess you did alright."

Welp... fuck me. I was spent, my body buzzing, my cock twitching with aftershocks. The girls stood around me, their cum-covered tits gleaming in the candlelight, their laughter filling the cabin. The sunlight poured in, the beach waiting outside, but right now, I was just trying to catch my breath, my mind reeling from the intensity of it all.

- Evan Marlowe (Lvl 6)

- Age: 21

- Height: 180 cm

- Weight: 73 kg

- EXP: [REDACTED] **335/543**



The sun blazed high in the sky, its heat a welcome change after days of relentless rain, as we piled out of the car at the beach's parking lot. The gravel crunched under our feet, the air thick with salt and the faint tang of sunscreen. Seagulls squawked overhead, their cries mixing with the rhythmic crash of waves nearby. The parking lot was sparse, just a few other cars scattered across the sun-baked asphalt, the distant hum of beachgoers filtering through the warm breeze.

I hopped out first, slamming the driver's door, my swim trunks still a bit damp from the cabin's earlier chaos. Kim stepped out from the passenger side, her red bikini catching the sunlight, the straps crisscrossing her back, her pale skin practically glowing. She hauled a large beach bag over her shoulder, stuffed with towels, a volleyball, and a couple of water bottles clinking inside.

"God, this sun is amazing," she said, shielding her eyes with her hand, her sunglasses perched on her head. "But I had to scrub, like, forever in the shower thanks to your mess, Evan."

I grinned, grabbing a cooler from the trunk, the ice inside sloshing as I hefted it. "Not my fault you girls got me worked up," I said, winking.

Tessa climbed out from the back, her black bikini hugging her curves, her hair tied up in a messy bun. She carried a folded beach umbrella under one arm and a rolled-up blanket under the other, her steps light despite the load. "Yeah, well, my tits are still sticky from your shenanigans," she teased, smirking. "Took a whole bottle of body wash to feel human again."

Jasmine slid out last, her teal swimsuit accentuating her dark, toned legs, her braids swinging as she grabbed a mesh bag of beach toys—a frisbee, a couple of paddles, and a small bucket for no reason other than she thought it was cute. "You're lucky we like you, Evan," she said, her voice playful, her eyes glinting as she adjusted the bag on her shoulder. "Otherwise, we'd be charging you for all the soap we used."

"Hey, I'm worth it," I said, chuckling, closing the trunk with a thud. The cooler's handle dug into my palm, but the promise of the beach kept me moving.

We headed toward the shore, the gravel giving way to soft, warm sand that slipped between our toes. The beach stretched out before us, a wide crescent of golden sand kissed by gentle waves, the water shimmering turquoise under the midday sun. Driftwood and small shells dotted the shoreline, and a few colorful umbrellas were scattered farther down, where families and couples lounged. The sea sparkled, its surface rippling with each breeze, inviting us closer.

We settled close to the water, where the sand was damp and cool, the waves lapping just a few feet away. Tessa dropped the umbrella and blanket, spreading the latter out with a flourish. Kim set the beach bag down, pulling out towels and tossing them onto the blanket, while Jasmine plopped the mesh bag next to it, already eyeing the frisbee.

"Fucking finally," Tessa said, kicking off her sandals and stretching her arms toward the sky, her bikini top straining slightly. "So much storm and rain. Now... look at this. Beautiful."

"It is," I replied, setting the cooler down, the ice rattling inside. I cracked it open, pulling out a cold water bottle and taking a swig, the chill cutting through the heat. The sun felt like a warm hand on my back, the sea's rhythm calming after the cabin's intensity.

Kim flopped onto the blanket, lying back, her sunglasses now over her eyes. "This is what I needed," she said, her voice lazy. "Sun, sand, and no more of Evan's cum to clean off."

Jasmine stood up from the blanket, brushing sand off her toned thighs, her teal swimsuit catching the sunlight as she stretched. "I can't wait anymore," she declared, her braids swinging as she kicked off her sandals. "I'm hopping in the water."

Kim sat up, pushing her sunglasses onto her head, her red bikini glinting. "Hell yeah, I'm in," she said, scrambling to her feet, sand sticking to her pale skin.

Tessa tossed her hair back, already stepping toward the water, her black bikini hugging her curves. "Come on, Evan, you joining us?" she called, glancing over her shoulder with a playful smirk.

"Nah, you guys go ahead," I said, leaning back on the blanket, the warm sand shifting under me. "I'll just soak up the sun for a bit."

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The girls shrugged, laughing, and jogged toward the water, their footsteps kicking up sand. The beach stretched out around us, golden and shimmering under the scorching sun, the turquoise waves lapping gently at the shore.

I reached into the cooler, the ice sloshing as I pulled out a cold beer, the bottle sweating in my hand. Popping the cap, I took a sip, the crisp bite cutting through the heat. I fished my lighter from my pocket, lit a cigarette, and exhaled a cloud of smoke. Leaning back on one elbow, I grabbed my phone from my swim trunks, checking the security app for my house. No alerts, no motion detected, Cora hadn't tripped anything. The new lock and camera were holding strong. Good.

"Last thing I need is water on this thing and a repair bill," I muttered, tossing my phone into Jasmine's mesh bag, where it landed safely among the frisbee and paddles. I took another drag, the cigarette glowing as I watched the girls in the water.

Kim, Tessa, and Jasmine waded into the shallows, the waves splashing around their thighs, their laughter carrying over the beach. Kim dove under a wave, surfacing with a grin, her wet hair plastered to her shoulders, her red bikini darker now, clinging to her curves. Tessa splashed Jasmine, who retaliated with a bigger wave, her dark skin glistening as she laughed, her braids swinging wildly.

They wrestled playfully, Kim grabbing Tessa's waist, pulling her into the water, both of them shrieking as a wave crashed over them. Jasmine spun in the water, her teal swimsuit catching the sunlight, her movements graceful as she floated, then splashed Kim back, their giggles echoing.

I took a long sip of my beer, the cold liquid sliding down my throat, and exhaled another puff of smoke, my eyes fixed on them.

I still couldn't believe it—fucking foursomes with these three, not once but twice. My cock twitched just thinking about it, the memory of their tits, their mouths, Tessa's tight ass, Kim's pussy, Jasmine's tongue. It was unreal, like I'd stumbled into some fantasy scripted by those crazy goddesses the system kept mentioning.

"Fucking thank you, whoever you crazy goddesses are," I muttered under my breath, raising my beer to the sky.

I leaned back fully on the blanket, the warm sand shifting beneath me, the sun soaking into my skin as I closed my eyes, savoring the moment. The beer bottle rested in my hand, cool against my palm, the cigarette now just a stub smoldering in the sand beside me. It was perfect, a rare slice of peace after the storm and the wild shit with Kim, Tessa, and Jasmine.

A few moments later, footsteps crunched in the sand, quick and mischievous. I cracked my eyes open just in time to see Jasmine, Kim, and Tessa standing over me, their wet swimsuits glistening, holding a bright orange beach bucket brimming with water. Their grins were pure trouble.

"No—" I started, but they didn't give me a chance to react. With a collective giggle, they upended the bucket, icy seawater splashing over me, soaking my swim trunks and chest, the shock making me gasp.

I shook my head, water dripping from my hair, and sprang to my feet, "Oh, you guys better run," I said, an angry grin spreading across my face. "Trust me. Run away."

"No!" Jasmine screamed, her teal swimsuit flashing as she spun around, already bolting toward the water, her braids bouncing. "Look, we're sorry!"

"Suck my ass, magic boy!" Tessa shouted, her black bikini clinging to her curves as she took off, laughing, her feet kicking up sand.

Kim chuckled, backing away, her red bikini dark with water. "Sorry, sorry, sorry," she said, her hands up in mock surrender, but she was already turning to run.

I charged after them, the sand soft under my feet, my heart racing with playful adrenaline. Kim and Tessa were closest, their laughter echoing as they darted toward the waves. I lunged, catching Kim in one arm, her waist warm and slick under my grip, and Tessa in the other, her body squirming as I lifted them both off the ground. They squealed, kicking their legs, but I held tight, running straight into the shallows, the cool water splashing around my ankles.

With a dramatic heave, I slammed them into the water, the waves crashing over them as they hit the surface, their shrieks turning into laughter as they surfaced, sputtering and wiping water from their eyes. Kim's hair was plastered to her face, her red bikini top slightly askew, while Tessa pushed her wet bun back, grinning.

I spun around, locking eyes on Jasmine, who was halfway down the beach, her dark skin gleaming as she sprinted, giggling wildly. "You're next!" I shouted, chasing after her, my feet pounding the sand, the sun hot on my back.

She glanced back, her eyes wide with mock fear, but she couldn't outrun me. I caught her by the waist, my arms wrapping around her, lifting her clean off the ground as she yelped, her legs kicking. Channeling some over-the-top wrestling show energy, I spun her around, acting like I was about to body-slam her, then gently dropped her onto the soft sand, pinning her for a second with a grin.

"Got you," I said, panting, as she squirmed under me, laughing so hard she could barely breathe.

Kim and Tessa trudged back from the water, still chuckling, their swimsuits dripping, sand clinging to their legs. "Oh my god, Evan," Kim said, catching her breath, her hands on her hips. "You're such a dork."

Jasmine smiled, brushing sand off her teal swimsuit. "You're lucky we didn't drown you for that," she teased, shoving my shoulder playfully.

Tessa flopped onto the blanket, her chest heaving, her grin wide. "This is why we keep you around, magic fingers. Never a dull moment."

I laughed, my heart light, the moment sinking in as one of those perfect, fun memories you hold onto. The sun blazed, the waves crashed, and the girls' laughter rang out, the beach stretching out around us like a postcard come to life.

I dusted my hands, brushing off the sand, and settled back onto the blanket, the warm grains shifting under me as I lay down, the sun hot on my skin.. I reached for my phone from Jasmine's mesh bag, the frisbee and paddles shifting as I pulled it out. A notification blinked on the screen—Kayla had called twice.

"Gotta take this," I said, sitting up, glancing at the girls sprawled around the blanket, their swimsuits still damp from the water fight. "Work stuff."

Jasmine, lounging with her legs stretched out, her teal swimsuit catching the light, raised an eyebrow. "Wait, didn't you quit your job?"

I shrugged, forcing a casual grin. "Yeah, it's just about this week's payment, you know, final checks and all that bullshit."

Kim snorted, adjusting her red bikini top, her sunglasses perched on her head. "Sounds like a hassle."

Tessa, lying on her stomach, her black bikini bottoms riding low, smirked. "Better not be some side chick calling."

I laughed, standing, and walked off toward the parking lot, the sand giving way to gravel under my feet. The lot was quiet, just our car and a few others baking in the sun, the distant hum of beachgoers fading. I leaned against the car's hood, the metal warm, and dialed Kayla, my thumb hovering over the call button for a second before I pressed it.

She picked up on the second ring. "Hey," I said, exhaling, the weight of the beach's lightness shifting. "Sorry, I didn't—"

"How's Mendy?" Kayla cut in, her voice sharp, tense.

"Good," I said, rubbing my neck. "I mean, I talked to her friend Penelope yesterday. Mendy's not big on talking to me right now."

"She fucking tried to kill herself, Evan," Kayla said, her voice rising, almost a yell. "What the fuck did you make me do?"

"I'm sorry," I said, my stomach twisting. "Richard and I... we're not talking anymore. I should've known he'd pull this shit again. I'm so sorry."

"Fuck," Kayla exhaled, her voice shaking. "We nearly killed a girl, Evan."

"Yeah, I know," I said, my voice low, guilt creeping in. "I had no idea Mendy would do something like this. I'm sorry."

"Did you visit her?" she asked. "How was she?"

"Bad," I said, leaning harder against the car, the sun burning my shoulders. "I went to the hospital, but then Richard showed up, spewing unhinged shit."

"Can't even imagine..." Kayla paused, her voice dropping. "No, fuck, I can imagine what that bastard said."

"We should visit her sometime," I said, kicking at the gravel.

"No shit," she said. "I know. I'll... I'll do it. Don't want to, but I have to. Couldn't sleep a wink after hearing about Mendy, Evan. Fuck."

"Hmm," I muttered, staring at the ground.

"I gotta go. Break's over," she said. "Text me if you hear anything about Mendy."

"Yeah."

The call ended, the silence heavy. I shook my head, trying to clear the guilt, and dialed Mendy's number. The phone rang, and rang, and rang, each tone stretching longer than the last. Finally, someone picked up.

"Yes?" Penelope's voice, curt and cold.

"Hey," I said, rubbing the back of my head, the sun glaring off the car's hood. "I'm Evan."

"I know."

"How's... uh, how's Mendy?"

"Bad," she said, her tone flat, cutting.

"Oh..." I cleared my throat, grasping for words. "Yeah... can I talk to her if—"

"No."

"Ah..."

"I'm hanging up," Penelope said. "Bye."

The line went dead. I slumped my shoulders, the weight of it all pressing down. "Fuck..."

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I trudged back to the blanket, the sand warm under my feet, the weight of the calls with Kayla and Penelope sitting heavy in my chest.

"Hey, you okay?" Jasmine asked, her dark eyes narrowing, her braids catching the sunlight.

"Yeah, what's up?" Tessa added, pushing her sunglasses up, her brow furrowed. "You look like someone kicked your dog."

I forced a grin, dropping onto the blanket, the cooler's ice sloshing as I nudged it. "Ah, nothing, just work stuff, you know," I said, waving a hand, trying to sound casual.

"Payment bullshit, like I said."

Kim tilted her head, her lips pursing like she wasn't buying it, but she didn't push. Tessa exchanged a glance with Jasmine, who raised an eyebrow but stayed quiet, too. They knew something was off, but they let it slide, settling back into the sun's warmth.

A shadow crossed the blanket, and I looked up to see a girl passing by, her steps slow. Our eyes met, and my stomach did a flip. "Oh," I said, arching an eyebrow. "You... Julia?"

"Marlowe?" she replied, her voice calm, a faint smile tugging at her lips. "How surprising."

Shit. Julia, my ex from high school, looking exactly like I remembered—sharp glasses perched on her nose, long brown hair tied up in a neat bun, and a body that still stopped me cold. Her round ass and tits, not too big, not too small, just fucking perfect, were barely contained by a navy blue bikini, the top tied in a simple knot, the bottoms hugging her hips, accentuating her curves.

She had that same calm demeanor, like nothing ever rattled her, no matter how wild the world got.

We'd broken up—well, I'd ended it—because my pride couldn't take it anymore. Back in high school, I was broke, scraping by, while her rich parents had her set. She paid for everything, movies, burgers, coffee, all that crap.

For her birthday, I'd saved every cent for a cheap knock-off necklace, but when mine rolled around, she got me a shirt worth more than my entire wardrobe. It crushed me. I told her we were done, that she deserved someone better, someone who could match her. Looking back, I was mature for a dumbass teenager, but it still stung.

"I thought you went to Germany," I said, standing, brushing sand off my swim trunks.

"No, Father decided to stay here," she said, her voice even, her eyes flicking to the girls before settling back on me.

"Oh," I said, realizing I hadn't introduced them. "Jasmine, Kim, Tessa, this is Julia. My... friend from high school."

"Ex-girlfriend," Julia corrected, her tone light but firm, a small smile playing on her lips. "Nice to meet you all."

"Ex, huh?" Jasmine said, leaning forward, her teal swimsuit shifting as she propped herself on her elbows. "I'm kinda curious what Evan was like back in high school."

"Same," Tessa and Kim said in unison, their eyes glinting with mischief.

"Why'd you two break up?" Jasmine asked, her grin widening.

"That's... a story for another day," I said, forcing a strained smile, my face heating up. I turned to Julia. "So, nice to see you again. What do you do now?"

"Same old stuff," she said, her necklace catching the sun. "I work at Nuppia as an accountant. Started five days ago, actually."

Nuppia. Fuck. I'd ghosted their CEO, Anotta, for weeks. With getting my ass kicked and the rain trapping us, I hadn't followed up. Hopefully, she wasn't pissed.

"Oh, nice," I said, keeping my tone neutral. "Nuppia. That's... good. Very good."

"You, Marlowe?" Julia asked, tilting her head. "Where do you work?"

"I..." I started, exhaling. "Looking for a job right now. Quit my last one."

"What were you doing?"

"Gas station clerk," I said, scratching my neck.

Julia giggled, a soft, unbothered sound. "Gas station clerk?"

"Yeah, well, it sucked. I know."

"At least you're doing something," she said, shrugging. "Unlike my brother..."

Brother? Shit, I didn't even know she had one. "Oh... y-yeah."

"I should go," Julia said, glancing at the girls. "Nice to meet you, Jasmine, Kim, Tessa."

They nodded, Kim giving a small wave, Tessa smirking, Jasmine still eyeing her curiously.

"See you, Evan," Julia said, her voice calm as ever.

"Yeah," I said. "See you, Jul."

She walked off, her navy bikini catching the sun, her steps steady, unbothered. I sank back onto the blanket, the girls watching her go, their eyes flicking to me with unspoken questions.

- Quest Available

=====

- Title: Old friends

- Task: Text Julia.

- Reward: +75 EXP

=====

- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

Huh? Why would I have wanted to text Julia, anyway? But... whatever. I figured I'd just send a quick 'Hey, what's up?' and be done with it. The thing was, I didn't even have her number. I'd have to track down her socials first and ask for it.

"Okay, you gotta tell us everything," Jasmine said, leaning forward, her elbows on her knees, her dark eyes gleaming. "Who is Julia? And why'd you two break up?"

"I'd rather not," I said, rubbing the back of my neck, my voice low, hoping they'd drop it.

"Come ooon!" Tessa said, grabbing my arm and shaking it playfully, her fingers warm against my skin. "Tell us! Don't be like that, 'Marlowe.'"

"No," I said, pulling my arm back, trying to keep it light but firm.

"Booo. Come on!" Kim chimed in, tossing a handful of sand toward me, her red bikini top shifting slightly as she laughed.

Tessa nodded, smirking. "Yeah, you suck."

I sighed, running a hand through my hair, the sun hot on my shoulders. "Fine, fine. Look, it's a rich girl, poor guy cliché," I said, my tone clipped. "I didn't like how she crushed me with her money. So I told her it'd be best if we broke up, that she deserved better."

"My god," Tessa said, her voice dripping with sarcasm as she rolled her eyes. "Your little man-pride couldn't handle a girl paying for your coffee? Aw, so fucking idiotic, isn't he, girls?"

"There's no man-pride here," I said, my jaw tightening, though I kept my tone even. "I just didn't like... you know, not doing anything for her. Shit, I bought her a cheap knock-off necklace for her birthday, and she got me an expensive fucking shirt."

"Necklace?" Jasmine asked, tilting her head, her braids catching the light. "Is that the same necklace she was wearing just now?"

"Huh?" I said, frowning, my eyes dropping to the sand as I tried to picture it. "I... don't remember."

"You don't remember the necklace you gifted her?" Tessa asked, her mouth dropping open, mock horror on her face. "My god... are you even real, Evan?"

"Ah, come on, it was years ago, Tessa. Years. I was in high school. How the hell am I supposed to remember that?" I said, throwing my hands up. "It was just some random necklace I could afford."

"Wow, you broke up with her because she was rich," Kim said, nodding slowly, her lips pursed. "I thought Tom was an idiot."

"Just drop it, okay?" I said, my voice sharper than I meant, but I softened it with a half-smile. "We're at the beach. Let's have some fun."

Jasmine nodded, her expression easing, a grin spreading across her face. "You're right. Well... who's up for some ice cream?"



I leaned back on the couch in my living room, the familiar creak of the cushions grounding me after a week back from the beach. Home sweet home, but the quiet was weird—no job, no schedule, just me and this strange system dictating my next moves. The thought of starving if I didn't grind out quests and earn credits loomed large. Jobless life felt like a void, waking up with no plan, just a vague sense of needing to hustle.

I grabbed my phone from the coffee table, checking for emails from the jobs I'd applied to. Surprise, surprise—nothing.

"Shit," I muttered, tossing the phone onto the couch, running a hand through my hair. "Nothing, nothing, and nothing. Great."

A week since the beach, and I still hadn't made things right with Mendy. The quest had failed, but I didn't care about the system's score. I just wanted her to forgive me, to fix the mess Richard had caused.

"Fucking Richard..." I growled under my breath, the memory of his damn hospital rant burning in my mind.

I got up, stretching, and shuffled to the bathroom, grabbing my new toothbrush from the counter. After Cora's creepy invasion, I wasn't taking chances—she might've done something fucked up to my old one.

Brushing my teeth, I caught my reflection in the mirror. Damn, I looked good. The Charm skill was like magic, sharpening my features, giving me an edge I didn't mind flaunting. I could've dumped more points into Libido or Pleasure, but Charm was working just fine.

Aside from that, I needed to figure out these mastery points and put them to use.