

The Heart System #Chapter 11 - Read The Heart System

Chapter 11

Chapter 11: Chapter 11

The next morning was my off-day. No work, no alarms, just me and the faint ache of last night's failure gnawing in the back of my head. I ended up at the corner coffee shop, a chain that pretended it wasn't a chain. Edison bulbs hung overhead, indie music whispered through the speakers, and the place smelled like roasted beans and vanilla syrup. Faux-wood tables filled the room, and laptops glowed like fireflies across them.

I sat with a tall glass of cold brew sweating on the table, the ice clinking every time I tipped it back. The caffeine bit sharp, bitter and clean.

Behind me, two guys were talking way too loud.

"Bro, I'm telling you," one bragged. "I downloaded that dating app last week? Now I get all the bitches. For real. They line up."

The other guy cracked up. "No way. That easy?"

I stared into the melting ice, jaw tight. Dating apps. I tried that shit after my girlfriend left me. Swiped till my thumb cramped. Nothing but bots, silence, and women who acted like I didn't even exist. No luck. No matches. No second shot.

I drank deeper, letting the coffee scrape against the edge of that memory.

And then...

DAILY TASK AVAILABLE

Title: Hands-On

Task: Smack a Woman's Ass

Reward: +15 EXP

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

The screen pulsed in my vision like it was mocking me. My pulse jumped. Smack a woman's ass? What kind of insane shit is this system pulling on me?

Before I could even process, the café bell jingled.

"Yo, Evan? That you?"

I turned. Richard, my coworker. Tall, always grinning like he'd just pulled something over on the world. And walking beside him was his girlfriend.

Holy. Shit.

She was a knockout. Black crop top so tight her tits looked ready to spill out, the kind of chest that made it hard to look anywhere else. High-waisted jeans painted across her hips, every curve sculpted. Her ass was fat, round, the kind of shape that made a man want to grab it just to prove it was real. Long, silky hair framed her face, and her smile had the kind of heat that made every other girl in the café look plain.

"Didn't think I'd see you here," Richard said, guiding her toward my table.

"Yeah," I muttered, forcing a laugh, "off-day ritual."

He pulled a chair out for her, all casual. "Evan, this is Kayla."

Kayla leaned forward, offering her hand with that smile that could melt steel. Her nails were perfect, her skin soft, her tits pressing subtly against her top as she leaned closer.

"Nice to finally meet you," she said. Her voice was smooth, low, like velvet on skin.

I shook her hand, my throat dry. Goddamn.

Richard sat down, slinging his arm around her shoulder. "So, what're you up to, man? Just chilling?"

"Pretty much," I said, raising my cup. "Coffee, peace, that's it."

Kayla laughed lightly, crossing her legs, the denim hugging every line of her thighs. "Sounds like a good day to me."

"Man, you should've been at the station yesterday," he started. "Some drunk stumbles in, reeking of cheap vodka, tries to buy cigarettes with pennies." He laughed, shaking his head. "Next thing I know, dude pukes all over the floor, chunky, right by pump three. Place smelled like death for hours."

Kayla wrinkled her nose. "Ugh, that's disgusting."

"Yeah, and guess who had to clean it up?" Richard jabbed a thumb at himself. "This guy. Not exactly the highlight of my week."

I chuckled, taking another sip of cold brew. "Sounds like hell, man."

We kept trading stories, boring shifts, dumb customers, who stocked what wrong. It was easy, familiar banter. Until Richard grinned that wicked grin of his and dropped:

"Speaking of customers... you ever notice how half the drunk guys can't shut up about dick sizes?"

I froze. "Come on, man," I muttered. "Not here. Not in public."

Kayla laughed, her eyes sparkling. "Oh my God, really? That's what you talk about at work?"

Richard shrugged, unbothered. "Hey, guys are insecure. They bring it up themselves. Average size this, average size that. I swear, it's like therapy at two in the morning."

I pinched the bridge of my nose. "Can we not?"

"Why not?" Kayla teased, leaning her chin on her hand. "I mean, everyone wonders. It's not like it's a secret taboo."

Richard smirked. "Yeah, come on, Ev. What's the harm?"

I shifted in my chair, uncomfortable. "Drop it."

Kayla tilted her head, lips curling into a sly smile. "No, really. How big are you, Evan?"

The question hit me like a slap. I glanced at Richard, expecting outrage, jealousy, something, but he was just watching, curious, waiting for me to answer like it was no big deal.

My pulse kicked. "I said drop it," I muttered, but they weren't letting go. Richard chuckled, Kayla's eyes stayed locked on me, playful and sharp.

"Come oon!" Kayla insisted.

"Yeah." Richard said. "Tell us fuck sake!"

Finally I sighed, running a hand through my hair. "Seven point one."

The second the words left me, I regretted it. Richard didn't even react, grabbing his coffee. But Kayla... I saw it. The flicker in her eyes as they dipped down to my crotch, the way her lip caught between her teeth for just a moment before she looked away.

Heat climbed up my neck. I coughed, pushed my chair back. "I, uh... got some errands to run."

"Already?" Richard asked, surprised.

"Yeah," I said quickly, standing, avoiding Kayla's eyes. "Stuff to take care of."

I grabbed my drink, gave them both a half-wave, and slipped out the door, the bell chiming behind me.

My chest was tight as I hit the street. Her look, that tiny bite of her lip, replayed over and over in my head.

EVENT

Kayla's Interest +5

Interest? I wasn't trying to flirt with my co-worker's girlfriend. Not at all.

I looked around the street, taking in the crowd. With a quest requiring me to smack a woman's ass, my eyes naturally scanned every passerby—round, curvy, perfectly framed.

I didn't stare too long at anyone; after all, I still had the "No Masturbation" quest active. Keeping my head up, I started walking toward the nearby bus station, scanning the surroundings while keeping the quest in mind.

I plopped down at the bus station bench, setting my coffee on the armrest. The street buzzed around me, but my mind was stuck on that little "Interest +5" notification.

Curious, I opened the UI menu in my head:

EVAN MARLOWE

Stats Shop

Crafting Inventory

Quests Women

I tapped the Women tab, and the screen changed. There they were—Jasmine and Kayla—hearts floating above their names showing how close we were. Jasmine had seven, Kayla five.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 7 / 20

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Progress:

★☆☆☆☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★☆☆☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★☆☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

Select a woman to track progress.

At the bottom, a line of stars explained progression. Every 20 points filled one star. When a star filled, I'd get a small reward—a little reminder that I was moving forward. Nothing magical, nothing hidden. Just a measure of how far we were from each other.

I leaned back, sipping my coffee. That +5 from Kayla earlier? Already showing up. One step closer to the first star. And seeing it here, visually... it made my pulse tick up.

"Jasmine..."

My mind drifted back to that night with her. Hell, I could still picture it—her body twisting, trembling, my hands gripping her thighs. I made her cum so fast, so hard, she and I lost count after ten. That oil... yeah, it really worked. Turned her into a shaking mess under me.

Just remembering it made my cock twitch, pressing against my jeans. Heat rushed through me, pulse thumping in my ears.

"No masturbation. No masturbation..."

Chapter 12: Chapter 12

I slid into my apartment, kicking off my shoes and grabbing some leftovers from the fridge. Tonight it was simple—last night's spaghetti and meatballs, reheated, with a little sprinkle of parmesan on top. My phone lit up the room as I sat down at the table, fork in hand, shoveling a bite into my mouth.

Even while chewing, my mind wandered. Jasmine. I couldn't shake the image of her from earlier—more than ten rapid climaxes, that oil working its magic. Just thinking about it made a shiver run through me, pressing against my jeans.

Then there was Kayla. That look. The one she gave me when I blurted out my size. Her eyes flicking down for a split second before she looked away. I could still feel the heat rise in my chest remembering it.

I shoved the thoughts aside and reached for my phone, scrolling aimlessly, when the doorbell rang.

"Hmm?"

I opened the door to a stranger. At first, I didn't recognize her. But then it clicked—she was one of Jasmine's friends I'd seen at the gas station.

She had long, dark chestnut hair that fell in glossy waves over her shoulders. Her lips were full and curved naturally, giving her a permanent look of playful mischief. Her chest... excuse my language but large as fuck, straining against the fitted black crop top she wore. Her jeans were tight, hugging every curve of her massive, round ass. Over her shoulders hung a light denim jacket, unbuttoned, and on her feet were simple white sneakers. She was on the thick size—the kind of thickness that felt just right.

My mouth went dry for a second, and I realized I was staring before I could stop myself.

I cleared my throat, trying to sound casual. "Uh... how could I help you?"

The woman smiled, a little mischievous, and leaned slightly forward. "Hey... Evan, right?"

"Yeah," I said, raising an eyebrow.

She tilted her head, eyes sparkling. "Come on... Jasmine's waiting for you."

"For what?" I asked, frowning.

Her smile widened. "Another massage session."

I blinked. "Uh... right..."

She glanced at the doorframe like she was checking the clock. "I knocked ten minutes ago, but you weren't home, I think."

"Yes," I muttered, a little flustered, and stammered, "I... uh... yeah. I was outside..."

"Massaging girls again?"

"What, no. I was having a coffee."

Her eyes flicked down, just for a moment, and she peeked at the plate of spaghetti I'd been eating. Then she laughed softly. "Jasmine and I are waiting in the house. Come quick, don't make us wait, magic fingers."

She waved at me lightly before turning and slipping into the next door—Jasmine's apartment.

I stood frozen for a moment, my mouth slightly dry, before gulping down the last of my bite.

"Well, shit."

I shoveled down the rest of the spaghetti like a starving man, barely tasting it. Plate empty, I set it aside and exhaled sharply, trying to steady myself. If Jasmine really wanted me back for another massage, I wasn't about to show up looking like a slob.

I swapped into something halfway decent—a clean fitted shirt and jeans that didn't smell like takeout—and ducked into the bathroom. The mirror caught me staring at my own reflection, hair slightly mussed, jaw tense. I dragged a hand over my face. "Alright, Evan. Play it cool."

SHOP

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

Credits: 35c

Select item to purchase

My finger hovered for a second, then tapped Sensual Massage Oil.

A soft shimmer rippled through the air, and in the blink of an eye, the familiar sleek bottle appeared in my hand. No delivery, no package—just there, like it had always belonged.

I tucked it under my arm, left my flat and made my way to the next door and knocked on it, nerves buzzing.

It swung open almost instantly—her friend, chestnut hair bouncing as she smiled knowingly.

"You made it," she said.

"Yeah," I answered, forcing a crooked smile.

"Come in," she urged, stepping aside.

I crossed the threshold, and the smell of something cooking hit me. Jasmine stood in the kitchen, stirring a pot on the stove. She turned, her eyes warm.

"Hey, Evan."

"Hey," I replied. "I'm, uh... here for the massage."

Jasmine tilted her head with a faint smirk. "Oh, no... the massage isn't for me this time."

Before I could ask, movement to my left caught my eye.

Her friend was already slipping her clothes off, piece by piece, until she stood in nothing but a bra and panties. My throat went dry, and the words slipped out before I could stop them. "Holy shit..."

Jasmine laughed under her breath, glancing at her friend. "Tessa, you're shameless. Couldn't even wait a second, huh?"

Tessa shot her a playful grin as she kicked her jeans aside. "Please. You've been bragging about him nonstop. I had to see what these magic hands are about." She winked at Jasmine. "Don't get jealous if he makes me melt."

"Jealous?" Jasmine arched a brow, stirring her pot again. "Just don't scream too loud, or the neighbors will call the cops."

Tessa laughed and stretched before lowering herself onto the couch, her curves sinking into the cushions.

I stepped closer, heart thudding, the bottle of oil slick in my hand. "Any spot giving you trouble?" I asked, trying to keep it casual.

She glanced back over her shoulder, lips curling. "My back. It's been aching all week."

I nodded, fingers tightening around the bottle. "Got it. Just let me know if I'm too rough."

Tessa let out a little laugh. "Sheesh, you're way too serious. Calm down, it's just a massage, not a job interview."

From the kitchen, Jasmine smirked without even looking up from her pot. "Don't mind him. He was a virgin just days ago—then I turned him into a man."

My head snapped toward her. "Okay, that's enough," I muttered, heat rushing to my face. "Don't embarrass me like that, please."

Tessa's smile only grew wider. "Aw, that's adorable." She dragged her nails lightly along the cushion. "Wish I'd been the one to devour you instead."

Blood rushed to my cheeks again, and I had to look away before they both caught the full shade of red I'd turned.

I popped the cap, letting the golden liquid pool in my palm, and drizzled it across the smooth plane of her back. My hands met her skin, warm and soft, and I began to work the oil in slow circles, muscles shifting beneath my fingers.

The oil gleamed under the light as I worked it into Tessa's back, my palms sliding in slow strokes. Every time I pressed into her shoulders, she shivered, a soft gasp escaping her lips. The aphrodisiac effect was clear—her skin twitched beneath my fingertips, nerves alive, her breath catching at the lightest touch.

"Mmm... god, he's really good," Tessa purred, her cheek pressed against the cushion. "You weren't lying, Jasmine."

From the couch behind us, Jasmine laughed low, the sound warm and taunting. "Told you."

Heat rose in my chest, and I forced myself to focus, letting my hands glide lower, tracing the arch of her spine, kneading the tension out of her hips. She moaned softly, her back arching, every stroke pulling another sound from her throat.

I worked my thumbs along the base of her spine, circling into the small of her back, then down over the curve of her waist. Her body trembled, slick with oil, the cushions beneath her damp from more than just sweat.

"Fuck," Tessa whispered, her voice raw. "Okay, that's enough... I need more than your hands. Make me cum."

"Huh?"

Without a word, Tessa got up, legs shaking from the pleasure, crossed to the dinner table, planting both hands on the surface. She leaned forward, ass arched high, her panties clinging to her curves. When she glanced back at me, her lips were parted in a hungry smile.

"Enough teasing," she breathed. "Now make me cum."

"In front of Jasmine?"

From the side, Jasmine's laughter spilled again, smooth and knowing. "He's still so innocent."

"Mm, innocent, but good with his hands," Tessa shot back, wiggling her hips. "Now let's see what else he's good at."

Chapter 13: Chapter 13

I yanked down my jeans and boxers in one movement. My hard, throbbing cock sprang free. I grabbed the Sensual Massage Oil and poured a generous amount onto the head of my dick. It shimmered in the light, slick and glistening. As I got closer to her, I ran the tip of my cock along her pussy, teasing her.

"Well, well, you got a nice cock," Tessa breathed, her voice a low purr. "So big and strong. Fuck, just push it in me already."

I leaned into her, my body pressing against her back. I pushed the head of my cock inside her, slowly, inch by inch. Tessa let out a strangled cry, her body tensing, and her pussy clenched tight around me. Her hips bucked once, twice, and she let out a long, desperate moan. She had already come, just from the first touch.

I pushed the rest of my cock into her with a low grunt, filling her up. I could swear with each push that Tessa came, a deep shiver going through her body.

"Fuck," I groaned, my voice thick with pleasure. "You're so tight."

"Oh god," Tessa moaned, her voice a pant. "Your cock... it's... it's so good."

Jasmine's laughter, which had been a constant presence, suddenly stopped. I risked a glance over my shoulder. Her face was dark, her brow furrowed. Was that jealousy? I didn't have time to think about it. Jasmine turned from the dinner table, walked to the stove, and turned it off. Then she walked over to us, grabbed a chair, sat down, and pulled her shorts down, exposing her pussy.

My eyes went wide. Tessa's body was shaking against me, her voice now a mix of moans and small, choked sobs. She was a quivering mess of pleasure, and I was only just getting started.

"Look at you, Jasmine," Tessa teased. "Getting horny?"

"Oh, shut up, Tessa." Jasmine moaned. "Mm... shit. Why is she so good for a virgin?"

"Fuck, Evan, fuck me harder," Tessa pleaded, her voice a desperate whisper.

I obeyed, my hips pistonng faster, harder. I leaned in and kissed her neck, then bit her shoulder, the taste of her skin and the oil driving me wild. Tessa's fingers dug into the table, her knuckles white.

"I can't... I can't stop coming!" she cried out, her voice a broken sound of pure ecstasy.

My eyes flicked up for a second. Jasmine was still watching, her face dark with an intensity that I hadn't seen before. I saw her hand move, her fingers working on her own clit. Her eyes were locked on me, and she smirked as I caught her gaze. Tessa gasped

beneath me, her body convulsing with another climax. It was a strange, powerful sensation to be watched by one woman while making another cum.

"You like what you see, neighbor?" I grunted, my voice hoarse.

Jasmine didn't answer. She just moaned, her head falling back as she continued to finger herself, her eyes never leaving me.

I returned my attention to Tessa, whose body was a shaking, twitching mess. I could feel her pussy milking my cock, a constant, delicious clenching that was driving me to the brink.

"Evan... I'm going to cum again," she gasped, her body tensing once more.

"I know, baby. I know," I murmured, my thrusts a blur.

"Baby?" Jasmine repeated, and a smirk spread across her face. "He is learning stuff."

My own climax was building, a hot wave of pleasure ready to break. But before I could lose myself, I pulled my cock out. Tessa, still a trembling mess, turned around. She planted both hands on the edge of the dinner table, arching her back as I came up in front of her. I held her hips, lifted her up a little, my dick hot and hard, and pushed it back into her wet pussy.

"Oh god," she moaned, her head falling back.

"Ah... I'm cumming..." Jasmine said, a breathless whisper escaping her lips. "Fuuck." Her hips began to grind against the chair, a frantic, desperate motion. Her head fell back, and a long, shuddering sigh escaped her lips as her body went rigid, a powerful, quiet orgasm shaking her from head to toe. She kept her eyes on us, her gaze intense even as her body trembled with the aftershocks.

I returned my attention to Tessa, whose body was a shaking, twitching mess. I could feel her pussy milking my cock, a constant, delicious clenching that was driving me to the brink.

"Evan... I'm going to cum again," she gasped, her body tensing once more.

I could feel my own climax building, a hot wave of pleasure ready to break. I pushed in one last time, a final, deep thrust as I came inside her cunt, my hips bucking. I groaned, burying my face in her back as I trembled. Tessa screamed, her body convulsing with a powerful climax, her legs going limp.

"OH FUCK!" I roared. "Yes... agh..."

"Did you... cum inside?" Tessa asked, glancing over her shoulder.

"I... did. I'm sorry."

"You idiot!" She yelled. "Oh, thank god I'm on pills!"

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Tessa KUMI

EXP Gained: +11

Star Rating: 1 ★

Reason: Performance Assist Detected

Well... I could've done better. But until I put some points into my stats and learn a bit more about how to pleasure women... I was stuck cheating.

EVENT

Tessa's Interest +5

Good. At least I gained some interest points for fucking the shit out of Tessa. I wondered how many girls I could get and earn some points off of them.

EVENT

Jasmine's Interest -3

Minus three? Why? I did nothing wrong, yet the system gave me a penalty for it... or was it not the system?

I looked at Jasmine again, who was still sitting on the chair. She had that look I knew very well—post-nut clarity. She was having doubts. But why? For masturbating in front of her friend?

Or that she shared me with someone? Could it be? Nah... she was a prostitute. Selling her body for money. She wasn't the type of woman who'd get connected that easily... right? Or—ah. Why was this so confusing?

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 4 / 20

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest 5/20

Progress:

★★★★★ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

Select a woman to track progress.

I pulled my cock out and looked at the mess I'd made. A sticky, white trail of cum leaked out of Tessa's pussy, running down her ass and thighs. The sight was... heavenly. Remembering the task at hand, I gave her ass a quick smack.

Tessa twerked her hips a little and exhaled, a soft laugh escaping her lips. "You cheeky bastard. Cumming inside me like that. But I can't be angry... after you made me cum like an animal."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to," I said, my voice hoarse. "Your pussy just felt too good."

EVENT

Jasmine's Interest -3

Holy shit. I had to shut my mouth or Jasmine was going to hate me. I glanced at her again. Her eyes held a deep anger, a look that her face tried to hide. She was furious.

"I... should get going," I said, dismissing the task completed screens that had appeared in my vision. "I hope I was at least useful to you, Tessa."

"Oh, you were," she said with a smirk. "Give me your number. I'll call you to my house like a fucking gigolo."

I gulped and looked at Jasmine, a sarcastic smile on my face. "I'm sorry, but I want to keep it to Jasmine only. She is my favorite customer, after all. You'll have to get your reservation from her."

EVENT

Jasmine's Interest +3

Good save. At least I managed to get her to like me again. From now on, I had to be careful around her so I wouldn't get her interest lower for me.

"You sly bastard." Tessa smirked then her hand shot up, holding my dick tightly. "You refuse me, and you called me baby before. I'm at least fifteen years older than you, you know?"

"Aw..." I muttered, grimacing. "I'm sorry. i'm sorry."

"Mmph." Tessa said as she held her pussy so mu cum wouldn't leak more than it did.
"I'm gonna take a shower, Jasmine. I'm leaking with his cum."

"Yep." Jasmine said as she sat on the chair.

Tessa left the room and we were left alone. So what now? Maybe a sorry would fix everything? Wait, thete was nothing to be fixed. I mean, we werent even a couple. Why would I apologize? I just needed to be a man up and ask if she was okay with all—this thing. That if she didn't like it and made her uncomfortable, I'd stop seeing Tessa.

But, before I did that, another screen popped up. Another task, thought, this was a little... strange.

Sexual Activity Task Available

Title: Kiss me

Task: Kiss Jasmine On The Lips

Reward: +1 Ability Point

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

Chapter 14: Chapter 14

I hit Accept without thinking and reached for her. Jasmine looked at my hand, one brow arched, but after a beat, she slid her palm into mine and let me pull her up.

As she rose, my cock brushed her stomach, leaving faint trails of precum across her shirt. Her eyes flicked down, then back up to me, and I leaned in before she could say a word.

I kissed her. Full on the lips.

Her body tensed for a moment—then softened, just slightly.

"Jasmine," I whispered against her mouth. "If you didn't like it—tell me."

Her breath caught. "W-what?" A faint blush colored her cheeks. "You're... imagining things."

"Because I didn't like it," I said. My voice was low, steady. "I wish it was you under me. Not her."

She stiffened, blinking fast, clearly caught off guard. "You're... saying weird stuff, Evan. Come on."

EVENT

Jasmine's Interest +4

So I was right. She hadn't liked seeing me with Tessa. Her friend probably had no idea it would upset her, went along with it casually... but Jasmine? She hated sharing. Wait—did that mean... she was in love with me?

"Okay," she admitted at last, looking away. "I may have been jealous of Tessa for a second."

"Mhm..." I hummed, my heart thudding.

"But I don't actually mind sharing your... 'gift' with her." She turned back, eyes flicking over me before settling on my lips. "Just... include me in the action next time, okay?"

I froze. My chest tightened. "I... after that speech you gave me about men only wanting sex—I was trying to hold myself back. I didn't want you to think I'm just—"

"You," she cut in, pressing a finger to my chest. "Are my sex friend, Evan. You're a virgin, so I get it if you don't know the lingo."

I laughed under my breath. "Okay, Jesus, I know what a fuckbuddy is, Jasmine."

"Fuckbuddy?" She smirked, tilting her head. "Who even uses that anymore? Are we in 2005?"

Her teasing eased the tension in my chest. So that was it—I had to involve her. Which meant only one thing... next time with Tessa, Jasmine had to be included. Fuck yes. Honestly? I was glad she didn't think of me like some long-term boyfriend. I was more than okay with being her sex friend. Hell, I was lucky.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 1

EXP: 135 / 147

Just a little more EXP, and I'd hit level two. I'd dump the points into Pleasure—that had to be the key. Make women even more sensitive without needing items, and I'd rack up EXP faster.

Sexual Activity Task Available

Title: One, Two, Three

Task: Get a Threesome

Reward: 55c

25 EXP

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

A threesome. My first threesome. The words alone made my cock twitch. Jasmine had just said she didn't mind sharing me—so long as she was involved. Well... the system practically handed this to me.

Before I knew it, I scooped her up, bridal style. She gasped, hands clutching at my shoulders.

"You want to be included, huh?" I asked, gripping her ass firmly as I carried her. "Then come with me. I'm about to fuck Tessa in the shower... and you're coming too."

Her eyes went wide, lips parting. "O-kay. Wow. Are you even the same Evan? First you say the word 'baby,' and now you're—"

"Ah, stop with the baby thing." I exhaled, half-smiling. "It slipped out."

Why the hell was I acting like this? How did I even know Tessa would agree to a threesome? Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I was getting cocky at the wrong time. If I just dropped Jasmine and laughed it off, called it a prank—would she believe me?

My face stayed calm, but inside? A storm. No way out now. I had to follow this through to the end.

Shit, the oil was my only chance.

The bottle of oil was slick in my hand as I carried Jasmine down the hall, her arms looped lazily around my neck. My heart was hammering hard enough that I was afraid she could feel it. From behind the bathroom door came the faint hiss of water striking tile, the steady rhythm of Tessa's shower.

The door creaked open beneath my shoulder, steam rolling out like a wave of heat. Inside, the bathroom glowed faintly from the single frosted bulb above the mirror. The walls were tiled in pale blue, the glass shower door fogged with condensation. The air smelled faintly of lavender soap and warm skin.

Jasmine shifted in my arms, her cheeks still tinged pink. "You're bold today, Evan..." she murmured, almost like a warning—but her thighs squeezed against me all the same.

I set her gently down onto the cool tile floor, and for a moment just stood there, cock straining, the oil bottle heavy in my palm. My chest rose and fell. Fuck, I was really doing this.

I slid the door open.

Tessa stood beneath the shower spray, her hands smoothing shampoo down her hair. Her hips swayed naturally, water coursing along the curve of her ass. She turned at the sound, eyes flicking from me to Jasmine. For a second, she blinked in surprise. Then a slow grin stretched across her lips.

"Well, well," she said, water dripping from her lashes. "What's this? You finally decided to bring me a friend, Jasmine?"

Jasmine gave a small laugh, brushing damp strands from her forehead. "Not exactly. He's the one who carried me in."

Tessa's gaze slid down my body, pausing on my cock—already flushed, hard, veins standing out. Her grin widened. "Holy shit. A threesome? Haven't had one in... months. Mmm, this might be fun."

The way she said it, so easy, so casual, it nearly knocked the breath from me.

"You're really okay with this?" I asked, voice low, almost hoarse.

"Baby," Tessa chuckled, her breasts rising and falling beneath the spray, "you just fucked me into the couch minutes ago. You think I'm gonna say no to another round? Especially with Jasmine here?" Her eyes darted mischievously to her friend, then back to me. "Let's see if you can keep both of us satisfied."

Heat coiled in my stomach. Without them noticing, I twisted the cap on the oil bottle and slicked my cock in, the stuff cold at first, then warming quickly. My heart thudded harder. The oil always made them cum like crazy—I wanted to see them lose themselves.

Tessa leaned against the tiled wall of the shower, spreading her legs, letting the water run down between them. "So, Evan," she purred, "you gonna make me cum first again? Or are you saving that cock for Jasmine?"

Jasmine crossed her arms, biting her lip, her eyes dark. "Don't you dare leave me waiting."

My throat tightened. "Then I'll just have to... share."

"Fuck me." Tessa said. "I'm the guest, after all."

Jasmine smirked. "You horny idiot."

I stepped into the shower, water splashing down my shoulders, and pressed Tessa back against the wall, my cock sliding between her slick thighs, teasing the folds of her pussy. She gasped and tilted her head back, water streaming down her chest.

"Fuck," she breathed, "still so hard... feels like a steel rod."

Behind me, Jasmine slipped closer, her hands gliding along my back, nails dragging lightly down my spine. Her lips brushed my ear. "Don't hog him all to yourself, Tess."

I kissed Tessa, lips crashing against hers, tongues tangling, while my hand slid between her thighs, fingers pressing inside. She moaned into my mouth, clutching my shoulders.

"God—Evan—fuck me already..." she begged.

"Not yet," I whispered, pulling back just enough to smirk. "You're too impatient."

"Cheeky bastard," she gasped.

Jasmine's hand curled around my cock from behind, stroking me slow, spreading the oil slicker across the shaft. My hips bucked involuntarily.

"Mm... you like that?" she murmured, her voice husky. "Feels like you're about to explode already."

"Fuck..." I hissed, grinding against Tessa's slick folds.

"Don't tease him too much," Tessa said, breathless, "or I'll he'll cum!"

I didn't wait another second. I slammed into Tessa from behind, pressing her against the cold shower tiles, cock sliding deep into her slick, oil-coated pussy. Her hands braced on the wall, knees slightly bent, ass pushed back, and she moaned immediately, hips rocking against mine.

"Ah—fuck! Evan—fuck—" she gasped, hips trembling around me, cunt clenching tight as her first orgasm hit hard.

I groaned, holding her hips with both hands, thrusting hard. "Already? You're insane..."

Her legs quivered, shaking as she moaned, eyes rolling back. "Y-your cock... every push—it's making me—ahh!"

Behind me, Jasmine slid closer, pressing her body to my side, her huge tits against my arm. One hand wrapped around my slick, oil-coated cock whenever it tried to slip from Tessa, while her lips brushed my ear.

"You're so greedy, Tess," Jasmine purred, voice low and teasing. "Cumming over and over like a filthy little slut."

"Shut up—ahh—fuck—" Tessa moaned, hips bucking hard.

I pulled out suddenly, leaving her whining and trembling, then turned to Jasmine. I pressed her gently, guiding her back against the glass shower door.

"Relax," I murmured, keeping my hands steady.

I bent slightly, slipped my arms under her thighs, and lifted her effortlessly. Her back pressed against the wall as I hoisted her up, legs resting over my shoulders, spreading wide. She gasped softly, hands bracing against the glass for balance.

Carefully, I pressed my cock against her wet pussy, letting her feel every inch of me as I positioned us perfectly.

I slammed into her, thick, slick with oil, and she gasped, holding the glass to keep from falling. "Fuck! It's—so big—so thick—"

Tessa moved closer, draping herself over Jasmine from the side, chest pressing to her shoulder, cupping and kneading her tits while tracing slick fingers along her sides. Jasmine arched back involuntarily, pussy sliding over my cock with each stroke.

"See, Jas?" Tessa purred. "Such a fucking animal he is, right?"

"OH YES! Fuck!, fuck, fuck!" Jasmine screamed, thrusting her hips against mine, cunt clenching and relaxing around me.

I kissed the back of her neck as I leaned in, gripping her legs, pounding into her from behind in the standing, pressed-against-the-glass position, while Tessa continued to cup her tits and rub along her slick sides. The water and oil made every motion glide smoothly, every thrust sending jolts of pleasure through Jasmine's body.

"God, Jasmine... your cunt feels insane," I groaned.

She cried out, nails digging into my shoulders. "Oh—fuck—Evan—don't stop—you're... making me lose it!"

Tessa's lips grazed Jasmine's shoulder from her side, voice low and teasing. "Mm... look at you, Jas... so beautiful. Such a cute little cock-whore."

I thrust harder, cock slick with oil, grabbing Tessa's ass while pounding Jasmine from the front.

"Fuck—fuck—oh my god, Evan—ahhh!" Jasmine screamed, cumming hard around me. Her thighs shook, slick with oil, grinding against my hips.

"Round two?" Tessa teased. "Come on. Fuck us both, magic boy."

Chapter 15: Chapter 15

I gave Jasmine a soft, steady lift and lowered her gently onto the wet tile floor. Tessa positioned herself next to her, both of them turning around in unison, bending forward into doggy style, hands braced on the edge of the shower wall. Their asses arched back, inviting me, slick and gleaming with water and oil, waiting.

The sight alone made my cock twitch uncontrollably. I stepped up behind them, pressing the tip of my shaft between their slick, arched asses, letting it glide over the curves of their cheeks. Slowly, I pushed forward and pulled back, teasing them both,

feeling the wet heat of their skin and the slick oil making every movement glide effortlessly.

"Don't—you're driving me crazy!" Jasmine cried, hips rocking involuntarily.

I smirked. "Am I, now?"

"Yes. Yes! Fuck me now, Evan!"

I put the tip of my cock on her cunt. "With pleasure."

I buried myself deep inside Jasmine, hips snapping, cock slick with oil, while one hand slid along Tessa's tight, dripping pussy from behind. Both of them were bent forward, ass high, bodies pressed close, juices mixing under the hot spray. Every thrust into Jasmine made Tessa twitch violently around my fingers, slick walls pulsing, every motion sending shivers through both their bodies.

"Fuck! Evan! Oh my god—ohhh!" Tessa screamed, hips jerking violently as my fingers hit her just right, her slick juices sliding down my hand.

Jasmine's nails dug into the shower wall, body heaving, moans high and breathless. "You're making me cum like an animal! Harder—fuck me harder—ahh!"

I thrust harder into Jasmine, cock slick and hot, while curling my fingers deeper inside Tessa. Each motion made them quake violently, grinding and writhing, moaning in perfect unison.

"God—your fingers, Evan—so fucking good!" Tessa screamed, arching her back, ass pressing into my hand.

"Mm—don't stop—don't stop—fuck me, Evan, please!" Jasmine gasped, cunt clenching impossibly tight around me with every push.

I groaned, hips snapping harder inside her, fingers still curling deep into Tessa, feeling her walls pulse and tighten around me. Oil made every nerve fire, every touch unbearable. Her moans and writhing only pushed me closer, balls tightening, chest heaving.

With a low growl, I pulled out of Jasmine, leaving her flushed. Tessa's slick folds were already glistening under my fingers, twitching as I pressed against her, teasing her cunt. I shifted quickly, sliding deep into Tessa, hips pressing forward hard, while Jasmine gasped, hips rolling back to meet my fingers.

"Fuck—ohhh—Evan, yes—so good!" Tessa screamed, ass grinding into my hand as I thrust, every push sending her juices sliding down her thighs.

Jasmine moaned, fingers still wrapped around my shaft, slick and hot, stroking me while her walls quivered under my touch. "You're... such a bastard... oh god—she's dripping all over you!"

I groaned, thrusting into Tessa harder, my fingers curling inside Jasmine in rhythm with my cock, feeling them both shiver, hips jerking uncontrollably. Oil made everything glide, every motion a delicious wave of pleasure.

"Evan... don't stop—ohhh—so tight—fuck me!" Tessa cried, arching back, cunt pulsing around me.

"Mm—shit—your hands. I'm—ohhh, Evan—don't stop!" Jasmine moaned, hips bucking against my fingers, pressing herself closer to Tessa's slick back.

I groaned low, feeling my balls tighten, cock throbbing. "Fuck... I'm close... can't hold it..."

Both girls immediately reacted, instinctively sinking to their knees. Jasmine gripped my cock, slick and warm, jerking me in tight, teasing strokes, while Tessa leaned forward, tongue sliding along the sensitive ridge of my balls.

"I'm..." I muttered. "I'm..."

"Cumming?" Jasmine said with a smirk. "Cum for us, Evan. Cum all over our faces."

"Fuck... oh god—shit!" I groaned, as thick ropes of cum shot across their faces.

My vision blurred with the heat and intensity, watching them go utterly wild under me. Jasmine's eyes met mine, lips parted, every stroke of her hand around my shaft driving me crazier. Her face was drenched, a glossy coat of my cum glistening in the steamy shower light, some strands clinging to her lashes and dripping down her chin.

Tessa shivered beside her, face tilted up, licking every drop that ran over her cheeks, nose, and lips. Her tongue traced each slick bead, greedily tasting me, lips glistening wet and white.

The sheer volume of cum I blew made me gasp. I'd never come this much before—every pulse and spurt seemed endless, painting their faces white, smearing over their skin and dripping down into the hot puddle of water and oil at our feet. My cock throbbed, slick and still hard, teasing them as it glistened with every last bit of release.

Jasmine moaned around her mouthful, tongue flicking, eyes dark with lust and dripping with my cum. "Ohhh... Evan..." she whispered shakily, lips and chin coated, a few stray ropes sliding down her neck. She looked like a goddess drenched in heat, dripping and trembling, completely mine.

Tessa's fingers trailed over her thighs, spreading herself as she tasted every inch of my cum. "Mmm... mmf—so much..." she gasped, voice ragged, dripping with wetness from both our bodies. Her face was almost entirely painted, sticky strands clinging to her forehead, cheeks, and lips. She shivered, hips rolling instinctively, still craving the feel of my fingers inside her.

I stepped back slightly, taking in the scene. My cum coated both of them, streaming down their faces and glistening in the shower light, oil making every droplet shine like liquid pearls. It felt like I owned them... and I liked it.

"God... you're... insane," Tessa whispered breathlessly, tongue flicking at her lips as she wiped some of the cum from her chin, still tasting me greedily.

Jasmine's hand lingered on my shaft, pumping slow teasing strokes, fingers slick, voice low and hoarse. "Mm... you're not done, are you, stud?"

I smirked, leaning down, brushing my cock along their glistening cheeks, letting the remaining slick cum coat their faces even more. My hips pressed lightly against them, still rock hard, teasing their tongues and lips. The sight, the smell, the heat—it was intoxicating.

Never before had I come like that. Never had I seen faces so utterly, shamelessly coated in me, moaning and trembling in raw, greedy pleasure. It was messy, obscene, and perfect. And yet, with my cock still hard, slick and slicking against their heated skin, I knew this was far from over.

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Threesome

EXP Gained: +14

Star Rating: 1.1 ★

Reason: Performance Assist Detected

This shit again. Just because I used that oil... but, oh well, that would be more than enough to level me up.

I dismissed the task completed screen, the one with the threesome objective, and just exhaled, sprawled on the tiles, chest heaving, body trembling. My lungs burned, every

muscle aching. I was dead-tired. If only I had some stamina... yeah, I really needed to dump points into that.

I tilted my head up. Jasmine and Tessa were rinsing off, warm water cascading down their perfect curves as they cleaned the sticky ropes I'd just left all over their flushed faces. Their cheeks still glistened with streaks of white, lips glossy, tongues teasingly flicking at the mess before washing it away.

Something in my chest stirred. For the first time in my life, I felt like that guy. The one I used to be jealous of. I was him right now.

"Damn," Tessa purred, running her tongue slowly along her lower lip as she rubbed water down her neck. "We should do that again soon."

"Yeah," Jasmine added with a lazy smirk, brushing cum-soaked hair back before rinsing. "With our magic boy here."

EVENT

Jasmine's Interest +3

Good. She enjoyed being included.

EVENT

Tessa's Interest +5

Tessa too. No complaints here.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 7 / 20

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 10 / 20

Progress:

★★★★★ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

Select a woman to track progress.

Crazy. I'd known Tessa for less than a day and she already had the highest score. Part of me wanted to believe it was me—but I knew better. It was the oil. Just that thought alone pinched my pride.

"Oh well," I muttered under my breath. "I'll get better."

When I looked at them, both girls were still under the shower spray, this time helping wash each other, laughing softly. Not sexual at first—just... casual. Wiping soap across smooth skin, rinsing each other's hair. But then Jasmine's hands lingered on Tessa's breasts a little too long, and Tessa smirked, flicking water at her.

"Well," Jasmine turned to me, voice playful, "will you be staying for dinner, Evan?"

"Nah..." I forced myself upright, groaning. "But I wouldn't say no to a bath."

That earned me two slow, knowing smiles.

Chapter 16: Chapter 16

The warm water steamed up the bathroom mirror as I dragged myself in. My legs still felt like lead, but the second I stepped under the spray, I groaned out loud. Heaven. The cum, sweat, and oil all sluiced off my skin in rivulets.

Before I could even reach for the soap, Jasmine moved in front of me, pressing her slick body up close. Her tits—soft, round, perfect—slid along my chest, then lower. She lathered her palms with soap and leaned in, smirking.

"You don't get to do nothing, magic boy," she teased, pushing her tits around my cock, stroking him slowly between them. "We're gonna clean you properly."

"Fuck..." I hissed, already twitching back to life. My cock was still oversensitive, but the feel of her warm cleavage, slippery with both oil and soap, was too much to ignore.

Tessa circled behind me. Her hands slid over my shoulders first, kneading me lazily, then glided down my back. Next thing I knew, her huge tits were pressed into me from behind, smearing soap down my spine, squeezing with every little movement she made.

"Mm," she whispered in my ear, voice dripping honey, "I'll take the back. Jasmine can have the front. Fair, right?"

I couldn't even respond. Every breath left me shaky as Jasmine stroked me with her tits, sliding up and down, squeezing tighter, flicking her tongue over the swollen tip every time it peeked through. My knees nearly buckled.

The two of them giggled softly at my reaction, like I was their toy.

Tessa's hands roamed down, cupping my ass while her tits mashed and rubbed my back raw. She purred, "So much tension, Evan. You need us to wash it all away, don't you?"

"Yeah," I groaned, biting my lip. "Fuck... yeah."

The water splashed louder as Jasmine pressed closer, lifting her tits, pushing them tighter around my shaft. My cock throbbed, oil making everything slippery, unbearable.

"Mm," Jasmine looked up at me, eyes half-lidded, "you're leaking again already. Look at him, Tessa. He's ready to cum just from this."

Tessa's lips brushed my ear, hot breath making me shiver. "Then let him. Cum all over us again."

My body gave in before I could argue. My hips jerked, cock grinding between Jasmine's soap-slick tits, the friction unbearable. She squeezed harder, tongue circling my tip each time it slid out of her cleavage, moaning softly like she loved the taste.

"Oh fuck—" My hands shot to her head, holding her steady as I bucked faster, unable to hold it back.

"Do it, baby," Tessa whispered, hugging me from behind, tits flattening against my back as her hands reached around to toy with my chest. "Cover her face again. I want to see it."

That was it. My whole body tensed, and I groaned through clenched teeth as thick ropes of cum spurted from me, splashing Jasmine's chin, lips, and the tops of her tits. She moaned, licking at every drop hungrily.

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Threesome

EXP Gained: 3

Star Rating: 0.2 ★

Reason: Your Partners Didn't Climax

The orgasm ripped through me so hard my vision spotted. I collapsed against Jasmine's shoulder, trembling, cock still pulsing between her slippery breasts.

"Goddamn," I breathed, chest heaving. "Fuck..."

Jasmine grinned up at me, sticky and beautiful. "Fuck indeed."

Tessa let out a throaty laugh, her tits still pressed to my back, her hands caressing me slowly like she wanted to milk more out of me. "Hey we should charge you with that, right, Jasmine?"

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 2

EXP: 30 / 179

Good. I had leveled up. Another spare point sat in my pocket too, thanks to kissing Jasmine earlier—that task completed. Each level up gave me three points, plus the bonus. Four points to spend in total. I'd dismissed the level up screen before because... well, I was kind of busy railing these two beauties. But now that my cock wasn't buried inside someone, I could finally think about it.

"I really gotta go," I exhaled, leaning back against the slick wall. "Wow. That was..."

"Wonderful?" Tessa finished for me, her voice low and smoky. She was bent forward under the spray, water streaming down her curves, fingers sliding along her own thighs as she rinsed off the soap.

"Yep," I said, grinning faintly. "I feel like I'm in heaven."

Jasmine's hair clung wetly to her face as she straightened up, water dripping from her nipples, sliding down her stomach. She smirked, tugging the showerhead down and running it slowly over her chest, like she knew damn well I was still staring.

Tessa chuckled behind her. "You're one lucky boy with magical fingers."

"I guess I'm that too," I muttered, biting my lip as Jasmine squeezed her tits together under the running water, soap still clinging to her skin. "Lucky boy, huh..."

I sat on my bed and pulled up the menu.

EVAN MARLOWE

Stats Shop

Crafting Inventory

Quests Women

I tapped on Stats.

CURRENT STATS

Strength: 2

Charm: 3

Libido: 2

Pleasure: 1

Unspent Points: 4

Four points to drop. Not bad.

I rubbed my eyes, staring at the screen. Strength? Nah. I wasn't trying to bench press these girls. Charm had been pulling its weight—made them more open, easier to tease, easier to reel in. Libido was tempting too; I wanted to keep up with Jasmine and Tessa's insane stamina.

"Two into Charm, one into Libido," I muttered to myself, thumb hovering. "Leaves one..."

My finger drifted over Pleasure. I hesitated. As if the system was listening, a smaller window flickered open beneath it.

PLEASURE (DETAILS)

This stat amplifies the potency
of sexual fluids.

Effects:

- Increases volume & intensity of orgasm
- Semen transfers heightened sensitivity on contact (skin, lips, inside)
- Partners experience stronger climaxes when exposed.

I blinked, breath catching. "...So basically, my cum gets them high?"

The thought alone made my cock twitch.

"Holy shit," I muttered, smirking. "Yeah... I'm definitely putting a point into that."

I confirmed my decision, and checked my stats again.

CURRENT STATS

Strength: 2

Charm: 5

Libido: 3

Pleasure: 2

"Good," I muttered. "I'm getting somewhere."

I swiped over to Quests, and looked at the first one.

Quest Available

Title: Club Temptations

Task: Go to a strip club and
make a woman have sex with you
without paying.

Reward: +76 EXP

+2 Ability Points

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

I blinked at the glowing text. "Jesus... they're not even subtle about it, huh?"

Risky as hell. Sexy, too. I could already picture it—dim neon lights, music thumping, women grinding on stage. Somehow, I had to pull one into bed without a single penny leaving my pocket.

That was the real kicker. Without paying.

I rubbed my chin, scrolling out of the quest for now. If I was going to pull that off, I'd need a trick. Maybe two.

So I opened up the Shop, remembering that leveling up would add new items to it.

Chapter 17: Chapter 17

So I opened up the Shop, remembering that leveling up would add new items to it.

SHOP

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)

- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)
- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)

Credits: 75c

Select item to purchase.

"Hypnotic Perfume?"

I hovered my finger on it, and a new screen popped up.

Hypnotic Perfume

Effect: Increases Charm by

20% + User Level

Duration: 30 Minutes

That meant I'd only get three points into Charm for about thirty minutes. Handy. And if I pumped more into Charm down the line, that perfume would scale with me. Still, it was expensive as hell, and I didn't have the credits to waste. Not when Jasmine and Tessa might want another "massage session." If I was gonna keep that up, I'd need to stockpile credits first.

Since the strip club quest didn't have a timer, I accepted it and scrolled for something more immediate. Some of them were brutal—like make a woman cum four times without system assistance. Yeah, that was pro-level. I needed something basic.

Quest Available

Title: Never Have I Ever

Task: Flirt with a customer
while working

Reward: 25c

25 EXP

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

"Just flirting?" I muttered. "Mm... I can do that."

I accepted that quest too. But work didn't start until tomorrow, which meant I needed something I could knock out today.

Quest Available

Title: Push, Push, Push

Task: Complete 3 sets of
30 push-ups

Reward: 15c

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

Push-ups? That I could handle. At home, even. God, when was the last time I did push-ups? I wasn't exactly a noodle-armed weakling, but I wasn't some athlete either. Hell, maybe the system was trying to whip me into shape. No complaints here.

I hopped out of bed, stretched until my joints cracked, and rolled my shoulders. The carpet felt rough under my palms as I dropped down to the floor.

"Alright, Evan. Come on..."

I collapsed onto the bed, chest heaving, sweat dripping down my temples and soaking the pillow. My arms were jelly, my lungs burned, and my heart felt like it had just run a marathon in hell. Thirty push-ups, three sets—who knew that shit could feel like surviving a war?

"That... was one of the dumbest, most painful things I've done in a while," I groaned, pressing my face into the sheets. "And somehow... I'm proud of it. Fuck me..."

I rolled onto my back, staring at the ceiling like it might reward me with applause. Instead, the system UI blinked into view, crisp and teasing.

Daily Task Completed!

Reward: Choose one chest:

[?] [?] [?]

"Well... middle never fails me."

I tapped the glowing center box. A jingle rang in my head, and the words popped up:

Reward: 5c

"Not bad," I muttered, smirking despite the soreness in my arms. "Sweat and pain, all for pocket change. Feels like real life."

The shop interface slid up next, numbers ticking over to show the reward.

SHOP

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)
- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)

Credits: 95c

Select item to purchase.

Ninety-five credits. Enough to pick up something spicy, but not enough to splurge. I rubbed my chin, still half-buzzed from adrenaline.

A knock on the door made me groan, rolling out of bed with arms that still felt like noodles after the push-ups. I dragged myself over and swung the door open, half expecting Tessa or Jasmine. Nope. It was Kim, my downstairs neighbour.

She stood there in tiny denim hotpants that barely covered her ass cheeks, and a snug white tank top clinging to her sweat-damp skin. The fabric stuck just enough to make her nipples poke through when the hallway light hit right. My eyes, against my will, trailed down to the soft curve of her stomach and back up to those... yeah, watermelon tits was still the only way to describe them.

"Sorry to bother you, hey," she started, fidgeting with a sheepish smile. "I'm just... too embarrassed to ask, but could you help us install our dinner table?"

"A dinner table?" I rubbed at my neck. "Didn't it come with instructions?"

"Yes, but to us, it's all gibberish."

"Oh. Well, I worked in a warehouse for a while, so... I know how to handle those."

Her face lit up, relief flooding her blue eyes. "We'd be so glad if you could help us. Thank you so much. Really."

"No problem," I said with a shrug. "I'll be down in a minute."

She gave me a grateful smile before heading back down. I closed the door, shaking my head. Kim lived downstairs with her boyfriend. Never really seen the guy, but word was he wasn't exactly the manly type. Not that I was, either. Average Joe through and through.

Quest Available

Title: What table?

Task: Fuck Kim

Reward: 89 EXP

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

"Oh, come on, you horny system thing," I muttered as the quest box hovered smugly in the air while I pulled on fresh clothes. "I'm not gonna fuck her. She has a boyfriend."

With a sigh, I headed downstairs and knocked. The door cracked open and, instead of Kim, a short guy answered. Goatee, long hair in locks, a pineapple tattoo on his wrist.

"Uh, hey," I said, a little thrown off. "Kim asked me to—"

"Yeah, I know." He offered a hand. "I'm Tom."

I shook it. "Evan. Nice to meet you."

"Come," he said, leading me inside. "The table from hell is this way."

"Table from hell," I chuckled. "That bad, huh?"

The living room was small but cozy—couch pushed against the wall, coffee table covered in random papers and mugs, a TV that looked like it was barely holding together. In the middle of the floor sat the "table from hell," halfway assembled like some Frankenstein piece of IKEA furniture.

And there she was. Kim, crouched low on the ground, fiddling with one of the legs. Her tank top rode up, showing smooth skin glistening with sweat. Beads rolled from her forehead down her arms, then pooled at the curve of her armpit as she lifted it to steady the table.

God. I never thought an armpit could look that fucking sexy. Smooth, hairless, and glistening. My cock twitched before I could stop it. Watching the sweat trail down into the hollow there, it was obscene. The way her tits swayed as she leaned forward didn't help either.

"Oh, you came," she said, glancing up with a grin.

"Yeah," I managed, crouching down beside her. "Just give me the instructions and a screwdriver. Shouldn't take me more than an hour."

"Thank you," she said, pushing herself to her feet. Her tits bounced with the movement, sweat glistening between them. Then, casually but sharp, she added: "If only someone was capable enough to be a man, he'd do it instead of calling you for help."

Her eyes flicked toward Tom when she said it. I froze, heat rising in my chest, stealing a quick side-eye at the poor bastard. He didn't react, jaw tightening just a bit. Their relationship wasn't sunshine and roses, that much was obvious.

I kept my mouth shut, crouched lower, and grabbed the paper. "Well, well, well... the table legs are installed wrong. That's why it's been giving you trouble."

She planted her hands on her hips, and fuck, my gaze flickered again to the smooth pits she flashed when her arms pressed back. "God, I knew something looked wrong."

"Yeah. Easy fix, though," I said.

"Okay, I'm just gonna take a bath." She brushed a damp strand of hair behind her ear. "Tom here can help you if you need anything."

I nodded, watching her walk off. Her hotpants rode up higher with every step, sweat shining along her thighs. My brain screamed at me to focus on the table. My dick said otherwise.

Chapter 18: Chapter 18

I crouched down and started undoing the mess they'd made. I popped the screws loose one by one, metal squeaking against wood, then flipped the first leg around and tightened it in properly. My fingers were already getting sore, but at least now it looked like a table instead of some cursed art project.

I reached for the second leg, bracing it against my knee while I twisted the screwdriver hard. The wood groaned, settling into place. Sweat dripped down my temple.

When I glanced up, Tom was standing right there, hovering over me like a shadow. Arms folded, head tilted, just watching what I was doing.

"I got this one," I muttered, flashing him a quick look before turning back to the screws. "You can rest. You seem tired as well."

"Oh, I'm fine," Tom said, tone flat, like he was trying to prove something.

"Hmm," I answered, not pushing it. My focus went back to the table, but my ears picked up the faint sound of water rushing through pipes. The shower had kicked on.

Immediately, my brain betrayed me. I pictured Kim peeling that sweaty tanktop off her body, shorts sliding down those thick thighs, steam wrapping around her curves. Her tits heavy, bouncing slightly as she moved. The image of water sliding over her smooth armpits and dripping down between them hit me like a damn truck. My cock twitched against my jeans. Christ... I needed to stop imagining my neighbor's naked body while her boyfriend was standing two feet away.

"You really understand this stuff, huh?" Tom said, breaking my dirty thoughts.

"Worked in a warehouse for a while," I muttered, screwing the leg in tight, the metal biting into wood. "Lot of furniture, lot of busted crap. You pick up a thing or two."

He hummed. "Lucky. I just see a bunch of numbers and wood."

"Yeah, it's not as scary as it looks. Just needs patience." I smirked, twisting one final screw with a grunt.

I kept working on the table, trying to push the image of Kim away...

The shower cut off after a few minutes. Pipes rattled as silence filled in its place. I didn't look toward the hallway, didn't have to—my brain already filled in the blanks: Kim stepping out dripping wet, towel sliding over that soft skin. Fuck.

I shoved the thought away and kept working. Screws in. Tighten. Shift the weight. Balance the frame. Easy.

Then her voice. "How's it going?"

I glanced up, and there she was walking into the room, hair damp and sticking to her neck, skin fresh and flushed from the heat. New outfit: red tanktop, black hotpants that barely clung to her hips. Christ—they were shorter than the first pair. My eyes dragged without permission, and Tom caught it. He noticed. But he didn't say a word. Just stood there, silent, letting the moment hang in the air.

I swallowed hard and forced myself to look back at the damn table. My throat dry. Hands tightening on the screwdriver.

Still, my gaze flickered. To the smooth line of her armpit as she reached up to tug her hair back. To the way her thighs pressed together when she shifted weight from one foot to the other. What I wouldn't do to slide my cock into that slick, warm crease of her armpit, feel it wrapped and tight around me. Or to get my dick crushed between those thighs, suffocated in heat. Fuck.

"Need anything?" she asked casually, like she didn't notice the tension.

I cleared my throat. "Nah, just working through it. Shouldn't take long."

She walked closer, leaning down to peek at my work. The tanktop clung to her tits without a bra, the outline of nipples pushing through the thin fabric. My stomach dropped, cock throbbing painfully against denim.

"Want some water?" she asked, voice light.

"Yeah," I said quickly, desperate for something to cool me down. "That'd be great."

She disappeared into the kitchen, hips swaying with every step, and came back with a glass. She bent down, holding it out. I took it, gulped, cold liquid rushing down my throat like salvation.

"Thanks," I muttered, handing the glass back.

As she leaned in, her chest pressed closer. No bra. Nipples hard and visible through the damp red cotton. My eyes locked, my breath hitched.

"Oh, man," I muttered under my breath. "God help me..."

"Sorry?" Kim asked, tilting her head.

"Oh, nothing." I forced a smile. "Thanks for the water again."

"No problem." She gave me one of those casual grins before sinking down onto the couch.

I went back to the table, focusing on the last two legs, tightening each bolt, screwing the braces into place. My hands worked automatically—turn, press, screw—but my eyes betrayed me. They kept lifting, drifting toward the couch.

Kim had flopped down to a couch, legs crossed lazily. The black hotpants were so short they may as well not even existed. At the edge, just for a moment when she shifted, I caught the faintest peek of her panties pressing against her skin. Not through the fabric—just the edge, teasing out, like her body was mocking me with how close I could get without touching.

My cock stirred instantly, thick and heavy, pressing against my zipper. I chewed the inside of my cheek, thinking about going home later and taking care of this pressure myself—fist wrapped tight, eyes full of her body—but then I remembered. The goddamn system. The no-masturbation quest. Seven days of hell.

I gritted my teeth, shaking the thought out of my head, forcing my eyes back on the screws.

But she was too fucking sexy. The way her thighs stretched when she leaned forward to check her phone. The faint bounce of her tits when she laughed at something on the screen. The smooth line of her armpit visible when she stretched, tanktop riding up just enough to tease. She was a walking wet dream.

And Tom... Tom caught me looking again. I felt it. His eyes on me, not angry, not jealous—just watching, quiet, like he was testing me.

An hour and a half later, I twisted the last screw into place and let out a breath I didn't realize I'd been holding. I stood, wiped my sweaty palms on my jeans, and clapped my hands together. "There we go. Table from hell, done."

Kim's face lit up instantly. "Oh my god, finally!" She got up fast and threw her arms around me. The hug hit me like a truck—her tits crushed against my chest, warm, soft, heavy, nipples stiff through the thin tanktop. My head swam, my cock throbbed hard enough to hurt.

Tom stood there. Silent. Watching.

I took a quick step back before I completely lost it. "Uh, yeah. Glad to help, but... I should really get back."

"Dinner," Kim said firmly, smiling. "You assembled the table, you earned yourself a dinner. Maybe tomorrow?"

I chuckled, trying not to look like my heart was about to explode. "I'll hold you to that."

She smirked, and I forced myself toward the door. Tom followed without a word.

"Okay..." I muttered to myself as I climbed the stairs back to my apartment, the door shutting behind me. "She was fucking HOT!"

I scanned the item and handed the customer his change. So... I had to flirt with a customer. Right. But how the hell was I supposed to do that? Who in their right mind would flirt with a guy stuck behind a counter in a gas station? This was hopeless. Unless I cheated, of course.

SHOP

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)
- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)

Credits: 95c

Select item to purchase.

I looked at Hypnotic Perfume. Forty credits... a little on the expensive side, though... but completing that quest would give me twenty-five credits, as well as twenty-five EXP. I really needed experience points because I had to level up desperately.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 2

EXP: 30 / 179

I was level two and needed shit tons of points to level up. For that, I needed to have sex a lot, since that gave experience points, and take quests. But... for this specific quest, I had to bite the bullet and spend some credit. I had to.

I clicked on Shop again and pressed Hypnotic Perfume with my finger.

Purchase Item

Sensual Hypnotic Perfume (40c)

Credits: 95c

Confirm Purchase? [Yes] [No]

My finger hovered on the "Yes" option. Damn it, I was being stingy. I had enough credit, but I didn't want to spend it on this quest. What else could I do? Shit. I needed to think something else. Or... not? Aagh, this whole damn thing was making me doubt myself.

An idea sparked in my mind as I saw Richard coming in. It was his day off today, and... by logic, he would be a customer here.

The doors slid open and he got inside. He gave a wave and walked toward the counter.

"Whassup?" he asked.

"Well, if it isn't Rich," I said. "The most handsome, the most sexy man to ever exist!"

"You're making me blush," he quipped. "Stahp."

"My, my, what a man he is, this Richard!" I said.

"Seriously, are you flirting with me?" he said. "Give me my usual cigarette."

I grabbed his cigarette, scanned it, and paid it myself from cash. He arched one eyebrow as he looked at me.

"We have a discount today. All cigarettes are free for handsome men."

"Har-har," he said. "What do you want? Tell it to me straight."

"That money I owe you?" I said. "Let's say I paid it by complimenting you."

"Oh, wow. I didn't totally see that coming," he quipped, then gave me the middle finger.
"Fuck you."

"Always."

"Maan, sometimes I don't know if you're joking or not."

Quest Completed

Title: Never Have I Ever

Reward: 25c

25 EXP

Chapter 19: Chapter 19

I smiled while looking at the screen. Richard left the store. Yes. Finally. The quest was completed, though it cost me my pride. But whatever. A win was a win, after all.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 2

EXP: 55 / 179

"Good. Now, the shop."

SHOP

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)
- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)

Credits: 120c

Select item to purchase.

Then, as if the universe was making fun of me, Jasmine entered the shop. Fuck, I could've flirted with her instead of making a fool of myself in front of Richard. Ugh, oh well.

She had on a tight cropped leather jacket over a barely-there mesh top, paired with skin-tight ripped jeans that hugged her ass like a second skin. Her boots clicked across the floor, and every movement made her curves sway just enough to make it impossible not to notice.

"Hey," I said, forcing a casual tone. "Welcome to my humble abode."

"Hi," she replied, flashing that warm smile. "My favorite gas station in the city."

"So, what will it be?" I asked, trying not to stare too blatantly.

"Nothing," she said, twirling a strand of hair around her finger. "Thought I'd drop by. The girls and I are heading to the mall. By the way... Tessa won't stop talking about you."

"Does she, now?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes," she said, shaking her head with a laugh. "She's like... his fingers, that cock... the way he made me cum... the girl just won't shut up."

"Well, I'm glad I left an unforgettable impression, then," I smirked.

"That you did," she said, leaning slightly on the counter, giving me a teasing glance before tapping it lightly. "So, what are you doing here? Just standing around all day?"

"Hey, I sometimes sit," I replied, shrugging. "And it's not tiring. Pays well, though."

"You should work as a masseur," she said, voice playful, eyes flicking to my chest. "I bet you'd get loads of customers." She glanced at her phone. "The girls are calling—I gotta go. Take care, Evan."

"Hmm. Take care," I muttered, watching her leave the shop with a wave, her hips swaying with every step.

I exhaled, leaning back slightly. Wait... work as a masseur? Fuck... I could earn real money doing that. Like, a lot of money. But how would one even start at a place like that? I'd need to do some serious research. But first... this shift needed to be over.

I hopped onto my bed and started searching for masseur jobs. While flipping through a few tabs, I grabbed a pillow and propped it behind my back, leaning against it. This could actually work—since I had the Sensual Oil, basically a magic elixir that could make women cum in seconds, I could definitely use that to my advantage on clients.

There were plenty of openings, but most required licenses or certifications, which I obviously didn't have. Maybe I could convince them I didn't need any of that—after all, as Tessa put it, I had magic fingers.

"Mm... a high-end massage parlor," I murmured, reading the listing. "Got an opening... Shit—I'd bet they pay double what I earn slinging snacks and cigarettes."

I dialed the number listed and waited. After a couple of rings, someone picked up. The background was noisy, people chattering—probably the reception area.

"Hello," I began. "I'm calling about the masseur opening. If you haven't—"

"Can you come in tomorrow morning?" she cut in abruptly.

Tomorrow was my evening shift, so no problem. "Yep, I can do that."

"Alright, eight o'clock," she said. "Your name?"

"Evan Marlowe."

"Okay, Mr. Marlowe. We'll be waiting. Please bring your required documents and CV."

Well, shit. "Y-yes, I'll do that. Thank you so much."

"We thank you for calling. Bye."

If, and that was a big if, I actually managed to get this job, I'd be saved. I could move to a better place, escape the morning stink, the car exhaust. Thank you, Sensual Oil. Thank you, floating boxes... and that blonde girl who ate my eyeball.

I got up with a grin and headed to the kitchen, cracking open a cold one. I sat on the couch and turned on the TV. Finally. Something in my life was actually working out.

"Eight o'clock," I muttered to myself. "Come on, Evan. You can do this."

Then I heard it—someone's voice downstairs. Muting the TV, I realized it had to be Kim. She was yelling, though I couldn't quite make out every word at first. Raising an eyebrow, I focused.

"...can't even assemble a fucking table, you pathetic excuse for a boyfriend!"

I leaned back, sipping my beer, shaking my head. Damn, they were fighting over the table? I shrugged and turned the TV back on. I'd have to sleep early—couldn't let their fight ruin my first day at a new job. Tomorrow mattered.

A lot.

SHOP

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)

- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)
- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)

Credits: 105c

Select item to purchase.

The bus hissed to a stop, and I stepped out onto the sidewalk. I looked straight ahead—and there it was.

The massage parlor stood out like a sore thumb compared to the gray little shops around it. Big glass windows, tinted so you couldn't see much inside, with gold letters spelling the name across the front in an elegant, almost snobby font. The entrance had polished stone steps leading up to a set of spotless double doors. It screamed "high-end," and I suddenly felt way underdressed in my plain jeans and t-shirt.

I took a deep breath, rolled my shoulders back, and walked forward.

Inside, the reception area hit me with cool air that smelled faintly of lavender and something citrusy. The floor gleamed marble white, and to the left sat a couple of black leather couches where two women in business skirts were waiting, probably clients. A long counter stretched across the back, with a woman behind it typing away on a computer. Everything looked expensive—hell, even the potted plants looked like they had a better life than me.

I walked up to the desk, clearing my throat. "Uh, I'm here for the job interview?"

The receptionist glanced at me, her eyes sharp but professional, then nodded. "Second floor. Turn right. Waiting area."

"Thank you."

I headed for the elevator, the polished metal doors reflecting a warped version of my face back at me. Inside, I caught myself bouncing my leg the whole way up.

The doors slid open, and I stepped out, turning right. Sure enough, there was a waiting area packed with people—at least ten guys, all dressed better than me. Dress shirts,

pressed pants, a few even had ties. I cursed myself silently for not at least ironing my shirt.

Since I was clearly the last one, I sat down at the far end and waited.

The process was brutal. One by one, a woman in a pencil skirt would open the office door, call the next name, and the poor bastard would walk in. Ten minutes later he'd come out looking like his soul had been vacuumed out—slouched shoulders, defeated eyes. Each guy looked worse than the last, like the room inside was chewing them up and spitting them out.

"Evan Marlowe." The woman opened the door. "Please come in."

When my name finally came, my pulse kicked into overdrive. I stood, tugged down my t-shirt to make it look halfway decent, and straightened my back.

"Here we go," I muttered, then stepped into the room.

Chapter 20: Chapter 20

The office was bigger than I expected, sleek and modern, the kind of place where you knew money was pouring in. A wide mahogany desk sat dead center, and behind it—holy shit—was a total MILF.

Mid-thirties, sharp features, long dark hair pulled back into a bun. She had those librarian-style glasses perched on her nose, giving her this "don't-fuck-with-me" aura, but it only made her hotter. Her tits pushed tight against a snug, low-cut black dress. Not trashy—classy enough to be professional, but revealing just enough to let me know she knew exactly what she was working with.

"Evan Marlowe," she said, her voice firm, no-nonsense. "Where are your documents?"

"I..." My throat dried up. "I don't have them."

Her expression snapped cold. "Then get the fuck out." She sneered, waving a hand as her assistant—the pencil-skirt brunette who'd been calling people in—didn't even bother to shut the door.

"No, no," I blurted, waving my hands desperately. "Please, give me a chance. I'm really good at massaging—people literally say I have magical fingers."

"This is so unprofessional," the woman began, her lip curling. "Just get out."

"Please," I pushed back, standing my ground. "You won't regret hiring me. I can make your clients happy—I know my way around a massage, I swear."

"Kelin," the woman said over her shoulder, "drag this one out if you have to, but get him out of here."

Kelin shrugged. "You made all the others massage me," she said casually. "Why not try this one too, Susan?"

Susan—that was her name—shot me a look like I was gum stuck to her heel. "He might be a pervert, Kelin. Look at him. The way he's dressed. He doesn't even know proper—"

"Please," I cut in again. "Look, I'm ready. I even brought my own oil."

I slung my backpack off and pulled out the Sensual Massage Oil, holding it up like it was Excalibur.

Susan and Kelin shared a look. For a long second, neither said anything. Then Susan sighed, pinched the bridge of her nose, and finally gestured toward the massage table in the corner.

Kelin gave a quick nod, kicked off her heels, and hopped onto the table. She still wore knee-high black socks, which was going to be a problem. The oil would soak them, and I wasn't sure if she'd let me...

"I'm watching you closely," Susan said, her tone sharp. "You do anything strange, I'm calling the cops."

"Of course." I held my hands up. "Is it okay if I start with the legs?"

"Sure," Kelin said.

She leaned forward and peeled her socks down, nice and slow. Her bare legs slid free, smooth and pale, and goddamn—she was a looker. Sharp cheekbones, tied-back chestnut hair, slim frame, and legs that looked built for wrapping around someone's waist.

I poured a thin stream of oil across her calves, my fingers sliding in.

"Ahh..." Kelin gasped immediately, her back arching just a little.

Out of the corner of my eye, Susan pushed back her chair and got up, heels clicking against the floor. She sauntered closer, perched her ass on the edge of the desk, and crossed her arms, her eyes glued on me like a hawk.

I worked my thumbs in deeper, kneading the muscle, pressing harder. Each squeeze drew another gasp, then low, breathy moans from Kelin. Her skirt shifted with each

movement, and I caught it—the faintest glimpse of her panties, the fabric darkening where her wetness was soaking through.

I wasn't the only one who noticed. Susan's eyes went wide, her lips parting as she stared at her assistant unraveling under my hands.

I went higher, sliding from her calves into her thighs, working the meat there with firmer pressure. I squeezed, kneaded, spread the oil with both palms until her pale skin glistened under the fluorescent lights. Each press pulled another little moan from her lips, soft at first, then heavier, rolling out of her like she was trying to hold them back and failing.

"Oh... fuck," Kelin breathed, louder now, her fingers clutching at the edge of the table. "He's so good... mmm... fuck."

"Should I stop?" I asked quickly, glancing up at Susan. My hands didn't leave Kelin's thighs. "If this is weird, please just tell me—"

"No," Kelin cut me off, her face flushed, her voice shaky. "Continue the massage. It's for... Susan to see. Yes."

"Right," I muttered with a smirk, and dug my thumbs in harder.

The muscles of her thighs gave under my grip, her skin hot and slick with oil. I pressed along the inside of her thighs, carefully stopping just short of her panties. The second I skimmed close, her hips jerked up with a strangled moan. My fingers squeezed, pulled, released, rhythm building like I was playing her body like an instrument.

"God..." she gasped. "H-He's... really good."

I bit my cheek to keep from grinning too wide. Susan's eyes were locked on my hands now, her crossed arms shifting slightly.

Kelin let out another sharp moan when I dug in with my knuckles, rolling the tension up her thighs. The skirt bunched even higher, and that wet patch on her panties wasn't small anymore—it was clear as day she was soaking through.

Her moans came quicker now, desperate little whimpers she tried to stifle, her nails leaving faint scratches on the edge of the table.

I let it go on just long enough to push her to the edge. Then I slowed. My hands trailed gently down her thighs again, easing her back down from the peak, and finally lifted away. I grabbed the oil, capped it, and slid it into my backpack.

Kelin sat up, breathing ragged, her cheeks still flushed deep red. But she smoothed her skirt like nothing happened, face sliding back into something almost neutral. She bent

down to pull her socks back on, and holy hell—the way she rolled them up slow, smoothing the fabric over her slick thighs, made my cock throb in my jeans.

I forced my eyes away before I embarrassed myself.

"So," I said, shifting my attention back to Susan. "May I please get a chance now?"

Susan and Kelin locked eyes. Susan's sharp mask had cracks all over it, like she'd just witnessed something she couldn't believe.

"I think we got our man, Susan," Kelin said lightly, her voice steady even though her cheeks were still pink. "What do you think?"
