

The Heart System #Chapter 111 - Read The Heart System

Chapter 111

Chapter 111: Chapter 111

"Hmm," I mumbled through the toothpaste, opening the system UI with a thought. It flickered to life in front of me.

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- CURRENT STATS

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- Strength: 2

- Charm : 12

- Manipulative Charm

- Emotional Charisma

- Seductive Allure

- Libido : 8

- Pleasure: 5

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- Unused Mastery Points: 5

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I tapped Manipulative Charm, and three skill screens popped up.

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- Honeyed Words

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Your flattery and lies are
nearly irresistible,

boosting deception in
romantic or social interactions.

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+10% to persuasion or bluff
checks in social settings.

Honeyed Words looked promising. Lately, I'd been lying left and right—covering my ass with the girls, dodging questions about work. A +10% boost to persuasion could smooth things over.

- Night Owl: Passive

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If your partner lacks
sleep, they open up to
you easier.

Night Owl seemed... niche. Useless unless I was pulling all-nighters with someone. What, tell Jasmine to stay up so she'd spill her secrets? Pass.

- Gaslighting

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Change your partner's
sexual fantasies. You can
turn a sub into a merciless dom,
or the opposite.

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- 10% chance to alter fantasies
- Cooldown: 2h
- Duration: 10m

Gaslighting, though? Holy shit. Making Anotta, Nuppia's stern CEO, melt under my words? That was some next-level shit. I could already imagine her sharp gaze softening, her walls crumbling. Damn.

Emotional Charisma and Seductive Allure were grayed out, locked. It seemed like I had to complete some objectives. I tapped them, and small UI boxes appeared.

"Let's see," I said, spitting into the sink, rinsing my mouth, and setting the toothbrush back in its holder.

- Emotional Charisma (Locked)

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- Have anal sex in your home (1/5)
- Flirt with a woman (0/1)
- Fuck Jasmine in the public (0/1)

Anal sex in my home? I'd already checked that box once with Cora, so four more to go. Flirting was easy enough, but fucking Jasmine in public? Shit, that'd be tricky. Maybe a car, like with Tessa, but I'd missed my shot to do it with Jasmine back then.

I walked to the living room, wiping my face with a towel, and sank onto the couch. "What's next..."

- Seductive Allure (Locked)

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- Fuck Delilah (0/1)
- Get Ivy to send you nudes (0/11)
- (Locked)

Fuck Delilah? Get eleven nudes from Ivy, my friend? And a locked objective? This system was unhinged as hell. Ivy sending one nude was a stretch, let alone eleven. I shook my head, muttering, "Now... I can have anal sex in my home. I could flirt with a woman... and maybe fuck Jasmine in public. Gotta focus on that."

Time to distribute my mastery points. I had five. I put one into Honeyed Words, confirming it. The UI vanished, then reappeared with updated stats.

- CURRENT STATS

=====

- Strength: 2
- Charm : 12
- Manipulative Charm
- ↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)
- Emotional Charisma
- Seductive Allure
- Libido : 8
- Pleasure: 5

=====

- Unused Mastery Points: 4

Five empty boxes next to Honeyed Words meant I could upgrade it further. I put one point into Gaslighting, then two more into Honeyed Words, and the last one into Gaslighting, skipping Night Owl for now—it felt too situational. Maybe later.

- CURRENT STATS

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- Strength: 2

- Charm : 12

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

- Emotional Charisma

- Seductive Allure

- Libido : 8

- Pleasure: 5

I tapped Honeyed Words to double-check.

- Honeyed Words

=====

Your flattery and lies are

nearly irresistible,

boosting deception in

romantic or social interactions.

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+30% to persuasion or bluff

checks in social settings.

Nice—up to +30% from +10%. Honeyed Words and Gaslighting were gonna be fun to test, especially with Anotta or the girls. But for now, I had one goal: grind. Quests, credits, survival. No job meant no excuses—I had to make this system work.

I grabbed my phone, the screen lighting up, and opened X, typing "Julia Becker" into the search bar, my fingers hesitating for a second. I needed to find her, my ex from high school, after that awkward beach run-in.

Her profile popped up, verified by her calm, familiar face in the icon. I tapped it, scrolling through her posts. Just three photos. The most recent was from yesterday—a beach shot, her navy bikini catching the sunlight, her glasses glinting, her long brown hair tied up, standing by the waves with that same unbothered vibe. The second was her in a coffee shop, a latte in front of her, her expression neutral, the warm lighting softening her sharp features. The first was a basic selfie, her face calm, no smile, no emotion, just those piercing eyes behind her glasses.

"Same Julia," I said, nodding to myself, a faint smile tugging at my lips. "Now, I just gotta text her, right? Let's see if messaging her online works..."

I opened the messages tab on X and typed, 'Hey, sorry we couldn't talk much back at the beach,' my thumb hovering before hitting send. The message went through, but no response popped up. No quest completion notification either. I sighed, leaning back, the couch creaking again.

"Shit... I really need to get her number. That's bad," I muttered, staring at the ceiling.

My phone buzzed, Delilah's name flashing on the screen. I answered, sitting up straighter. "Hey, Ms. Komb," I said, keeping my tone light. "What's up?"

"I'm good, Evan," Delilah said, her voice warm, a faint clatter of pots in the background. "Making one of my famous soups right now. You back from the trip yet?"

"I am. Finally."

"Good. Come over then," she said. "I know I promised I'd visit you, but I already kinda did. You weren't home. You still owe me that story about how you fought with Karim."

I nodded, though she couldn't see it. "Well, soup sounds good. I'll do that. When should I come?"

"How about eight?"

I glanced at the time—six. "Sure. Haven't had dinner yet."

"Great. See you here, then."

"Yep. Bye, Ms. Komb."

I hung up, a grin spreading. Delilah's soups were legendary, and catching up with her felt like the right move after the beach chaos. Pity her coworkers were dicks to her—I wished I could fix that. She didn't deserve the shit they gave her.

As if on cue, the system UI flickered into view, sharp and glowing.

- Quest Available

=====

- Title: Fixing fixing fixing

- Task: Deal with the problem that

Delilah is having at work.

- Reward: +120 EXP

=====

- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

I blinked. The system was listening, wasn't it? A quest to fix Delilah's work drama, 120 EXP on the line. I didn't even know where she worked—just some office gig—but the challenge intrigued me. Helping her would feel good, and the EXP was a nice bonus. Fucking David, probably the ringleader of her shitty coworkers. I could already picture his smug face.

"Alright," I said, tapping [Yes] to accept the quest. "Let's see what 'magic fingers' can do..."

I leaned forward, elbows on my knees, thinking. Dinner tonight was the perfect chance to dig into her work situation, maybe get names, figure out who was making her life hell. With my Honeyed Words skill at +30% persuasion, I could probably charm some answers out of her without seeming nosy. Gaslighting might come in handy too, but I'd save that for the real culprits.

A knock came at the door, and I turned toward it. If it were Jasmine, she would've knocked three times. This was different.

"I'm coming."

I got up from the couch and walked over, checking the peephole. It was Kim.

She was crying.

I quickly unlocked the door. As soon as I opened it, she stepped in and threw her arms around me, burying her face in my shirt. Her whole body was shaking.

I stood frozen for a second, unsure what to do, then wrapped my arms around her. I stepped back, pulling her gently inside, and closed the door behind us.

"Kim?"

"Evan..." Her voice cracked. "Tom had to move. He—he went with his mother."

"What?" I asked. "Wait, how? Why?"

"She never liked me," she said, still holding on tightly. "She always hated that we were together. From the beginning, Evan. She never even gave me a chance. And now tomorrow? Tomorrow I have to go... she is... I can't..."

I placed a hand on her shoulder and guided her over to the couch. "Alright. Sit. Just breathe."

She sat down, wiping at her face with her sleeves. Her breathing was uneven, her hands trembling. I walked over to the kitchen, filled a glass of water, grabbed some tissues, and brought them back. I set them on the armrest beside her.

She took the water and drank, just a sip.

"Calm down," I said, crossing my arms, standing beside her. "Now, tell me what happened, Kim."

"His... Tom's mom is a Christian," she said finally. "A really... old-fashioned one. And she never thought I was good enough. Not religious, not proper, whatever that means. She never said it outright, but she didn't hide it either."

"And now?"

"She's been trying to get him to break up with me for months. And now she's found someone for him. A girl. From their family. Her cousin."

"She wants him to marry her?" I asked.

"She doesn't just want it. She made him. She told him she wouldn't support him anymore if he stayed with me. That he wasn't allowed to live in the same city as me. And he... he listened to her."

I stared at her, stunned.

"He left, Evan," she said, voice rising. "I told him to stop. I told him he didn't have to go. That he could stay with me. That we could figure it out. I begged him."

"Kim..."

"I told him he didn't have to listen to her anymore," she said, her voice speeding up. "I said, 'Come live with me. You don't need her money. You don't need her control. Just stay.' I told him I'd handle everything, we could make it work—"

"Hey, hey," I said, gently putting a hand on her arm. "Slow down. Breathe. Just talk to me, okay?"

She nodded quickly, wiping her face with the tissue, trying to pull herself together.

"I gave him a choice," she said. "Her or me."

I didn't say anything. I let the silence fill the space.

"He chose her," she whispered. "He fucking chose her fucking mother."

She looked up at me, her face a mess of tears and disbelief.

"He's marrying his goddamn cousin, Evan."

"Oh..."

"The apartment was in her name. That bitch's name. His mother." she continued, now quieter. "She paid the rent. She told me I had to leave. I didn't even get to pack properly. Just... shoved whatever I could into a bag and left. That's all I have now. One bag."

"Jesus..."

"I have nowhere to go. No job. No apartment. Nothing. They took everything from me. Everything."

I crouched beside her, reached up, and gently wiped the tears from her cheek. Then I took both of her hands in mine, grounding her.

"You're not alone," I said. "We'll figure something out."

She shook her head, still crying. "I don't know what to do."

"You don't have to know right now. You can crash here as long as you need, alright? You don't need Tom. Or his mother. We'll get you back on your feet."

She looked at me, tired and broken.

"Evan... I feel like I'm falling apart."

"I've been where you are," I said softly. "I lost everything once too. I thought I wouldn't come back from it. But I did. And you will too."

I smiled and bumped her shoulder with my fist gently.

"And honestly? You're stronger than me, Kim. You can do the 'come back from it' part better than me, I'm sure."

She let out a shaky breath. Then a small laugh, the kind you let out when you've cried too much and your body's just trying to reset.

She wiped her face again. "I don't know what I'd do without you."

"You don't have to find out," I said. "We're friends. This is what friends do."

She nodded slowly, still holding the glass in her hand like she didn't want to let go of anything right now.

"Thank you," she said. "Really. Thank you."



Chapter 112: Chapter 112

Welp, Kim as a roommate was gonna be wild. She was spending her last night at her place, packing up, blissfully unaware of my lifestyle. Breakfast? Smoke and a beer. Dinner? Smoke and two beers—three if I was feeling generous. Tomorrow, she'd move in, and I could already imagine her face when she saw my fridge stocked with cans and not much else.

I stood outside Delilah's door, the evening air cool against my skin, a box of croissants in my hand—her favorite, a small gesture to not show up empty-handed.

I knocked and waited. A few seconds later, the lock clicked, and the door swung open. There she was—Delilah, in a crimson dress that hugged her curves like it was painted on. The neckline plunged, showing off cleavage that made my brain short-circuit, and the hem barely reached mid-thigh, her bare legs smooth and endless. Holy shit, she was smoking hot.

"Hey, Ms. Komb," I said, nodding, trying to keep my eyes on her face. "I, uh, didn't want to come empty-handed. Got you some croissants. Know you love 'em."

"Why, thank you," she said, her voice warm, a smile lighting up her face as she took the box. "Come in, don't just stand there."

"Yup," I said, stepping inside, the scent of her perfume, something floral and sweet, hitting me as I crossed the threshold.

"I just finished making pizza," she said, closing the door behind me. "Wasn't gonna do soup, but knowing you love my chicken soup, I made it anyway."

"Thank you," I said, following her into the living room. "Where's Ivy?"

"With her friends," Delilah replied, setting the croissant box on the counter. "Probably out causing trouble."

"Oh... okay."

Alone with Delilah? Fuck. I'd been banking on Ivy's presence to keep my head straight, to stop me from doing something stupid like lusting after her mom. Delilah had always been a tease—back in uni, she'd handed me her panties like it was nothing, a memory that still made my pulse race. Now, with her in that dress, no Ivy to ground me, I was in dangerous territory.

The living room was cozy, warm light spilling from a lamp in the corner, the dinner table set with a steaming pizza on a wooden board, its edges crispy, pepperoni glistening. I exhaled, trying to focus on the food, not the way her dress clung to her hips as she moved.

"So, soup first?" she asked, glancing over her shoulder as she headed to the kitchen. "I'm starting with that."

"Sounds good," I said, settling into a chair at the table. "Soup, then pizza."

"I mean, it's not the best meal in the world," she said, shrugging, her dress shifting slightly, revealing more of her thigh. "But what can you do, huh?"

"What's wrong with soup and pizza?" I said, grinning. "I'm just happy to eat handmade food, Ms. Komb."

She chuckled, a low, warm sound, and disappeared into the kitchen. I leaned back, the wooden chair creaking, my eyes drifting to the pizza, its steam curling upward. The table was set simply—two plates, a couple of spoons, a stack of napkins.

Delilah returned, carrying two bowls of chicken soup, the golden broth steaming, flecks of parsley floating on top. She set one in front of me, the warmth radiating from the bowl, then sat across from me, her own bowl in hand. Her crimson dress caught the light, the fabric stretching as she leaned forward, her cleavage impossible to ignore. I forced my eyes to the soup, grabbing my spoon.

We started sipping, the broth rich and savory, warming me from the inside. "Damn, this is good," I said, glancing at her. "You've still got the magic touch."

She smiled, spoon halfway to her mouth. "Glad you think so. Been a while since I cooked for you."

I glanced up, catching Delilah's eyes as she ate, her crimson dress hugging her curves, the low neckline drawing my gaze before I forced it back to her face. She looked... off. A little sad, her shoulders slightly hunched, her smile not quite reaching her eyes. Probably the work drama the system had flagged.

"So," I began, setting my spoon down, my voice casual but probing. "How's... work, Ms. Komb?"

She froze for a split second, her spoon hovering, before flashing a strained smile. "It's... you know," she said, her tone vague, her eyes flicking to her bowl.

Time to test Honeyed Words. With a +30% boost to persuasion, I could maybe get her to open up. "Please," I said, leaning forward slightly, keeping my voice soft, reassuring. "You can trust me, Ms. Komb. Just tell me what's happening."

- Honeyed Words: Activated

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+30% to persuasion or bluff

checks in social settings.

A small UI box appeared above Delilah's head—three empty checkboxes, tied to Honeyed Words. Another box popped up beside it.

- Persuasion Attempt: Delilah

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Remaining Chances: 0/2

Text noted I needed two checked boxes to succeed. A game, huh? I could play that. Another box flashed in my vision.

- Attempting Persuasion

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"I'm here to listen, Ms. Komb. You can trust me."

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Base Chance: 45%

Honeyed Words: +30%

Delilah Star Rating: 12/20 (0%)

=====

Final Chance: 75%

Upon Succeeding: ☒

► **Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]**

A second option appeared, riskier but with a bigger payoff.

- Attempting Persuasion

=====

"You've always been there for me, Ms. Komb.

Let me return the favor—just talk to me."

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Base Chance: 30%

Honeyed Words: +30%

Delilah Star Rating: 12/20 (0%)

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Final Chance: 60%

Upon Succeeding: ☒☒

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

The second option tempted me—two boxes checked in one go—but 60% was dicey compared to 75%. A third option flickered, even lower odds, probably not worth a glance. I stuck with the safe bet.

"I'm here to listen, Ms. Komb," I said, my voice steady, eyes locked on hers. "You can trust me."

- Persuasion Attempt: Delilah

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Remaining Chances: 1/2

It worked. One box checked, one chance left. I had to make it count.

"I know," Delilah said, her voice softer, her fingers tightening around her spoon. "I just... look, Evan, I really don't know."

Another UI box appeared, a new persuasion option, the stakes higher.

- Attempting Persuasion

=====

"I can see something's weighing on you, Ms. Komb.

You don't have to carry it alone—let me help."

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Base Chance: 56%

Honeyed Words: +30%

Delilah Star Rating: 12/20 (0%)

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Final Chance: 86%

Upon Succeeding: ☑

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

86% was solid, and the dialogue felt right—empathetic, not pushy. I leaned forward, my voice gentle but firm. "I can see something's weighing on you, Ms. Komb. You don't have to carry it alone—let me help."

- Persuasion Attempt: Delilah

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Remaining Chances: 2/2-Success!

The second box checked, the UI flashing success. Delilah's shoulders relaxed slightly, her eyes softening as she set her spoon down, the soup barely touched.

Her crimson dress clung to her curves, the low neckline shifting as she leaned back, her eyes heavy with a sadness that hit me hard. Her strained smile faded, her fingers fidgeting with the edge of her soup bowl.

"It's the office," she said, her voice low, almost a whisper. "I'm a project coordinator at BrightWave, a digital marketing agency. I manage client campaigns, keep the creative team on track, make sure deadlines are met. It's chaotic, but I'm good at it—or I thought I was."

"Hmm," I said, watching her closely, the soup warm in my hands.

She paused, her gaze dropping to the table, her shoulders hunching slightly. "It's Sarah from the creative team and Mike in operations. They've been making my days hell for months. Sarah's got this clique, and since I'm newer, they treat me like I don't belong. They ignore my input, spread rumors I'm incompetent, blame me for their screw-ups."

I nodded, locking the names in my head—Sarah, Mike. Mental note: BrightWave digital marketing agency. "What are they doing, exactly?" I asked, keeping my tone gentle, leaning forward. "Like, specific stuff to mess with you?"

Delilah sighed, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear, her crimson dress catching the light. "Sarah's the worst. She'll undermine me in meetings, cut me off, act like my ideas are garbage. Last month, she 'forgot' to include me on a client revision email, then told everyone I dropped the ball when the campaign tanked. Mike's no better—he delays my

resource requests, makes it impossible to hit deadlines, then smirks when I get called out. It's like they're trying to push me out."

"That's messed up," I said, my jaw tightening. "Why are they targeting you? You just started, right?"

She shrugged, her fingers twisting a napkin. "I got hired eight months ago, and I think they're threatened. Sarah's been there forever, thinks she owns the creative team. Mike just follows her lead, kissing up to her. They see me as an outsider, maybe because I came in with strong client feedback. They're making it personal."

"How long's this been going on?" I asked, setting my spoon down, the soup cooling in my bowl.

"Since I started," she said, her voice tightening. "It was subtle at first—snide comments, cold shoulders—but now it's every day. I'm staying late, fixing their mistakes, second-guessing myself. It's draining, Evan. I love the work, but I dread going in."

I took a sip of soup, the warmth doing little to cool the anger rising in my chest. Sarah, the territorial creative; Mike, her smug sidekick. Fucking vultures ganging up on Delilah for no reason other than their own insecurity.

"Have you told your boss what's happening?" I asked, keeping my voice steady.

"I tried," she said, her eyes flickering with frustration. "Ms. Carter, my manager, is fair but overwhelmed. She tells me to 'work it out,' but Sarah's got seniority, and Mike's tight with the ops team. I'm stuck."

"You don't deserve this shit," I said, my tone firm. "You're too good for them to treat you like that."

She gave a small, tired smile, her eyes softening. "Thanks, Evan. That means a lot."

"Don't even mention it."

EVENT

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Delilah's Interest +4

A silence. Then, she cleared her throat.

"Yeah, that's the situation I'm in," Delilah exhaled, her voice heavy as she leaned back, the crimson dress shifting, her fingers still twisting the napkin. The warm lamp glow caught the sadness in her eyes, the untouched pizza cooling on the table. "Kinda stuck. I don't know what to do."

"I'm sure you can figure out something, Ms. Komb."

"Sorry, I bothered you with my personal problems," she said, her smile weak. "Not the best spice for dinner, huh?"

"I'm actually glad you told me," I said, flashing a warm smile. "That means you trust me. Makes me happy, Ms. Komb."

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EVENT

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Delilah's Interest +2

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She smiled, a bit of warmth returning to her eyes. "Thank you for being here, Evan."

"Always, Ms. Komb," I replied. "Whenever you need to talk—I'll be there."

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Chapter 113: Chapter 113

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WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

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Jasmine: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 20 / 40

Kim: Interest: 6 / 20

Delilah: Interest: 18 / 20

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

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Progress:

☆☆☆☆☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★☆☆☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★☆☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

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Select a woman to track progress.

The rest of the night flew by, the pizza nearly gone—mostly thanks to me, Delilah only managing two slices. Ivy texted, saying she was staying with friends, not coming home.

I rinsed my plate, setting it on the counter, the kitchen cozy with lingering herb scents. Delilah crouched by the oven, wiping it down, her crimson dress riding up slightly, her bare legs and barely contained tits making my head spin. Fuck, I wanted to pin her down, slide that dress up, and fuck her right there.

No, no, no. Fuck, Ivy had to be here. Her presence alone would've kept those thoughts in check. A boner now would be a fucking disaster.

"Hope everything was okay," Delilah said, still wiping the oven, her voice light. "Sorry for making you clean the dishes."

"It's fine," I said, forcing a grin. "Forgot what a plate looks like, Ms. Komb. Been living on instant ramen."

"Those little boxes?" she said, glancing up, her tits shifting as she smiled.

"They taste good, though."

"Bad for health," she added, standing, brushing her hands on the towel. "Ivy used to eat those too."

"Bad for health, good for my wallet," I said, chuckling.

"Your roommate doesn't cook?" she asked, leaning against the counter, her dress hugging her hips.

"She's not—well, she's not really my roommate," I said. "She is a distant cousin, visiting. Said 'roommate' to not weird you out, I guess."

"She seemed... odd," Delilah said, brow furrowing. "Took forever to open the door when I stopped by. Said she was bathing, but her hair was dry, and she was out of breath."

What the fuck was Cora doing in my house while I was at the beach? The thought made my skin crawl, my house feeling violated again. Fucking weirdo—and I was the bigger idiot for sleeping with her after catching her. Goddamn it.

Delilah leaned back, her eyes meeting mine. I gave a small smile, setting the last plate on the rack, wiping my hands. "Got a smoke?" she asked.

I pulled a cigarette from my pack, handing her one. "Sure."

"Thanks," she said, leaning in as I lit it, her face close, her perfume stronger. She took a drag, exhaling smoke. "Oh, how I missed smoking."

"You're sneaking smokes, scared Ivy'll catch you," I said, lighting my own, grinning. "Like a teenager."

"I wish I was a teenager again," she chuckled, coughing slightly. "Good old days, Evan. Good old days."

"You talk like you're ninety," I said, blowing out smoke. "Chill, Ms. Komb. You're still young."

"I'm thirty-seven," she said, raising an eyebrow.

"And?" I shot back. "Perfect age for a woman."

"Of course you'd say that," she laughed, shaking her head.

"Hm?"

"Nevermind," she said, taking another drag, her eyes glinting with something unspoken.

EVENT

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Delilah's Interest +2

I flicked ash into the tray, my mind buzzing with the +2 interest points and the milestone reward I'd just hit with her—20/20, a star earned. But I pushed the system aside, focusing on Delilah and her BrightWave problem. Sarah and Mike were my targets, and I needed a plan to crush their bullshit.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

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Jasmine: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 20 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 6 / 20

Delilah: Interest: 20 / 20★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

=====

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.

"You..." I started, glancing at her, the cigarette warm between my fingers. "Look... good, Ms. Komb."

"Wow," she chuckled, taking a drag, her lips curling around the cigarette. "I waited to hear that when I opened the door, Evan. Not after we ate dinner and cleaned the plates."

"Yeah... sorry," I said, grinning sheepishly. "I was... well, you know, didn't want to weird you out or anything, Ms. Komb."

"You'd never weird me out, Evan," she said, her voice warm, exhaling smoke. "Don't worry."

Damn. Never weird her out? Except for that time in uni when she caught me staring at her panties, my face burning like a dumbass kid. Lusting after my friend's mom back then was bad enough, and now, sitting here, her dress barely containing her, I was still fighting the same urge. Different now, though—yeah, definitely.

"Shall we move to the living room?" she asked, standing, cigarette in hand. "Or if you want to stay here, I've got more dishes needing a scrub."

I threw my hands up in mock surrender, laughing. "Nope. Living room sounds good."

We moved to the couch, Delilah grabbing an ashtray from a shelf—probably hidden from Ivy—and setting it between us. We sat side by side, the coffee table cluttered with the empty pizza board and our soup bowls, the room cozy, the faint hum of the city outside barely audible.

"What's... David saying about all this?" I blurted, flicking ash, testing the waters.

"To what...?" she asked, her brow furrowing.

"You getting mobbed," I said.

"He doesn't like it," she said, her voice flat. "But since he doesn't work at BrightWave, and we barely talk anymore, I think he just doesn't care."

"Doesn't like it or doesn't care?" I pressed, taking a drag.

"Both?" She shook her head, her cigarette glowing. "Just drop it, please. I don't want to talk about him."

"Sure," I nodded. "Of course."

"How about you?" she asked, turning the tables, her eyes glinting. "You keep asking about my life. My turn."

"Okay?" I said, leaning back, the couch creaking.

"Karim," she said, pointing her cigarette at me. "What happened with him?"

"Karim," I repeated, exhaling smoke, the memory sour. "Bastard was trying to hurt my next-door neighbor. I stepped in, but got my ass handed to me."

"Oh?" she said, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah, I was sick. Fever from hell," I said. "You know how I get when I'm sick."

"A drama queen," she teased, smirking.

"I swear, if I hear that one more time..." I mumbled, smiling despite myself. "Anyway, he beat me. That's it."

"Who's your neighbor?" she asked. "You friends with him?"

"Yeah," I said, dodging the truth—Jasmine wasn't a 'him,' but better she thought that. "That's why I stepped in."

It was getting late, and I needed to head home, clean up for Kim moving in tomorrow. Didn't want her thinking I was a total slob... even if I kinda was.

"I gotta go," I said, standing, crushing my cigarette in the ashtray. "Gotta clean my place for tomorrow."

"Really?" Delilah asked, tilting her head. "Stay a little longer."

"Nah, I really need to," I said, shaking my head. "Everything was perfect, Ms. Komb. Thank you."

"Aw, it's nothing. Come on, come here."

She stood, opening her arms for a hug. I swallowed hard, stepping forward, wrapping my arms around her. Fuck, her tits pressed against my chest, her scent, floral, intoxicating, sending sparks through my brain. My hands slid lower, brushing the small

of her back, dangerously close to her ass. My cock twitched, and I prayed she didn't feel it.

"Thank you for everything," she said, pulling back, her eyes warm.

"N-no problem," I said, coughing to cover my nerves. "So... I'll... uh, go now. Yeah."

I reached for the door, and pulled it open, the faint creak breaking the quiet of Delilah's cozy living room. The warm glow of the lamp spilled out behind me, her crimson dress still a vivid image in my mind, her floral perfume lingering in the air.

I turned, giving her a nod. "Goodnight, Ms. Komb."

"Be careful out there, Evan," she said, leaning against the doorframe, her arms crossed, the dress hugging her curves. "It's late. I can drop you off if you want."

"Nah, I'm cool," I said, flashing a grin, adjusting my jacket. "I can walk."

"You sure?" she asked, her brow furrowing slightly, her voice soft with concern.

"Yep," I said, nodding firmly. "I'm good."

"Alright then," she said, her lips curving into a small smile. "Bye, Evan."

"Bye, Ms. Komb," I said, stepping out.

I started descending the stairs. My mind was buzzing—Delilah's work drama, Sarah and Mike's bullshit, that damn hug that almost got me hard. What a night.

I pushed through the apartment building's front door and stepped into the hot evening air, the humidity hitting me like a wall. The street was quiet, streetlights casting pools of yellow light on the pavement, the distant hum of traffic barely audible.

I looked up, the sky clear, stars faint against the city glow. "I swear, my ears are used to that raining sound," I muttered, shaking my head. "Feels weird to be outside like this."

I began walking.

"Alright," I said under my breath, shoving my hands into my pockets. "Focus, Evan. First, Kim. Get the place ready for her moving in. Then Delilah's work problem."



Chapter 114: Chapter 114

I wiped the mirror one last time and nodded to myself. Damn, I didn't know this place could look this clean. The floors were sparkling, the dinner table free of beer cans and noodle spills. For once, everything looked decent. Now, I had to check on Kim.

I grabbed my keys and stepped outside, then hurried down the stairs. There was one door open—and it was Kim's. Workers were moving her stuff out.

Kim stood in the doorway, watching them. When she saw me, she gave a small nod but didn't say anything. I glanced inside. Even the couches were gone. The little rug they had, too. And fuck, my dinner table from hell was missing. They took that too, huh?

"Hey," I said, breaking the silence.

"Hey." Kim's voice was flat. "So... I guess this is it?"

"Hmm." I muttered. "I guess... wow, they're taking everything, huh?"

"Unfortunately." She exhaled, shoulders slumping. "Shit."

"Have you talked to Tom?" I asked. "Maybe his mom would let you keep some of the stuff—"

"No," she cut in. "Fuck Tom."

Seeing her getting worked up, I decided to shut my mouth. I couldn't even imagine how she must be feeling—betrayed, small. I guess I could relate, though. When Lily left me, I thought everything was over. But I didn't realize it was just a blank page, a chance to start over.

Footsteps echoed from the stairs, and we both turned. Jasmine appeared, yawning as she came down.

"What's all this noise? It's only nine..." She froze when she saw us. "Kim?"

"Jas," Kim said with a tired smile. "Sorry to wake you. The workers aren't exactly quiet."

"What's going on?" Jasmine asked, her eyes darting between us. "Are you moving out?"

"More like getting kicked out." Kim's voice was bitter.

"Wait, what? How? Why?" Jasmine's eyes widened.

I stepped away and peered through the corridor window. I could see workers hauling out a couch and some chairs, using one of those elevators—they called it a 'dumbwaiter,' I think? Whatever it was, it didn't look very gentle.

I lingered there for a second, then went back to Kim and Jasmine.

"...and that's why I'm getting kicked out," Kim finished.

"Fucking Tom..." Jasmine muttered, fists clenched. "How could he?"

"Yeah," Kim said, her voice barely above a whisper. "I thought he really loved me... guess I was wrong."

"You can stay with me, if you want." Jasmine's offer was immediate. "I've got an empty bedroom."

"I appreciate that, Jas," Kim said, shaking her head. "But Evan's already opened his place to me. I don't want to be a burden to you."

"Wait, but you're okay with being a burden to me?" I teased, trying to lighten the mood.

Kim smiled, though it was brief, then the expression faded. Poor Kim—getting kicked out because of Tom's mother. That was just... low. Really low.

"Evan's place, huh?" Jasmine raised an eyebrow. "I've been there. At first, I thought there was a horse living with him. The place was a huge mess, Kim."

"Hey, I cleaned it up," I muttered.

"I opened his fridge once to grab a cold water. And what do I see? Beers. No wonder he never gets drunk—he's probably just used to it by now."

"Stop scaring away my new roommate," I grumbled.

I saw Kim's interest go up, but to not lose focus, I ignored it for now.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 20 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 10 / 20

Delilah: Interest: 20 / 20★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

=====

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.

Kim chuckled, then turned to grab her bag on the ground. "I'll make do. Come on, there's nothing left for me here. Let's go."

I nodded. "Yeah. Let's go."

I took her bag from her, and she gave me a grateful nod. We headed up the stairs, with Kim and Jasmine following behind me.

We went upstairs.

I unlocked the door, and we all stepped inside. Moving to the center of the room, I stretched my arms out wide.

"How's it? Clean, huh?" I said, a bit of pride creeping into my voice. "Took me all night."

Kim smiled. "Yours is a lot smaller than my flat."

"Yeah. After the fourth floor, east-facing flats are smaller. And cheaper, too."

"Didn't know that."

"Only one bedroom," I said. "I'll use the couch, don't worry. I'm used to sleeping there anyway."

"I wouldn't do that to you, Eva—"

"You can," Jasmine said, patting her on the shoulder. "Come on, drop your stuff and let's go hang out."

"Hang out where?" Kim asked. "I don't work, Jasmine. I pretty much have no money."

"It's on the house!" I said, setting her bag down. "Come on. Let's go!"

♥◻♥◻♥◻

The sun was high and brutal, it had to be one in the afternoon, maybe a little past. The amusement park buzzed with kids screaming, metal grinding, music blaring from too many speakers at once. Somewhere, popcorn burned. It was that kind of day.

I looked up, shielding my eyes with one hand. Jasmine and Kim were strapped into one of those deathtrap rides—some rattling steel train that launched into the sky and screamed back down again. I didn't know what it was called, just that it was loud, fast, and not for me.

"Well," I muttered, watching them disappear over a loop. "They look happy, huh."

I took a slow drag from my cigarette, held it for a beat, then crushed the butt in the bin next to me.

The ride hissed to a stop minutes later. Jasmine and Kim stumbled off, laughing too hard, legs wobbly like they'd just escaped death—which I guess they had.

"My fucking GOD!" Kim blurted, collapsing onto a bench. "I thought I was... wow. Oh shit... WOW."

"You coward," Jasmine groaned, dropping beside her, still a little dizzy. "Why didn't you come with us, Evan?"

I shrugged. "I like it when my feet stay on the ground. That ride? No thanks."

"Co-ward," she teased, spelling it out like it stung.

Kim cracked up—but then her laughter caught in her throat and broke into sobs. No warning. Just laughter, then crying.

I stayed standing, unsure what to do. Jasmine reached over, wrapped an arm around Kim's shoulder. Kim let her head fall there, trembling.

"I'll... grab some water," I said after a second. My voice was quieter than I expected. "Be right back."

Jasmine looked up at me and gave a small nod. "Okay."

I found a vendor tucked between the Ferris wheel and some rigged ring toss game, the kind that smelled like old grease and cotton candy. Bought a cold bottle of water and made my way back.

Kim took it with a quiet "Thanks," unscrewed the cap, and drank deeply. She let out a breath, wiped her face with the back of her hand.

"Sorry," she said after a moment. Her smile was cracked, but it was there. "Come on, don't let me ruin the fun. Let's have some more fun!"

Jasmine clapped her hands. "That's my girl!"

I watched as they stood up, all bright eyes and shaky legs, trying to walk off whatever just hit Kim. Their laughter felt lighter again. Real.

I followed a few steps behind, but my mind had already started drifting—back to Sarah, and to Mike. The mess I need to clean up. The one I wasn't sure I could.

I pulled my phone from my pocket and called Mendy.

And of course, once again, Penelope picked up instead. "Hello?"

"Hey," I said, keeping my voice low. "I, uh... was just checking in. How's Mendy doing?"

There was a pause. "Stop calling us."

"Look, I feel terrible, Penelope," I said. "Please, just—"

Click.

The line went dead.

I stared at the screen for a second, then shoved the phone back in my pocket. Shook my head, exhaled.

"Shit."

"Hey, come on, Evan!" Jasmine called over her shoulder. She turned back with a grin, pointing past the popcorn stand. "Let's go to the haunted house!"

I followed her finger. There it was, in all its peeling-painted glory—a crooked black shack squatting at the far edge of the park, fake cobwebs strung across the jagged roof, a plastic skeleton nailed above the entrance like some budget guardian. A speaker looped a haunted moan that sounded more bored than terrifying. The whole thing looked like it'd fall over if you breathed too hard on it.

"It's not even night," I said. "It wouldn't be scary."

"It's dark inside," Jasmine argued, bouncing on her heels. "Come on, please!"

I smirked. "Fine." I glanced at Kim. "You okay with that?"

"Never been in one before," Kim admitted, wiping a strand of hair behind her ear. Her cheeks were still a little flushed from earlier, but the color looked better on her now. "Wouldn't say no to trying, though."

"Alright then," I muttered. "Time for us to get scared, I guess."

Chapter 115: Chapter 115

We paid the bored teenager manning the ticket booth, and since there wasn't a line, we went straight in.

The air shifted the moment we stepped inside—cooler, damp, and stale, like the place hadn't been properly aired out since Halloween three years ago. A low fog hugged the floor, pumped out in intervals by a machine hissing in the corner like it was on its last legs.

Black lights buzzed overhead, making the paint-splattered walls glow an eerie green. On either side of the narrow path were plywood "rooms" staged to look like twisted scenes from horror movies—one had a bloody operating table with fake limbs scattered around, the other a nursery filled with cracked baby dolls and a rocking chair that creaked on its own, thanks to a hidden motor.

Jasmine reached for my arm. "Just in case," she whispered, but her fingers lingered longer than they needed to.

Kim stayed close to my other side, her shoulder brushing mine. Whether it was intentional or not, I didn't ask.

A fake bat on a string dropped from the ceiling and swung between us. Kim shrieked and grabbed my hand.

"Jesus," I muttered, but I didn't pull away.

The path twisted sharply, forcing us through a narrow corridor draped in hanging plastic strips. They clung to our clothes and left cold streaks on our skin. Somewhere nearby, a chainsaw revved—too loud, too close—but it was only a sound effect, no actor in sight.

Jasmine's hip bumped mine. She let out a shaky laugh. "Okay... this is creepier than I thought."

"Still not scary," I said, right before a cardboard ghost, white sheet and all, slammed down from a hatch in the ceiling with a thud.

I jumped. Just a little.

Kim laughed breathlessly. "Was that you just now?"

"Shut up," I muttered, grinning despite myself.

We passed through a fake hallway lined with mirrors, each cracked and reflecting our warped silhouettes in dim blue light. One had red handprints smeared across the glass. Another had writing that read GET OUT in dripping paint.

A distorted voice cackled from a hidden speaker as we turned another corner. Jasmine wrapped her arm fully around mine this time, pressing into me like she was cold—or maybe just wanted to feel something else.

The space grew tighter, darker. Something brushed my neck—probably more fishing wire hanging from the ceiling—but Kim leaned in close anyway, her breath warm.

"I think we're being watched," she whispered. I didn't know if she meant the actors or something else entirely.

We pushed through a final black curtain and stumbled out into sunlight. It hit like a slap—hot, blinding, sudden.

"Okay," Jasmine exhaled, laughing nervously. "That was... actually kinda scary."

Kim nodded, cheeks flushed again. "Yeah. Not bad."

"I think I handled it the best," I said.

"You literally flinched at a cardboard ghost," Jasmine shot back.

"Yeah?" I said, smiling. "But I flinched with style."

A photo booth loomed ahead, a compact, retro box painted in faded red and white stripes, its curtain slightly tattered, a glowing sign above it reading 'Instant Memories.' A price list was taped to the side: \$5 for four shots, \$8 for eight, with an extra \$2 for digital

copies. A short line of people shuffled in front, a mix of giggling teens and a couple holding hands.

"Wanna try that?" Jasmine asked Kim, her teal tank top catching the sunlight, her braids swaying as she grinned.

"Sure," Kim replied instantly.

They stepped into the line, and I followed, hands in my pockets, the chatter around us blending with the clink of coins from nearby games. The line moved slowly, giving us time to talk.

"Hey," Jasmine said, glancing at me. "Is there any news from that girl? What was her name, Melda?"

"Mendy," I corrected, my stomach twisting at the mention. "Yeah, she's getting better, I think. But I can't talk to her—her friend won't let me."

The line shifted forward, and we took a step, the booth's curtain fluttering as someone exited, laughing.

"Maybe you should visit her?" Kim suggested, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. "That'd be more straightforward."

"I kinda don't want to bother her," I said, my voice low. "She... just doesn't want to see me. Forcing it would only make things worse."

"It's tough," Kim said, her tone soft. "Hope she can get over it soon."

"This guy, Richard," Jasmine said, her eyes narrowing. "You talked to him after that whole... mess in the hospital?"

The line moved again, and we shuffled closer, the booth's neon sign buzzing faintly.

"Nope. Don't wanna see his face again," I said, my jaw tightening. "He attacked me because he couldn't handle the truth."

"Narcissist asshole," Jasmine spat. "Cheating on his girlfriend because she wouldn't do anal? Damned maniac."

The line moved once more, and it was our turn. Just as I stepped toward the booth, a shaky, quiet voice sliced through the air—familiar, unsettling. Fuck. Cora.

"Evan..." she chuckled, a nervous edge to it. "W-what a surprise, heh-heh."

I turned right, and there she was, wearing an oversized hoodie that hung past her thighs, swallowing her frame, paired with dark pink pants. Her eyes darted nervously, her cheeks already flushing. She wasn't alone—a girl with short brown hair stood beside her, massive tits straining her tight black top, her half-lidded eyes screaming exhaustion.

"C-Cora," I said, forcing a neutral tone. "Hey."

"Uuh..." she muttered, her voice barely audible. "This is my sister. Esme. She is nice to meet you..."

Realizing her jumbled words, Cora's face turned beet red, her eyes dropping to the ground. Esme gave a lazy wave, pointing to a nearby bench. "I'm gonna sit there. So tired," she said, her voice sluggish. "I need to sleep..."

"S-so," Cora stammered, her hands twisting the hem of her hoodie. "Are you three going into the photo booth? I wish I had someone to take a photo with..."

"Umm..." Jasmine said, glancing at Kim, then me. "We were... about to enter, yeah. Would you like to join us?"

Esme was already shuffling toward the bench, shoulders slumped, not even listening. Cora's eyes lit up like a puppy begging for a treat, nodding eagerly. "Heh-heh. Yes, if you don't mind."

I dug into my pocket, pulling out a crumpled ten-dollar bill, and fed it into the photo booth's slot, selecting the \$8 option for eight shots. The machine whirled, accepting the payment, and the red curtain parted as we squeezed into the cramped booth. The interior was tight, barely enough room for four, with a scratched-up bench and a flickering screen showing a grainy preview.

We stood awkwardly, shoulder to shoulder, the space forcing us close. Kim shuffled to the left, her pale skin brushing against Jasmine's teal tank top. Cora hovered behind me with an awkward smile on her face. Her nervous energy was... well, noticeable, her breath quick as she stood too close, her face barely visible over my shoulder. Jasmine shot me a glance, her braids swaying, her lips twitching like she was holding back a laugh at the tension.

"Alright, let's do this," I said, breaking the silence, pressing the start button on the screen.

The screen counted down—3, 2, 1—and we scrambled to pose. Kim threw up a peace sign, Jasmine flashed a wide grin, and I leaned forward with a half-smirk, trying to look casual. Cora, behind me, barely peeked out, her eyes wide, a shy smile flickering.

The flash popped, blinding us, and the machine whirred, snapping the first shot. We shifted for the next, Kim sticking out her tongue, Jasmine winking, me throwing a mock-serious glare. Cora tilted her head, her hoodie slipping slightly, showing more of her flushed face. Three more flashes, each pose sillier than the last—Kim pretending to choke me, Jasmine flexing, Cora giggling nervously, her hands clutching my shirt.

The machine hummed, spitting out two strips of four black-and-white photos into the tray. I grabbed them, the glossy paper warm, the images capturing our chaotic energy—Kim's playful smirk, Jasmine's bold grin, my exaggerated expressions, and Cora's half-hidden, nervous smile, her eyes locked on me in every shot. The air turned heavy, Cora's closeness lingering like a shadow.

"Looks... good," Kim said, coughing to cut the awkwardness, her eyes flicking to Cora.

"Y-yep," Jasmine added, her voice too bright, adjusting her braids to avoid Cora's gaze.

We stepped out of the booth, the curtain swishing behind us, the amusement park's noise—clinking arcade games, distant laughter—flooding back. I pocketed the photo strips, the edges crinkling in my jeans, and cleared my throat, trying to shake the weird vibe.

"So..." I began, glancing at Cora, her sister Esme still slumped on a nearby bench, half-asleep. "What will you do now, Cora? Amusement park fun with your sister, huh?"

"Yes," Cora said, her voice shaky, her hands twisting her hoodie's hem. "I thought it'd be a nice change."

"Well, don't let us get in your way," I said, waving a hand, eager to move on. "Bye."

Jasmine nudged me hard with her elbow, her eyes narrowing. "How rude, Evan," she whispered, then flashed a smile at Cora. "You guys can join us if you want! The more the merrier, right?"

"We'd be happy to," Cora said, her eyes lighting up, nodding eagerly. "W-what should we do?"

God help me.



Chapter 116: Chapter 116

I plopped onto the couch, the cushions sinking under me, the living room dim with just the flicker of a streetlight sneaking through the blinds. Kim closed the door behind us, her red crop top crumpled from the day, her bag slung over her shoulder. The clock on

the wall read nine, the hours at the amusement park—screaming on roller coasters, losing at rigged ring toss—leaving us wiped.

Kim looked lighter, though, her smile softer, despite Cora's creepy vibe lingering like a bad aftertaste. I still couldn't bring myself to ask if she was behind Karim's shit—those carvings on his back, the kidnapping. The truth scared the hell out of me.

Kim sank onto the couch beside me, leaning back, her elbow on the armrest, her face propped on her palm, her hair spilling over her fingers.

"That was... good," she said, her voice quiet.

"It was," I said, nodding. "We should do it again sometime."

"Who was that girl, Cora?" she asked, her eyes narrowing slightly. "You bump into her a lot. The mall with us, now the amusement park."

"Luck," I said with a shrug, my stomach twisting. No way was I telling her I railed Cora in my room days ago. That shit stayed buried—nobody needed to know how unhinged she was.

Kim checked her phone, her face softening with that familiar look of hope—waiting for Tom to text, 'I'm back, I love you.' I knew that look. I'd felt the same about Lily. Fucking sucked.

"It..." she started, exhaling, her gaze lingering on the screen before she pocketed it. "Feels weird, Evan."

"I know," I said, my voice low.

She glanced at the wall, lost for a moment. "I wonder who'll move downstairs now," she said. "Hope they take care of the place. It's decent."

I nodded, staring at the wall, my thoughts drifting to Lily. I couldn't blame her for leaving. After Julia, I knew relationships weren't my thing, but I dove in anyway. Got nothing but grief. Should've trusted my gut.

Milestone Reached!

Partner: Delilah

=====

Reward:

50 EXP

Mystery Chest

80c

The UI popped up, reminding me of Delilah's milestone—20/20 interest, 50 EXP, a Mystery Chest, and 80 credits. Nice. I opened the chest, and another 50 credits dropped. Getting rich.

- Evan Marlowe (Lvl 6)

- Age: 21

- Height: 180 cm

- Weight: 73 kg

- EXP: [REDACTED] 385/543

Kim stood, exhaling, and rummaged through her bag on the floor, her ass arching as she crouched—sexy as hell, but I stayed put. Sex was the last thing she needed. "Shit... no charger," she said, her voice tight. "Most of my stuff's gone. Dresses, shoes, fucking everything. Even my jacket."

"They didn't let you take them?" I asked, catching her frustrated expression.

She grabbed her bag, tossing it onto the couch, digging deeper. "No. That bitch took everything."

"It's okay..." I said, opening the system shop and buying two \$500 bundles, spending 100 credits. "We'll figure something out. Come on, sit here."

- SHOP

=====

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)
- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)
- Time Stop (90c)
- 500 Dollars (50c)
- 1 Ability Point (150c)

=====

- Credits: 250c
- Select item to purchase.

Kim glanced at the spot I patted, covered her face, exhaled, and sat. I wrapped my arm around her shoulder, pulling her close, her head resting on my chest. I kissed her temple gently. "Tomorrow, let's go shopping," I said. "Just you and me. Get you some stuff."

"I can't ask you to do that," she said, her voice soft. "Staying here's enough. I'll... find a job and—"

"You're not finding a job till you're over Tom," I said, my voice sharper than intended, like some dumb internet alpha. "Fuck, that sounded cringe."

"Yeah, total alpha male," she chuckled, looking up, our faces inches apart.

I leaned in, brushing my nose against hers, shaking my head playfully. "Don't make me unleash my alpha side, Kim. You don't want it."

"Shiver me timbers," she teased, resting her head back on my chest.

EVENT

=====

Kim's Interest +5

Then, she said those words.

"I'm glad I met you, Evan."

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 20 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 15 / 20

Delilah: Interest: 20 / 20★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

=====

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.

Wow. I would never get tired of hearing that over and over again.

"And I'm glad I met you too," I said, laughing. "Table from hell, huh?"

She laughed, shaking her head. The moment was calm, a rare pause in the chaos. I could've stayed like that all night, but Delilah's quest nagged at me. Julia still hadn't texted back either—probably a failed quest. Fuck.

I kissed her lips softly, eased her aside, and stood, stretching. Time to stalk Sarah and Mike, figure out how to fix Delilah's shit. "I'm hitting the bed early," I said, faking a yawn. "Take my bed. I'll sleep here."

"I can't do that," Kim said, frowning. "I'll take the couch."

"Just..." I sighed, annoyed but softening. "Come on, Kim. Take my bed. I'll grab blankets and crash here."

"We don't have to act like strangers," she said, chuckling. "You've fucked me countless times, after all."

"Didn't want you to feel uncomfortable," I said.

"No, Evan, I won't," she replied, smiling. "Come on. Let's sleep together."

"Alright," I said, nodding. "I'll grab another pillow then."

I grabbed another pillow from the wardrobe and followed Kim into the bedroom.. The bed was unmade, sheets rumpled from last night, and the air held a faint trace of my cologne.

Kim kicked off her shoes and, without hesitation, peeled off her red crop top and jeans, revealing a pair of black panties and a red bra. My eyes locked onto her, the pillow in my hand forgotten, my cock stirring in my jeans as her curves caught the light—her pale skin, the way her ass filled out those panties. Fuck.

"What?" she asked, a sly smile playing on her lips as she caught me staring. "I don't have any pajamas. Managed to grab some panties and clothes, that's it. Ugh... I hate sleeping with a bra on."

"Oh... y-yeah," I stammered, my throat dry, forcing my eyes to the floor.

She climbed onto the bed, the mattress creaking softly as she settled in, her hair spilling over the pillow. I set my pillow next to hers, switched off the bedside lamp, plunging the room into near-darkness, and changed into a t-shirt and shorts, trying to keep my movements casual. My cock was already half-hard, making it awkward as I slid under the sheets.

Kim turned away, her back to me, but she and I scooted closer at the same time, her ass brushing against my thigh. I swallowed hard, wrapping an arm around her waist, pulling her close in a spooning hug, her warmth seeping into me. Her scent—something sweet, like vanilla body wash—filled my head, and my cock went fully hard, straining against my shorts. No way I was sleeping like this.

Then she moved, her ass pressing back, rubbing against my dick through the thin fabric. Slow, teasing, the pressure sending a jolt through me. My breath hitched. She turned her head, her eyes catching mine in the dim light, waiting, her lips parted slightly.

I nodded, heart pounding, and reached for her chin, gently turning her head further. Our lips met, soft at first, then harder, her tongue brushing mine, a quiet moan escaping her. The kiss deepened, my hand tightening on her waist, her ass still grinding against me, driving me fucking wild.

She moved, quick and bold, climbing on top of me, her thighs straddling my hips, her weight pinning me to the mattress. Her hair fell loose, framing her face, her lips parted as she leaned down, her hand wrapping around my throat, fingers firm but not cruel.

"I want you to fuck me like you fucked Tessa," she said through gritted teeth, her voice low, raw with need. "Make me forget that fucking idiot."

My pulse raced, her grip tightening just enough to send a thrill through me. I lunged forward, kissing her hard, her hand still on my throat, her tongue meeting mine with fierce hunger. My hands grabbed her waist, and I rolled us, lifting her off the bed. Her legs wrapped around me, locking behind my back, her arms clinging to my shoulders, her breath hot against my neck.

"With pleasure," I growled, my voice thick with lust.

Holding her with one arm, her body pressed tight against me, I yanked my shorts down with the other, my cock springing free, hard and aching. I hooked a finger into her black panties, sliding them to the side, the fabric catching on her thigh, dangling off her left leg. Her pussy glistened, her arousal clear in the dim light, and I could feel the heat radiating from her.

"Take me in the ass," Kim demanded, her voice a mix of command and plea, her eyes burning into mine. "Stick that fucking cock inside me, Evan."

Chapter 117: Chapter 117

I pushed her back slightly, still holding her in my arms, her legs tight around me. My cock pressed against her asshole, struggling to fit. She groaned, a sharp, pained sound, her nails digging into my shoulders as I pushed harder, the resistance making my dick throb even more.

"Fuck, it's tight," I muttered, my voice rough. "You want this cock, don't you? Gonna take every inch."

She nodded, biting her lip, her face twisting with a mix of pain and want. "Do it, Evan. Fuck my ass. Make it hurt so good."

I pulled back, easing the pressure, and slid one finger into her mouth. "Suck it," I said, my tone low, commanding. She obeyed, her tongue swirling around my finger, coating it with slick saliva, her eyes never leaving mine. I pulled it out, wet and gleaming, and reached down, rubbing the spit over her asshole, circling the tight ring, loosening it just enough.

"Gonna make this ass mine," I said, smirking, my finger teasing her entrance before I lined my cock up again. This time, I pushed slower, feeling her relax slightly, the head slipping past the resistance. Kim gasped, her body tensing, her legs trembling around me, a low, shaky moan escaping her lips. Her face contorted—eyes squeezing shut, mouth open, a mix of pain and pleasure as I inched deeper, her ass gripping me like a vice.

"Fuck, Evan," she whimpered, her voice breaking, her nails clawing my back. "It's so fucking big... hurts, but don't stop."

"You're taking it like a good little slut," I growled, my hands gripping her hips, holding her steady as I pushed deeper, her ass stretching around me. "Look at you, Kim, begging for my cock in your tight fucking hole."

Her groans turned into shaky cries, her body shuddering as I bottomed out, my balls pressed against her. The pain was still there, etched in her furrowed brow, but her eyes fluttered open, glazed with lust, her breath ragged. She reached down, her fingers finding her pussy, rubbing her clit in frantic circles, chasing pleasure to balance the sting.

"Fuck me, Evan," she panted, her voice desperate, her fingers moving faster. "Pound my ass. Make me forget that bastard. Fuck me till I can't think."

I didn't hold back. I pulled out halfway, then slammed back in, her ass clenching around me, her moans turning into high-pitched cries. "You love this, don't you?" I said, my voice rough, thrusting hard, the sound of skin slapping filling the room. "Getting your ass fucked raw while you play with that wet pussy."

"Yes, fuck, yes!" she screamed, her fingers working her clit, her body rocking against me, her legs tightening around my waist. "Harder, Evan! Fuck my ass harder!"

I gripped her tighter, one hand under her ass, the other on her back, and went to town, pounding into her. Her cries grew shakier, her voice breaking as she moaned, "Oh god, it's so deep... fuck, you're wrecking me!" Her ass was so tight, every thrust sent a jolt through me, my cock throbbing, the heat and pressure driving me wild.

"Take it, Kim," I growled, slamming into her, her body bouncing in my arms. "This ass is mine now. Gonna fuck you till you scream my name."

She did, her voice cracking as she cried out, "Evan! Fuck, Evan!" Her fingers moved faster, her pussy dripping, her body trembling as she chased her release. "Don't stop, please, fuck my ass, make me cum!"

I kept going, my thrusts brutal, her ass clenching tighter with every slam. Her moans turned incoherent, a mix of gasps and whimpers, her fingers rubbing her clit frantically. "I'm gonna cum," she gasped, her voice shaking, her body seizing up. "Fuck, Evan, I'm cumming!" Her pussy clenched, her ass tightening around my cock as she came, her body shuddering, a loud, broken moan tearing from her throat, her nails digging into my shoulders hard enough to leave marks.

"Fuck, that's it," I growled, feeling her spasm around me, her orgasm pushing me closer to the edge. "Cum for me, Kim. Fuck..."

Her body went limp in my arms, her breath ragged, her eyes half-lidded with pleasure, but I wasn't done. I kept thrusting, slower now, savoring the way her ass gripped me, her moans softer but still desperate. "You're not done yet," I said, my voice low, teasing. "Gonna fill this tight ass with my cum."

"Yes, please," she whispered, her voice hoarse, her fingers still lazily circling her clit. "Cum in my ass, Evan. I want it."

I picked up the pace again, my cock throbbing, the pressure building. "You're gonna feel me for days," I said, slamming into her, my balls tightening. "Gonna mark this ass as mine."

"Do it," she moaned, her voice shaky, her body trembling. "Fill me up, Evan."

One final thrust, and I lost it, my cock pulsing as I came hard, unloading deep in her ass, the sensation overwhelming, my vision blurring. "Fuck, Kim," I groaned, my voice rough, my body shaking as I pumped every drop into her, her ass milking me dry.

She whimpered, her body quivering, her fingers slowing on her clit as she rode the aftershocks of her orgasm. I held her there, still in my arms, her legs limp around me, her breath hot against my neck. Slowly, I carried her to the bed, my cock slipping out as

I set her down gently on the sheets. She collapsed, her body sprawled, her eyes glazed with pleasure, her black panties still dangling off her leg, her chest heaving.

"Fuck, Evan," she murmured, her voice barely audible, lost in the haze. "That was... fucking incredible."

"Damn..."

Kim's eyes glinted in the dim bedroom, her blonde hair falling messily over her face, half-obscuring her sly smile. "Hey," she said, her voice husky, still catching her breath from the intensity of moments before. "Let me clean that cock. As a thanks."

My pulse spiked, my cock twitching at her words. I grabbed her hips, turning her on the bed so her head dangled off the edge, her hair spilling toward the floor, her neck exposed. She lay back, her black panties still hanging off one leg, her pale skin flushed, her tits straining against her bra. The streetlight's glow through the blinds painted stripes across her body, making her look like a fucking dream.

I stepped closer, my cock still slick from her ass, hovering over her lips. "You want this dick in your mouth?" I growled, my voice low, teasing. "Gonna clean it real good, huh?"

She nodded, her lips parting, her tongue darting out eagerly. I grabbed her head, guiding my cock into her mouth, her warmth enveloping me as I pushed in slow. She gagged softly, her throat tightening, a trail of spit dripping from the corner of her lips to the hardwood floor below. The sound—wet, desperate—sent a jolt through me.

"Fuck, Kim," I moaned, my hands gripping her hair, bobbing her head as I thrust deeper. "Suck that cock like the dirty slut you are."

She moaned around me, the vibration making my knees weak, her tongue swirling, licking every inch, cleaning me with hungry, sloppy sucks. Her gags grew louder, more spit dripping, pooling on the floor, her eyes watering but locked on mine, burning with want. I pushed deeper, her throat constricting, her hands gripping my thighs for support.

"Take it all," I said, my voice rough, thrusting slow but firm. "Clean that fucking cock, Kim. Make it shine."

She sucked harder, her lips tight, her tongue working overtime, the wet sounds filling the room. My cock hardened again, the sensitivity from cumming in her ass making every lick electric. My balls tightened, the climax building fast, too fast, her mouth too fucking perfect.

"Shit, you're gonna make me cum again," I groaned, my hips bucking, my hands tightening in her hair. "You want that load, don't you? Want it in your filthy mouth?"

made of bark and leaves. The wind whispered around me, brushing my hair across my face, but the air felt too still, too quiet.

The grass beneath my feet didn't feel real. It shimmered, like a mirage, and though I was standing, it was as if I wasn't touching the ground at all—floating just above it. The whole scene felt... wrong. Off. Like the world was pretending to be something it wasn't.

I blinked.

Suddenly, there was a woman in the distance.

Her back was to me. She held a black umbrella, shielding herself from the blazing sun overhead. She stood perfectly still.

Who was she?

And why the hell was I dreaming this nonsense?

"Evan." Kim's voice snapped me out of it, her face close to mine. She stepped back from the couch, parting the curtains, sunlight flooding the living room. She was wearing one of my old t-shirts, hanging just above her knees, her legs bare. "Wake up," she said. "I prepared breakfast."

"Oh... you didn't have to," I said, stretching, my joints popping as I yawned.

"Come on," she said, smiling. "I was gonna call Jasmine and Tessa over, but I didn't want to do it without asking. It's your home, after all."

"It's ours," I said, yawning again, ruffling my hair.

"Didn't know you were a communist, comrade Evan," she teased.

I chuckled, swinging my legs off the bed. "You call Jasmine and Tessa over. I'm gonna wash my face."

"Yep," she said, already reaching for her phone.

I shuffled to the bathroom and splashed cold water on my face, the shock waking me up.

"Who was she? Hmm... what a stupid fucking dream." The woman with the umbrella wouldn't leave my head, but I shook it off, drying my face with a towel.

Back in the living room, the table was a feast—pancakes stacked high, drizzled with syrup, a plate of crispy bacon, scrambled eggs fluffy and golden, and a pitcher of orange juice, condensation dripping down the glass. A bowl of sliced strawberries sat

next to a jar of jam, and the smell of fresh coffee filled the air. The clock on the wall read ten, the sunlight streaming through the window making everything feel warm, alive.

"Wow," I muttered, taking it all in.

"It's just a normal breakfast," Kim said, smiling as she set two more plates for Jasmine and Tessa. "I called them, by the way. Tessa's already at Jasmine's."

I sat on the couch, pulling out my phone to check for messages. Nothing from Julia. She hadn't even seen my text from days ago. Fucking great. I shook my head, pocketing the phone, and glanced out the window. Sunny, perfect for the shopping I promised Kim.

"They even took the car, huh?" I asked, turning to her as she arranged forks on the table.

"Yeah, it was Tom's," she said, her voice flat, setting down the last fork. "Guess I'm back to busses."

"Terrible," I said. "The traffic, the people. I pity you."

"Hey, you use the busses too," she shot back, smirking.

"Who says I don't pity myself?" I chuckled, gazing out the window again.

"My ass hurts," Kim said, walking over to my right side side, her tone playful but pointed. "Can't sit straight, you know? Hope you're happy."

"Hey, you told me to go nuts," I said, wrapping my arms around her waist, pulling her onto my lap horizontally. Her ass settled on my crotch, her legs dangling over the couch's armrest. I cupped her face, kissing her softly, her lips warm and responsive. She chuckled into the kiss, and I slid my hand under the t-shirt, grazing her breast over her bra, her nipple hard under the fabric.

Her hand found my dick through my pants, rubbing slow, teasing. Just as she reached for my zipper, a knock on the door broke the moment.

"Damn," I said, grinning.

Kim slid off me, her smile warm. "We'll continue this later. You can't escape me—we live together."

I stayed seated, my boner refusing to quit, as Kim walked to the door and opened it. Jasmine and Tessa stepped in, Jasmine in a tight white t-shirt and black leggings, her braids bouncing, Tessa in a black crop top and short denim skirt, her thighs catching the light. I waved from the couch, praying my dick would chill. No luck—it had a mind of its own.

"Welcome," I said as Kim shut the door behind them.

"Morning," Jasmine said, her eyes scanning the table. "Kim, how was your first night?"

"It was good," Kim said, heading to the kitchen. "Slept like a baby."

"Man, I'm hungry." Tessa said as she exhaled.

"Evan." Kim called out. "Come."

"Okay..." I muttered, then nodded to myself. "Coming."

We all moved to the table, my boner finally calming to a half-hard state, letting me stand without embarrassing myself. I sat, the chair creaking, as Jasmine and Tessa took their spots, the table groaning under the spread. Kim poured coffee, the steam rising, and we dug in—pancakes fluffy, bacon crisp, eggs melting in my mouth.

"This is amazing, Kim," Tessa said, cutting a pancake, syrup dripping. "You're spoiling us."

"It's nothing," Kim said, shrugging, but her smile was proud. "Just wanted to do something nice."

"Better than Evan's ramen diet," Jasmine teased, smirking at me. "What's it like living with him? Smell of smoke and beer yet?"

Kim laughed, sipping her juice. "Not yet. He's been... tolerable."

"Tolerable?" I said, faking offense, grabbing a strip of bacon. "I'm a fucking delight."

"Sure, sure," Kim said, winking. "Pass the eggs."

We ate, the conversation flowing easy. Jasmine talked about a new yoga class she was trying, her enthusiasm infectious. Kim stayed quiet mostly, but her smiles were genuine, her eyes brighter than last night. I kept stealing glances at her, the memory of her ass grinding on me still fresh, my cock twitching at the thought.

"So, Evan," Tessa said, leaning forward, her crop top shifting. "What's the deal with that creepy girl at the amusement park? Cora, right?"

I nearly choked on my coffee. "Just... someone I know," I said, keeping it vague. "Bumped into her by chance."

"She's intense," Jasmine said, raising an eyebrow. "Clinging to you like a lost puppy."

"Yeah, well, she's harmless," I lied, my stomach twisting. No way was I spilling about Cora's unhinged shit.

The breakfast wound down, plates nearly empty, coffee mugs drained. I pulled my cigarette pack from my pocket, lighting one up, the smoke curling toward the ceiling. "Well, it's been a long time since I had a nice breakfast like that in my own home," I said, exhaling. "Feels good."

"Women's touch, they say," Tessa teased, smirking. "But you wouldn't know it."

I laughed, shaking my head, the cigarette warm between my fingers. The mood was light, but my mind was already drifting—Delilah's quest, Julia's silence, Cora's creepy shadow.

I had some work to do.

The milestone with Delilah was nice, 50 EXP, a Mystery Chest, 80 credits plus 50 more from the chest, but my focus shifted to the Emotional Charisma skill.

- Emotional Charisma (Locked)

=====

- Have anal sex in your home (2/5)

- Flirt with a woman (0/1)

- Fuck Jasmine in the public (0/1)

Fuck yeah. Last night with Kim checked another box—two down, three to go for anal at home. She seemed fine with it, her sore ass this morning proof I'd gone hard like she wanted. Flirting with a woman? Easy enough. Maybe a wink at a cashier while shopping with Kim today, or a smooth compliment. I was rusty, though—flirting hadn't been my thing in ages.

"I'm full..." Jasmine said, standing and flopping onto the couch, her tight white t-shirt and black leggings hugging her curves, her braids spilling over her shoulders. "Best breakfast ever. No joke."

"Thanks," Kim said, brushing her short brown hair back, her borrowed t-shirt slipping slightly to reveal a sliver of her thigh. "Oh, and thanks for yesterday. It really helped me."

"Yesterday, yeah," Tessa said, her denim skirt swishing as she leaned back. "Wish I could've come too. But... ugh. Work."

"I seriously don't know where you're working, by the way," Kim said, setting a plate in the sink. "Forgot to ask."

"I'm a cashier at Kopp," Jasmine said. "You know, the little store down the street? Evan got me there. Well, his friend did. Tucker, was it?"

"And I work with her," Tessa added, smirking as I took a drag from my cigarette.

"Uuum, I'm sure you work for me," Jasmine teased, her tone dripping sarcasm. "I'm your higher-up, no?"

"Bite me," Tessa shot back, rolling her eyes.

Tessa headed to the kitchen, opening the fridge for water, only to find rows of beer cans. She slumped her shoulders, poured herself a glass from the tap, and drank it down before joining Jasmine on the couch.

"So," Jasmine asked, kicking her feet up, "you two got plans today?"

Kim and I shared a look. The shopping trip was supposed to be just us, a quiet thing to replace her stolen stuff. No need to spill that now.

"Nah," I said, shrugging, blowing out smoke. "Just gonna laze around and enjoy being a jobless mess."

Kim chuckled, leaning against the wall, her legs crossed. "That's the life, baby."

My phone buzzed in my pocket, the vibration sharp. I pulled it out—Mendy's name on the screen. My stomach dropped. I stood, heading to the kitchen for privacy, and answered. "Mendy?"

"Not Mendy. Penelope," a tense voice said. "We got a problem."

"O-okay?" I said, gripping the counter. "How can I help?"

"Richard's across the street," she said, her voice low, urgent. "Staring at Mendy's house while smoking. We called the cops. They came, but did jack shit—apparently, it's not illegal."

"Fucking hell..."

"Can you come get your bitch of a friend out of here?" she snapped.

"He's not my friend," I said, my jaw tight. "But I'll get him out. Don't worry. You at Mendy's?"

"Yeah, in her living room, watching him through the window," she said. "We locked the doors, but I saw him pick up a rock. What if he breaks the windows and comes in?"

"He won't," I said, trying to sound sure. "He's a cunt, but not that cunt... I think."

"Not exactly inspiring confidence," she muttered.

"Yeah..." I said. "I'll be there in half an hour."

"Half an hour? Jesus, what're we supposed to do till then?"

"Hey, I don't have a car," I said. "Gotta take the bus."

"Fucking take a taxi, you stingy bastard!" she nearly yelled.

"Fine, fine!" I said, raising a hand she couldn't see. "You're right. I'll be there quick."

"Okay. Be fast."

Chapter 119: Chapter 119

I hung up, my heart racing, and grabbed my jacket off the rack, pulling it on. The girls looked up from the couch, their faces shifting to concern.

"What's wrong?" Kim asked, stepping closer, her brown hair falling into her eyes.

"Everything okay?" Jasmine added, sitting up.

"Richard's outside Mendy's place," I said, zipping my jacket. "Staring at her house, smoking, creeping her out. Penelope called. Cops didn't do shit. I gotta go deal with him."

"Fuck, that guy's unhinged," Tessa said, her eyes wide. "Be careful, Evan."

"Yeah, watch yourself," Jasmine said, her voice serious. "Don't let him pull anything."

"Yeah. I won't..."



The street was quiet, the morning sun harsh, glinting off cracked pavement as I rounded the corner, my phone's GPS guiding me to Mendy's place.

Then I saw him—Richard, slouched across the street from Mendy's house, a cigarette dangling from his lips. He was a mess: unshaven, dark circles under his eyes, his black hoodie stained, jeans ripped at the knee. The sharp stench of whiskey hit me even from ten feet away, mixing with the smoke he exhaled. He spotted me, tossed the cigarette to the ground, and crushed it under his scuffed boot, straightening up, his eyes narrowing.

"Are you out of your mind?" I asked, striding toward him, my voice sharp. "What the fuck are you doing here, Richard?"

"So they called the cops, it didn't work. Now they called you?" he sneered, his voice slurred, his breath reeking of booze. "Fucking rat. I knew you'd side with them, you white-knight bastard."

"White knight?" I snapped, stopping an arm's length away, my fists clenched. "You're fucking stalking your ex-girlfriend, Richard."

He eyed me, his gaze unsteady, then spat on the ground, the glob landing near my shoe. "Get the fuck out of here, Evan. This doesn't concern you."

"Mendy's like this because of us, Richard," I said, trying to drill some sense into his thick skull. "You can't be serious, you fucking dumbass. Side with her? What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Back off, Evan," he growled, stepping closer, his breath sour. "Know your fucking place. This doesn't concern you."

"I'm warning you, Richard," I said, my voice low, steady. "Turn back. You don't need to do this."

"Fuck. Off."

- Quest Available

=====

- Title: Back and Back

- Task: Persuade or intimidate

Richard to leave.

- Reward: +50 EXP

=====

- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

I tapped [Yes] mentally, the UI flaring to life. A persuasion box appeared above Richard's head—four empty checkboxes, tougher than Delilah's three. Two chances to fill them. Time for Honeyed Words.

- Persuasion Attempt: Richard

=====

□□□□

=====

Remaining Chances: 0/2

"Get out of here before I lose my shit," Richard said, taking a step back, his hands balling into fists. "I'll stay wherever the hell I want. Call the cops. Call the fucking CIA. I'm not moving."

"Richard..." I started, but he cut me off.

"Shut the fuck up, Evan," he sneered, his eyes bloodshot.

- Attempting Persuasion

=====

**"You need to go. You're drunk and
have no idea what you're doing."**

=====

Base Chance: 30%

Honeyed Words: +30%

=====

Final Chance: 60%

Upon Succeeding: ☒

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

This was the safest one. But... only one box would be filled.

- Attempting Persuasion

=====

"Haven't you already hurt Mendy?

That wasn't enough for you?"

=====

Base Chance: 20%

Honeyed Words: +30%

=====

Final Chance: 50%

Upon Succeeding: ☒☒

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

The most sensible choice was this. Upon succession, it would fill two boxes. That meant I could pick the safest option on the last attempt.

- Attempting Persuasion

=====

"Mendy didn't, but I can spread that

sex video on the internet, Richard.

Would you want that?"

=====

Base Chance: 10%

Honeyed Words: +30%

=====

Final Chance: 40%

Upon Succeeding: ☒☒☒

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

The third option was dirty—too low for me to stoop. I went with the second, hoping to hit hard.

"Haven't you already hurt Mendy?" I asked, my voice firm. "That wasn't enough for you?"

- Persuasion Attempt: Richard

=====

☒☐☐☐

=====

Remaining Chances: 1/2

Shit. Only 50% chance, and it failed. One shot left, and the last option was my only hope, even at 40%.

"Enough?" He repeated. "She needs to know why I cheated on her, Evan. She didn't respect my wishes. And I refused to respect her wishes as well. But when I do it, it's a problem, huh? I'm the bad guy all of a sudden?"

I had to take the last option. No way around it.

- Attempting Persuasion

=====

**"Just go, Richard. After all the things
you said to Mendy, how dare you
come to her house. Fucking stalk
her like this?"**

=====

Base Chance: 10%

Honeyed Words: +30%

=====

Final Chance: 40%

Upon Succeeding: ☒☒☒

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"Just go, Richard," I said, stepping closer, my voice low, cutting. "After all the shit you said to Mendy, how dare you come to her house? Fucking stalk her like this?"

He froze, his eyes flicking from me to Mendy's house, his jaw tight. Then he puffed out his chest, like some wannabe tough guy, and shook his head.

- Persuasion Attempt: Richard

=====

☒☒☐☐

=====

Remaining Chances: 2/2-Failure

"You asked for this," he muttered, his voice dark, taking a step toward me.

"Richard," I said, shaking my head, my heart pounding. "Stop it."

Richard's bloodshot eyes glared at me, his whiskey-soaked breath heavy in the air, his stained black hoodie hanging off his frame like he hadn't changed in days. He stepped closer, shoving my shoulders hard, his hands rough.

"You trying to get Mendy in your bed?" he slurred, his voice venomous. "Huh? You tryna fuck her?"

"What the...?" I said, planting my feet, my jaw tight. "Stop it."

He shoved me again, harder, and I stumbled back, my sneakers scraping the pavement. "Richard. Stop," I said, my voice low, warning.

"Fuck you," he spat, his chest puffed out, fists clenched.

A cop car rolled up, tires crunching gravel, lights flashing but no siren. The doors opened, two officers stepping out, their radios crackling. Across the street, Mendy's front door swung open, and Penelope strode out, her short brown hair bouncing, her tight tank top straining against her massive, obviously fake tits. The cops' eyes flicked to her chest, lingering a beat too long before they shook their heads, focusing.

"Officers," Penelope said, crossing her arms, her voice sharp. "This guy, Richard Hensley, has been creeping around Mendy's house all morning, smoking, staring, picking up rocks like he's gonna do something. We called you earlier, and you didn't do shit. He's scaring her, scaring me, and I'm done."

One cop, a stocky guy with a buzzcut, sighed, turning to Richard. "Mr. Hensley, not only did Mrs. Aler call, but other residents reported you causing trouble. Loitering, acting aggressive. You're coming with us to the station to sort this out."

Richard's face twisted, his hands balling tighter. "No fucking way," he snapped, stepping back. "I'm not doing anything wrong. Just standing here."

"Sir, you're causing a disturbance," the second cop, taller with a mustache, said firmly. "You can come voluntarily, or we'll make this harder."

Richard glared, his jaw working, then threw his hands up. "Fine, whatever," he muttered, defeated. The cops grabbed his arms, guiding him to the car, his boots dragging as they put him in the back. The door slammed, and the car pulled away, lights fading down the street.

"Good riddance," Penelope said, brushing her hands together like she was dusting off dirt. She turned to me, her eyes narrowing. "I'm surprised you came."

"Why would I not?" I said, stepping closer, my voice earnest. "I'd like to talk to Mendy again. Please, Penelope."

"She doesn't want to see you," she said, her tone flat, arms still crossed.

"Just two minutes," I said, holding her gaze. "Please, Penelope. Two minutes, and I'm gone."

She studied me, her lips pursed, then sighed. "Fine," she said, her short brown hair catching the sunlight as she turned. "But you're talking outside. Her mom knows you—she won't let you in the damn house."

"Okay, sure," I said, nodding. "I'll wait here."

"Mm," she grunted, striding across the street, her hips swaying as she disappeared into Mendy's house.

The sun beat down on the quiet street, the pavement warm as I sat on the curb. I pulled out my phone, the screen lighting up with a notification—a text from Delilah. My thumb hovered, ready to open it, when Mendy's front door creaked open. I pocketed the phone, standing as she stepped out.

Mendy looked rough—her dark hair a tangled mess, dark circles carved under her eyes, her frame thinner, like the past weeks had drained her. Her oversized hoodie swallowed her, the sleeves dangling past her hands, and her jeans hung loose. She crossed the street, her steps slow, and stopped a few feet away, crossing her arms, her expression guarded.

"Yes?" she said, her voice flat, tired.

"Mendy," I started, my throat tight, hands stuffed in my jacket pockets. "How, uh—how are you?"

"Bad, Evan," she said, her eyes flicking to the ground, then back to me. "You?"

"Same," I said, nodding, shifting my weight. "Look, I... I wanted to apologize. I know what I did was fucked up. Convincing Kayla to tell you that video was fake—it was wrong. I did it because Richard was my friend, and he swore he wouldn't do it again. I was an idiot to help him cover it up."

She stared at me, her lips pressed thin, her arms tightening across her chest. "You thought lying for him was the best option?" she said, her voice sharp but low, like she was holding back a flood. "Evan, that video... seeing it, hearing you and Kayla play it off like it was nothing—it broke me. You made me feel like I was crazy."

My chest tightened, guilt clawing at me. "I know," I said, my voice softer. "I thought if I backed Richard up, he'd get his shit together. He promised he'd stop, and I believed him like a fucking moron. I should've been straight with you. I fucked up, Mendy, and I hate that I hurt you."

She exhaled, her shoulders slumping slightly, her eyes searching mine. "Why'd you cover for him? Why not just tell me?"

I ran a hand through my hair, the weight of her words sinking in. "I was loyal to the wrong person," I admitted. "Richard was my friend, and I thought I could fix him by keeping his secret."

Mendy didn't say anything at first. She just groaned, turned her back to me, and covered her face with both hands, letting out a heavy sigh. She stood like that for a few seconds. Then she brushed her hair out of her face, turned around, and met my eyes.

Mendy nodded, then shrugged, her arms loosening. "Fine... I forgive you, Evan."

Relief hit me like a wave, my shoulders relaxing. "Thank you, Mendy. Really. Thank you. You have no idea how much that means."

"And I'm... sorry you had to fight with my idiotic ex in the hospital," she said, her voice quieter now. "And just now, you were about to fight again. Why? Just for me?"

"Because it's the right thing to do," I said, my voice firm. "Richard's out of control. He doesn't get to fuck with you, me, or anybody like that."

EVENT

=====

Mendy's Interest +2

The UI flashed, catching me off guard. Interest from Mendy? Shit, she really meant it. Forgiveness was a start.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 20 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 15 / 20

Delilah: Interest: 20 / 40★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 2/20

=====

Progress:

★☆☆☆☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★☆☆☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★☆☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

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Select a woman to track progress.

The air turned awkward, the weight of our words settling between us. Mendy shifted, her sneakers scuffing the pavement, her eyes flicking to the house. I cleared my throat, scratching the back of my neck.

"Well, I should get going," I said. "Don't wanna miss the bus."

She nodded, giving a small wave, her expression unreadable. "Yeah. See you, Evan."

I returned the wave, watching as she turned and crossed the street, her hoodie swaying as she headed back to the house. The door clicked shut behind her, and I exhaled, turning to walk away, the sun warm on my back, my mind already spinning—Delilah's text, Kim's shopping trip, and the mess with Richard finally cooling off.

Now, time to check that text from Delilah.

'Hey, Evan.' I stopped, a little surprised, and typed back,

'Hey, Ms. Komb. Something wrong?'

'Yeah yeah. I just wanted to thank you again for the computer. It works so much faster now.'

I grinned, typing, 'Aah, Ms. Komb, don't even mention it. It was a pleasure.'

My fingers hovered, starting another message: 'I actually pray every night that your computer gets dusted faster and I can come and clean.'

Too desperate. I deleted it, shaking my head. No need to push—Delilah was at 20/40 interest, and with the system, anything was possible.

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Chapter 120: Chapter 120

The mall was a sprawling beast of glass and steel, its massive atrium catching the afternoon light, refracting it into rainbows across polished marble floors. Escalators whirled, carrying crowds between floors, while the scent of pretzels and perfume mixed in the air. Neon signs glowed above storefronts—Verve, Threadz, a fancy lingerie boutique, a tech store blasting bass-heavy ads.

Kids ran past, laughing, while couples and groups milled around, their voices blending into a constant buzz. The food court's aroma—burgers, sushi, cinnamon buns—wafted from the far end, tempting me as I walked beside Kim, her short brown hair bouncing, her borrowed t-shirt and jeans looking out of place in the mall's glossy vibe.

Kim's eyes lit up, scanning the stores, her steps quickening. "This place is huge," she said, her voice bright despite the weight of her situation—Tom's betrayal, her stolen stuff. "Where do we start?"

"Wherever you want," I said, hands in my pockets, my phone still warm from Delilah's text. "You need clothes, shoes, whatever. Let's get you sorted."

She pointed at a Verve across the atrium, its mannequins decked in sleek jackets and flowy dresses. "There," she said, already moving. I followed, dodging a group of teens taking selfies.

Inside, the store was a maze of racks—denim, blouses, skirts, all lit by harsh white lights. Kim beelined for a row of tops, pulling out a black crop top with thin straps. "What about this?" she asked, holding it up, her lips quirked.

"Looks good," I said, leaning against a rack. "Try it on. Let's see it."

She grabbed a few more items—a pair of high-waisted jeans, a red sweater—and headed to the fitting room. I waited outside, scrolling my phone, the system UI flickering in my mind. Emotional Charisma still needed one flirt to unlock, and I figured a cashier here could be my chance. Kim stepped out, the crop top hugging her frame, her midriff bare, the jeans tight on her hips. She spun, smirking. "Well?"

"Damn, Kim," I said, grinning. "You're making that look illegal. Get it."

She laughed, her cheeks flushing, and nodded. "Alright, adding it to the pile." We left with two bags—crop top, jeans, sweater, and a pair of sneakers—my wallet lighter but the \$1,000 from the system's credits keeping me relaxed.

Next, she pointed at a small boutique, its window displaying lacy bras and silk panties under soft lighting. "I need... you know, underwear," she said, a little shy. "You cool waiting?"

"Go for it," I said, settling on a bench outside, watching shoppers pass. I didn't like waiting in malls—too crowded, too loud. I usually bought my shit online, but for Kim, this was fine.

She came back with a small bag, her face red. "Got some stuff," she mumbled, avoiding my eyes.

"Anything spicy in there?" I teased, raising an eyebrow.

"Shut up," she said, elbowing me, but her smile betrayed her.

We hit a shoe store next, Kim trying on boots and heels, asking my opinion each time. "These?" she said, modeling black ankle boots, her jeans tucked in.

"Hot," I said, nodding. "You're building a whole new vibe."

She grinned, grabbing the boots and a pair of white sneakers. "I'll wait outside," Kim said, handing me the items. "God, I'm so tired. I need to sit down."

"Sure," I replied, nodding.

The salesperson—a guy with a loose ponytail and a half-zipped hoodie—packed the shoes into a box, tissue paper crinkling. He handed it over with a curt nod, and I headed to the checkout, the line short. The cashier, a cute brunette with a nose ring, tapped at the register. I leaned in, flashing a smile. "That nose ring's cool as hell," I said, keeping it light. "Suits you."

She smirked, handing me the receipt, her fingers brushing mine. "Thanks, smooth talker."

Good enough.

- Emotional Charisma (Locked)

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- Have anal sex in your home (2/5)

- Flirt with a woman (1/1)

- Fuck Jasmine in the public (0/1)

The UI pinged—one flirt down. Nice. Thank you, Charm.

Kim tugged my arm, pointing at a dress shop, its window showcasing elegant gowns and casual sundresses. "Let's check that out," she said, her excitement infectious. Inside, the store smelled faintly of lavender, racks lined with dresses in every color—velvet, silk, cotton. Kim's eyes locked on a deep blue dress, sleeveless, with a fitted bodice and a skirt that flared at the hips. She ran her fingers over the fabric, her face lighting up. "This is gorgeous," she said, checking the tag. Her smile faded. "Fuck, it's \$200. No way."

"Come on, try it on," I said, nudging her. "Let's see how it looks."

She hesitated but grabbed the dress and headed to the fitting room. When she stepped out, my jaw dropped. The blue hugged her curves, accentuating her waist, the skirt

swishing as she turned, her short brown hair brushing her shoulders. She looked like she belonged on a red carpet, not in a mall.

"How is it?" she asked, smoothing the skirt, her voice uncertain.

"You're fucking stunning," I said, stepping closer. "Like, holy shit, Kim. That dress was made for you."

She blushed, checking the tag again. "It's too expensive, Evan. I can't."

I grinned, leaning in, my voice low. "I've got the cash, thanks to some... creative budgeting. Let's buy it. But there's a condition—you wear this dress tonight for me."

Her face turned crimson, her eyes widening before she laughed, covering her mouth. "Oh my god, Evan, you're ridiculous," she said, her smile playful. "Fine, deal. I'll wear it for you."

"Nice," I said, winking, and we headed to the register. I handed over the cash, smug with my system credits. Kim clutched the bag, her embarrassment fading into excitement.

We wandered to a few more stores—Threadz for basics, a jewelry kiosk for cheap earrings, a makeup shop for mascara and lipstick. The bags piled up, my arms aching but my mood light. The mall's buzz was fading, the crowd thinning as the afternoon wore on. I glanced at a coffee shop across the way, its sign glowing with "Brew Haven" in cursive neon, the smell of roasted beans cutting through the mall's chaos.

"Let's take a break," I said, nodding toward it. "I need a coffee, and you look like you could use one."

Kim sighed, relieved. "God, yes. My feet are killing me."

We headed over, the shop cozy with wooden tables, cushioned chairs, and a chalkboard menu scrawled with drink names. I ordered two iced lattes, the barista quick with the machine, the hiss of steam filling the air. Kim found a small table near the window, the mall's atrium visible through the glass. We set our bags on the floor, a pile of paper and plastic crinkling under the table, and sat, the cold lattes sweating in our hands.

Kim sipped hers, her eyes closing briefly. "This is perfect," she said, leaning back, her t-shirt riding up slightly. "I haven't felt this... normal in a while."

"Shopping does that," I said, smirking, taking a sip, the coffee bitter and sweet. "Or maybe it's the company."

She rolled her eyes, but her smile stayed. "You're on a roll today."

"Gotta keep up with you," I said, leaning forward, my elbow on the table. "You're practically glowing with all this new stuff."

She laughed, brushing her short brown hair back. "It's nice to have things again. Tom took everything, but this... it's like starting over." Her voice softened, her eyes on the latte. "Thanks for this, Evan. I mean it."

"Don't mention it," I said, nudging her foot under the table. "Just don't forget that dress tonight. I'm holding you to it."

"Oh, I won't," she said, snorting, her smile playful. "You'll get your fashion show."

Before I could respond, she kicked off one sneaker under the table, her knee-high black sock brushing my leg. Her foot slid up, landing on my crotch, the soft pressure sending a jolt through me. She started rubbing, slow and teasing, her toes curling against my jeans, my cock stirring instantly.

"Kim," I said, my voice low, caught off guard, my eyes flicking to the crowded shop. "What the fuck are you doing?"

She smirked, leaning forward, her elbow on the table, her latte in hand like nothing was happening. "Just having some fun," she said, her voice coy, her foot pressing harder, the friction making me grit my teeth. "Unzip it."

I glanced around—the tables were close, but ours was tucked in a corner, the high sides offering some cover. No one was looking, the baristas busy, the other customers lost in their phones or chatter. My heart pounded, the risk spiking my pulse. "You're insane," I muttered, but my hands moved, unzipping my jeans under the table, my cock springing free, hard and aching.

Kim's eyes glinted, and she kicked off her other sneaker, her second foot joining the first, both socks now working me, her toes stroking my shaft. The soft fabric slid over my dick, one foot circling the tip, the other pressing against the base, her movements slow but relentless.

"Like that?" she whispered, her smirk wicked, sipping her latte like we were just chatting.

"Fuck, Kim," I hissed, gripping the table's edge, my knuckles white. "You're gonna get us caught."

"Let's see how quiet you can be," she teased, her feet moving faster, the socks warm and slightly rough, driving me wild. "Bet you're loving this, huh? Getting a footjob in the middle of a fucking mall."

I checked around again—nobody noticed, the table's sides shielding us, the mall's noise drowning out my shallow breaths. A woman sat next to us, her short pink hair swaying as she checked her phone, and she was smirking for some reason. And a couple at the next table laughed over their phones, oblivious. "You're a menace," I said, my voice strained, my hips twitching as her toes worked me harder. "Keep going, though."

She grinned, one stroking the length, the other teasing the head, the pressure building fast. "Gonna cum for me, Evan?" she murmured, her voice low, sultry. "Right here, where anyone could see?"

The danger, the fucking thrill of it, pushed me to the edge. My cock throbbed, the heat overwhelming. "Shit," I gasped, my voice barely a whisper. "I'm close."

Her feet didn't stop, her socks sliding faster, her toes curling just right. I checked one last time—still clear. Then it hit, my body tensing as I came, hard, my cum spilling out. Kim was quick, her feet shifting to catch it, her socks soaking up the mess, keeping it from hitting the floor. Her toes flexed, holding every drop, her smirk triumphant.

"Damn..." I muttered, my breath ragged, zipping up fast. "I'll... grab some tissue."