

The Heart System #Chapter 121 - Read The Heart System Chapter 121

Chapter 121: Chapter 121

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EVENT

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Kim's Interest +5

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The UI flashed, Kim's interest hitting 20/20, a milestone locked in.

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WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

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Jasmine: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 20 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 20 / 40★

Delilah: Interest: 20 / 20★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 2/20

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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 shopping trip wound down, our bags heavy, the sun dipping low outside the mall's glass walls. We headed for the exit after... well, cleaning up, the promise of Kim in that blue dress tonight sparking in my mind, along with Delilah's text and the system's possibilities.

Life was messy, but moments like this made it worth it.

♥□♥□♥□

The night air was cool, a faint neon glow from the city buzzing around me as I stood in line outside the underground nightclub, my phone glowing with the time: 8:00 PM. Kim was back at home, probably rifling through her new clothes, and the thought of her in that deep blue dress—tight bodice, flaring skirt—made my pulse quicken.

In a few hours, I'd see her in it, her curves lit up under our dim apartment lights. But now, I had a job to do: stalk Sarah and convince her to stop fucking with Delilah. No clue how I'd pull that off, but her social media had tipped me off—she'd be here tonight.

The line was long, a mix of loud college kids, couples pressed close, and a few loners like me, all waiting to get into the club. The entrance was a nondescript metal door in an alley, a flickering sign above it reading "Pulse" in red neon. Music thumped faintly from inside, bass vibrating the ground, mingling with the chatter and laughter around me.

I shifted my weight, hands in my jacket pockets, my mind drifting to Kim—her smirk in the coffee shop earlier, her socked feet working me under the table. Fuck, I couldn't wait to get home.

The line inched forward. Finally, it was my turn. The security guy—big, bald, with a black polo stretched tight over his chest—held up a hand.

"Only couples on weekends," he said, his voice flat, eyes scanning me like I was trouble.

I smirked, the system UI flickering above his head. Glad I'd put points in Honeyed Words.

- Persuasion Attempt: Security

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Remaining Chances: 0/2

The UI popped up with options, and I scanned the first one.

- Attempting Persuasion

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"Look, man, my date's already inside.

She's waiting for me."

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Base Chance: 30%

Honeyed Words: +30%

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Final Chance: 60%

Upon Succeeding:

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

Safe, but only one checkmark. Not enough to seal it. I skipped it, eyeing the next option.

- Attempting Persuasion

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"Come on, I'm just here to meet a friend.

Won't cause any trouble."

=====

Base Chance: 20%

Honeyed Words: +30%

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Final Chance: 50%

Upon Succeeding:

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

Better. Two checkmarks, decent shot. I looked at the guard, his arms crossed, waiting. "Come on, I'm just here to meet a friend," I said, my voice calm, friendly. "Won't cause any trouble."

- Persuasion Attempt: Security

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Remaining Chances: 1/2-Success!

The guard eyed me, then sighed, stepping aside. "Fine, go in," he said, jerking his thumb toward the door. "You don't look like trouble."

Thank you, Charm. Fucking thank you.

I nodded, slipping past him, the metal door creaking as I pushed it open.

The club hit me like a wave—dark, pulsing with purple and blue neon lights that swept across the packed dance floor. The air was thick with sweat, cheap perfume, and the sharp tang of spilled liquor. Bass-heavy EDM throbbed from massive speakers, vibrating my chest, while bodies moved in a chaotic rhythm, silhouettes grinding under strobe lights.

A long bar lined one wall, its surface sticky, bartenders pouring shots with quick hands. Booths with torn leather seats hugged the edges, some occupied by couples making out, others by groups laughing over glowing cocktails. The ceiling was low, industrial pipes exposed, giving the place a gritty, underground feel, like it was carved out of the city's underbelly.

I scanned the crowd, my eyes adjusting to the dim, searching for Sarah. No sign of her yet, but the night was young, and I had a job to do before I could get back to Kim and that dress.

The club's neon haze pulsed around me, the bass thumping through my chest as I weaved through the crowd, my eyes catching a few women's glances—dark eyeliner, glossy lips, their looks lingering. Must be the charm kicking in. Good call on those points.

I reached the bar, sliding onto a stool, the sticky surface catching my elbow.

"Hey," I said to the bartender, a tall woman with a shaved head, a silver stud in her lip, and a black tank top showing off inked arms. "A beer, please. Mionra Blue."

"Right away," she said, her voice low, grabbing a bottle from the cooler, her movements quick and sharp.

I glanced left, spotting Sarah entering through a side door, a guy trailing her, his arm around her waist. Another security guard stood there, beefy and stone-faced, eyeing everyone who approached. Sarah's blonde hair glowed under the lights, her tight dress clinging to her curves. She disappeared behind the door, and I leaned toward the bartender as she slid my beer over.

"What's behind that door?" I asked, nodding toward it. "Another room?"

She popped the cap off my bottle, her stud glinting. "You can't enter without a dom," she said. "Sorry."

"Dom?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah. Freaky place." She smirked, wiping the counter. "You don't know it?"

Before I could answer, a hand landed on my shoulder, firm but light. A woman sat beside me, her presence electric. Short pink hair, vibrant as bubblegum, framed her face, and her red skirt rode low, barely past her thighs, paired with knee-high black socks. Her top strained against her massive tits, and her smirk seemed permanent, like she knew every secret in the room. Her skin glowed, her aura almost too intense, familiar in a way that made my gut twist. It felt... familiar.

Was she a fucking goddess?

"I'm her dom," the pink-haired woman said, her voice smooth, glancing at the bartender. "Thanks for the info, Lane."

"Huh?" The bartender blinked, her voice small. "How'd you know my name?"

"Come on, Evan," the woman said, turning to me, her smirk widening. "Let's go through that door."

"I..." I muttered, glancing around, my beer cold in my hand. "Sure."

I tossed cash on the counter, took a quick sip of the Mionra Blue, its bitter fizz grounding me, and stood. As we walked toward the door, I stole a glance at her, her hips swaying, confidence radiating.

"Are you..." I started, keeping my voice low.

"A goddess?" she said, her smile stretching ear to ear, playful but sharp. "Of course, Marlowe. What else?"

My jaw tightened. "Do you know... Karamine and Dierella?"

"Why, yes," she replied, her eyes glinting under the neon.

"Then... who are you?"

"Miko," she said as we stopped in front of the door, the security guard looming. "Goddess of all fantasies."

"Is she your dom?" the guard asked, his voice gruff, eyeing me.

"Y-yeah..." I said, my throat dry.

"Mm." He nodded. "Go in. No phones allowed."

I handed over my phone, the guard's meaty hand closing around it, and he opened the door. We stepped inside, and the sight hit me like a punch.

The room was a fucking nightmare. Dim, lit by flickering red and purple lights, the air heavy with musk and moans. No chairs, just men on all fours, women perched on their backs like thrones, some grinding, others lounging. Every guy had a raging boner, their faces flushed, eyes glazed. Naked waitresses moved through the crowd, trays of drinks balanced on their hips, their skin catching the light. At the bar, a naked bartender poured shots, her movements unbothered by the chaos.

In one corner, a woman bounced on a man's dick, him sprawled on the floor, a dog collar tight around his neck. He barked, fucking barked, as he thrust up, her moans sharp over the pounding music.

My stomach churned. "Oh, fuck me," I muttered. "What the hell is this?"

Miko smirked, her pink hair glowing. "Humans have... wonderful imagination."

I spotted Sarah across the room, sitting on a guy's back, refreshing her makeup with a compact mirror, her blonde hair spilling over her shoulders. She dabbed at her lips, oblivious to the madness around her. I could snap a photo, blackmail her to leave Delilah alone... if only I had my phone.

The club's red and purple lights pulsed, the air thick with moans and the tang of liquor. Miko led me through the chaos to a 'table,' two men on all fours, blindfolded and wearing headphones, oblivious to the world, their backs waiting to be sat on. Miko plopped down on one without hesitation, her short pink hair glowing, her red skirt riding up as she crossed her legs. I stared at the other guy, his muscles tense, and shook my head.

"I think I'll stand," I muttered.

A waitress approached, naked except for a leather choker, her smile wide and unsettling. "Anything for you two?" she asked, her voice chipper despite the madness around us.

"Water," I said, glancing at the writhing crowd, my throat dry. "Thanks."

"Cherry juice," Miko said, her smirk never fading.

The waitress nodded, still smiling, and sauntered off, her hips swaying. Miko leaned back, her "chair" unmoving.

"So, what's the plan, Marlowe?" she asked, her eyes glinting.

"Why are you here?" I asked, keeping my voice low. "How'd you find me?"

"I've been following you for a while. Call it curiosity," she said, casual as hell. "Footjob under the table? Wow, Marlowe. Sneaky."

My jaw dropped. "Damn how—nevermind." I muttered, my face heating up.

I needed to focus.

Sarah was into this kinky shit, and I had no plan, no backup. A goddess named Miko tailing me?

Everything was hitting me at once, and I was fucking lost.

Chapter 122: Chapter 122

The waitress returned, setting my water and Miko's cherry juice on the human table. I grabbed the glass, sipping awkwardly while standing, the cold liquid doing nothing to calm me. Miko drank hers like she was at a fucking brunch, unfazed, her aura radiating confidence.

"I have to talk to her," I muttered to myself, eyeing Sarah across the room, reapplying her lipstick on a guy's back. "But how..."

"From what I understand, Evan," Miko said, scanning the room, "men here are treated as slaves. Look at that woman go."

I followed her gaze—a woman bouncing on a guy's dick, him on the floor, barking under a dog collar, her hand slapping his face, leaving red fingerprints on his cheeks. My stomach twisted. What the fuck was this place?

"Come on," Miko said, her smirk unwavering. "I'll do the talking."

"Wait, what?" I started, but a pink dog collar, pulsing with faint energy, materialized around my neck, the weight light but electric. I froze, my hand brushing it. "What the hell?"

Miko stood, crouching to pat her "chair" on the back. "Good boy," she said. The guy shuddered, cumming in his leather pants, his body shaking. Jesus fucking Christ.

She then grabbed the leash attached to my collar and tugged, walking toward Sarah. I stumbled after her, my heart pounding.

"Hello!" Miko said, her smile bright as she reached Sarah. "Saw you sitting alone. May we accompany you?"

Sarah looked up from her mirror, her blonde hair catching the light, and smiled. "Of course." Her eyes met mine, scanning me. "Such a handsome slave you got there."

Handsome? Fuck yeah, charm points paying off.

I stood straighter, the collar tight.

Miko chuckled, sitting on the same guy Sarah used as a seat, their "chair" grunting slightly. "I'm Miko," she said.

"Sarah. Nice to meet you," Sarah replied, snapping her mirror shut.

'I need her weakness, something to make her stop bullying Delilah,' I thought. But this place, Miko, the collar—nothing was going as planned.

"Never seen you around," Sarah said, tilting her head. "You two new here?"

"Yep," Miko said, crossing her legs, her skirt riding higher. "We are. Gotta say, this place is nice. My masseur and I love it."

"Masseur?" Sarah asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Why, yes." Miko pointed at me, her smirk wicked. "Mike here is my masseur. He's so good, Sarah, let me tell you. You feel like you're in heaven when he massages you."

"Oh," Sarah said, her eyes lighting up. "Now I'm jealous."

"He can massage you if you want," Miko said, winking at me. "But I warn you, he has what they call 'magic fingers.' Be careful."

"We can use the backroom," Sarah said, standing, her dress hugging her curves. "Come on, slave. Follow me."

Slave?

Oh, you fucking bitch. Just wait.

I linked my hands behind my back, the system UI flaring as I bought a Sensual Massage Oil.

- SHOP

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

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

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- Credits: 235c

- Select item to purchase.

The club's red and purple neon pulsed, the air heavy with sweat and moans, the bass thudding in my chest. Sarah stood, her tight dress clinging to her curves, and gestured toward a corner of the room. I followed, my pink collar pulsing faintly, the leash dangling loose since Miko let it go. She waved at me from the human table, her pink hair glowing, her smirk wicked. I nodded back, forcing a smile, then kept pace with Sarah.

The crowd parted—men crawling, women lounging on their backs, the surreal nightmare of the room making my skin crawl.

We reached a small booth tucked in the corner, a heavy black curtain shielding it from the chaos. Sarah pushed it aside, revealing a cramped space with a long table in the center, a worn leather couch against one wall. The table was cluttered—empty drink glasses, an ashtray overflowing with cigarette butts, a wilted flower in a cracked vase.

Sarah kicked the mess off with her leg, the glasses clattering to the floor, the flower skidding into a corner. She climbed onto the table, lying on her back, her blonde hair fanning out, her dress riding up her thighs.

"Well?" she said, her voice sharp, expectant. "Get to it, slave."

I exhaled, popping the cap on the Sensual Massage Oil, the faint scent of lavender and musk filling the air. "Alright," I said, pouring a generous amount into my hands, the liquid warm and slick. "Let's see what those magic fingers can do."

I started at her shoulders, my hands gliding over her skin, the oil making it shimmer under the dim booth light. She moaned instantly, her body tensing then relaxing, her eyes fluttering shut. "Fuck," she gasped, her voice low, "that's... intense."

"Feels good, huh?" I said, keeping my tone neutral, working down her arms, my fingers firm but smooth. The oil's effect was immediate—her breathing hitched, her thighs shifting. "You come here a lot?" I asked, probing, trying to keep her talking.

"Yeah," she said, her voice breathy, her body arching slightly as I moved to her collarbone. "It's... liberating. You get to be in control. Unlike outside." Her eyes opened, narrowing. "Why do you care?"

"Just curious," I said, my hands sliding to her sides, grazing the edge of her dress. "You seem like you run the show here."

She smirked, but it faltered as my fingers pressed deeper, the oil amplifying every touch. "I do," she said, moaning again, her hips twitching. "People do what I want. Always."

'Not for long,' I thought, my jaw tightening.

I leaned in closer, one hand gripping her throat lightly, my fingers firm but not choking. "You fucking slut," I said, my voice low, dark. "You think you're in charge? You're mine now." My other hand slid down, under her dress, finding her pussy, already wet, and I pushed a finger inside.

She gasped, her body squirming, her eyes wide with shock. "What?" she stammered, but her hips bucked as I moved my finger, the oil making her slick, her body betraying her. She came hard, her thighs trembling, a sharp moan escaping her lips, her face flushing red.

"Delilah," I said, my hand still on her throat, my finger working her, drawing out another shudder. "You like to bully her, huh? Like making her life hell?"

"Oh, god..." she panted, her body shaking from the aftershocks. "This is..."

"Let's see how you like it when someone treats you the same way," I growled, my voice dripping with venom. I pulled my hand back, wiping it on her dress, and kept massaging her thighs, pouring more oil, her skin glistening. Each touch sent her squirming, the oil's magic making her cum again, her moans louder, desperate.

"You're nothing but a pathetic little bitch, Sarah. All that tough talk, and look at you—whimpering under my hands."

Her eyes flashed with anger, but another wave hit her, her body arching, her breath ragged. "Fuck you," she spat, but her voice cracked, weak.

"Shut the fuck up," I snapped, my hands rougher now, kneading her hips, her body trembling under the oil's magical effect. "You think you can push people around? Make Delilah cry? You're a fucking coward, Sarah. A sad, desperate slut who needs to feel big by stepping on others."

She glared, but her body betrayed her again, another orgasm ripping through her, her moans turning to whimpers. I stepped back, my cock straining against my jeans, and unzipped, pulling it out, hard and throbbing.

"Get up," I ordered, crossing my arms, my voice cold. "Suck my cock, whore. Now."

Sarah hesitated, her face a mix of defiance and humiliation, but she slid off the table, her legs shaky, her dress bunched up. She knelt, her eyes locked on mine, angry but submissive.

"Fine," she muttered, her hands reaching for me, stroking slow at first, her fingers trembling.

The oil was working. Making her want to cum over and over again. Slut.

She leaned in, licking my balls, her tongue warm, hesitant, then sniffed them, her breath hot against my skin. My cock twitched, and she took it in her mouth, her lips wrapping around the head, sucking softly, then harder.

"That's it," I growled, my voice low and biting, gripping Sarah's blonde hair as she knelt before me, her lips wrapped around my cock.

The Sensual Massage Oil glistened on her skin, the booth's dim red light casting shadows across her trembling form.

"Look at you, Sarah. Big bad bully, sucking my cock like a desperate whore. You're fucking nothing." I dripped a drop of the oil onto my shaft, the slick warmth making her moan, her tongue swirling faster, her hands stroking me with frantic need. She took me deep, gagging softly, her watering eyes locked on mine, a mix of defiance and submission.

"Pathetic," I said, tugging her hair harder, guiding her mouth. "Thought you were hot shit, huh? Now you're choking on my dick, right where you belong."

he oil's magic made her lips tingle, her movements desperate, her whimpers muffled as she sucked harder, her hands gripping my thighs. My cock throbbed, the heat building, her tongue relentless. But I wasn't done—not yet. I pulled back, my breath heavy, and grabbed her chin, forcing her to look up.

"Why the fuck do you bully Delilah?" I demanded, my voice sharp, my grip on Sarah's chin like iron, forcing her to meet my eyes in the dim booth, the air thick with the scent of Sensual Massage Oil. "What's your deal, Sarah? Why her?"

She wiped her mouth, her face flushed, the oil's effects making her squirm, her thighs twitching under her bunched-up dress. A twisted smirk flickered across her lips, cruel and unapologetic. "It's... not personal," she muttered, her voice low, dripping with venom. "I don't hate her. It's just... too fucking easy."

"Easy?" I snarled, my fingers tightening, her skin hot under my grip. "You get off on breaking her? What kind of sick fuck are you?"

Sarah's smirk widened, her eyes glinting with malice, like she was savoring every word. "I'm not the one calling the shots," she said, her voice taunting, leaning in slightly, her breath hot against my face. "I get orders. But I love it, Evan. She's so fragile, crying in her cubicle, thinking no one sees. I set up a hidden camera in the office bathroom—caught her changing, crying, pissing, shitting, all of it. I sell those clips to the guys at work. They pay big for her shame."

Her smirk turned vicious.

"And that's not all. I've got upskirt shots from her desk, her skirt riding up when she's distracted. Those sell even better. Oh, and the death threats? Anonymous texts from burner numbers, telling her to kill herself. Keeps her awake at night, jumping at shadows. It's fucking hilarious."

My blood turned to ice, rage surging so hard my vision blurred. "You're a fucking monster," I spat, my hand shaking, barely stopping myself from crushing her jaw. "You're selling her body, her fear, for kicks? You're filth, Sarah."

She shrugged, her smirk unfazed, her voice cold as steel. "It's a game. She's weak, pathetic, a nobody. I'm just showing her where she belongs. Even this is a game. If you think you're some bigshot..." Her eyes locked on mine, defiant, relishing her cruelty, like she was daring me to do something. "If you think you are stronger than me, then you can get to have me."

"Orders? From who?" I growled, my knuckles white, my grip so tight her head tilted back.

Her jaw clenched, the smirk fading just a fraction, but her gaze stayed cold. "Doesn't matter," she said, her voice flat, venomous. "Just... drop it."

"Oh, no," I said, my voice dark, stepping closer, towering over her. "You don't get to dodge this." I grabbed the oil bottle, pouring a stream into my hand, the lavender and musk scent filling the booth. "Get on the table. Now. I'll fuck that ass."

"My..."

"Get. On. The. Fucking. Table."

Chapter 123: Chapter 123

She hesitated, her eyes flashing with defiance, but the oil's lingering effects made her body betray her, her thighs trembling. She climbed onto the table, her dress bunched around her hips, and I pushed her down onto her stomach, her ass up, her legs spread. I poured the oil over her, the liquid dripping down her skin, pooling between her cheeks. She gasped, her body shuddering as the oil worked its magic, amplifying every sensation. I positioned myself behind her, doggy-style, my hands gripping her hips, my cock hard against her.

"You're a filthy slut, Sarah," I said, my voice dripping with venom as I pressed the tip of my cock against her ass, the oil slick and warm. "You think you can hide behind someone else's orders? You're just a weak little bitch." I pushed in, slow at first, the tightness making me groan, her body tensing as she moaned, loud and desperate. The oil made her hypersensitive, her hips bucking involuntarily as I thrust deeper, my hands digging into her flesh.

"Fuck," she gasped, her voice breaking, her body shaking as another orgasm hit her, the oil driving her wild. "Oh, god..."

"Tell me who," I growled, thrusting harder, my cock filling her, the rhythm relentless. "Who's pulling your strings, huh? You're nothing but a puppet, Sarah. A dirty, pathetic toy." Her moans turned to whimpers, her hands clawing at the table, the oil making her cum again, her body convulsing under me.

"I... I can't," she panted, her voice weak, her face pressed against the table. "They'll... ruin me."

"Ruin you?" I laughed, cold and sharp, my thrusts slowing but deep, making her squirm. "Look at you now, slut. Getting fucked in the ass like a cheap whore. You're already ruined." I leaned over her, my breath hot against her ear. "Tell me, or I keep going until your ass fucking prolapse."

She sobbed, her body trembling, another climax ripping through her as the oil's effects overwhelmed her. "It's... Vanessa Harding," she finally gasped, her voice barely a whisper. "She tells me what to do. She's got... dirt on me. Please, don't..."

"Vanessa," I repeated, my mind racing, but I didn't let up, thrusting harder, her moans filling the booth. "You let her turn you into this? A spineless little cunt who hurts people to save her own ass?" Her body shook, another orgasm hitting, her cries muffled against the table. "You're fucking disgusting, Sarah. You don't deserve shit."

I felt the heat building, my cock throbbing inside her, the Sensual Massage Oil making every thrust electric, her moans echoing in the cramped booth. Sarah's body shook beneath me, her dress bunched up, her skin slick and glistening. I pulled out, my breath heavy, and grabbed her blonde hair, yanking her off the table. She stumbled to her knees, her dress a wrinkled mess, her face flushed and tear-streaked, the oil's effects still making her tremble. "Open your mouth, bitch," I ordered, stroking myself, the oil slick on my cock, amplifying every sensation.

She obeyed, her lips parting, her eyes burning with humiliated defiance. I came hard, thick ropes of cum splattering her face, dripping into her blonde hair, streaking her cheeks and lips, some catching on her eyelashes. She flinched, her breath ragged, cum glistening under the booth's dim red light. "Don't clean it," I said, zipping up, my voice icy. "You're gonna crawl out of here like the pathetic slut you are. On your knees, now. Like a fucking dog."

Sarah's eyes widened, her jaw tightening. "No way," she spat, her voice shaky but stubborn, wiping at her face with a trembling hand.

I stepped closer, my hand flashing out, slapping her cheek—not hard enough to bruise, but sharp enough to sting. Her head snapped to the side, and I grabbed her hair, yanking her face close to mine, my cock twitching in my jeans. I leaned in, my lips brushing her ear. "I'll fuck you in the middle of this fucking place for everyone to see if you don't," I muttered, my voice low, venomous. "Every freak in here will watch you scream. Now, on your knees."

Her breath hitched, her eyes darting, but she sank to all fours, her hands and knees hitting the sticky floor, cum dripping from her face onto the ground. "Move," I said, stepping toward the curtain. She crawled after me, her movements slow, her dress dragging, her face a mess of cum and shame. I pushed the curtain aside, and we stepped into the club's main room, the neon lights and pounding EDM swallowing us.

Eyes turned—men on all fours who didn't have blindfolds, women lounging on their backs, naked waitresses pausing mid-step. Sarah's crawl drew stares, her cum-streaked face glowing under the purple lights, her blonde hair matted. Whispers and laughs rippled through the crowd, and she kept her head down, her cheeks burning red, her body trembling as she moved. I walked slow, letting everyone see, letting her feel the weight of their gazes.

We reached Miko, still perched on her human table, her pink hair vibrant, her smirk wider than ever. I stopped, looking down at Sarah, her arms shaking as she held herself up. Without a word, I sat on her back, my weight pressing her down. She squirmed, her elbows buckling slightly, barely holding me up, her breath coming in sharp gasps. "Stay still, bitch," I said, my voice cold. "You're nothing but furniture now."

I snapped my fingers at a passing waitress, her naked skin catching the light, her tray balanced with glowing cocktails.

"Whiskey," I said, my tone sharp. She blinked, surprised, her eyes flicking to Sarah, then nodded and hurried off.

Miko leaned forward, her smile wicked. "Well, Marlowe, you're full of surprises," she said, sipping her cherry juice, unfazed by the scene.

Sarah's body trembled under me, her arms straining, her face inches from the floor, cum still dripping from her chin. My fingers, still slick with oil, slid under her dress, finding her pussy, wet and sensitive. I pushed two fingers inside, and she gasped, her body jerking as the oil's magic took hold. She came hard, squirting onto the floor, her moans loud and desperate, her body shaking as the crowd watched, some cheering, others laughing. I smirked, pulling my hand back and smacking her ass, the sound sharp over the music, leaving a red mark on her skin.

"You're a fucking disgrace, Sarah," I said, my voice low, dripping with contempt. "A dirty little whore, crawling through this shithole with cum on your face. This is what you deserve." Her breath hitched, her body still trembling from the orgasm, her humiliation complete.

I leaned back, my weight still on her, and lit a cigarette, the smoke curling up as I exhaled. "Delilah's special to me," I said, my voice quieter now, but hard. "She's kind, real, doesn't hurt people for fun. And you? You're a pathetic puppet, bullying her because someone told you to. I don't even like doing this fucked-up shit—it's not me. But for her, I'll play dirty. I'll break you if it means she's safe." I flicked ash onto the floor, my eyes on Sarah's shaking form. "Vanessa's next, by the way. Whoever she is."

Sarah didn't respond, her arms quivering, her face hidden, cum streaking her hair. The waitress returned with my whiskey, setting it on Miko's table, her eyes wide but silent. I took a sip, the burn grounding me, and stood, easing off Sarah's back. She collapsed slightly, catching herself, still on all fours, her breath ragged.

"Huh... that was easy enough," I muttered, the nicotine calming my pulse. Vanessa was a problem for later. For now, Sarah was done, and Kim's dress was waiting.



Milestone Reached!

Partner: Kim



Reward: 150 EXP

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

- Emotional Charisma

- Seductive Allure

- Libido : 8

- Pleasure: 8

I didn't overthink it—dumped all three points into Pleasure and confirmed. Libido was tempting, but Pleasure had more edge. At 11 now, it was like turning my dick into fucking cocaine for girls. Level it to 20? Goddamn. I'd need to grind more EXP, but the thought made me grin.

Sitting on the bed's edge, my mind drifted to Vanessa and Sarah. Fucking hell. Sarah's confession about the hidden camera in the office bathroom, selling Delilah's videos to those pervert coworkers—it made my blood boil. I had to track down every creep who bought them. And Vanessa Harding, pulling the strings? She was going to regret crossing Delilah. I'd make sure of it.

"Vanessa Harding..." I muttered, clenching my fist. "We'll meet soon enough, you whore."

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Chapter 124: Chapter 124

My eyes fluttered open to Kim's gaze, her face close. She smiled, scooting closer, wrapping her arms around me. I hugged her back, still groggy, resting my chin on her shoulder, chasing a few more moments of sleep.

"Morning," she said, her voice soft, her face pressed to my chest. She wore just a loose shirt, no bra, and panties, her warmth seeping into me.

"Morning," I replied, yawning. "Sleep well?"

EVENT

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Kim's Interest +2

"I did," she said, her breath tickling my skin. "Thanks for carrying me to bed. Hope I wasn't too heavy, huh?"

"Hey, unrelated, but I think I carried something heavy yesterday and broke my back," I said, chuckling.

She smacked my leg with her foot, laughing. "Jerk."

"Ouch," I grinned, pulling her closer.

We stayed like that, tangled in each other, the morning quiet except for the distant hum of the city. Her warmth, the soft press of her body—it was peace, a rare fucking moment of it. I could've stayed there all day.

"Sorry I fell asleep," Kim said, her voice muffled against me.

"It's fine," I replied, brushing her hair back. "We'll do it tonight."

"Oh, we will," she said, lifting her head, her lips meeting mine.

Her kiss was slow, her tongue swirling around mine, warm and teasing. Suddenly, she climbed onto me, pinning my hands above my head, her lips trailing to my neck, nipping softly. My cock hardened, throbbing through my shorts, rubbing against her pussy through the hem of her shirt, the friction electric.

"No, no," she chuckled, kissing me once more, pulling back. "Save your energy for tonight, Mister."

"This is called blue-balling," I groaned, exhaling.

"Or edging," she teased, her eyes glinting.

"Tomato, tomahto," I shot back.

We both laughed, her giggle bright, easing the tension. Kim rolled off, yawning and stretching, her shirt riding up, revealing the curve of her hips. I sat up, scratching my neck.

"How about breakfast out?" I suggested. "There's that diner down the street."

"Sounds perfect," she said, smiling, hopping off the bed.

"Cool. I'm gonna grab a shower," I said, standing. "You good?"

"Yeah, I'll clean up the kitchen," she replied, already heading out.

I walked to the bathroom, stripping off my shirt and shorts, my mind churning. Vanessa. Sarah's hidden camera. Those fucking coworkers. I had to find Vanessa, figure out what she had on Sarah, and shut it all down. Delilah didn't deserve this shit.

I turned on the cold water, the spray hitting my skin, sharp and bracing, as I stepped into the shower. I grabbed the shampoo bottle, squeezing a dollop into my palm.

That Sensual Massage Oil saved my ass last night—turned Sarah into a squirming mess, gave me the upper hand. Without it, I'd have been stuck, no leverage, just me and her smug face. The oil was a fucking cheat code, and I was damn glad I had it.

I worked the shampoo into my hair,, then tilted my head under the spray, rinsing it clean, the cold water keeping me sharp. Vanessa's name still burned in my mind—her pulling Sarah's strings, the hidden camera, those fucking videos. I had to find her, shut her down. But for now, I let the water wash away the night's grime, the club's stink, the weight of it all.

I stepped out, grabbing a towel, drying off quick, the chill of the apartment biting my skin. I moved to the mirror, running a hand through my damp hair, then grabbed the hairdryer.

"Fucking Sarah..."

I dried my hair, letting it fall loose, a bit longer than usual, curling at the ends.

Stepping out of the bathroom, towel around my waist, I saw Kim in the kitchen, carrying a stack of plates from the dishwasher, her blue dress swapped for jeans and a sweater, her short brown hair tucked behind her ears. She glanced up, smiling. "You should tie your hair up," she said, setting the plates down. "It's getting wild."

I shrugged, running a hand through it. "Never tied it before. No clue how."

She laughed, walking over, pulling a black hair tie from her wrist. "Come here, you caveman," she said, her voice teasing. She stepped close, her fingers quick and gentle, gathering my hair into a messy bun, some strands still falling loose around my face. Her touch was soft, her breath warm as she worked, her sweater brushing my bare chest.

I turned back to the bathroom, checking the mirror. The bun was sloppy but cool, a few loose strands framing my face, giving me a kind of rugged vibe. "Huh, looks good," I said, turning to her, grinning.

"Of course it does," Kim said, smirking, hands on her hips. "I did it."

I stepped closer, cupping her face, and kissed her, slow and warm, her lips soft against mine. "Thanks," I said, pulling back, grabbing my jacket from the chair. The weather was cold as hell today, the window showing a gray sky, the city looking bleak.

"Jasmine and Tessa coming?" Kim asked, grabbing her new jacket—the one I'd bought her at the mall, a sleek black thing that fit her perfectly.

"Nah, they're at work," I said.. "Just us."

"Okay," she said, slipping on her jacket, her smile bright.

After wearing my clothes, we headed out the door, descending the creaky apartment stairs.

Outside, the cold hit us like a slap, the wind cutting through my jacket, making me shiver. Wish I had a car—would've made this trek easier, no question. Walking to the diner was fine, but fuck, the chill was brutal, and Kim's cheeks were already pink from it.

We started down the sidewalk, our breath fogging in the air, the city buzzing around us—cars honking, people hustling...

"Where were you last night?" Kim asked, her voice muffled by her scarf, her new jacket zipped tight.

"Drinking with buddies," I lied, keeping my tone casual. "Not with Richard, if you're wondering. Fuck that guy."

"Yeah..." she said, her voice soft. "I'm glad that whole thing with Mendy and Richard died down. Cops came and took him."

"Yeah, he's out of control," I said as we stopped at a red light, cars whizzing by. "Wish I'd gotten back earlier... was dying to see you in that dress. Missed the damn bus."

"Hey, I'm not going anywhere, and neither's the dress," she said, leaning up to kiss my chin, her lips warm against the cold. "Don't worry, you big baby."

The light turned green, and we crossed the street. My phone buzzed in my pocket, and I pulled it out, the screen glowing with a notification. It was the fake account I'd made to follow Vanessa Harding—she'd accepted my request.

I tapped into her profile, her photos loading. Thirty-four, long brown hair, huge tits, a little chubby, with a smug face that screamed she thought she was better than everyone. Her posts dripped with confidence—selfies in tight dresses, captions about 'living her best life.' Fucking bitch.

"What is it?" Kim asked, glancing over.

"Just some stupid ad," I lied, pocketing the phone, eager to change the subject. "Cold as hell today, huh?"

"It is," Kim said, exhaling a cloud of breath. "This city's weather is just too abnormal, I swear."

I chuckled. "Yeah, it is."

We walked through the city's gray sprawl, past shuttered storefronts and a bodega with neon signs flickering in the cold. People hustled by, heads down, scarves tight against the wind. The diner came into view—Rusty's Grill, a squat building with faded red paint, its "Open" sign buzzing faintly. Big windows showed a glimpse of checkered floors and worn booths inside, a classic greasy spoon vibe.

We pushed through the glass door, a bell jingling above. The inside smelled of coffee and bacon, the air warm, heavy with grease. Booths lined the walls, red vinyl cracked, tables scratched but clean. A jukebox in the corner played some old rock tune, low and tinny. We slid into a booth by the window, taking our seats from across each other.

An old waitress came up to our table, her apron speckled with stains but her smile wide and friendly. "Hey there! Welcome," she said, glancing at both of us like she was sizing up what we needed. "What can I get you folks?"

I glanced at Kim before ordering. "I'll take the bacon-egg sandwich," I said, trying to keep things simple.

Kim hesitated for a moment, then spoke up. "Uh, yeah, I'll have the pancakes, and... coffee. Lots of coffee."

The waitress scribbled the order, still grinning. "Got it. You two need anything else?"

"Nope," I replied with a smile. "Thank you."

"Alright," The waitress said. "I'll be right back."

Kim shifted in her seat as the waitress walked away. She looked down at her hands, picking at her napkin, her fingers twitching like they were caught in some sort of anxiety trap. I could tell she was working up to saying something, but she didn't meet my eyes right away.

"I... feel like a beggar, Evan," she said, her voice barely above a whisper, like she was ashamed of the words. "Can't lie."

I leaned forward slightly, lowering my voice so only she could hear. "You're not a beggar, Kim. You're just eating breakfast."

She laughed, but it didn't sound like it came from anywhere good. "Yeah, but... I don't know. I guess I'm not used to this kind of thing."

I shook my head. "Don't worry about it, Kim. Really, just stop that talk. Please."

"Yeah... it's just... you know," she mumbled, looking down.

"I know," I said, my voice soft. "I get how you're feeling."

Kim looked up, her eyes searching. "You know, huh? Did that girl, Julia, betray you? Like Tom did to me?"

"Nah, Julia's decent," I said, shrugging. "Broke up with her because I was broke as fuck, Kim. Couldn't keep up. It was... someone else. Let's not talk about her now, though."

Kim nodded. "Sure."

The food came quick—my sandwich steaming, Kim's pancakes stacked high with syrup. We dug in, forks clinking, the diner's hum wrapping around us. I chewed, staring out the window at the gray street, cars crawling by.

Vanessa's smug face flashed in my mind, her posts taunting me. She was behind Sarah's camera, the videos, Delilah's humiliation. I'd find her, dig up her dirt, make her regret it. Maybe the system could help—Honeyed Words, that oil, something to break her. Whatever it took, she was going down.

"R mvvw blf gl svok nv."

A chill ran down my spine. I whipped around, heart racing. Who had just spoken? My eyes darted around, searching the empty room, but there was no one in sight.

"Are you okay?" Kim's voice broke through my panic.

I nodded, forcing a shaky breath. "Y-yeah... I'm fine."



Chapter 125: Chapter 125

After breakfast at Rusty's Grill, Kim and I headed home to laze around.

Kim was sprawled on the couch, leaned back, eyes on the TV blaring some news about a local robbery. I leaned against the kitchen counter, a cigarette burning between my

- Gaslighting: Kim

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Change Successful!

New Orientation: Submissive

Duration: 10 minutes remaining

Cooldown: 2 hours

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Holy shit, it worked. Kim's posture shifted, shoulders softening, hands resting in her lap, fingers twitching like she was waiting. Her eyes flicked from the TV to me, softer, expectant. But guilt hit hard—she was too important for this. I pulled up the UI again, canceling the change. The system blinked, her orientation snapping back to switch. I stubbed out the cigarette, walking over. Better to ask her outright.

"Hey," I said, sitting beside her, my voice low. "You ever thought about... leaning more submissive? Like, full-on, just for a bit?"

She didn't even look at me, her eyes on the TV. "What the hell, Evan?"

Hey, I'm serious."

Kim glanced over, eyebrow raised, a smirk playing on her lips. "You're getting kinky early today, huh? I let you rail my butt not long ago, Evan. And that blowjob? Sloppiest ever. I think I'm being submissive enough, no? What's this about?"

I grinned, easing into it. "Just curious. What if we played with the thought of you being a sub for, say, ten minutes?"

She laughed, shaking her head. "Where's this coming from? You trying to cash in that ice cream I owe you for?"

"Something like that," I said, leaning closer. "Be my slave for ten minutes. Just you and me, no pressure."

Kim's eyes sparkled, teasing. "Tessa was right—you're a total pervert." She paused, then nodded. "Fine, ten minutes. Let's see what you've got, big shot."

I was right. I didn't need Gaslighting skill. But for Vanessa? Oh, just fuck her. I was going to make sure she was properly punished.

I smirked, my thigh brushing hers. "Turn off the TV."

"But I was..."

I stopped her, putting my hand up. "You have to listen to me."

"Fine..."

She grabbed the remote, clicking it off, her movements quick, playful. "Unzip my pants," I said, keeping my tone firm but warm.

Her hands moved, tugging the zipper down, her fingers grazing my skin, sending a jolt through me. Her gaze held mine, eager, game. "Good," I said, hand on her cheek. "Now apologize for this morning—leaving me hard as fuck on the bed."

"I'm sorry, Evan," she murmured, her voice soft, cheeks flushing. "Shouldn't have teased you like that."

"Get on the ground," I said, pointing between my legs.

"Okay..."

She slid to her knees, her sweater riding up, settling between my thighs, hands on my knees, waiting. "Suck my cock, Kim," I said, my voice steady.

Her lips parted, taking me into her warm, wet mouth, her tongue swirling, soft then bold.

"This feels good. Your cock..." She breathed before continuing sucking my shaft.

Fuck yes. Pleasure skill coming into play.

"Good girl," I said, cupping her head, guiding her. "Up and down, just like that."

Her head moved, lips tight.

"Faster," I said. "Look at me."

Kim's pace quickened, her short brown hair falling around her face. Her puppy eyes locked on mine, wide, glistening, playful yet submissive, saliva dripping to the hardwood. The sight was fucking electric—her flushed cheeks, soft moans vibrating, wet sounds filling the quiet.

"That's it, baby," I said, voice thick. "So good for me. Keep that mouth tight. My perfect girl, yeah?" She nodded, tongue flicking the tip, sparks shooting through me. "Fuck, you're amazing," I murmured, hand in her hair, guiding her. "Show me how much you love this."

Heat built fast, my cock throbbing, her mouth relentless. Her nails dug into my thighs, eyes hungry. My breath hitched, pressure coiling.

"Fuck, Kim, I'm close," I groaned, holding her steady. The climax hit hard, my cock pulsing, thick spurts shooting into her throat. Kim swallowed every drop, gulping, her eyes on mine until I was done.

She pulled back, wiping her mouth, smirking. "God, Evan, you got me sucking your cock," she said, climbing onto the couch, laughing. "I told you to save it for tonight! Don't know why I got so worked up as well. Your dick felt... different."

I grinned, catching my breath. "Sorry, thought you were into it."

She shook her head, smiling. "You better go three rounds tonight, Evan," she said, pointing, eyes teasing. "AT LEAST three rounds."

I laughed, the apartment warm with her voice. "Deal."



No way I was getting anywhere near Vanessa Harding today. Every spot she hit was a fortress. That exclusive pool party with all the big shots? Bouncer laughed in my face—denied. The restaurant with some fancy flower name I couldn't recall—Min-bla-bla something? The staff recognized me from my old gas station job and told me to eat somewhere else, their sneers burning. Fuck my life.

It was six p.m., the sun two hours from dipping below the city's jagged skyline. I sat on a bench across from the Grand Karoto Hotel, where a gala was kicking off—some rich kid's art going up for sale, his scribbles priced like gold.

The hotel loomed, a five-star giant, its lobby a cathedral of wealth. Polished marble floors gleamed under massive crystal chandeliers, their light fracturing across gold-trimmed walls. A grand staircase curled up to a mezzanine with arched windows framing the city's glow. Velvet ropes guarded plush seating areas, where guests in tuxedos and glittering gowns mingled, champagne flutes catching the light. That was all I could see from where I was sitting.

"Shit."

I took a drag from my cigarette, the smoke curling as I stared at the hotel, my jeans, t-shirt, and jacket screaming I didn't belong. No chance they'd let me past the doorman looking like this.

Luxurious cars, Bentleys, Rolls-Royces, rolled up, spilling out elites who didn't glance my way. "How do I get close to her..." I muttered, flicking ash, my eyes tracking the traffic. Vanessa was in there, the bitch orchestrating Delilah's torment, and I needed to end it.

A black limo purred to a stop at the hotel's entrance, and a familiar figure stepped out—Anotta, her silver hair swept into an elegant chignon, her emerald gown flowing like liquid, diamonds glinting at her throat. My eyes widened. This was my shot.

I tossed the cigarette, grinding it under my heel, and crossed the street, dodging a cab, my pulse racing.

Her bodyguards, two brick walls in suits with earpieces, blocked me, arms out. "Hey," I said, hands raised. "Please, just let me talk to her."

Anotta turned, her sharp eyes locking on me, her expression unreadable but calm. She raised a gloved hand, signaling the guards to step aside. I approached, palms sweaty.

"Hello, Ms. Anotov," I said, keeping my voice steady. "Nice seeing you."

"Evan Marlowe," she said, her voice smooth, like polished glass. "The boy who ghosted me. Hey."

"I didn't mean that," I said, scratching my neck. "Things got crazy. Got into a fight with Karim—you probably saw it on the news."

"Karim?" she asked, tilting her head, the quartet's strings swelling faintly behind her.

"Yeah, we scrapped," I said. "Landed me in the hospital. Then I took a break from all this chaos. I'm sorry, Ms. Anotov. Didn't mean to ignore you. Life just... imploded."

Paparazzi lingered across the street, snapping photos of arriving guests, their flashes popping, but they hadn't clocked Anotta yet. She pointed to her limo, its sleek frame gleaming, leather interior visible through the open door. "We'll talk inside," she said. "Come."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, following. A bodyguard held the door, and we slid in, sitting across from each other in the plush cabin, a mini-bar glowing softly, the partition up.

Anotta lit a vanilla-scented cigarette, the smoke curling elegantly. "I heard," she said, exhaling. "Karim was kidnapped. Tortured."

"Not me, if you're wondering," I said, leaning forward. "He's got enemies. Guy was a total jerk, complete idiot."

"Mm," she murmured, her eyes unblinking. "My assistant called you three times for a massage session. Why no answer?"

"Couldn't," I said, honest. "Everything hit at once—I didn't check my phone for days. I'm sorry."

She took another drag, studying me. "What are you doing here now?"

"It's complicated," I said, exhaling. "But I need a favor, Ms. Anotov. Please. It's important."

"A favor?" Her eyebrow arched, a faint smile tugging her lips. "After ignoring me? Bold."

"Vanessa Harding," I said, my voice hard. "She's destroying my friend Delilah, who works under her at BrightWave, a digital marketing agency. Vanessa's head of operations there, runs the whole Delilah show. She's got a creative lead, Sarah, doing her dirty work—hidden cameras in the office bathroom, filming Delilah changing, crying, everything. Selling those videos to coworkers. Upskirt shots from her desk. Anonymous death threats from burner phones telling her to kill herself. It's fucked, Ms. Anotov. Delilah's breaking, and I need to stop Vanessa tonight."

She nodded. "Noble."

"I'd say desperate," I replied, chuckling at myself. "But, yeah, 'noble' sounds better."

And then it happened. Her serious expression softened, just slightly—a faint smile, barely noticeable but definitely there. She didn't speak for a moment.

Anotta's cigarette paused, her eyes narrowing. "Vanessa Harding. BrightWave, huh?"

"Yeah," I said, nodding. "She's using dirt on Sarah to make her torment Delilah. I need to get into this gala—she's there. But they won't let me in like this."

She glanced at my t-shirt and jeans, her gaze cool. "Of course, you won't enter looking like that," she said. "You need a tuxedo."

"I'm... kinda broke for tuxedos, ma'am," I said, wincing.

Anotta didn't reply immediately. Instead, she reached for the phone resting on the partition. "Drive to Hemborg's," she said, tapping the screen.

"Hemborg's?"

She took a drag from her smoke. "Don't worry about it." The driver immediately pulled away, the hotel fading behind us. "The gala starts in fifty minutes. We have to be fast."

The limo glided through the city, its engine a low purr, cutting through the evening traffic like a sleek black shark. The interior was a cocoon of luxury, soft leather seats, warm ambient lighting, the faint scent of Anotta's vanilla cigarette lingering. The windows were tinted, turning the neon-lit streets into a muted blur of reds and blues, the city's pulse dulled by the soundproof cabin.

I sat across from Anotta, my hands fidgeting, feeling like a kid in a principal's office. She was a fucking CEO, her emerald gown hugging her curves, her silver hair gleaming, diamonds at her throat catching the light. I was just some guy in a t-shirt and jeans, out of place, my gut twisting.

Awkward as hell.

The limo took a smooth left turn and slowed. Guess we were close.

My phone buzzed in my pocket, and I pulled it out, grateful for the distraction. It was Mendy.

'Hey, I wanted to thank you for helping me with Richard,' she texted.

I typed quick, keeping my eyes down. 'No problem. The least I could do, Mendy. Hope your friend forgives me too.'

'Penelope is a hard girl,' she replied. 'But I'm sure she'll come around.'

I sent a thumbs-up emoji, and she shot one back.

Phew. She wasn't angry at me anymore. Good.

Chapter 126: Chapter 126

I pocketed the phone, glancing at Anotta. She was on hers, scrolling, her face unreadable, the glow of the screen highlighting her sharp cheekbones. That dress, emerald green, sleeveless, with a plunging neckline that showed just enough cleavage to make my throat dry, the fabric clinging to her waist before flaring into a subtle train. It was sexy, powerful, like she was daring the world to challenge her.

I averted my eyes, my pulse quickening.

The limo slowed, pulling up to Hemborg's, a small clothing store with frosted glass windows and a black sign, the staff inside locking up for the night. The storefront was understated but screamed money, mannequins in tailored suits, a single spotlight on a velvet display.

Anotta reached into her purse, pulling out a black card, handing it to me.

"Tell Hemborg I said hi," she said, her voice calm, commanding. "He'll get you something nice to wear."

"O-okay," I stammered, taking the card, my fingers brushing hers. I fumbled for the door handle, my face heating. "How do I... is it—there?"

"Down," she said, her lips twitching slightly.

"This handle?"

"That's the ashtray. A little to the right."

"Oh." I found the right one, the door clicking open. "Y-yeah. Thank you, Ms. Anotov. I'll be right back."

"Be right back?" she asked, one eyebrow raised. "I'm driving to the gala. You're walking."

"Oh..." I said, my face burning now.

I stepped out, closing the door, and watched the limo pull away, its taillights fading into the city. I looked at the card, then up at Hemborg's, the staff pausing as they saw me approach. "Okay..." I muttered, gripping the card. "A tuxedo, huh? Man."



I exhaled, wiping sweat from my brow, the city's cold air biting my skin as I stood across from the hotel. The gala was in full swing, the lobby's chandeliers casting light through the massive windows. I'd thought about using Anotta's card for a taxi, would've been faster, but the idea of her finding out and getting pissed stopped me cold. Walking here in this tuxedo was a nightmare, the oxfords pinching my feet, but I was back.

I pulled out my phone, flipping to the camera to check myself. The tuxedo, black, slim-cut, satin lapels, looked sharp but felt fucking stupid, like I was playing dress-up. My messy bun was still intact, loose strands framing my face, giving me a rogue edge. If this was what it took to get inside, I'd deal.

I pocketed the phone and crossed the street, the hotel's entrance looming, two security guards in suits flanking the revolving door.

"Name?" one asked, his eyes scanning me, tablet glowing in his hand.

"Evan Marlowe," I said, standing straighter, the tuxedo's weight grounding me.

He tapped the tablet, then nodded. "Ms. Anotov's friend. Welcome, Mr. Marlowe. This way, please."

"Thank you," I said, stepping past, the revolving door hissing behind me.

The lobby was even grander up close, marble floors gleaming, chandeliers dripping light, the string quartet's notes floating over the crowd's murmur. Paintings lined the walls, abstract splashes of color by some rich kid, price tags beneath them listing five and six figures. Fucking ridiculous.

Tuxedoed men and gowned women sipped champagne, their laughter sharp, fake. I scanned the room, my pulse quickening, and there she was, Vanessa Harding. Her red dress was low-cut, clinging to her curves, revealing too much, her long brown hair cascading over one shoulder. There she was. Bitch.

I moved closer, weaving through the crowd, stopping near a painting—a chaotic swirl of blues with a \$12,000 tag. I pretended to study it, my ears tuned to Vanessa's voice as she stood with two friends, all holding flutes, their laughter grating.

"...then we sold them," Vanessa said, her voice smug, dripping with malice. "I didn't know we had so many perverts at BrightWave."

Her friend, a blonde in a silver gown, smirked. "You should use a sleeping pill. She goes out cold, those bastards fuck the shit out of her, and you get a crap ton of money."

"Huh, you're right," Vanessa said, her eyes glinting. "We could take videos too. Blackmail her into quitting the company?"

"Or force her to screw those perverts again," her other friend, a brunette with a champagne flute, added. "If she refuses, we spread the videos online."

"Damn, you're evil, girl," Vanessa laughed. "Let's do it."

"Tomorrow?" the blonde said. "She always drinks coffee in the morning, right? How do we slip the pill in?"

"I'll distract her," the brunette said. "You slip it. Easy as that. What do you say, huh?"

"We'll talk details later," Vanessa said, raising her glass. "Let's enjoy the gala for now."

My fists clenched, rage boiling so hot I could barely see straight. Fucking whore. Fucking... ugh. No swear word was enough for this cunt. She was planning to drug Delilah, sell her out, ruin her life. I had to stop her, punish her, take her out of the picture for good.

Anotta stepped in front of me, her emerald gown shimmering under the chandelier light, blocking my view of Vanessa and her cronies. Her silver hair gleamed, and she held a champagne flute, her gaze sharp as she studied me. "Your eyes look mean," she said, her voice calm but piercing. "What happened, Marlowe?"

"I'll... I'll fucking..." I caught myself, rage bubbling over, my outburst making Anotta's eyebrow twitch slightly, her expression otherwise unreadable. "I'm sorry. Didn't mean to."

"What happened?" she asked, her tone steady, demanding an answer.

I exhaled, my fists still clenched, the gala's chatter and quartet music fading into a dull hum. "Vanessa," I said, keeping my voice low. "I overheard her with her friends. They're planning to drug Delilah—slip a sleeping pill into her morning coffee tomorrow. Let those pervert coworkers at BrightWave have... sex with her while she's out, record it, and blackmail her to quit. If she refuses, they'll leak the videos online. They're laughing about it, like it's a fucking game. A game!"

Anotta nodded, her face impassive, swirling her champagne flute, the golden liquid sloshing left to right. She brought it to her lips, taking a slow sip, her eyes never leaving mine.

"Evil," she said curtly, setting the glass down on a passing waiter's tray. "But I've seen worse people."

"Worse?" I asked, my voice sharp, incredulous. "There's no worse than that."

"Trust me, Evan," she said, her eyes blank, almost cold, like she was staring through me. "There are worse. You just haven't met them yet."

I didn't respond, my jaw tight. "Hmm..." The weight of her words hung heavy, but Vanessa's plan burned hotter in my mind. I had to stop her—tonight.

Before I missed the chance, I gave her the black card and nodded.

Anotta glided away, her emerald gown trailing, her champagne flute now in the hand of a passing waiter. The gala's hum returned—clinking glasses, the quartet's soft strings, the crowd's fake laughter. I stood by the overpriced painting, my eyes flicking back to Vanessa, her red dress flashing as she laughed with her friends. My blood was still boiling, but I had a plan.

I pulled up the system UI, the familiar interface flickering in my vision.

Credits were low, but for Delilah, I'd burn every last one. Time Stop—90 credits—was the play. I selected it, the system deducting, leaving me with 145 credits.

- 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: 145c

- Select item to purchase.

A new UI popped up.

- Time Stop

=====

Duration: 10 minutes

Effect: Freezes all activity around user

Cooldown: 1 hour

=====

► **Activate? [Y/N]**

I confirmed, and the world snapped silent. The sky outside the arched windows turned crimson, the gala frozen—guests mid-sip, waiters mid-step, the quartet’s bows stuck on strings. Vanessa stood still, her smug smile locked in place, her friends’ champagne flutes tilted.

I moved fast, weaving through the frozen crowd, my oxfords silent on the marble. I reached Vanessa, her purse dangling from her shoulder, and slipped it off, careful not to touch her. Her phone was inside, a black model. I grabbed her limp hand, pressing her thumb to the sensor. The screen unlocked.

Her texts loaded—a group chat labeled "BrightWave Boys." My stomach churned. There were Delilah’s upskirt photos, sent by Vanessa, with laughing emojis and bids from coworkers, numbers like \$50, \$100. Fucking animals. I scrolled further, spotting an app called "LiveTV." I tapped it, and a list of recordings appeared, thumbnails labeled by date.

I clicked a random one. Delilah, crouched on a toilet, pissing, unaware of the camera. My throat tightened, and I shut it fast, bile rising. Another video—Delilah in the bathroom, crying, wiping tears, her face raw with pain.

"Fuck..." I muttered, my hands shaking. "Have you no shame? Degenearte bastards..."

I opened the first video. Sarah, setting up a hidden camera in the bathroom, adjusting it, checking her phone to confirm it worked. Vanessa appeared, asking, "Is it live?"

Sarah nodded. "It’s working. You need LiveTV to view it."

Vanessa said, "Okay, show me how, then we’ll check the camera again," and they walked off.

I forwarded the videos to my phone, the transfer quick, each file nailing Vanessa’s guilt. With three minutes left on the Time Stop, I dug into her gallery. A thumbnail caught my eye, Vanessa, on her knees. I tapped it, and my stomach turned: a man pissing on her, her drinking it, then panting and barking like a dog, eyes wild. Was she in her bedroom? Probably. The video was taken by her boyfriend. Or whoever was fucking her.

"Dirty kinky bastard," I muttered, shaking my head. I sent the video to my phone, along with the group chat screenshot—six coworker names and numbers: Michael, Derek, Paul, Steven, Greg, Ryan. I closed the apps, slid the phone back into her purse, and hung it on her frozen shoulder.

I hustled back to the painting, heart pounding. Time resumed—the crimson sky faded, the gala's noise returning: clinks, laughter, strings. Vanessa sipped her champagne, oblivious.

I smirked, leaning against the wall. "Not enough," I muttered. "You need a punishment, whore."

I pulled out my phone, emailing the videos and screenshots to the cops anonymously, attaching everything: Delilah's bathroom footage, the upskirt photos, the group chat with the BrightWave perverts, and Vanessa's twisted video of herself drinking piss and barking like a dog. The subject line read: BrightWave Harassment Evidence. Sent. Done.

My eyes locked on the massive TV mounted on the lobby's far wall, cycling through gala promos. I opened my phone's Bluetooth, searching for the TV. It popped up, Hotel_Display_01, but it was already paired with another device. Fuck.

I scanned the room, spotting a power outlet tucked behind a velvet rope near a potted fern. Time to move.

I wove through the crowd, keeping my head low, the tuxedo's satin lapels catching the chandelier light. Vanessa was across the room, laughing, her red dress clinging to her curves, her gestures loud, commanding attention as she sipped champagne, oblivious. I slipped behind the fern, crouching, and yanked the TV's plug from the outlet, the screen going black. Heart pounding, I stood, brushing off my knees, and walked away, blending into the crowd.

A staff member in a crisp tux noticed the dead screen, frowning. He moved to the outlet, muttering, and plugged it back in. The TV flickered to life, still unpaired. I hit Bluetooth again, connecting to Meridian_Display_01 before anyone else could. My thumb hovered over the video—the one of Vanessa on her knees, a man pissing on her, her drinking it, barking, panting, soaked and wild-eyed. I hit play.

The TV blared to life, the video filling the screen, Vanessa's barks echoing over the gala's noise. She crawled, tongue out, yipping like a dog, her face glistening with piss, her expression twisted with depravity.

The crowd froze, gasps rippling, champagne flutes pausing mid-air. A woman dropped her glass, the shatter cutting through the silence. Men whispered, pointing; others laughed, shocked, their faces twisting in disgust or amusement.

Vanessa spun, her face paling, her eyes wide as she saw herself on the screen, her smug mask crumbling. She screamed, "Turn it off!" lunging toward the staff, who fumbled, clueless.

I leaned against a wall, arms crossed, smirking. Anotta stood nearby, her emerald gown shimmering, her eyes flicking from the screen to me. She said nothing, her expression unreadable, then looked back at the video, her champagne flute steady in her hand.

The staff yanked the plug, the screen going dark, but it was too late.

Just in time, sirens wailed outside, red and blue lights flashing through the windows. Cops stormed in, three of them, badges gleaming, heading straight for Vanessa.

"Vanessa Harding," one said, voice firm. "You're under arrest for distributing illegal surveillance footage, invasion of privacy, and orchestrating harassment at BrightWave." Her friends backed away, stunned, as cuffs clicked around her wrists.

She sputtered, "This is a mistake!" but they dragged her out, her red dress trailing.

"Fucking good riddance," I muttered, nodding. "Slut."

Quest Completed

Title: Fixing fixing fixing

Reward: 120 EXP



Chapter 127: Chapter 127

With my old clothes slung over my shoulder, I knocked on the apartment door, the adrenaline from the gala still thrumming in my veins. The door swung open, and fuck. There was Kim, her blue dress hugging every curve—sleeveless, tight at the waist, shimmering like sapphire, dipping low to tease her cleavage, her short brown hair framing her mischievous eyes. She looked like a goddamn model, leaning against the doorframe, one hip cocked.

"It's eleven," Kim said, her voice playful, a smirk tugging her lips. "And I didn't sleep."

I grinned, stepping closer, the tuxedo feeling stiff but right. "That you didn't. Good job."

"I have a surprise for you," she said, her tone low, dripping with promise.

"Oh?" I raised an eyebrow, my pulse quickening.

Kim opened the door wider, and my jaw dropped. Jasmine and Tessa stood there, both in dresses that screamed trouble. Jasmine's was crimson, off-the-shoulder, clinging to her frame, the hem stopping mid-thigh, showing off her long, toned legs, the fabric tracing every line of her body. Tessa's was black, a halter-style gown with a plunging neckline, tight across her full chest, flowing loose around her hips, a slit up one side flashing thigh with every step.

"Oh..." I said, stepping inside, swallowing hard, my throat dry.

"A tuxedo, huh?" Jasmine quipped, her dark hair cascading over one shoulder, her eyes raking me up and down. "Suits you, Evan."

"Too bad you'll be removing it," Kim whispered behind my ear, her breath hot, her hands gently pushing me further into the room, her floral perfume hitting me like a drug.

Kim guided me to the couch, her touch firm but teasing, and I sank into the cushions, spreading my legs, the tuxedo's satin lapels catching the dim lamplight. Jasmine crouched in front of me, her crimson dress stretching as she moved, her fingers deftly unzipping my pants, tugging them down slow, her eyes locked on mine, a wicked smile playing on her lips.

"So, how was your day?" Tessa asked, sliding onto the couch beside me, her black dress shifting to reveal more thigh, her vanilla scent wrapping around me.

"Good," I said, my voice rough as I draped an arm around her shoulder, my hand slipping inside her dress, finding her nipple, hard and sensitive under my fingers. I teased it, rolling it gently, feeling her shiver. "How's yours?"

"Same ol', same ol'," Kim said, stepping behind me, her hands kneading my shoulders, her fingers strong, digging into the tension. "Fuck, you're stiff."

I chuckled, my head tilting back as Jasmine's hands slid up my thighs, freeing my cock from my boxers, already hard, throbbing. "My shoulders or...?"

Kim laughed, her massage deepening, her breath warm on my neck. "Both, you perv," she teased, her fingers working slow circles. Jasmine's lips brushed the tip of my cock, her tongue flicking out, teasing, sending a jolt through me.

"Fuck, Jasmine," I murmured, my hand tightening on Tessa's shoulder, my fingers still playing with her nipple. "You're gonna kill me."

"Not yet," Jasmine said, her voice low, sultry, her tongue swirling around the head. "We're just getting started, baby."

Tessa leaned closer, her lips grazing my jaw, her breath hot. "You look so fucking good in that tux," she whispered, her hand sliding down my chest, popping the first button of

my shirt. "But you're gonna look better naked, Evan." Her nails scraped lightly, making my skin tingle.

Kim's hands slipped under my jacket, pushing it off, her lips brushing my ear. "Relax, big guy," she murmured, her voice dripping with heat. "Let us worship you tonight." Her fingers undid another button, her touch electric, as Jasmine's mouth took me deeper, her lips tight, wet, her tongue swirling, making me groan.

"Goddamn, Jasmine, your mouth is fucking heaven," I said, my hand in her hair, guiding her rhythm, her moans vibrating against me.

Tessa's kisses moved to my neck, her lips soft, then nipping gently, making me hiss. My hand slid lower, cupping her ass through the slit in her dress, squeezing, her gasp sharp in my ear.

"You like that, don't you?" Tessa purred, her voice husky, her hand slipping under my shirt, tracing my abs. "You're so hard for us, baby."

"Always," I groaned, my hips twitching as Jasmine's tongue flicked the tip, her hand stroking my base now, slow and firm.

Kim's hands roamed my chest, her lips finding mine, kissing me deep, her tongue swirling, hungry, her floral scent overwhelming.

"You're gonna love this," Kim murmured against my lips, her hand joining Jasmine's, stroking me as Jasmine sucked, their touches syncing, driving me wild. "We're all yours tonight, Evan."

"Fuck, Kim," I said, breaking the kiss, my head falling back as Tessa's lips trailed down my chest, her tongue flicking my nipple, sending sparks through me. "You're all too much."

"Too much?" Jasmine teased, pulling back, her lips glistening, her eyes dark. "You can handle us, right?" She climbed onto my lap, straddling me, her crimson dress hiked up, her panties gone, her pussy brushing against my cock, wet and ready.

"Fuck yeah," I said, my hands gripping her hips, guiding her down.

She sank onto me, slow, her tight heat enveloping my cock, making us both moan.

"God, Jasmine, you feel so fucking good," I groaned, thrusting up, her warmth gripping me, her moans loud as she started to ride.

"You're so deep, Evan," Jasmine gasped, her hands on my shoulders, nails digging in, her hips rolling, taking me deeper with every move. "Fuck, I love your cock, baby."

Kim sat beside me, her blue dress slipping off one shoulder, her lips kissing my neck, her hand stroking my thigh. "Look at her ride you," she whispered, her voice sultry. "She's losing it for you, Evan. You're making her so fucking wet."

I leaned forward, my mouth finding her breast, tongue tracing slow circles around her nipple before I licked it, teasing the sensitive peak. Jasmine gasped, her fingers tangling in my hair, pulling me closer, pressing my face against her chest. "Fuck, Evan," she breathed, her voice shaky, her body arching into me. She hugged my head tight, her grip possessive, urging me to keep going, her hips grinding harder against me.

Kim's hand stilled on my thigh, her voice cutting through the haze. "Hey, I'm getting jealous over here," she teased, her tone playful but edged with heat. She grabbed my chin, turning my face toward her, and kissed me hard, her lips messy and hungry, tongue slipping against mine in a sloppy, desperate dance.

Tessa let out a mock huff, her hand finding my shoulder. "Don't hog him, Kim," she said, her voice dripping with mischief. She tugged me to the left, her grip firm, and pulled me into a kiss of her own, her lips softer but no less demanding, her teeth grazing my lower lip as she pressed closer.

Jasmine's hands tightened in my hair, a soft laugh escaping her. "Come on, girls, stop it," she said, her voice thick with arousal. She pulled me back to her, hugging me closer, guiding my mouth back to her breast. "Focus on me, Evan," she murmured, her tone commanding yet needy, urging me to suck her nipple again. I obeyed, my lips closing around the sensitive peak, drawing a sharp moan from her as her body shuddered against me.

Tessa's hand slid to my balls, teasing gently, her lips on my ear. "You're gonna fuck all of us, aren't you?" she purred, her voice dripping with need. "We want every inch of you, baby."

I thrust harder into Jasmine, her moans growing louder, her pussy clenching tight, the heat building fast. "Fuck, Jasmine, you're gonna make me cum," I groaned leaning back, my hands gripping her ass, guiding her faster, the couch creaking under us.

"Yes, Evan, give it to me," Jasmine moaned, her voice trembling, her hips grinding, her body shaking. "Come inside me, baby, I want to feel you."

The pressure surged, my cock throbbing, and I couldn't hold back. "Fuck, I'm cumming," I growled, thrusting deep, my climax hitting hard, thick spurts filling her pussy as she cried out, her body shuddering, her nails digging into my shoulders. I panted, my chest heaving, Jasmine collapsing against me, her breath hot on my neck.

"Goddamn, that was intense," I said, catching my breath, my cock still twitching inside her.

Jasmine kissed me, slow and deep, her lips soft. "You're not done, are you, baby?" she teased, sliding off, her crimson dress a mess, her eyes gleaming.

"Not even close," I said, my Libido stat, 8, keeping me hard, ready for more. "Round two, ladies."

Jasmine slid off me, her crimson dress a crumpled mess, her cheeks flushed, her dark eyes gleaming with satisfaction as she caught her breath, my cum still warm inside her.

Tessa leaned against me, her black dress bunched around her hips, her thighs parted, her fingers tracing my abs, her breath hot on my neck.

"Fuck, Evan, you're still ready to go," Kim murmured, her voice sultry, her fingers grazing my cock, slick from Jasmine.

"Hell yeah," I said, my voice rough, my hand sliding to Tessa's ass, squeezing through the slit in her dress, making her gasp. "I want every one of you, every way."

Tessa's lips found mine, kissing me deep, her tongue swirling, her vanilla scent overwhelming. "Then take us," she whispered, her voice dripping with need. "We're all yours, Evan."

I stood, my tuxedo shirt hanging open, my cock throbbing, and gestured to the floor. "All fours, ladies," I said, my tone firm, hungry. "On the ground. I'm fucking your asses."

Tessa's shoulder slumped. "Boo. Anal sex. Boo."

"Ah you love it," I chuckled. "Come on. chop chop."

Chapter 128: Chapter 128

They moved eagerly, shedding what remained of their dresses—Jasmine's crimson fabric pooling around her knees, Kim's blue dress a sapphire heap, Tessa's black gown a dark puddle. They positioned themselves on the soft rug, asses raised, bodies glistening with sweat.

Jasmine centered, her long legs spread, her tight ass inviting, her dark hair spilling over her shoulders. Kim to her right, her curves glowing under the lamplight, her short brown hair tucked back, her ass arched high. Tessa to the left, her hair cascading, her thighs parted, her ass begging for me. The sight—three gorgeous women, ready, waiting—sent a surge through me, my cock aching.

I grabbed the lube from the coffee table that they put beforehand and knelt behind Jasmine, my hands spreading her cheeks, my thumb brushing her tight hole.

"You're ready for me again, aren't you, baby?" I growled, my voice thick with lust, slicking my cock with lube. "Gonna fuck this perfect ass so deep."

"Yes, Evan, please," Jasmine moaned, pushing back, her voice trembling. "I want you in my ass, baby, make me feel you."

I eased a finger in first, feeling Jasmine clench, then relax, her moan low and needy, her crimson dress a crumpled heap beside her on the rug. I pressed my cock against her tight hole, pushing in slow, her ass gripping me hot and tight, making me groan. "Fuck, Jasmine, you're so goddamn tight," I said, thrusting steady, deep, my hands on her hips, her body rocking with each move. "Love how you take me, baby, every fucking inch."

"God, Evan, you're so big," Jasmine gasped, her hips meeting my thrusts, her hands clawing the rug, her dark hair spilling over her shoulders. "Fuck my ass, baby, make me feel you."

I leaned forward, my chest brushing her back, my lips finding the nape of her neck, kissing softly, then harder, sucking lightly on her skin, her musk filling my senses. Her moan deepened, her body trembling as I reached around, my hand sliding down her stomach, finding her pussy, slick and warm.

I teased her clit with my fingers, circling slow, then faster, her gasps sharp, her hips bucking against me. "Fuck, you're so wet, Jasmine," I murmured against her skin, my thrusts steady, deep, my fingers matching the rhythm. "Love feeling you like this, baby."

"Yes, Evan, touch me," she moaned, her voice breathy, her hand joining mine, her fingers slipping inside her pussy, working herself as I teased her clit, our movements syncing. "God, your cock in my ass, your fingers... it's so fucking good."

Her body rocked harder, her moans growing louder, her ass clenching around me as I thrust, my lips trailing kisses down her spine, my free hand kneading her breast, her nipple hard under my palm. She arched into my touch, her fingers moving faster, her pussy dripping, her breaths ragged.

"Take it, baby," I growled, my thrusts deepening, my fingers circling her clit tighter, feeling her tremble. "Wanna feel you cum, Jasmine, give it to me." Her moans turned to cries, her body shaking, her ass gripping me tighter as she worked her pussy, her climax building slow, then crashing hard, her cry raw, her body shuddering, her breath coming in gasps as she came, her warmth pulsing around my fingers, her ass clenching my cock.

I pulled out, her moan soft, satisfied, her body still trembling, and moved to Kim, lubing up again, my hands spreading her cheeks, her blue dress discarded, her curves glowing under the lamplight. I pressed my cock against her tight hole, easing in slow, her gasp sharp, her body arching.

"Fuck, Kim, you're so hot, baby, taking my cock like this," I groaned, thrusting deep, her warmth gripping me, her moans loud, her short brown hair damp with sweat.

"Yes, Evan, fuck me," Kim moaned, her voice breathy, her hips pushing back. "God, your cock feels so good in my ass, keep going, baby."

I leaned in, kissing the curve of her shoulder, my lips trailing along her neck, sucking gently, her floral scent intoxicating. My hand slid around, cupping her breast, kneading it, her nipple firm under my thumb as I thrust steady, deep.

"Love these tits, Kim," I murmured, my other hand finding her pussy, fingers teasing her clit, slick and swollen. "So fucking wet for me, baby." She moaned louder, her hand slipping down, fingers spreading her pussy lips, teasing herself as I worked her clit, our touches blending, her hips rocking with mine.

"Evan, you're driving me wild," Kim gasped, her fingers moving faster, her pussy dripping, her ass clenching around me. "Fuck, your cock, your hands... it's too much." I thrust harder, my lips on her neck, my fingers circling her clit, my other hand pinching her nipple gently, her moans growing louder, her body trembling.

"God, yes, keep going," she panted, her fingers plunging deeper, her climax building, her breaths short. Finally, her cry broke, her ass tightening, her pussy pulsing under my fingers as she came, her body shuddering, her moan raw, her curves shaking.

Damn. Pleasure was doing wonders for me.

I slid out, her moan lingering, and moved to Tessa, lubing once more, my hands gripping her hips, her black dress a heap, her long brown hair swaying. I eased into her tight ass, slow at first, her moan deep and raw as I filled her, her thighs trembling. "Jesus, Tessa, you're so fucking tight," I groaned, thrusting deeper, her body arching, her warmth gripping me.

"Evan, yes," Tessa panted, pushing back, her voice shaking. "Fuck my ass, baby, make me feel every inch."

I leaned forward, my lips trailing kisses along her upper back, tracing the curve of her spine, her vanilla scent wrapping around me. My hands slid under her, cupping her breasts, kneading them firmly, her nipples hard as I teased them with my thumbs. "God, Tessa," I growled, my lips brushing her skin, kissing the nape of her neck as I thrust steadily, her moans growing louder.

"Fuck, Evan, you're so good," Tessa moaned, her hand slipping down between her thighs, fingers finding her clit, circling it with slow strokes. "Love your cock in my ass... your hands on me," she gasped, her hips bucking as she worked her clit faster, her body rocking in rhythm with my thrusts.

"I thought you hated it?"

"Shut up."

I thrust deeper, my lips sucking her neck, my hand kneading her breast, her nipple firm under my palm, her moans growing louder, her body trembling.

"Yes, Evan, don't stop," Tessa gasped, fingers moving faster on her clit, body dripping with arousal, ass clenching tightly. Tessa's climax built, breaths growing ragged, then hit hard, a sharp cry escaping, body shuddering, her pussy pulsing, her ass gripping me tight as she came.

I moved back to Jasmine, sliding into her ass again, her moan loud, desperate, her body ready for more. "Fuck, Jasmine, you're so fucking perfect," I growled, thrusting deep, her warmth gripping me. "Love how you take me, baby."

"Evan, you're driving me wild," Jasmine moaned, her hips rocking, her voice thick with need. "Keep fucking me, I need you."

I thrust harder, then pulled out, moving to Kim, then Tessa, fucking each in turn, their moans blending—Jasmine's whimpers, Kim's gasps, Tessa's cries. My cock throbbed, the heat building, but I held back, wanting to savor every second, their bodies slick with sweat, their scents overwhelming.

"Goddamn, you're all so fucking hot," I said, my voice rough, my hands roaming their hips, keeping them close. "I could fuck you all night."

Tessa's tight ass, her cries sharp and raw, blending with Jasmine's soft whimpers and Kim's breathless gasps as they knelt on the rug, their bodies slick with sweat, the apartment thick with their scents—Jasmine's musk, Kim's floral perfume, Tessa's vanilla.

"Hmm, yes." I said, my voice rough, thick with lust. "I could fuck you all night."

I pulled out of Tessa, her moan needy, her hair swaying as she trembled, and moved back to Jasmine, lubing up again, my hands spreading her cheeks. I slid into her ass, slow at first, then deep, her moan loud, desperate, her crimson dress a crumpled heap beside her.

"Fuck, Jasmine, your ass is fucking perfect," I growled, thrusting steady, her warmth gripping me like a vice, her body rocking with each stroke. "Love how you take me, baby, so goddamn tight."

"Yes, Evan, fuck me," Jasmine gasped, pushing back, her dark hair spilling over her shoulders, her hands clawing the rug. "God, you're so big, make me feel every inch."

I thrust faster, my hands gripping her hips, her moans growing louder, her body trembling. "That's it, baby," I said, my voice thick, encouraging. "Cum for me again, let me feel you lose it." Her moans turned to cries, her ass clenching tight, her body shuddering as she came, her climax rippling through her, her breath ragged, her voice raw.

"Fuck, Evan, yes," she panted, collapsing slightly, her skin glowing.

I slid out, her moan soft and satisfied, and moved to Kim, lubing up, my cock pressing into her tight ass, her gasp sharp, her curves arching as I filled her.

I pulled out, her moan lingering, and moved to Tessa, lubing once more, my hands gripping her hips. I eased into her ass, slow at first, her moan deep and raw as I filled her, her hair wild, her thighs trembling.

"Fuck, Tessa, you're so damn tight," I growled, thrusting deeper, her body arching. "You love this, don't you, baby? My cock deep in your ass?"

"Yes, Evan, fuck me," Tessa panted, pushing back, her voice shaking. "Harder, baby, make me scream for you." I fucked her ass, my thrusts fast, deep, her cries loud, her body rocking with mine. "God, I'm cumming," she moaned, her ass clenching, her climax hitting hard, her body shuddering, her cry raw as she collapsed forward, panting.

The system UI flickered in my vision, updating:

- _____
- Emotional Charisma (Locked)
- =====
- Have anal sex in your home (5/5)
- Flirt with a woman (1/1)
- Fuck Jasmine in public (0/1)
- _____

I moved between them again, fucking Jasmine, then Kim, then Tessa, their asses tight, their moans blending—Jasmine's desperate whimpers, Kim's sharp gasps, Tessa's raw cries. Their bodies were slick with sweat, their scents overwhelming, the room a haze of heat and need.

"You're all so fucking gorgeous," I groaned, my cock throbbing, my hands roaming their hips, their backs, keeping them close. "Love how you take me, every fucking way."

"Evan, you're too fucking good," Jasmine purred, her voice breathy, her body swaying even without me inside her. "We need you, baby, all of you."

"Fuck us forever," Kim moaned, her eyes dark, her lips parted, her curves glistening. "You're so perfect, Evan."

"Make us feel you," Tessa gasped, her blonde hair a mess, her body trembling. "We're yours, baby, always."

The pressure was unbearable, my cock pulsing, the heat coiling tight in my core. "Get on your knees," I growled, standing, my hand stroking my cock, slick with lube and their warmth. "All of you, now."

They scrambled, eager, kneeling in a tight row on the rug—Jasmine in the middle, her dark hair framing her flushed face, her crimson dress gone; Kim to her right, her short brown hair damp, her blue dress discarded, her lips glistening; Tessa to the left, her black dress a heap, her eyes hungry. Their faces glowed, sweat-slick, their breaths quick, their eyes locked on me, begging.

"Fuck, you're all so damn beautiful," I groaned, stroking faster, my cock throbbing, the heat surging. "Gonna come all over your perfect faces, make you mine."

"Yes, Evan, please," Jasmine purred, her tongue flicking out, her eyes wide with need. "Come for us, baby, we want every drop."

"Give it to us, Evan," Kim moaned, licking her lips, leaning closer. "We're so fucking ready, baby, cover us."

"Paint our faces, Evan," Tessa whispered, her voice sultry, her hands gripping her thighs. "Make us yours, we want your cum."

The climax hit like a freight train, my cock pulsing as I came, thick spurts shooting across their faces—Jasmine's cheeks, Kim's lips, Tessa's chin, their moans soft, eager, their tongues darting out to catch what they could. I shuddered, my breath ragged, my vision blurring as I watched them, their faces glistening, their smiles wicked, satisfied.

Jasmine licked her lips, her eyes widening. "Fuck, Evan, your cum actually tastes good, what the hell?" she said, laughing softly, her fingers swiping her cheek, tasting again.

Kim grinned, licking her lips clean. "No shit, it's like... sweet? How's that even possible?" she teased, her eyes playful, her voice still breathy.

Tessa giggled, wiping her chin, tasting it. "Goddamn, Evan, you're full of surprises," she purred, her eyes locked on mine.

I collapsed onto the couch, my chest heaving, my tuxedo shirt hanging open, their scents still heavy in the air. "Goddamn," I panted, grinning. "You're all fucking incredible."

Kim crawled closer, her hand on my thigh. "You're not done, are you, big guy?"

Jasmine leaned in, her smile wicked. "Because we're ready for more."

Tessa's eyes sparkled. "Round three, baby? And no more anal, please."

I chuckled, my heart still pounding. "Give me a minute, ladies. You're gonna kill me."

Delilah was safe. And I just had a foursome in my own home. Fuck. Life was good.

But... it seemed like I wasn't done.

Good. Because I wanted more.



Chapter 129: Chapter 129

Sweat dripped from my face onto Kim's ass, making it slicker, her cheeks red from the playful smacks I'd been giving her. That "would you play the sub?" question I'd tossed out in the living room earlier had clearly stuck with her—she kept begging me to "punish her," to "make her learn her place as a slave." I wasn't deep into that kink, but her eagerness had me more than happy to oblige, smacking her ass with just enough sting to make her moan.

She was the last one on all fours, her short brown hair damp, her blue dress long discarded, her curves glowing under the lamplight. Jasmine lay face-first on the rug beside me, cum oozing from her pussy, her dark hair splayed, her breath heavy. Tessa sprawled on the couch, her long brown hair a mess, her pussy swollen, glistening with my cum from earlier.

Kim's moans were loud, her hips pushing back to meet my thrusts as I fucked her tight ass, my cock gripped by her warmth. I smacked her cheek again, the sound sharp, her moan sharper, her body trembling with pleasure.

"Fuck, Kim, you're so fucking hot," I growled, leaning forward, my lips brushing her shoulder, kissing softly, then harder, sucking gently on her skin, her floral scent driving me wild.

My hand slid around, cupping her breast, kneading it, her nipple firm under my thumb as I thrust deep, steady.

"Love how your ass takes me, baby, so goddamn tight."

"Yes, Evan, fuck me," Kim moaned, her voice breathy, her hips rocking. "Spank me again, baby, make my ass yours."

I smacked her other cheek, her moan raw, her body arching. My other hand found her pussy, fingers teasing her clit, slick and swollen, her gasp sharp as I circled slow, then faster.

"God, you're so wet," I murmured, kissing down her spine, my lips hot against her skin. Her hand slipped down, fingers spreading her pussy lips, teasing herself, plunging inside as I worked her clit, our touches syncing.

I kept fucking her, her moans softer now, her body still trembling. Just when I felt the heat coiling tight, I pulled out, gaping her ass with both hands, her hole massive, shaped by my cock. "Yes, baby," Kim muttered, exhaustion creeping into her voice. "Gape that fucking asshole. Gape it."

"Looks so fucking good..." I groaned, sliding my cock back in, thrusting deep, her tits swaying with each move. I grabbed one, kneading it, her nipple hard as I played with it, her moan loud as she leaned back, her lips meeting mine in a hungry kiss. I returned it, my tongue swirling with hers, but my stamina was fading fast.

"I'm... cumming..." I muttered, licking her chin, my breath ragged.

She leaned into my ear. "Do it, baby. Cum inside my ass again."

"Shit... oh..."

"Cum, Evan. Cum, baby! Cum!"

That was it. After three hours of non-stop sex, I let myself go one last time, my cock pulsing, the release intense, a sweet mix of pain and pleasure. I moaned, pushing deep one last time, filling her ass with thick spurts, my body shaking. Kissing her back softly, I pulled out slow, her ass oozing with my cum, dripping to the rug. I gave her right cheek a final smack, the sound soft, and collapsed onto the ground, panting.

"Well..." I muttered. "Phew. Shit."

"My ass..." Jasmine said, her voice muffled, still face-down on the rug. "Aww..."

Kim crawled next to me, smiling as she rested her head on my shoulder. "That was wonderful."

I smiled, held her hand, and kissed her nose playfully. "You girls were wonderful. I'm actually lucky to have you all."

That seemed to draw interest points from them. Kim and Tessa two, Jasmine three.

┌──────────────────┐

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 30 / 40★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 22 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 22 / 40★

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

=====

Select a woman to track progress.

┌──────────────────┐

And now, with the 120 EXP I got from the Fixing fixing fixing quest, and with the sexual activities, my EXP was...

"Wait for us," Kim said, gazing at the ceiling, still catching her breath, her lips curling into a tired smile. "Let's take a group shower."

"With pleasure," I grinned, feeling a spark despite my exhaustion.

I walked to the dining table, grabbing my phone.

In the bathroom, I caught my reflection in the mirror—hair a sweaty, matted mess, sticking to my forehead, my face flushed red, my dick itching and raw from hours of sex, still tingling with that sweet ache. I smirked, shaking my head at the wreck staring back at me, and turned on the shower. The faucet hissed, water spraying hot, steam curling up, fogging the mirror as the small space warmed.

The girls shuffled in, their steps slow, bodies heavy with exhaustion. Jasmine trailed behind, still rubbing her back, her dark hair clinging to her shoulders, her eyes half-lidded but playful. Kim's short brown hair was damp, sticking to her neck, her curves swaying as she leaned against the sink. Tessa's long brown hair fell in wet waves down her back, her skin glistening, her smile lazy but bright despite the fatigue.

"Fuck, Evan, you destroyed us," Tessa said, chuckling, her voice hoarse as she propped herself against the wall. "That was next-level."

Kim giggled, brushing her hair back. "Yeah, my ass is gonna be sore for a week. Totally worth it, though."

Jasmine smirked, stretching again, wincing slightly. "You're a fucking beast, Evan. I don't think I've ever been worked like that."

I laughed, leaning against the counter, the steam wrapping around us. "You girls were unreal. I'm the one who's lucky."

I glanced at my phone, checking for texts from Delilah. Nothing for now, just the lock screen glowing. I set it on the counter, exhaling, and stepped into the shower, the hot water hitting my chest, washing away the sweat, soothing the ache in my muscles. I let out a long breath, the steam enveloping me.

The girls joined, squeezing into the tight shower, their giggles echoing off the tiles as the water cascaded over their bodies. Kim grabbed the soap, lathering her hands, and started washing my chest, her fingers gliding slow, teasing, her eyes locked on mine, a playful glint in them.

"Gotta clean you up, big guy," she purred, her hands sliding lower, brushing my abs, making my skin tingle despite my exhaustion.

Tessa poured shampoo into her palm, working it into my hair, her fingers massaging my scalp, her long brown hair wet and sticking to her back. "You're so fucking hot all

sweaty," she teased, giggling, her hands gentle but playful, suds dripping down my neck, warm and slick.

"I think I need detailed cleaning down there," I said, pointing at my crotch, a grin tugging at my lips as the hot water cascaded over us in the cramped shower, steam curling around our bodies.

Kim shook her head, chuckling, her short brown hair slick with water. She dropped to her knees, her eyes locked on mine, and sandwiched my dick between her big tits, the warm, soft flesh enveloping me. It felt like fucking heaven. My cock throbbed, aching with that sweet, lingering burn from hours of sex, not painful, just intense, alive.

"Gonna clean you real good, baby," she purred, her voice sultry, her tits pressing tighter as she started moving up and down slowly, her skin slick with soap and water.

Jasmine smirked, grabbing the shampoo bottle, and poured a generous stream onto my cock, the cool liquid mixing with Kim's warmth, bubbles forming as Kim's movements churned it into a frothy lather.

"Look at that, Evan," Jasmine teased, her dark hair plastered to her shoulders, her hand lingering near my thigh. "All nice and sudsy for you."

Tessa slid behind me and pressed her body against my back, her hard nipples grazing my skin as she used her tits to wash me, rubbing slow circles, the sensation sending sparks through me.

"Feel good, baby?" she whispered, her voice husky, her lips brushing my ear, her breasts sliding up and down, slick with soap. "We're gonna take care of every inch of you."

"Fuck, you girls are too much," I groaned, my head tilting back, the water streaming over my chest, Kim's tits working my cock, Jasmine's shampoo making it slicker, Tessa's nipples teasing my back. "Keep going, you're fucking perfect."

Kim's movements quickened, her tits bouncing, the bubbles sliding down my cock, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "You love this, don't you, Evan?" she murmured, her voice low, teasing. "My tits all over your cock, making you throb."

"Goddamn, yes," I growled, my hips twitching, the ache in my cock sweet and intense. Jasmine leaned closer, her breath hot, her fingers grazing my thigh. "You're so fucking hard for us. Even after cumming that much," she purred, pouring more shampoo, the bubbles growing thicker, Kim's tits sliding faster, the sensation driving me wild.

Tessa's hands roamed my shoulders, her breasts pressing harder, her nipples firm against my back. "We're gonna make you feel so good, baby," she whispered, kissing my neck, her lips soft, warm. "All clean and ready for more."

My phone rang, the sound cutting through the steam and giggles. I peered out, the screen glowing on the counter—Delilah. "Oh, shit, girls," I muttered, reluctant but knowing I had to answer. "I need to take this."

"You're not going anywhere," Jasmine said, her voice teasing, lips brushing my ear as she pressed closer.

Chapter 130: Chapter 130

No chance I was missing this call. I reached for the phone, leaning against the tile wall, away from the water cascading above, and answered. Kim stood, and the three girls exchanged that look, mischievous, conspiratorial, their eyes glinting with trouble. I didn't know exactly what it meant, but it was definitely not good. They giggled, then turned their gazes on me, smirking.

"Ms. Komb," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "H-hello."

"Evan!" Delilah's voice was sharp, excited. "They—those idiots! They're fired! There's police involved and, and then..."

"Easy, ma'am," I chuckled, my heart racing, not just from the call. "What happened?"

"So, okay. Basically..." She launched into explaining the gala drama, the fallout I'd orchestrated, but I played dumb, listening like I hadn't planned it all.

Kim and Tessa stepped to my sides, their hips pressing against me, squeezing my cock between them, their skin slick and warm, moving side to side in a slow, teasing grind. Jasmine knelt, her dark hair wet, and took the tip of my cock in her mouth, sucking gently, her tongue swirling, one hand cupping my balls, massaging softly. I bit back a moan, my grip tightening on the phone.

"Can you believe it, Evan?" Delilah said, her voice rising. "Those guys are evil! The fucking cameras... god."

"Y-yeah," I managed, a slight moan slipping out as Jasmine's lips worked me, Kim and Tessa's hips grinding, their giggles quiet but wicked.

"Are you good?" Delilah asked, her tone suspicious. "You sound weird."

"N-nah," I chuckled, forcing a smile into my voice. "I'm actually happy for you, Ms. Komb."

"You don't sound that surprised, Evan..." she said, her voice narrowing. "And this happened right after I told you..."

Shit. Distracted by the girls, my guard was down, and Delilah hated people meddling in her business. If she figured out I'd set this up, it could backfire hard. "No, I'm just..." I stammered, my words cut off as Jasmine took my fucking cock to the base suddenly, her tongue grazing my balls, gagging softly, her throat tight. Kim and Tessa shifted slightly giggling.

Jasmine pulled back, her lips glistening, and Kim and Tessa pressed their hips tighter, continuing the slow grind, their giggles barely audible.

"We will talk about this, Evan. Tomorrow," Delilah said, her tone stern. "I'll come to your place."

"Wait, wait, no. Liste—" I started, but the line went dead. I stood there, phone at my ear, then set it on the counter, looking at Jasmine, who gazed up at me, stroking my cock, smirking.

"You girls," I said, my voice low, playful. "Deserve a punishment."

"Uh-oh," Tessa chuckled, her long brown hair dripping, her eyes sparkling. "Run, girls. Run!"

I grabbed Tessa by the hips, her wet skin slick under my hands, and hauled her over my shoulder, her long brown hair dripping water onto the bathroom floor. She laughed, her voice bright and playful, swatting my back lightly with her hands. "Evan, you caveman!" she giggled, squirming as I carried her, the steam still lingering in the air.

I reached out and turned off the shower, the hiss of water fading, leaving the room quiet except for our breathing and the girls' soft giggles. My feet left wet prints on the hardwood as I carried Tessa out of the bathroom, Kim and Jasmine following close behind, their bare skin glistening, water trailing down their bodies.

In the bedroom, I sat on the edge of the bed, the mattress creaking under my weight, and lowered Tessa onto my lap, positioning her so she lay across my thighs, her ass arched high, droplets of water still rolling down her skin. I brought my hand down hard, a sharp smack against her ass, the sound echoing in the room.

Tessa moaned, a mix of pain and pleasure, her body jolting, then chuckled, her voice husky. "What is this now, magic fingers?"

"Punishment," I said, smirking, and smacked her ass again, the sting of my hand making her skin flush pink. Another smack, harder, and she cried out, her moan deeper, her body trembling. Jasmine and Kim stood in the doorway, watching, their breaths quickening, Kim's curves glowing in the dim light, Jasmine's hand resting on her hip, her eyes locked on us.

I spanked Tessa again, then again, each smack sharper, her ass turning a deep red, my handprints blooming on her skin. She squirmed, her moans louder, her pussy glistening as she got wetter with each strike. "Fuck, Tessa, you're loving this," I growled, my cock hardening against her thigh.

I grabbed her hips, lifting her off my lap and onto the bed, positioning her on all fours, her ass raised, red and inviting.

I smacked her cheeks again and slid into her tight ass, slow at first, then deeper, her moan raw as I filled her. I thrust hard, going to town, my balls slapping against her pussy with each move, the wet sounds mixing with her cries. I smacked her ass again, the impact making her clench around me, her moan sharp. "You like this, slut, don't you?" I growled, my voice rough, my hand landing another smack, her ass tightening around my cock.

Tessa looked back, her long brown hair falling over one shoulder, her eyes flashing. "You called me slut again," she panted, her voice teasing but thick with need. "I will..." Her words cut off as I smacked her ass without rest, each strike harder, her skin glowing redder, her moans turning to gasps as she bit into the sheets, her hands gripping the fabric. I was smacking her so hard that the neighbours would probably hear the slapping sounds.

"I'm gonna cum." I growled, smacking her ass again. Fuck, her asscheeks were fully red now. "Oh... shit..."

"Fuck." Tessa's voice came muffled. "Oh god..."

I pushed deep, my cock pulsing, the heat coiling tight. I smacked her again, her ass clenching, driving me over the edge.

"Fuck, Tessa," I moaned, thrusting hard, cumming inside her ass, the release intense, my body shaking as I pushed again, then once more, getting every last drop out. Her moan was muffled, her face buried in the sheets, her body trembling.

I pulled out, her ass glistening, and pushed Tessa gently onto the bed, her body collapsing, her breath ragged. I turned back, looking at Jasmine and Kim, their eyes wide, their lips parted, standing in the doorway.

"Well then," I grinned, my voice low, catching my breath. "Who's next?"

♥□♥□♥□

- Evan Marlowe (Lvl 7)

=====

- Age: 21
- Height: 180 cm
- Weight: 73 kg

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- EXP: [██████████░░░░░░░░░░░░░░░░] 500/777

I was done. No more power in me today. Last night, I didn't manage to fuck Jasmine and Kim while spanking. My cock just wouldn't get hard again, no matter how much I wanted it. If only I'd leveled up my Libido... but whatever, it was enough for now. My focus was shifting to Pleasure, maybe some Strength too. Richard, that bastard, showed me I needed to up that skill if I was gonna keep up.

Kim was out today, off shopping with the girls. I'd sent them without letting on that Delilah was coming. Shit. Now I had to deal with her—Delilah. I couldn't lie my way through that call yesterday, not with the girls distracting me. But fuck, I had to admit, getting a blowjob from Jasmine while talking to Delilah was... unreal. A damn rush.

I lit a cigarette, the flame flaring briefly, and sank onto the couch, the leather creaking under me. Right, I had three mystery chests from last night's action. Time to open them. "Left, middle, or right..." I muttered, the system UI flickering in my vision.

Pick a Chest

=====

[?] [?] [?]

I picked one in the middle, one left, one right. The chests opened slowly, light spilling out, revealing my rewards. Just fifty experience points. Meh, better than nothing, but I was hoping for credits. My next move was definitely buying some points to boost my stats.

Lisa stifled a laugh, covering her mouth. "Yes, our apologies. It was quite the scene, Mark. Sources say it was shown at the gala, caused a massive uproar. But no one's saying if it's connected to the arrests."

"It's hard to imagine it's not," Mark said, regaining composure. "A group chat, paid videos, and then that gala stunt? Sounds like a pattern of bad judgment."

Lisa nodded, tapping her pen. "Still, the videos in the chat, what little we know, seem separate. I mean, company secrets make sense, but indecent content? That's a leap. We'll need more to go on."

Mark shrugged. "Whatever it was, it's landed them in serious trouble. Police are involved, and BrightWave's issued a statement condemning unethical behavior. Stay tuned as we dig deeper."

"Glad her videos stayed secret," I muttered, exhaling a plume of smoke. "Damn fuckers."

I realized I still had those videos on my phone. Fishing it out, I opened the gallery, my stomach turning at the sight. One thumbnail showed Delilah's tear-streaked face, staring at herself in a mirror, broken. I deleted them all, every last one, my thumb moving fast, wiping them from existence.

Good riddance they got arrested.