

# **The Heart System #Chapter 131 - Read The Heart**

## **System Chapter 131**

### **Chapter 131: Chapter 131**

I took another drag, exhaling slow, the smoke curling in the dim light. Delilah had helped me my whole uni life, and I'd just returned the favor. But she wasn't gonna like this. She hated, and I mean HATED, anyone meddling in her business, always high and mighty, never the damsel in distress. That's what I admired about her—her strength, her fire, always true to herself.

"How do I even explain..." I muttered, staring at the rain-streaked window, the cigarette burning low between my fingers.

Wow... I really did that, huh? Exposed Vanessa, got her and Sarah arrested. The old Evan would've sat back, thinking one guy couldn't make a difference. But with this system... I helped Delilah. This whole thing wasn't just about fucking chicks—it was bigger than that.

A sharp knock hit the door. Fuck. Delilah. She'd said she'd show up at ten, and it was just shy of that now, the clock ticking on the wall.

"Coming," I muttered, crushing my cigarette into the ashtray, the smoke curling up. I stood, my steps heavy, and peered through the peephole. Shit, it was her, and she looked pissed—eyes narrowed, jaw tight, her arms crossed under her jacket.

I unlocked the door and opened it. Delilah stood there, glaring, her dark hair pulled back, her face all business. She didn't wait for an invite, shoving past me, her shoulder brushing mine as she stormed inside, her heels clicking on the hardwood.

"I cannot fucking believe you, Evan," she snapped, spinning to face me, her voice sharp enough to cut glass. "You think you can just meddle in my life like that?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about, ma'am," I lied, keeping my tone calm, closing the door behind me.

"Oh, don't play dumb!" she said, her eyes blazing, stepping closer, pointing a finger at my chest. "The whole thing with the gala? That was you, wasn't it?"

"No," I said, meeting her gaze, trying to keep my cool.

"No?" She yanked out her phone, her fingers moving fast, and shoved it in my face, a video playing. It was the gala clip taken by one of the guests—Vanessa on her knees, acting like a dog, drinking piss, the crowd gasping. The camera panned, and for a split second, there I was, arms crossed, grinning like an idiot, watching Vanessa's humiliation unfold.

Shit.

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## EVENT

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Delilah's Interest -15

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Oh, come on. Minus fifteen? What the hell? I just wanted to help her, and I fucking did. This was her reaction? Prideful as ever, Delilah. Always so damn proud.

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## WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

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Jasmine: Interest: 30 / 40★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 22 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 22 / 40★

Delilah: Interest: 5 / 40★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 2/20

=====

Progress:

★☆☆☆☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★☆☆☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★☆☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

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Select a woman to track progress.

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"Did I ask for your fucking help, Evan?" Delilah hissed, her voice low, venomous, her hands on her hips. "Did I?"

"Ms. Komb..." I started, but she cut me off.

"I told you what was happening because I needed someone to listen, not to play fucking hero!" she shouted, her face inches from mine. "I thought you were my friend, someone I could trust. But you went behind my back!"

"I had to," I said, my voice firm, holding her gaze. "It was for your own good."

"My own good?" she scoffed, her laugh bitter, stepping closer, her eyes burning. "You think you get to decide what's best for me now, Evan? You think I'm some damsel who needs saving?"

I felt my temper flare, my voice rising. "When you're too damn blind to see what's going on, yeah, I do!" I snapped. "Those bastards were talking about slipping a pill in your coffee, Delilah. Selling your body to co-workers. Sending you death threats! I saw you crying in the bathroom, saw it all! What was I supposed to do, stand there and let it happen?"

She froze, her lips parting, but no words came out, her eyes wide.

"Like it or not, Delilah, you're important to me," I said, softer now, stepping closer, my hand resting on her shoulder. "Without you, uni would've been hell. I wouldn't be here. So yell at me, hate me, I don't care. I'd do it again if it meant keeping you safe."

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## EVENT

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**Delilah's Interest +20**

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"Hate me or not, Delilah," I continued, my voice steady, "knowing you're safe, that you're not crying every night, that's enough for me. I don't need a thank you or a fucking gold star. If you're okay, I'm okay, even if you're pissed."

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## **WOMEN - INTERACTIONS**

=====

**Jasmine: Interest: 30 / 40★**

**Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20**

**Tessa: Interest: 22 / 40★**

**Kim: Interest: 22 / 40★**

**Delilah: Interest: 25 / 40★**

**Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★**

**Mendy: Interest: 2/20**

=====

### **Progress:**

**★☆☆☆☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward**

**★★☆☆☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward**

**★★★☆☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward**

**★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward**

**★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward**

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**Select a woman to track progress.**

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Her eyes turned red, watering, her gaze locked on mine, vulnerable for the first time. Something stirred in me, a pull I couldn't fight. She looked... fuck, she looked beautiful, fierce even in her anger.

Without thinking, I leaned in and kissed her, my lips pressing against hers, soft but firm.

She gasped, eyes widening, and stumbled back, her cheeks flushing red, embarrassment flashing across her face. She looked down, her hands trembling, then turned without a word, opened the door, and left, the slam echoing in the quiet apartment.

"Ah, fuck," I muttered, running a hand through my hair. "That could've gone better, huh?"



That night, I saw another dream. There I was again, in that green field, naked, the grass soft under my feet. The woman with the umbrella stood there, her back turned, her silhouette sharp against the bright sky. I took a step forward, and she flinched, her body tensing. Slowly, she turned her face toward me.

The air shifted, heavy, like something snapped awake or broke free. Just as her face started to come into view, everything went black.

"Sv hslfowm'g yv sviv," a voice said in the darkness, low and strange, impossible to pin as male or female.

"Vezm Nzioldv. Lmv lu Pziznrmv'h hfyqvxgh," another voice answered, just as eerie, twisting through the void.

"Pziznrmv, sfs?"

"Tvg srn lfg lu sviv."

I woke up, drenched in sweat, my chest heaving like I'd run a marathon. Kim was asleep next to me, one leg dangling off the bed, her tits spilling out of her loose pajama top, her short brown hair splayed on the pillow.

I wiped the sweat from my brow and got up, standing frozen for a few seconds, my head spinning. What the fuck did I just see? That woman again, those creepy voices. This was beyond strange—fucking unsettling.

I grabbed Kim's leg, gently lifting it back onto the bed, her soft breathing uninterrupted. I shuffled to the living room, flicked on the light, and grabbed my cigarette pack from the table. Opening the fridge, I snagged a cold beer, took a big swig, the chill grounding me,

and walked to the window. Rain fell lazily outside, neon city lights flickering through the haze.

"What was that..." I muttered, lighting a cigarette, the flame flaring briefly. I took a deep drag, blowing the smoke upward, watching it slip through the window's tiny gaps.

"It's a side effect."

I jumped, my heart lurching, the beer bottle slipping from my hand. Spinning around, I saw her—Dierella, leaning forward, catching the bottle just before it hit the floor. She smiled, sauntering to the kitchen counter, hopping up to sit, legs crossed. Her short skirt rode up, her white shirt clinging to her curves, and fuck, no panties—her pussy visible, glowing in the dim light. My cigarette burned between my fingers as I stared, stunned.

"How'd you... get here?" I asked, my voice shaky, taking a cautious step toward her.

"How?" She smirked, sipping my beer, her eyes glinting with mischief. "I own you, Evan Marlowe. Everything about you."

I swallowed hard, nodding. "W-what'd you say about a side effect?"

"You're my subject, Evan Marlowe, Goddess of Dreams," she said, her voice smooth, almost teasing. "It's normal to dream things you shouldn't see."

"Normal?" I asked, my brow furrowing.

"You're tied to my being," she said, letting her legs dangle, her skirt shifting higher. "You glimpse what I experience, but not fully. You're still mortal, after all."

"This... system," I said, stepping closer. "That's you?"

She nodded, her smile sharp. "Before you, I gave it to a man in his thirties. Seemed decent. Know what he did?" Her voice turned ice-cold, her legs swinging. "Used Time Stop, walked into a kindergarten, pants off."

"What?"

"Know what I did?" She asked, rubbing her belly. "Ate his dick off."

I froze, my cigarette trembling in my hand. I remembered that news—a guy found in a kindergarten bathroom, dick gone, panicked, saying he didn't remember anything past leaving his house.

"I made him forget," Dierella said, her tone biting. "Aren't I generous?"

"Fuck..." I muttered, my stomach twisting.

"But you," she said, her voice softening, "you used Time Stop for a cause. Helped someone. I half-expected you to whip it out and fuck Vanessa at that gala. I wouldn't do anything, mind you. But you didn't fuck her. And you didn't use Gaslighting on Kim. Why?"

"She's important to me," I said, my voice steady.

"Lm blfi pmvvh," she murmured, her eyes flashing.

Suddenly, I dropped to my knees, my body locked, unable to move, my eyes wide with panic. I couldn't blink, couldn't speak, just stared as she smirked down at me.

"That deserves a reward," she said, hopping off the counter, her skirt swaying. "One-time deal, Evan. Don't get used to it."

"W-what?" I managed, my voice strained.

She tugged her skirt up, stepping closer, her pussy inches from my face. It was perfect—pink, glowing, the folds flawless, her slit glistening.

When my mouth connected with it, and I licked instinctively, slurping like it was the best meal I'd had in years. Her juices flowed, sweet and warm, and she moaned softly, her hips shifting. My tongue plunged inside, then flicked her clit, circling fast, her moans growing louder.

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## EVENT

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**Reward: +5 Ability Point**

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## Chapter 132: Chapter 132

She snapped her fingers, and my body unlocked. I surged up, grabbing her hips, lifting her back onto the counter, kissing her lips hard, my cock straining against my shorts, ready to burst. "Fuck," I groaned, my hands gripping her thighs.

"Good," she murmured, her hand sliding to my dick, squeezing through the fabric. "Keep this up, Evan. You might be my best subject yet."

I blinked, and she was gone. I stumbled forward, catching myself on the counter, gasping, my heart pounding. The room was empty, the beer bottle on the counter, still cold. "Fuck," I muttered. "She's dangerous."

"Evan?" Kim's voice came, sleepy, as she rubbed her eyes, yawning in the doorway, her pajama top barely covering her tits. "Heard you get up. It's five in the morning, what's wrong?"

"N-nothing..." I said, my voice shaky, still reeling.

"Oh my god, is that a boner?" she chuckled, eyeing my shorts. "Wet dream?"

"S-something like that," I muttered.

"Come here," she said, smirking, stepping closer. "I'll give you a handjob, then we'll sleep."

"Thanks..." I said, following her, my mind still on Dierella, her words, her taste, that fucking power.

Man... this was weird.

I walked to the couch and sat, the leather creaking under me, my body still buzzing from Dierella's visit. Kim followed, her pajama top barely holding her tits, her short brown hair messy from sleep.

She plopped down beside me, her eyes catching the bulge in my shorts, a smirk spreading across her face. Her hand reached out, fingers brushing my dick through the fabric, sending a jolt through me.

Then I slid my short down, revealing my cock.

"Holy fucking shit," Kim said, grabbing my cock, her grip firm, her eyes wide. "This... wow. Just what kind of dream did you have, Evan? This is hard as a rock." My dick was throbbing, leaking precum like crazy, the goddess's presence still burning in my veins, making me ache with need.

"Oh, I'm gonna cum..." I muttered, barely lasting ten seconds under her touch, the pressure overwhelming.

"What?" Kim asked, stroking me faster, her hand slick with precum. "Now?"

"Oh..." I groaned, and holy fuck, I came hard. The first shot hit the TV inches away, splattering the screen. The second went further, hitting the floor, the third landing on the couch across from us. The rest dripped lazily from my tip, pooling on my shorts, my legs



shaking, my body still on fire, horny as fuck despite the release. Dierella's power was unreal.

"That wasn't enough," I breathed, grabbing Kim by the hips, pulling her onto my lap, her thighs straddling me. "Wanna help me more?"

She chuckled, her eyes glinting with mischief. "You're full of surprises," she said, sliding off her shorts, tugging her panties aside, revealing her glistening pussy. "Come on, big boy. Fuck me."

I managed to gather my senses a little and remembered I had five unspent ability points. I dumped two into Pleasure, maxing it out, then two into Libido, maxing that too. The last point went into Strength, feeling the rush of power settle in.

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### **- CURRENT STATS**

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**- Strength: 3**

**- Charm : 12**

**- Manipulative Charm**

↳ **Honeyed Words** (□□□□□)

↳ **Gaslight** (□□□□□)

**- Emotional Charisma**

**- Seductive Allure**

**- Libido : 10**

**- Pleasure: 10**

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The two points in Pleasure hit like a fucking lightning bolt. I slid inside Kim's pussy, her warmth gripping me tight, and she moaned loud, her arms wrapping around me, hugging me close. "God... it feels different, Evan," she gasped, her voice shaking, her body trembling against mine.

"I know," I said, kissing her neck, my lips lingering on her skin, tasting the faint salt of her sweat. "And you fucking love it."

Fuck. I'd have to reset Pleasure to raise the max level to twenty, but I'd only get half the points back. I needed to grind quests, no question. Had to.

Kim bounced on my dick, her hips rolling, her pussy squeezing me with every move, her moans filling the room. I leaned in, my tongue flicking over her nipple, hard and pink, sucking it gently, then harder. She hugged me tighter, her nails digging into my shoulders, her breaths short. "Fuck, Evan, your tongue... so good," she panted, her bounces faster, her tits jiggling against my chest.

"You're so fucking tight, Kim," I growled, my hands on her hips, guiding her rhythm. "Love how your pussy feels, baby, riding me like this." My hand slid around, my fingers finding her asshole, teasing the rim, then slipping inside, slow and slick. She moaned louder, her body shuddering, her pussy clenching around my cock.

"Evan, oh god, your fingers..." Kim gasped, her voice raw, her bounces growing frantic, her ass tightening around my finger as I worked it deeper. I was getting close, the heat building, my cock throbbing inside her, the Pleasure stat amplifying every sensation.

Kim's moans turned to cries, her body shaking, her pussy pulsing as she came, her juices dripping down my cock, her nails clawing my back. "Fuck, Evan, I'm cumming!" she screamed, her hips bucking, her breath ragged.

I grabbed her shoulders, lifting her off me, and stood, my legs steady thanks to that new Strength point. I walked her to the window, the rain still falling lazily outside, neon lights flickering. Kim leaned back while I was still holding her in the air, her hands gripping the windowsill, her legs spread, her pussy glistening. I slid back inside her, thrusting hard, my cock slamming deep, the sound of our bodies meeting loud in the quiet room.

"Fuck, Kim, you're so goddamn perfect," I growled, my hands on her hips, pounding into her, the city lights glowing behind her. "Love fucking this pussy."

"Which one do you prefer?" She quipped. "Mine, Jasmine's or Tessa's?"

"Is that a trick question?" I chuckled, then kissed her on the lips.

"God, Evan, fuck me harder," she moaned, her head tilting back, her tits bouncing with each thrust. "Give it to me, baby, fill me up."

My climax built, fast and unstoppable, my cock twitching like crazy. I pushed deep, groaning loud, and came hard, my cum flooding her pussy, spurt after spurt, my body shaking. "Fuck, Kim," I panted, my dick still pulsing.

"Wow," Kim gasped, her voice breathy, her hands still on the windowsill. "I could feel your cum in me, Evan, you came so fucking hard." She laughed softly, her body trembling, her pussy still gripping me.

I leaned in, kissing her lips, soft and slow, tasting her, the rain pattering outside. She kissed me back, her arms wrapping around my neck, and we stood there, catching our breath, the city humming beyond the glass.



**- Evan Marlowe (Lvl 7)**

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**- Age: 21**

**- Height: 180 cm**

**- Weight: 73 kg**

=====

**- EXP:** [REDACTED] \*\*\*\*\* 590/777

Last night... I got hit with a premature ejaculation penalty after fucking Kim. Well—blame Dierella. Her damn presence made my dick so sensitive I couldn't stop cumming. But whatever, I was fine with it, especially with those free points to spend.

I was munching cereal, scrolling for quests on my phone. Thanks to Kim, we had easy breakfast options for lazy mornings like this.

"Huh. That's good," I muttered, spotting a new quest.

**- Quest Available**

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**- Title: After the Night**

### - Task: Text Delilah

**- Reward: +60 EXP**

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**- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]**

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I hit accept and exhaled. I was gonna text Delilah anyway, check on her, maybe apologize for yesterday. Fuck, why did I kiss her? What if she told her daughter, Ivy? I'd fucked up big time. Shit.

I grabbed my phone, unlocked it, my finger hovering over Delilah's name. What the hell do I even say?

'Hey, Ms. Komb,' I texted, then waited, my gut twisting.

## Quest Completed

**Title: After the Night**

**Reward: 60 EXP**

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Kissing her? Fucking stupid. Jerking off to her panties was bad enough, but I let my instincts take over and kissed her.

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**- Evan Marlowe (Lvl 7)**

=====

**- Age: 21**

**- Height: 180 cm**

**- Weight: 73 kg**

=====

**- EXP: [REDACTED] 650/777**

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No reply. Good. She was probably sleeping, busy, or just ignoring me. Julia hadn't answered my text either. Damn, getting ghosted left and right. Fuck my life.

Kim, done washing dishes, dried her hands on a towel and sat across from me, her short brown hair still messy from sleep.

"So," she said, eyeing me. "You calm down yet?"

"Hmm?" I mumbled, then caught her meaning. "Oh, yeah. Sorry, I was... stupid horny for some reason."

She chuckled, her gaze sharpening. "You okay? You've been staring at your phone with that face."

"That face?"

"Yeah, like... waiting?" she asked. "What's up?"

"I don't know," I said, setting the phone down. "Just distracted, I guess."

"I can tell," she said, leaning back. "Any reason why?"

"Having no job's throwing me off," I lied. "Just sitting around, you know. Need something to keep my mind busy."

"Yeah..." she said, nodding slowly. "I get that."

My phone buzzed. I snatched it up—Delilah. Fuck, she replied. My thumb froze over the notification, scared to open it. Was she pissed? Disappointed?

'Hey.'

Just... hey? At least she answered. What the fuck do I say back? Apologize for kissing her? Beg forgiveness? Honesty, maybe—tell her I've wanted her since I first saw her but held back because of Ivy. Nah, no way I could say that.

"Who's that?" Kim asked, a hint of jealousy in her voice.

"Eh, no one," I said, shrugging. "Just, you know."

**Chapter 133: Chapter 133**

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## EVENT

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Kim's Interest -2

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"No one, huh?" she said, her tone sharp.

"Y-yeah."

Fuck. Her interest dropped because she knew I was bullshitting. She wanted the truth, but no way I could tell her about Delilah. That had to stay between us.

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## WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 30 / 40★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 22 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 20 / 40★

Delilah: Interest: 25 / 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.

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Guess I'd eat that loss for now. I locked my phone, still no clue how to reply to Delilah, and leaned back. Kim mirrored me, exhaling, leaning back too. This was boring as hell. I needed a quest, something to do.

Another buzz. I checked—Delilah again. Her name flashed, and my heart skipped.

'Let's meet at the coffee shop across from my apartment today. Nine p.m.'

Shit, she wanted to meet? No way I was saying no. I typed, 'Of course,' and sent it. Awkward as fuck, but whatever. Kissing her had already maxed out the awkwardness scale. Couldn't get worse.

A UI popped up—a daily task. I usually skipped these; the rewards were shit compared to regular quests. But this one caught my eye.

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Daily Task: Kiss Delilah

Reward: Special Event

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Special Event? No details when I tapped it. Guess I'd find out if I kissed her again. Fuck, what was she thinking of me right now?

"I don't like this," Kim said, her voice cutting through. "You're hiding something, Evan. Why not just tell me?"

"It's nothing," I said. "Just personal stuff. Trust me, not a big deal."

"If it's not a big deal, then tell me," she pressed, leaning forward, elbows on the table, her eyes locked on mine.

"Kim, really," I said, forcing a smile. "Forget it, alright? You've got your own stuff, you don't need mine."

"What am I to you, Evan?" she asked, her voice sharp, leaning closer. "Just a fucktoy you don't talk to? 'Kim, come here, I'm hard. Thanks, now shut up and leave me alone'?"

"What?" I said, caught off guard.

"It was like this with Tom," she said, her eyes watering, voice trembling. "He'd act the same. Said it was nothing when he checked his phone, kept secrets, talked quiet. Then he kicked me out."

I stood, crouched beside her, and grabbed her hands, her skin warm against mine. "Kim, I'm not Tom. You can trust me, always."

"Then why won't you talk to me?" she asked, tears spilling, her voice breaking. "Huh, Evan?"

Fuck, what kind of an animal I was? I had to tell her the truth, I couldn't make her cry after what went down with Tom. She was having difficulties trusting others and she definitely didn't need my lies.

"Fine," I sighed, giving in. "It's about a woman. Yesterday, I kissed her. Shouldn't have, but I did. I've loved her my whole life but never said anything because she's my friend's mom."

Kim's face shifted instantly, tears gone, her eyes narrowing, half-lidded. Fuck, crocodile tears? She played me?

"Huh. A woman," she said, her voice icy. "Well, aren't you a playboy, Evan. Jasmine, Tessa, and I aren't enough? Got a second dick we don't know about?"

"You... tricked me?" I said, stunned.

"Tricked the shit out of you, big boy," she said, smirking, giving my cheek a playful slap. "Don't hide stuff from me again. Now spill—who's this woman? I want every detail."

Damn, Kim was sharp. Tricky as hell.



In order to empty my mind before I talked to Delilah, I decided to head to Burney's, grabbing myself a black coffee and watching the rainy streets. The cigarette in the ashtray smoked curling up, most of the tables were empty.

And, thanks to Charm, the table across me, there was a woman sitting alone. We kept meeting eyes. At first I'd look away, then realized I actually had a shot. So I started



holding her gaze, smiling, nodding. She'd return it, sip her coffee, and go back to her book.

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- Quest Available

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- Title: Say Hello

- Task: Talk to the stranger.

- Reward: +40 EXP

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- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

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Of course a quest popped up. With Charm at 12, I might actually pull this off. I hit Yes, exhaled, and steeled myself. Just walk over. Say something. Anything.

"Alright, Evan," I muttered. "Just go talk to her. Come on."

I finished my coffee, took one last drag, crushed the cigarette in the ashtray. Then I stood and started walking. Every step felt like the floor was stretching, the café expanding. And then—she put her book down and looked right at me, a small smile on her lips.

Dark skin, long wavy dark-brown hair, short tight skirt, white crop top. Her ass was huge, thighs thick as hell. My mind flashed to sliding my dick between them, rubbing against that soft skin.

"Hello," I said, smiling. "Thought I'd come say hi."

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Quest Completed

Title: Say Hello

Reward: 40 EXP

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"Hey," she replied, warm, and gestured to the empty chair. "Of course. I was getting bored anyway. Wouldn't say no to company."

"What are you reading?" I asked, sitting.

"H.P. Lovecraft," she said. "You know him?"

"Everyone knows him, right?" I grinned. "Tried one of his short stories once. Dude really doesn't believe in dialogue, huh?"

She laughed, soft and low. "Yeah. That's what I like, though. The paragraphs are walls of text—hard on the eyes, but immersive."

I smiled, cleared my throat, and extended a hand. "Evan."

"Nala," she said, shaking it—firm, warm. "Nice to meet you."

"Likewise."

So... now what? Keep talking books? Ask about her day? How the hell did I ever score Julia or Lily with my lame lines? I needed to level up my game. If only the system had a 'Flirt' skill...

- Evan Marlowe (Lvl 7)

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- Age: 21

- Height: 180 cm

- Weight: 73 kg

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- EXP: [REDACTED] 690/777

She checked her phone, and slumped her shoulders, shaking her head as she let out a heavy sigh. Well, I guess I could use that subject to keep the conversation going.

"Bad news?" I asked.

"It's from my work," she replied. "I gotta fill in a report for the quarterly client audit. I'm a compliance officer at TechForge, one of those mid-sized software companies downtown. Means pulling all-night shifts reviewing data logs, making sure we're not violating any privacy regs. Irony, right? After that BrightWave mess."

"Huh," I said. "Glad you don't work at BrightWave, huh?"

"Oh, god, no," she chuckled. "I watched the news. Stock prices of Wave just plummeted down, did you see that?"

"No, but I kinda already guessed it would dip," I said, leaning back.

"Yeah, there's like millions of speculations about what kind of videos were shared in that group," she said, leaning in, her eyes narrowing with curiosity. "Some say it's gang-related stuff, like blackmail tapes or something shady."

"I don't think it'd be that," I said. "Maybe they were selling company secrets? Trade secrets, client lists—something corporate."

"I doubt that," she said, stirring her coffee, the spoon clinking. "I saw the video where Vanessa Harding was getting arrested. The cops told her something about 'illegal surveillance footage.' I wonder what kind of illegal surveillance he was talking about? Hidden cams in meetings? Or worse, personal stuff?"

"Yeah, I don't know," I lied, my stomach twisting slightly, but I kept my face neutral. "Probably some tech espionage gone wrong. BrightWave's always been in the spotlight for that kind of crap."

"True," she said, nodding, her spoon pausing mid-stir. "Speaking of crap, remember that storm a few weeks ago? The one that dumped rain for days? My basement flooded—had to call in a crew to pump it out. Cost a fortune, and I'm still drying out old boxes of files. What about you? How'd it hit your place?"

"Bad," I said, rubbing my neck. "Leaked through the roof in my apartment—water stains everywhere, mold starting to creep in."

"God, that sounds miserable," she said, wincing. "My commute was a nightmare too—the subway flooded, trains stuck underground. I walked ten blocks in that downpour, soaked to the bone, looking like a drowned rat. And the power outages? I lost half my fridge—milk, eggs, everything spoiled. Had to eat out for a week, which isn't cheap."

"Yeah, power flickered out for me too," I replied. "Candles and flashlights for two days straight. It sucks."

"I still need to buy new cosplay stuff for the convention," she muttered, her fingers drumming on her coffee mug, her eyes flicking back to her phone. "God, that's money, too."

"You cosplay?" I asked, leaning forward, genuinely curious, the café's hum fading around us.

"Oh," she said, as if she hadn't meant to let it slip, her cheeks tinting pink. "Just, you know, a little. My friend Emma cosplays and goes to these conventions. I just go along with her. To—eh, just... I don't know. Escape the office life."

"You really don't like working at TechForge, huh?"

"No, sir," she chuckled, shaking her head. "It's miserable. I mean, it pays well. But I'd rather earn less and not hate my life. Just saying."

"I hear you."

Another text pinged, and she grabbed her phone, exhaling sharply. She snatched her purse from the chair, her apologetic eyes meeting mine. Damn, this was it, huh? I missed my shot.

"I'm so sorry," she said, standing. "I need to go. Online meeting."

"It's cool," I said, standing too, my chair scraping the floor. "I'd actually like to see that cosplay event, though. Never been to one. Sounds fun."

"Really?" she asked, pausing, her hand on her purse strap. "Emma and I are doing 'My Life in Zararo' right now."

"What's... that?"

"It's an anime," she said, smiling. "I'm cosplaying as one of the teachers. Emma's a student. It's happening at the City Center Convention Hall in two days. Starts at nine in the morning."

"Sounds fun," I said. "Can I get your email?"

"My... email?" she asked, tilting her head.

"Y-yeah," I said, clearing my throat. "Didn't want to—uh, get your number straight away. Might come off as a creep. You gotta be careful these days."

She laughed, soft and easy. "How about my Instagram? Better than email, right?"

"Oh... yeah," I said, my face warming. "Am I that old?"



It was time... well, it'd been time for a while now. My phone showed ten o'clock, and Delilah was late. Maybe she'd changed her mind, decided she didn't want to see me after I kissed her on the lips. Fuck me, what a dumb move. My stomach twisted at the thought.

I dialed Ivy, my fingers shaky. Couldn't call Delilah directly—her phone was either dead or she'd blocked me.

"Evan?" Ivy picked up, her voice casual. "What's up?"

"Hey," I said, trying to sound normal. "Do you know where Ms. Komb is? She was supposed to send me a video of her computer. Said it was making weird noises."

"No idea," Ivy said. "I won't be home tonight, though. She's probably at home."

"Oh, okay," I said. "Thanks. Have fun."

"Yep. See you."

"Hmm."

I sipped my americano, leaning back in the coffee shop chair, the bustle around me loud—people chatting, cups clinking.

Out of boredom, I unlocked my phone, scrolling through news. Nothing new on Karim. No texts from Juliet. Not even Delilah. Fuck, this was bad.

"Nala..." I muttered, typing her username into Instagram's search bar. Her profile was private, so I sent a follow request and set my phone down, tapping my foot to a random beat in my head, trying to kill time.

Damn, just as I was about to head to the restroom, I caught a woman glancing my way. Charm was working its magic, but I needed more—twenty, maybe. First, Pleasure or Libido, then Strength, then Charm. Hell, maxing Charm and landing a modeling gig at Nuppia sounded... tempting. Who knows?

"Come on, Delilah," I muttered, staring at my phone. "Where are you?"

I dialed her again, and she picked up after one ring, her voice heavy, strained. "Evan."

"Ms. Komb," I said, my heart jumping. "Where are you? You okay?"

"Home," she said, her voice cracking, like she'd been crying. "You can come. I don't feel like going out today."

"S-sure," I said. "You sure you're okay?"

"Yes," she whispered, barely audible. "Just... come in ten minutes, okay?"

"Okay..."

I lingered in the coffee shop, watching the rain-soaked city through the window, neon lights smearing in the wet haze. Ten minutes dragged by, and I got up, walked out, and hurried across the street to her apartment building. I climbed the stairs, my steps echoing, and stopped at her door. Took a deep breath, knocked. Movement inside, then the lock clicked.

The door opened, and there she was... Delilah. Her eyes were red, swollen, tears staining her cheeks, her hair a disheveled mess. She wore a fluffy nightgown, barely reaching above her knees, clinging to her curves. She looked broken, sad, and it hit me like a punch. Did I do this to her? Fuck.

"Ms. Komb," I said, my voice soft. "W-what... happened?"

"Come in," she said, her voice sharp but trembling, stepping aside.

I walked in, shutting the door quietly, the dim corridor lit only by streetlamps filtering through open curtains, occasional car lights flashing across the living room. She stood in front of me, arms crossed, her eyes glistening, her lips quivering.

"Why did you do it?" she asked, her voice breaking, tears welling again. "Why did you help me, Evan?"

"Why?" I said, stepping closer, my heart pounding. "I overheard their plans, Ms. Komb. You have no idea what kind of fucked-up shit they were saying. You wanted me to do nothing?"

"What did you overhear?" she asked, her voice small, her hands trembling as she hugged herself tighter.

"Putting pills in your coffee. Selling your body, taking videos of you. Blackmailing you into screwing those perverts at BrightWave," I said, my voice rising. "You wanted me to just stand there, Delilah?"

I stepped closer, cupping her tear-streaked cheeks with both hands, her skin warm, her eyes searching mine, raw with emotion.

"Of course I'd do something."

"You didn't have to," she whispered, her voice cracking, a tear slipping free as she looked down, her shoulders shaking. "You didn't have to make me feel so... exposed."

"You didn't have to save a stupid boy," I said, my voice steady, holding her face gently. "But you did. You didn't have to cook for him, help him, care for him. But you did, Delilah."

She nodded, her breath hitching, more tears streaming down, her lips trembling. "Why did you kiss me?" she asked, her voice barely a whisper, raw and vulnerable.

I paused, my throat tight. "Because you're always on my mind, Delilah. Seeing you there, so open, so hurt... I wanted to protect you, be there for you. I wanted to repay everything you've done for me. I don't know why I kissed you, but I don't regret it."

"You should find other girls," she said, her voice shaking, eyes still fixed on the floor, tears dripping. "I'm... I'm like... I'm chubby, Evan. I'm a mess."

Chubby? She was thick in all the right ways, a fucking goddess. "No. You're perfect."

"I have saggy breasts," she murmured, her voice breaking, her hands clutching her gown.

"You're perfect."

"I'm not social," she said, her tears falling faster, her voice cracking harder. "I'm awkward, always alone..."

"You're perfect."

"I'm old," she sobbed, her shoulders shaking, her voice barely holding together.

I stepped forward; she stepped back, her back hitting the door. "You're perfect."

"I'm... an idiot," she whispered, her voice breaking completely, tears streaming down her face.

I lifted her chin, forcing her to meet my eyes, our faces close. "You. Are. Perfect."

We stood there, her sobs quieting, her eyes locked on mine, glistening with tears. I leaned in, our noses brushing, my breath mixing with hers.

"You can push me away now, Delilah. I'll leave your life forever. You'll never see me again. I'm not forcing you into anything."

I leaned closer, our lips almost touching, waiting for her to push me away.

She didn't. I kissed her, soft at first, then deeper, and she kissed me back, her tears wet against my cheeks, her hands clutching my shirt. I held her chin, kissing her harder,



then wrapped my arms around her, lifting her slightly, her back against the door, her legs shyly wrapping around my waist so she wouldn't fall.

I pulled back, breathing hard. "You're perfect."

I kissed her again, her lips trembling against mine.

I pulled back. "You're perfect."

This time, she leaned in, kissing me fiercely, her hands gripping my neck, her tears still falling but her body pressing closer. I carried her, still kissing, to the nearest room, pushing the door open. It was simple—music posters on the walls, a tidy single bed, a wardrobe by the window, rain blurring the glass, neon lights smearing outside.

"N-no," she gasped as I laid her on the bed, her back sinking into the mattress, me between her legs. "This is... Ivy's room."

"I don't care," I said, my voice low, hungry.

I leaned in, kissing her again, ravenous. The quest completion screen flashed, but I swiped it away. I didn't give a fuck. I kept kissing her, my hands roaming her curves, her gown slipping up. She was mine. My friend's mom, yeah, but I didn't care. Delilah was mine, finally, completely.

I kept kissing Delilah, my lips pressing hard against hers, her soft moans vibrating in her throat as her hands clutched my shoulders, trembling. My fingers found the hem of her fluffy nightgown, and I slid it up, peeling it off completely. Her tits spilled out, full and gorgeous, nipples hard in the dim neon glow filtering through the rain-blurred window of Ivy's room.

"Saggy?" I whispered into her ear, my voice low, teasing, my breath hot against her skin. "You'd put Nuppia models to shame, Delilah."

She exhaled shakily, her face flushing deep red, her eyes glistening with embarrassment and want, tears still clinging to her lashes. Her chest heaved, her breath uneven, her vulnerability laid bare.

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## EVENT

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**Delilah's Interest +8**

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"You have no idea how much I wanted this," I said, my fingers circling her nipple, teasing it slowly, watching her squirm, while my other hand roamed her waist, tracing the curve of her thick hips. "Back at uni, when you gave me your panties... I imagined this. You, under me. I'd sniff them, jerk off, picturing you like this."

"Y-you're..." she stammered, her voice breaking, her face burning hotter, a fresh tear slipping down her cheek.

My hand slid lower, pushing the nightgown aside, finding her pussy—wet as fuck, her folds slick and warm. She gasped, her body arching, her eyes squeezing shut. "You have no idea how I wanted to fuck you," I whispered, my lips brushing her ear. "How I wanted to hear you scream my name. How I wanted to feel you."

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## **WOMEN - INTERACTIONS**

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**Jasmine: Interest: 30 / 40★**

**Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20**

**Tessa: Interest: 22 / 40★**

**Kim: Interest: 20 / 40★**

**Delilah: Interest: 33 / 40★**

**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.

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## Chapter 135: Chapter 135

I yanked off my pants, my cock springing free, throbbing so hard it hurt, precum dripping from the tip. Delilah's eyes widened, and she leaned in shyly, her trembling fingers brushing my dick. It pulsed under her touch, twitching, eager.

"S-so hard..." she muttered, her voice barely a whisper, her fingers wrapping around me, hesitant but curious, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

I rubbed my cock against her belly, smearing precum across her soft skin, marking her. "Because of you, Delilah. You did this to me."

She gulped, her breath hitching, then spread her legs wide, one arm covering her face, hiding her shyness, her cheeks burning deeper red. I grabbed her wrists, pinning them above her head with one hand, my body hovering over hers on the bed.

"No," I said, my voice firm but soft. "I want to see your face when I enter you. I want to see all of you."

Her eyes met mine, wide, glistening with tears, her lips trembling, her face flushed with embarrassment and raw emotion. "Evan..." she whispered, her voice cracking, her vulnerability spilling over.

I grabbed her thighs, lifting them slightly, her legs parting further, her pussy glistening in the neon glow. I aimed my cock at her entrance, the tip brushing her wet folds, teasing her. She gasped, her body tensing, her eyes locked on mine, nervous but wanting.

I pushed in slowly, my cock sliding into her tight, wet heat, her pussy gripping me like a vice.

This was it. I was fucking her, and on Ivy's bed, no less. For some reason, that fueled me with... fuck. It was hard to describe.

She moaned, loud and shaky, her eyes fluttering, her lips parting as her head tilted back into the pillow. "Fuck, Delilah," I groaned, my hands gripping her thighs, thrusting deeper, feeling her stretch around me. "You're so fucking tight."

"Evan..." she whimpered, her voice breaking, her hands straining against my grip, her face a mix of pleasure and lingering shyness. "It's... too much..."

"No, it's not," I murmured, my lips brushing hers, soft and slow, tasting the salt of her tears as I held her wrists pinned above her head.

Her body trembled beneath me, her thighs spread wide, her pussy glistening in the neon glow filtering through the rain-blurred window of Ivy's room. The bed creaked softly, the rain pattering outside, mixing with her shaky breaths.

"You're everything, Delilah. Every fucking inch of you is perfect."

I pushed my cock deeper into her tight, wet heat, feeling her pussy grip me like a vice, her warmth pulling me in. She moaned, loud and raw, her eyes fluttering shut, her lips parting as her head sank into the pillow.

"Fuck, Delilah," I groaned, my hands sliding to her hips, gripping her soft curves as I thrust slow and deep, savoring every second. "I've dreamed of this for years. You under me, moaning my name, your body mine."

Her eyes opened, glistening with tears, her cheeks flushed red, her vulnerability laid bare. "Evan... I-I don't deserve this," she whispered, her voice cracking, tears spilling down her face, her lips trembling. "I'm... I'm not good enough for you."

"You're more than enough," I growled, leaning down to kiss her neck, my lips trailing along her jaw, tasting her skin, her pulse racing under my touch. "You're fucking perfect, Delilah. Your curves, your heart, the way you cared for me—every part of you drives me insane." My thrusts grew steadier, deeper, her moans filling the room, her body arching into me, her tits bouncing softly with each movement.

"Evan..." she gasped, her voice breaking, her hands twisting in my grip, her eyes searching mine, raw with emotion. "You... you really mean that? After everything?"

"Every word," I said, my voice low, my hips moving faster, my cock throbbing inside her tight pussy. "I've wanted you since uni, Delilah. Those times you helped me, cooked for me, gave me your fucking panties—I'd jerk off thinking of you, imagining this moment, your body under mine, your moans in my ears." My hand slid to her tit, squeezing gently, my thumb teasing her hard nipple, making her whimper, her body trembling harder.

Her breath hitched, her pussy clenching tighter around me, her moans turning desperate, her tears streaming faster. "Evan... oh god... you make me feel..." she sobbed, her voice raw, her eyes squeezing shut. "Like I'm... beautiful."

"You are," I said, my lips brushing her ear, my thrusts relentless, my Pleasure stat amplifying every sensation. "So fucking beautiful. Your thick hips, your perfect tits, your

wet pussy gripping me so tight—I could fuck you forever, Delilah." I released her wrists, and her hands flew to my shoulders, nails digging into my skin, pulling me closer as I pounded into her, the bed creaking louder.

"Evan... I've never..." she whimpered, her voice breaking, her tears mixing with sweat, her body shaking beneath me. "I've never felt this... wanted... not like this..." Her legs wrapped tighter around my waist, her hips bucking to meet my thrusts, her moans growing louder, more desperate, her pussy pulsing around my cock.

"You're wanted," I growled, kissing her hard, my tongue sliding against hers, tasting her need. "I've wanted you every fucking day, Delilah. Your curves drive me wild, your tears make me want to protect you, your moans make me lose control." My hand slid between us, my fingers finding her clit, rubbing slow circles, making her cry out, her body arching off the bed.

"Evan... oh fuck..." she moaned, her voice raw, her eyes wide and glistening, her face flushed with pleasure and emotion. "I'm... I'm gonna..."

Her words cut off as her body tensed, her pussy clenching hard around my cock, her moans turning to screams.

She came, her body shaking violently, her juices soaking my cock, dripping onto the sheets, her nails clawing my back, her tears streaming as she gasped my name.

"Evan... Evan!"

"Fuck, yes, Delilah," I groaned, my thrusts slowing but deep, riding her through her orgasm, her pussy pulsing around me, her body trembling under my hands. "Look at you, cumming so hard for me, so fucking gorgeous. Your face, your moans—goddamn, you're perfect."

She panted, her chest heaving, her eyes half-lidded, tears still slipping down her cheeks as she looked up at me, her lips trembling. "Evan... you... you made me feel..." she whispered, her voice shaky, raw with emotion. "I didn't know... it could feel like this..."

I leaned down, kissing her softly, my cock still buried deep inside her, throbbing harder, my climax building fast. "You have no idea what you do to me," I murmured against her lips, my voice rough. "Your body, your pussy, the way you look at me—I'm losing my fucking mind, Delilah." My thrusts picked up, harder, faster, her moans starting again, softer now, her body still sensitive from her orgasm.

"Evan... you're so... intense," she whispered, her hands gripping my arms, her eyes locked on mine, still glistening, her face flushed and beautiful. "The way you look at me... like I'm everything..."

"You are," I growled, my hips slamming into her, my cock throbbing, so close to the edge. "You're my everything, Delilah. Your thick thighs, your perfect tits, your wet pussy—I've wanted to fuck you senseless, make you scream, make you mine."

Her eyes widened, her breath hitching, a fresh tear slipping free. "Evan... don't... don't cum inside," she whispered, her voice trembling, a mix of shyness and urgency. "Please..."

I nodded, my body tense, my cock pulsing inside her tight heat. "Okay," I said, kissing her once more, then pulling out, her pussy clinging to me as I left her warmth. I grabbed my cock, stroking fast, my eyes locked on her—her flushed face, her tear-streaked cheeks, her full tits heaving, her legs still spread, her pussy glistening with her cum.

"Fuck, Delilah," I groaned, my hand pumping my cock, my climax hitting hard. A thick rope of cum shot out, hitting her cheek, making her gasp, her eyes wide with shock. The rest spilled across her tits, painting her skin, dripping down her curves as I groaned, my body shaking, my cock twitching with every spurt. "Goddamn, you're so fucking beautiful..."

We stared at each other, her chest heaving, her eyes glistening, a mix of shock, pleasure, and vulnerability on her face, my cum glistening on her skin in the neon light. She reached up, her fingers trembling as she wiped the cum from her cheek, her eyes locked on mine, her lips parted.

"You'll regret this," she whispered, her voice cracking, her eyes dropping, tears welling again. "Having sex with a woman like me... I'm not worth it, Evan."

My cock twitched, still hard, pulsing at her words, and her eyes flicked to it, widening slightly. I leaned closer, my hand cupping her face, brushing away a tear. "Guess it's time for me to prove you wrong," I said, my voice low, firm, my eyes burning into hers.

She hesitated, then wiped more cum from her cheek, her fingers lingering on her skin, her eyes softening. "Your cum... it feels... different," she whispered, her voice shy, almost curious. "It feels good on my skin... warm, like... it's part of you."

I chuckled, my thumb tracing her jaw. "I have that effect on women," I said, smirking, my heart still racing.

She chuckled too, shyly, her cheeks flushing deeper, her eyes flicking away, then back to mine, a small smile breaking through her tears. "You're... something else, Evan," Delilah murmured, her voice soft, her vulnerability still raw but easing, the neon glow casting soft shadows across her cum-streaked skin. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes glistening with a mix of lingering tears and newfound warmth, her full tits glistening with my cum, her breath still uneven from our intensity.

**Chapter 136: Chapter 136**

I lay back on the bed, the mattress creaking under me, my cock still hard, throbbing. The rain pattered against the window, the neon lights outside smearing colors across the room, painting her curves in hues of pink and blue.

I looked up at her, my heart pounding, my body buzzing with need. "Delilah," I said, my voice low, a hungry edge to it, "I want to see you bouncing on my cock. I want to watch you ride me, every fucking inch of you moving for me."

She gulped, her eyes widening, her cheeks flushing deeper as she bit her lip, her shyness creeping back. Her hands fidgeted, one still sticky with my cum, the other clutching the edge of her discarded nightgown. Slowly, she shifted, straddling me, her thick thighs framing my hips, her pussy hovering just above my cock, wet and glistening, her folds pink and swollen from our earlier fucking. She hesitated, her breath hitching, her eyes flicking to mine, nervous but wanting.

"Fuck, Delilah," I groaned, my hands resting on her hips, feeling the softness of her skin, the curve of her body. "Look at you. You're a fucking goddess. Your pussy's so wet, dripping for me, your tits glowing in this light. I could stare at you forever."

Her body was a fucking beautiful sight—her full breasts, streaked with my cum, bounced slightly as she moved, her dark hair falling in messy waves over her shoulders, her thick thighs trembling with anticipation. The neon glow made her skin shimmer, her pussy so close to my cock I could feel its heat, her wetness brushing my tip, teasing me.

She grabbed my cock, her fingers trembling but firm, guiding it to her entrance, her breath shaky as she aligned me with her slick folds. "Evan..." she whispered, her voice barely audible, her eyes locked on mine for a moment before dropping, her shyness overwhelming her again.

"Goddamn, Delilah," I said, my voice rough, my hands tightening on her hips. "You're so fucking beautiful. I want to feel that tight pussy slide down my cock, take every inch of me. You're gonna look so fucking perfect riding me." My words made her blush harder, her lips parting, but she didn't speak, just nodded slightly, her breath quickening.

She lowered herself, my cock sliding into her wet heat, her pussy stretching around me, gripping me tight as she sank down fully. She moaned, loud and raw, her head tilting back, her mouth open, her eyes fluttering shut.

"Fuck, yes," I groaned, my hands guiding her hips, feeling her warmth envelop me completely. "That's it, Delilah. Your pussy feels so fucking good, so tight, so wet. Look at you, taking me like you were made for this."

Her thighs trembled as she started to move, slow at first, her hips rocking, her pussy sliding up and down my cock, her juices coating me, dripping down my shaft. Her tits bounced with each movement, the cum on her skin catching the neon light, making her glow like a fucking dream.



"Fuck, Delilah," I said, my voice thick with lust, my eyes locked on her. "You're so good. Your tits bouncing, your pussy gripping me so hard—I've never seen anything hotter. Ride me, show me how much you want this."

She moaned softly, her hands pressing against my chest for balance, her nails digging into my skin as she picked up her pace, her hips rolling faster, her pussy clenching tighter. The bed creaked beneath us, the rain outside a steady rhythm matching her movements. Her face was flushed, her lips parted, her breath coming in short gasps, her shyness melting under the pleasure.

"Evan..." she whimpered, her voice shaky, barely audible, her eyes flicking to mine, then away, her cheeks burning.

"Fuck, you're killing me," I growled, my hands sliding up to her tits, squeezing them, my thumbs teasing her hard nipples, making her gasp. "Your body's so fucking perfect, Delilah. Your pussy's so wet, so tight, it's driving me crazy. I've wanted this for so long, to see you like this, riding my cock, moaning for me." My Pleasure stat made every sensation electric, her pussy squeezing me in ways that sent sparks through my body, her moans fueling my hunger.

Her movements grew desperate, her hips grinding harder, her pussy pulsing around me, her breaths turning to cries. I could feel her getting close, her pussy tightening, her moans louder, more urgent.

"Come on, Delilah," I said, my voice rough, my hands gripping her hips, helping her move, thrusting up to meet her. "Cum for me. Let me see that beautiful face when you lose it. I want to feel your pussy cum all over my cock."

My words pushed her over the edge, and she cried out, her body convulsing, her pussy clenching so hard it nearly sent me over too. Her juices flooded me, dripping down my cock, her moans echoing in the room as she came, her head thrown back, her body shaking, her nails clawing my chest.

"Fuck, yes, Delilah," I groaned, my hands squeezing her hips, my cock throbbing inside her as she rode out her orgasm, her pussy pulsing, her body glowing in the neon light. "You're so fucking gorgeous when you cum. Your face, your tits, your pussy squeezing me—you're perfect."

She panted, her chest heaving, her eyes half-lidded as she slowed, her body trembling, her pussy still twitching around me.

"Don't stop," I said, my voice low, hungry, my hands guiding her hips to keep moving. "Your pussy's still so wet, still so tight. Keep riding me, Delilah. I want to see you cum again, want to feel you lose it all over my cock."



My words made her blush harder, her lips parting, but she obeyed, her hips starting to rock again, slower at first, then faster, her pussy sliding up and down my cock, her juices making every thrust slick and perfect.

Her tits bounced again, the cum on her skin glistening, her thick thighs trembling as she rode me, her moans softer now but growing louder.

"You look like a fucking dream," I said, my hands sliding to her ass, squeezing her soft curves, helping her move. "Your body's made for this, Delilah. Your pussy's gripping me so hard, your tits bouncing like that—I could watch you ride me forever. You feel so fucking good." My Pleasure stat amplified every sensation, her warmth and wetness driving me wild, my cock throbbing inside her.

She moaned, her hands pressing harder against my chest, her hips grinding faster, her pussy clenching tighter as she chased another climax.

"Fuck, Delilah," I growled, my voice rough, my hands squeezing her ass, my hips thrusting up to meet her. "You're so fucking perfect. Your pussy's so tight, so wet, it's driving me insane. Cum for me again, let me feel you."

Her breaths turned to cries, her body trembling, her pussy pulsing as she rode me harder, her eyes squeezing shut, her lips parting in a silent scream.

"Evan... oh... I'm... I'm gonna..." she gasped, her voice barely audible, her body shaking as she came again, her pussy clenching so tight it nearly pushed me over the edge, her juices soaking me, dripping down my balls. Her body convulsed, her tits bouncing, her moans filling the room, raw and desperate. "Oh god... Evan..."

"Yes, Delilah," I groaned, my hands gripping her hips, my cock throbbing inside her as she rode out her second orgasm, her body glowing, her face flushed and beautiful. "You're so fucking hot when you cum. Your pussy's squeezing me so tight, your body shaking like that—I'm fucking obsessed with you."

She panted, her body slowing, her chest heaving, her eyes opening to meet mine, shy but glowing with pleasure. I could feel my climax building, my cock throbbing harder. "Fuck, Delilah," I said, my voice rough, my hands tightening on her hips. "You're too much. Your pussy's gonna make me cum."

I slipped out of her, her pussy clinging to me as I left her warmth, and I got up off the bed, my cock slick and throbbing. Delilah slid off the bed as well, dropping to her knees in front of me, her eyes wide, her cheeks flushed, her hair messy and glowing in the neon light. "Suck it," I said, my voice low, my hand stroking my cock, still wet from her pussy.

She hesitated, then leaned in, her lips wrapping around my cock, her tongue swirling over the tip, tasting her own juices mixed with my precum. Her hands rested on my

thighs, her touch shy but eager, her mouth warm and wet as she sucked, her eyes flicking up to mine, nervous but wanting.

"Fuck, Delilah," I groaned, my hand in her hair, guiding her gently. "Your mouth feels so fucking good. Suck me, take it all."

She moaned softly, her lips sliding further down my cock, her tongue working me, her warmth driving me wild. My Pleasure stat made every sensation intense, her mouth pushing me closer to the edge.

"Goddamn, you're perfect," I growled, my hips moving slightly, my cock throbbing in her mouth. "Your lips, your tongue—I'm gonna cum, Delilah."

My climax hit, and I groaned loud, my cock pulsing as I came hard, spilling into her mouth, spurt after spurt. She swallowed, her throat working, her eyes squeezing shut as she took it all, her hands gripping my thighs. My body trembled, the pleasure overwhelming, my cock twitching as the last of my cum filled her mouth.

I panted, my legs shaky, my hand still in her hair as she pulled back, her lips glistening, her cheeks flushed. She looked up at me, her eyes soft, shy, but glowing with something new—confidence, maybe, or trust.

The rain pattered outside, the neon lights casting a soft glow over her, her skin shimmering, her hair falling in waves around her face. I knelt in front of her, cupping her cheek, my thumb brushing her lips. "You're fucking incredible, Delilah," I said, my voice soft, my heart still racing. "Absolutely perfect."

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**- Sexual Activity Completed**

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**Partner: Delilah**

**EXP Gained: +97**

**Star Rating: 4.3 ★★★★★**

**Reason: -**

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She smiled, small and shy, her eyes meeting mine, the room quiet except for the rain and our breathing, the neon glow wrapping us in a warm, intimate haze. The air felt heavy with what we'd just shared, her skin still shimmering with the afterglow, her hair a

messy cascade around her face. I sat on the edge of Ivy's bed, the mattress creaking, then lay back, patting the space beside me.

"Come here, Delilah," I said, my voice soft, a gentle pull in my tone.

She hesitated, her cheeks flushing again, her fingers fidgeting with the edge of the sheet. "Wait a minute," she mumbled, her voice barely above a whisper, and hurried off, her bare feet padding quickly across the floor. I smiled, leaning back on my elbows, waiting, the rain's steady rhythm filling the silence.

A few minutes later, she returned, her face redder, her eyes avoiding mine as she stood in the doorway. "I... had to brush my teeth," she said, her voice embarrassed, almost apologetic. "Didn't want to... bother you."

I chuckled, my chest warm at her nervousness. "This side of you is just so cute, Delilah," I said, grinning, my eyes tracing her silhouette in the neon light, her curves soft and inviting in the dim room.

## **Chapter 137: Chapter 137**

She crawled onto the bed, settling beside me, her head resting on my shoulder, her hair tickling my skin. I kissed her temple, my lips lingering, and wrapped an arm around her shoulder, pulling her close. We stared at the ceiling, the neon glow casting faint patterns above us, the rain a soothing backdrop. Her warmth against me felt right, like she belonged there.

"No more Ms. Komb, huh?" she said softly, her voice teasing but shy, her breath warm against my chest.

I smiled, my fingers tracing circles on her shoulder. "No more Ms. Komb. Not after we had sex on your daughter's bed."

Her face flushed bright red, her eyes widening as she gasped. "Oh my god, we really had sex in Ivy's bed," she said, her voice a mix of shock and embarrassment, her hand covering her mouth.

She tried to sit up, but I tightened my arm around her, keeping her close. "Relax, Delilah," I said, my voice calm but firm. "I called Ivy already. She's not coming home tonight. Just stay here with me."

She hesitated, her body tense for a moment, then softened, settling back against me, her head returning to my shoulder. "Okay..." she murmured, her voice small, trusting.

We lay there for a moment, the quiet wrapping around us, until she spoke again, her voice quieter, almost hesitant. "Did you really... sniff my panties back in uni? Cum while doing it?"

I grinned, my cock giving a twitch at the memory, the sensation stirring me again. "Countless times," I said, my voice low, honest. "Every time I held them, I pictured you, Delilah. Your body, your smile, your everything. Got me so fucking hard."

Her breath hitched, and she reached down, her fingers brushing my cock, tentative at first, then bolder. She slapped it lightly against my belly, the sound echoing in the quiet room, a soft thwap that made my pulse quicken. My cock hardened instantly, throbbing under her touch, her fingers teasing, exploring.

"Fuck, Delilah," I groaned, my voice rough, my hips shifting slightly. "I need to fuck you again. I can't get enough of your body, your curves, the way you feel."

She chuckled, a soft, shy sound, her cheeks flushing as she looked up at me, her eyes sparkling in the neon light. "Let's do it in my room," she said, her voice quiet but warm, a small smile tugging at her lips.

I nodded, my heart racing. "Yeah, let's go."

I stood, my cock still hard, but as Delilah moved to get up, I bent down, scooping her into my arms. She gasped, her hands gripping my shoulders, her laugh light and nervous. "Oh my god, don't drop me!" she said, her voice a mix of amusement and worry, her body light in my arms despite her curves.

I stopped, looking into her eyes, my expression serious, my gaze locked on hers. "I like it when you laugh like that, Delilah," I said, my voice steady, earnest. "No matter how much you fight it, you're important to me."

Her smile faded to something softer, fainter, her eyes glistening with emotion. "No escape from you, huh?" she said, her voice barely above a whisper, her hands tightening on my shoulders.

I leaned in, kissing her forehead, my lips lingering on her warm skin. "No escape," I murmured, then carried her out of Ivy's room, her body pressed against mine, her legs dangling as I walked to her bedroom.

The hallway was dim, lit only by the streetlamps outside, the neon glow filtering through the curtains. Her bedroom door was ajar, and I pushed it open, stepping into a space that felt more like her—soft colors, a neatly made bed, a faint scent of lavender lingering in the air.

After shutting the door, I put her on the bed, my cock still hard, throbbing with need as I looked at her—her full tits, her thick hips, her dark hair spilling over the pillow. "Fuck, Delilah," I said, my voice low, hungry. "You're so fucking gorgeous. I could spend all night exploring every inch of you."

She blushed, her eyes flicking away, then back to mine, her smile small but real. I leaned down, kissing her lips, soft at first, then deeper, my hands roaming her body, feeling her warmth, her softness. Her hands found my chest, her touch tentative but eager, pulling me closer as our kiss deepened, the rain outside a steady rhythm, the neon glow wrapping us in its intimate haze.

"Hey," I said, stepping beside the bed, my voice low and rough, my cock still hard, throbbing with need. "Get on all fours, Delilah. I wanna see your ass as you take me."

"O-okay..." she murmured, her voice softer but less hesitant than before, her cheeks still flushed but her eyes glinting with a new confidence.

She shifted on the bed, moving to her hands and knees, her thick hips swaying as she positioned herself doggy style. The neon glow from the window bathed her in pinks and blues, her curves glistening, her dark hair spilling over her shoulders.

I climbed onto the bed behind her, my hands finding her ass, spreading her cheeks wide. Her pink asshole and pussy were on full display, glistening with her arousal, her folds swollen and wet. "Fuck, Delilah," I groaned, my eyes locked on the sight, my cock twitching. "Your ass, your pussy—so fucking perfect." I leaned in, my tongue flicking over her tight asshole, tasting her.

"No, stop!" she gasped, her body tensing, her voice a mix of shock and playful protest, her hips jerking slightly.

I chuckled, pulling back, then licked her ass cheek instead before giving it a gentle bite, my teeth grazing her soft skin. She exhaled sharply, her body trembling. "You perv," she said, her voice teasing, a small laugh escaping her lips, less embarrassed now, her confidence growing.

"Guilty," I said, smirking, spitting into my hand and rubbing it over my cock, slicking it up. I positioned myself behind her, my tip brushing her wet pussy, teasing her entrance. "You ready for me, Delilah? Ready to take my cock like this?" I pushed in, slow at first, her pussy stretching around me, gripping me tight, her warmth pulling me in deep.

"Oh god, Evan," she moaned, her voice louder, more open, her hands gripping the sheets. "Yes, keep going... please..." Her hips rocked back slightly, meeting my thrust, her pussy soaking me, her ass jiggling with each movement.

Hot FUCKING damn that ass. What a sight.

"Fuck, you feel so good," I groaned, my hands gripping her hips, thrusting deeper, my cock sliding in and out of her tight heat. The bed creaked, the rain pattering outside, the neon glow casting shadows over her curves. "Your pussy's so fucking wet, Delilah, gripping me so tight. Look at that ass, bouncing for me—you're a fucking dream."

She moaned, her voice raw, her body moving with me, her confidence blooming. "Evan... yes, just like that," she gasped, her hips pushing back harder, her pussy clenching around me. "Don't stop... it feels so good..." Her words spurred me on, her ass slapping against my thighs, her tits swaying beneath her, the sight driving me wild.

I leaned forward, my hands sliding under her to knead her tits, my fingers teasing her hard nipples, making her cry out. "Goddamn, Delilah," I growled, my lips brushing her back, kissing the soft skin between her shoulder blades. "Your body's made for this. Your pussy's so perfect, your tits so full—I could fuck you all night." My thrusts grew faster, harder, her moans filling the room, her pussy dripping, her ass bouncing with every slam.

"Yes, Evan... harder," she moaned, her voice bold now, her shyness fading as she gave in to the pleasure, her body rocking back to meet me. "Fuck me... oh god, it's so good..." Her words were like fire, her pussy squeezing me tighter, her breaths coming in short, desperate gasps.

I kept fucking her, my cock throbbing, my Pleasure stat making every thrust electric, her wetness coating me, dripping down her thighs. Her moans grew louder, her body trembling, her pussy pulsing as she got close. "Cum for me, Delilah," I growled, my hands gripping her hips, slamming into her harder. "I wanna feel that pussy cum all over my cock, see that ass shake when you lose it."

"Evan... I'm..." she gasped, her voice breaking, her body tensing. Just as she was about to cum, the front door creaked open, and Ivy's voice echoed through the apartment. "Mother? I'm home! You sleeping?"

Delilah froze, her eyes wide with panic, her pussy clenching tight around me. I went faster, my cock pounding into her, pushing her over the edge. She came, her body convulsing, her juices flooding me, her moan barely stifled as she bit the pillow, her ass shaking, her pussy pulsing. "Oh god... she's here," she whispered, her voice trembling, panic mixing with pleasure, her body still trembling from her orgasm.

I was panicking too, my heart racing, but I couldn't stop, the thrill of Ivy being there pushing me closer to the edge. "Talk to her," I whispered, my voice rough, my hands kneading her tits, my lips kissing her back, my cock still thrusting deep. "I'm not stopping, Delilah. You feel too fucking good."

She moaned, muffled, her hand clamping over her mouth. "Y-yeah, I'm here, baby," she called out, her voice shaky, strained. "Just... a little sick."

Ivy's footsteps came closer, and she knocked on the bedroom door. "Are you okay?" she asked, her voice concerned.

Delilah's eyes widened, her body tensing again, her pussy clenching harder around me. "Don't open it!" she blurted, her voice high-pitched, panicked. "I'm... changing!"

I grabbed her hair, pulling her back gently, my lips crashing into hers, kissing her hard as I thrust deeper, the danger making my cock throb harder. "You're so fucking wet, Delilah," I whispered against her lips, breaking the kiss. "You like the danger, huh? Your pussy's soaking me."

She moaned, her hand over her mouth, her eyes squeezing shut as she fought to stay quiet. "Okay," Ivy said, clearing her throat. "Evan called today. You were supposed to send him a video of your computer."

Delilah's breath hitched, another moan slipping out as I fucked her harder, my cock slamming into her, her pussy pulsing again, so close to another climax. "Y-yeah, I... just did that," she managed, her voice trembling, her body shaking under me.

"What's that, Mom?" Ivy asked, her voice closer, the door handle rattling slightly.

"Just... changing!" Delilah gasped, breaking our kiss, her hand still over her mouth, her pussy clenching tighter as I pounded into her, my hands squeezing her tits, my lips grazing her ear.

"Fuck, Delilah," I whispered, my voice rough, my cock throbbing, so close to the edge. "Your pussy's so tight, so wet. You love this, don't you? Ivy right there, and you're cumming for me." The situation was pushing me over, the thrill of fucking her with her daughter so close driving me wild.

"Evan... I'm..." she moaned, her voice muffled, her body trembling as she neared another climax. "Oh god..."

"I'm gonna cum inside you," I growled, my hands gripping her hips, my cock throbbing, ready to burst. "I wanna feel what it's like to fill your pussy, Delilah."

"No," she whispered, shaking her head, her voice desperate but weak, her pussy clenching hard. "Please... not inside..."

I couldn't stop, my climax hitting like a wave, my cock pulsing as I emptied myself inside her, spurt after spurt, my cum filling her pussy, my body shaking with the intensity. At the same time, she came again, her pussy convulsing around me, her juices mixing with my cum, her moan stifled as she bit her hand, her body trembling, her ass shaking against me.

"Well, I'm gonna sleep, Mom. Night," Ivy called, her footsteps fading as she walked away.

Delilah's eyes flicked to the door, wide with panic, as I leaned over her, my weight pressing into her, my hands kneading her tits, my lips licking the side of her mouth, tasting her sweat and tears. "Night, honey," she managed, her voice shaky, as I moved



my cock slowly back and forth inside her, pushing my cum deeper, her pussy still twitching around me.

I pulled out, my cock slick with our mixed fluids, and spread her cheeks wide, gaping her. My cum dripped from her pussy, glistening in the neon light, a slow trickle down her thigh. "Fuck, Delilah," I said, my voice low, my eyes locked on the sight. "Look at that. My cum in you—so fucking hot."

"What if I get pregnant?" she whispered, her voice trembling, her eyes wide as she turned to look at me, her cheeks flushed, her hair messy.

"Then it'd be my dream come true," I said, leaning in to kiss her lips, soft but firm, my hand cupping her face.

She blushed, her eyes flicking away, then back to mine. "Evan... you... ugh," she said, her voice soft, a mix of exasperation and warmth. "I can't even get angry with you."

"Because you love me," I said, my voice steady, my eyes locked on hers, a smile tugging at my lips.

She smiled back, small and shy, her eyes glistening in the neon glow, the rain outside a soft lullaby as we lay there, tangled in each other, the intensity of the moment settling into something warm, intimate, undeniable.

Damn. What a night.

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**- Sexual Activity Completed**

=====

**Partner: Delilah**

**EXP Gained: +110**

**Star Rating: 4.5 ★★★★★**

**Reason: -**

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♥□♥□♥□

**Chapter 138: Chapter 138**



This cosplay event was... weird. Here I was, standing in the middle of a chaotic crowd at the City Center Convention Hall, surrounded by people in costumes I couldn't even begin to understand.

One guy was decked out as a blacksmith, hammering away at a fake anvil for some skit, his leather apron stained with fake soot. Another dude had these massive horns jutting out of his head, so big he kept accidentally whacking people as he turned, muttering apologies. A group of girls in shimmering fairy wings giggled nearby, their glittery makeup catching the fluorescent lights. Someone in a full-body mech suit clanked past, drawing stares, while a person in a fox onesie danced to music blasting from a portable speaker.

The air buzzed with chatter, laughter, and the occasional shout of someone hyping up their cosplay group. Booths lined the walls, selling anime merch, handmade swords, and colorful wigs, the smell of hot dogs and popcorn wafting through the hall. Everyone seemed to have some elaborate costume... and here I was, in a plain black tuxedo Anotta had bought me, feeling like I'd missed the memo.

I'd checked out *My Life in Zararo* last night, binging a few episodes to get a feel for Mr. Nawia, the teacher Nala suggested I cosplay. He was a slick guy—black uniform, crimson red tie, all charm and confidence. My tuxedo was the closest I could get, but it felt off among the sea of capes, armor, and cat ears. Still, I hoped it'd pass.

Oh, and my level... It had fucking skyrocketed after banging Delilah, completing that quest, and all the sex we'd had.

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- Evan Marlowe (Lvl 8)

=====

- Age: 21

**- Height: 180 cm**

**- Weight: 73 kg**

=====

-EXP: [REDACTED] 191/1131

No new items in the shop, though. Bummers.

With my new three ability points, I decided to hold off on spending them. No way was I wasting them yet—I needed to reset and max out Pleasure first. That stat was doing wonders.

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### **- CURRENT STATS**

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**- Strength: 3**

**- Charm : 12**

**- Manipulative Charm**

↳ **Honeyed Words** (□□□□□)

↳ **Gaslight** (□□□□□)

**- Emotional Charisma**

**- Seductive Allure**

**- Libido : 10**

**- Pleasure: 10**

=====

**Unused Ability Points: 3**

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I checked my phone and saw Nala's text—she was by a hot-dog stand, her location pinned. The GPS showed she was across the convention hall, so I started moving, weaving through the crowd. A guy in a spiky blue wig bumped into me, apologizing as his plastic sword clattered to the floor. A girl in a Sailor Moon outfit posed for photos nearby, her skirt twirling as she struck dramatic poses. The noise was overwhelming, shouts, music, the hum of a thousand conversations, but I pushed through, my mind elsewhere.

Delilah was on my mind 24/7. Fucking her in Ivy's bed, nearly getting caught... fuck. She was incredible. Her curves, her moans, the way she looked at me like I was her everything. I was lucky as hell to have her, and I needed to see her again. Maybe today? Shit, I'd promised Jasmine, Kim, and Tessa a foursome at my place later. Could

I squeeze in Delilah after? Nah, I'd be spent, my dick out of commission, and I wouldn't be able to savor her the way I wanted. If only Ivy wasn't home, I could've gone to Delilah's before the foursome. God, I wanted to fuck her so bad, feel her pussy clench around me again, hear her moan my name.

Just as I was lost in thoughts of her, my phone rang. Delilah's name flashed on the screen, my heart jumping as I followed the GPS through the crowd.

"Hey, Delilah," I answered, dodging a guy in a full-body dragon costume.

"Delilah?" Ivy's voice came through, sharp and teasing. "Didn't know you were that close, Mr. Marlowe."

"Oh," I said, clearing my throat, my face warming. "Sorry, it's an inside joke with Ms. Komb and me. You remember that time I called her Delilah when answering her phone?"

"I know," she said, laughing lightly. "Just, hey, forget that. I need some help."

"Help with what?" I asked, squeezing between two women in oversized angel wings, their feathers brushing my arm. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah... where are you? There's so much noise in the background."

"Outside," I lied, not about to admit I was at an anime convention. "Walking, taking in the city scenery. Tell me, what's up?"

"Well, 'Delilah' seems happy, Evan. Like, really happy," she said, her voice curious. "I asked her what happened, and she said nothing. I know she's hiding something. Do you know anything about it?"

Happy? Fuck yes. I was maybe happier than her that Delilah was back to her vibrant self—caring, gentle, full of life. No more of those degenerate bastards from BrightWave, no more problems. Thank fuck for this system.

"No," I said, turning left, the hot-dog stand coming into view. "That's a good thing, right? She's happy. Be happy for her."

"I am. I just... gah. I'm curious, Evan," she said, her voice tinged with frustration. "I want you to talk to her about it. She never tells me anything. Maybe she'll open up to you."

"I can try," I said, my mind racing. "I can visit her. Would you... go out for a couple hours? It'd be best if I talked to her alone."

"Yeah, that was my plan."

Man, I couldn't believe I was tricking my friend into leaving her house so I could fuck her mom. But... oh well. Sorry, Ivy, but Delilah was happy, and I intended to keep it that way. If she knew what I was doing, she'd strangle me, no question.

"Alright," I said. "I'll visit her in an hour, maybe two. I'll text you."

"Great," she said. "Keep me posted, okay?"

"Okay. Bye."

"Yup. Bye."

I hung up, my heart pounding, a grin creeping across my face. The convention hall buzzed around me—someone in a giant robot costume was posing for photos, a group of teens in matching ninja outfits were arguing about who got to hold the fake kunai, and the smell of fried food grew stronger as I neared the hot-dog stand.

I spotted Nala, leaning against the counter, her dark skin glowing under the lights, her wavy hair tucked under a teacher's cap from My Life in Zararo. She was in a tight-fitting school uniform, her curves accentuated, a playful smile on her lips as she waved me over.

"Evan!" she called, her eyes lighting up. "You made it! Nice... tuxedo?" She tilted her head, teasing, her smile widening.

"Yeah, best I could do for Mr. Nawia," I said, shrugging, my Charm stat probably helping me play it off. "You look... damn good."

She laughed, tossing her hair. "Thanks. You're not half-bad yourself. Ready to dive into the chaos?" She gestured at the crowd, where a guy in a full-body cat costume was breakdancing to cheers.

I nodded, but my mind was split—half here at the City Center Convention Hall, half on Delilah, her body, her moans, the way she'd cum for me. Today was gonna be wild, and I couldn't wait to get to her after this.

"Born ready," I said, grinning, shoving thoughts of Delilah to the back of my mind. "Lead the way."

We weaved through the crowd, her hips swaying, her skirt riding up just enough to keep my eyes glued to her ass. She didn't notice, too busy pointing out booths. "Okay, first stop," she said, grabbing my arm, her touch warm. "That stall has the best Starlight Odyssey pins. You ever watch it?"

"Nah, not yet," I said, dodging a kid in a cape sprinting with a fake wand. "What's it about?"

Her eyes lit up, her hands animated as we stopped at a booth covered in colorful pins and keychains, a banner reading 'Galaxy Guild Merch.' "

Oh, man, Starlight Odyssey is amazing," she said, picking up a pin shaped like a glowing sword, her fingers brushing the table, her ass jutting out slightly as she leaned forward. "It's this space opera about a runaway princess, Kaelia, who joins a crew of misfit pilots fighting a corrupt empire. She's such a badass—wields this nebula-sword that glows like starlight. And her romance with the ship's mechanic, Ryn? I die every episode."

"Sounds intense," I said, my eyes flicking to her curves before focusing on the pin. "So, Kaelia's the star?"

"Totally," Nala said, handing me the pin, her fingers brushing mine. "She's got this tough exterior but a soft heart. Reminds me of me sometimes." She laughed, turning to the vendor, a guy in a robot mask. "How much for this one?"

"Ten bucks," he said, his voice muffled. "Limited edition."

"Worth it," she said, fishing out cash, her skirt shifting as she moved, giving me another glimpse of her thighs. "You gotta watch it, Evan. The plot twists in season two? Mind-blowing."

"I'll add it to the list," I said, grinning, my mind half on her ass, half on her enthusiasm. "What else you into?"

We moved to the next booth, piled high with manga and posters. A girl in a spiky green wig was haggling over a figurine of some armored knight. Nala grabbed a poster of Crimson Veil, a gothic-looking anime with a hooded girl wielding a scythe.

"This one," she said, her voice dropping conspiratorially. "Crimson Veil is my obsession. It's about this assassin, Veyra, who's cursed to kill anyone she loves. Super dark, but the art? Gorgeous. And the fight scenes? Chef's kiss."

"Dark, huh?" I said, leaning closer, catching a whiff of her perfume—something sweet, like vanilla. "You into the tragic stuff?"

"Sometimes," she said, smirking, rolling up the poster. "Veyra's got this whole 'I'm doomed but still fighting' vibe. Gets me every time. You strike me as a guy who'd like Iron Pulse—it's all about mecha pilots in a dystopian city. Lots of action, less feels."

"Mecha's cool," I said, my eyes drifting to her ass again as she bent to check a stack of manga, her skirt riding up dangerously. "You gonna cosplay Veyra next?"

"Maybe," she said, glancing back, catching my gaze and raising an eyebrow. "Eyes up, Evan." She laughed, playful, not mad, and I grinned, unapologetic.

"Busted," I said, my Charm stat carrying me. "Hard not to stare when you're rocking that outfit."

She rolled her eyes, but her smile stayed. "Come on, let's grab food. I'm starving."

## **Chapter 139: Chapter 139**

We headed to a food stall, the smell of grilled skewers and fried dumplings hitting us hard. A guy in a dragon mask flipped skewers, shouting prices over the crowd's noise. Nala ordered two chicken skewers and a soda, handing me one.

"Try this," she said, biting into hers, a bit of sauce smudging her lip. "Best thing here."

I took a bite, the savory flavor bursting. "Damn, you're right," I said, watching her lick the sauce off her lip, her tongue quick and teasing. "You come to these a lot?"

"Every year," she said, sipping her soda, her hips swaying as we walked to a nearby table. "Emma dragged me to my first one, and I was hooked. It's like... escaping reality for a day, you know? Being someone else." She sat, crossing her legs, her skirt hiking up, her thighs drawing my eyes again. "What about you? First time?"

"Yeah," I said, sitting across from her, trying to focus on her face. "It's... a lot. But kinda fun. You make it better, though."

She laughed, nudging my foot under the table. "Smooth talker. Bet you say that to all the cosplayers."

"Only the ones who look like you," I shot back, my Charm stat kicking in, making her blush.

We finished our skewers, the crowd swirling around us, a group of cosplayers in matching Starlight Odyssey outfits posing for photos nearby.

"What's next?" I asked, wiping my hands.

"Games," she said, her eyes gleaming. "There's a booth with a Skyward Rebellion trivia challenge. Winner gets a rare figurine. You in?"

"Hell yeah," I said, following her to a booth decked out with banners of a futuristic anime, Skyward Rebellion. A quizmaster in a pilot's jacket held a mic, firing questions at a small crowd. Nala jumped in, her hand shooting up for a question about the show's main ship, the Aetherwing.

"It's got a dual-core plasma drive!" she shouted, beating a guy in a cape. The quizmaster nodded, tossing her a token. She grinned, turning to me. "Told you I'm good at this."

"Impressive," I said, watching her ass as she leaned forward to answer another question, her skirt tight against her curves. "You're a nerd, huh?"

"Proudly," she said, sticking out her tongue. "Skyward Rebellion is about these rebels fighting a machine empire. The captain, Zara, is my hero. She's fearless but, like, human. Messes up sometimes. You'd like her."

"Sounds like my type," I said, smirking, my eyes on her as she answered another question, winning another token. The crowd cheered, and she turned to me, her face glowing with excitement.

"Two more, and I get the figurine!" she said, grabbing my arm. "Help me out. You know any anime trivia?"

"Nope, sorry."

"Aw, okay. It's fine."

We played a few more rounds, Nala nailing most of the questions, her enthusiasm infectious. She won the figurine—a tiny Zara with a plasma rifle—and held it up like a trophy. "Yes!" she said, doing a little dance, her skirt swaying, her ass catching my eye again. "This is going on my shelf."

"You're too good at this," I said, grinning, my mind flickering to Delilah for a moment—her body under me, her moans. I pushed it away, focusing on Nala. "What else we hitting?"

"Photo booth," she said, dragging me toward a setup with a Crimson Veil backdrop, a hooded figure painted behind it. "We gotta get a pic in our Zararo gear."

She struck a pose, mimicking a teacher's stern glare, her cap tilted playfully. I stood beside her, trying to channel Mr. Nawia's cool vibe, though my tuxedo felt lame.

"Smile, Mr. Nawia!" she teased, nudging me as the camera flashed. The photo printed, showing her grinning and me looking halfway decent. "Not bad," she said, tucking it into her bag. "You're kinda pulling off the tux."

"Kinda?" I said, raising an eyebrow. "I'm killing it."

She laughed, shoving me lightly. "Keep dreaming. Come on, one last stop." We headed to an artist's alley, where tables were piled with fan art and handmade charms. Nala stopped at a booth with Starlight Odyssey sketches, her eyes lighting up at a drawing of Kaelia and Ryn kissing. "This is so them," she said, buying it. "Their chemistry is unreal. You gotta catch up, Evan."

"I'm sold," I said, watching her bend to sign the artist's guestbook, her skirt riding up again, her ass a fucking masterpiece. "You're making me an anime fan already."

"Good," she said, straightening up, catching my stare again and smirking. "You actually should be. It's so much fun."

Suddenly, a man stepped in front of Nala, towering over me, his sharp glasses glinting under the fluorescent lights, a disgusted sneer twisting his face like he'd smelled something foul. He had to be at least forty, but he looked sharp—tailored coat, slicked-back hair, aging like a goddamn movie star. Nala's expression shifted instantly, her eyes dropping to the ground, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment, her hands fidgeting with her skirt.

"I knew I'd find you at one of these... these cartoon events," he muttered, his voice dripping with disdain. "Disgraceful."

"Hey, hey," I said, raising a hand, my voice firm but calm. "Chill, man."

"Shut up while I'm talking to my sister, tuxedo boy," he spat, his eyes narrowing as he fixed them on Nala again. "Hope you're happy with that stupid costume, Nala."

She didn't respond, her face growing redder, her shoulders hunching as if she wanted to disappear. I could see the shame in her eyes, but it pissed me off—she didn't need to feel that way. This guy, her older brother, was just a jerk, tearing her down for no reason. He had no right.

I waited for her to say something, but she stayed silent, her hands fidgeting with the hem of her skirt. I exhaled, stepping between them, my jaw tight. "Let's all calm down, huh?" I said, keeping my tone steady.

"Who the fuck are you?" he hissed, shoving me aside with enough force to make me stumble. "Stay quiet while I—"

"Talk to your sister? Yeah, I get tha—"

"Evan, stop," Nala said, her voice small, barely audible, her eyes still on the ground. "Just... stop."

"Look how ridiculous you look," her brother said, stepping closer, grabbing the hem of her uniform, sneering. "What even is this? A cape?"

"It's just cosplay..." she mumbled, her voice shaky, sweat beading on her forehead.

"Are you an idiot, Nala?" he said, nudging her shoulder with his index and middle fingers, like he was jabbing her. "Get that costume off."



"I will..." she whispered, her hands trembling.

"Get it off now," he said, his voice cold. "Better to be naked than wear that fucking thing."

"Naked?" I snapped, my patience gone. "Chill the fuck out."

"Last warning," he said, his eyes glinting with menace. "Keep quiet."

Nala's eyes watered, and she started to lift her shirt, her hands shaking. I grabbed her wrists, stopping her, and pulled her behind me, my heart pounding. What the fuck? She was actually going to strip because this asshole told her to? What kind of toxic, controlling bullshit was this? My own family was fucked up, but this was next-level.

"Remove that costume now," he sneered, leaning around me to glare at her. "RIGHT FUCKING NOW!"

"Shut it!" I yelled, shoving him back hard. "She's your fucking sister, man! What the actual fuck!"

He hissed, his hand darting to his belt, and before I could blink, he pulled out a goddamn gun, the barrel pointed at me.

"Shit!"

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- 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: 55c
- Select item to purchase.

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Purchasing Time Stop for 90c, I activated it, the world freezing around me—cosplayers mid-step, a kid's balloon hovering, the noise of the convention hall silenced. His hand was on the trigger, the barrel aimed at my chest. I let out a shaky breath, grabbed the gun, and disarmed it with ease from my army training. I ejected the magazine and racked the slide, the chambered round popping out onto the floor, rendering the gun useless.

I rummaged through his pockets, finding his phone. Unlocking it with a quick glance at his frozen face, I checked his texts and notes. "Shit... you're the CEO of TechForge," I muttered, reading his messages. "And a cunt. Don't forget cunt."

There was a video labeled 'Useless.' I clicked it. The footage showed Nala in an office, arms behind her back, head bowed. A voice—his—came from behind the camera.

"You've filed a wrong report today," he said.

"I'm sorry," she said, her voice small.

"Sorry for what?"

"I'm sorry for being useless."

"Sorry for what?"

"I'm sorry for being useless."

"Sorry for what?"

"I'm sorry for being useless."

The fuck? He kept asking, and she kept answering, the same phrase for half an hour. I fast-forwarded to the end. He stepped into frame, shook his head, and spat on her face, saliva dripping from her chin.

"Get the fuck out of my office right now."

"Y-yes."

"Don't wipe that spit. I want everyone to know how unreliable you are."

"Y-yes..."

The video ended. Holy shit. This was beyond fucked up. He wasn't just her brother—he was her abuser, treating her like garbage, controlling her like she was nothing. My stomach churned.

The ten-minute Time Stop was nearly up. I slipped the phone back into his pocket, positioned myself, and waited. As time resumed, I dropped the empty gun to the ground and swung, my fist connecting with his jaw. He stumbled back, eyes wide, blood trickling from his lip.

"W-when did you..." he stammered, confused, clutching his face.

"NO! EVAN, NO!" Nala screamed, shoving me back with all her strength, her voice cracking. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

"Nala, I—"

"STOP! YOU RUINED EVERYTHING!" Her eyes were wet, her face flushed with panic and shame as she turned and bolted, disappearing into the crowd of cosplayers.

The CEO wiped his mouth, glaring at me with venom. He reached for the gun, but I stepped on it, pinning it down. "Hey!" I shouted, waving at a security guard, a big guy with a mustache already heading over after Nala's scream. "Found a gun on the ground!"

The brother's eyes darted between me and the guard, his expression darkening. He shoved his hands into his coat pockets and slipped away, vanishing into the crowd.

"Damn," the security guard said, picking up the gun. "I gotta report this."

"Please do," I said, my heart still racing, my fists clenched.

Fuck. Nala was in some deep shit. That video, her brother's abuse—it was worse than I'd imagined. I barely knew her, not even a week in, but I wanted to help. How, though? I was just some guy she'd met at a coffee shop.

"Fuck me," I muttered, walking away from the hot-dog stand, the convention's noise fading into a dull roar. "This sucks."



## Chapter 140: Chapter 140

I knocked on the door, my heart racing, the memory of Nala's brother and that fucked-up scene at the convention still gnawing at me. But as soon as the door cracked open and Delilah's face peeked through, everything else faded. Her eyes, wide and nervous, scanned me quickly.

"Evan," she said, her voice low, cautious. "Ivy's not with you, right?"

"Nope," I replied, leaning against the frame. "Like I told you, she's off for a few hours."

She hesitated, then opened the door fully, revealing what she was wearing. My jaw fucking dropped. Delilah stood there in her old high school uniform, the fabric clinging to her curves like it was fighting a losing battle. The skirt was so short it barely covered her panties, the hem riding up to show a flash of black lace. Her shirt strained against her full tits, the top buttons undone, her cleavage practically spilling out. The pantyhose she wore were torn slightly at the thighs, stretched by her thicker legs—legs that looked even sexier now than they probably did back then.

"You... really made me wear this," she said, grabbing my shoulder and yanking me inside, her voice a mix of embarrassment and exasperation. "Don't stand there! Someone might see."

I stumbled in, my eyes locked on her as she shut the door behind me. I let out a low whistle, my cock already twitching in my pants. "Oh. My. Fuck... Delilah, this is... I... it's—how... wow..."

"D-don't look too much, sheesh," she said, her cheeks flushing red, her hands fidgeting with the hem of her skirt, trying to tug it down but only drawing my eyes to her thighs. "Come on, we got an hour before she comes back."

"Y-yes," I managed, my throat dry, my mind racing with how fucking good she looked.

"I can't believe she used you to learn what's happening in my life..." she muttered, crossing her arms under her chest, which only pushed her tits up further, the shirt straining even more.

"Delilah," I said, swallowing hard, stepping closer. "You're a fantastic woman. I'm glad I met you. Fuck."

"Okay, you perv," she said, exhaling, her embarrassment fading into a small, playful smile. "I get it. It looks ridiculous on me, I know. You should've seen me in my younger days. I was fit."

I grabbed her hand, pulling her close, my lips crashing into hers, kissing her hard, tasting her sweetness. She melted into me, her body soft and warm against mine. "Fit?"

I said, pulling back just enough to look into her eyes, my voice low, hungry. "You think you're not fit right now?"

"Of course not," she said, hugging me tightly, her tits pressing against my chest, her breath warm against my neck. "Look at my belly."

My hands slid to her waist, grabbing her soft belly, squeezing gently. She moaned, a soft, needy sound that sent a jolt straight to my cock. I grinned, my eyes locked on hers. "I love it."

"You're just saying that to make me happy," she said, her voice teasing but her eyes searching mine, like she wanted to believe it.

My cock twitched hard, straining against my pants, brushing her stomach through the fabric. "My cock says otherwise."

She laughed, a soft, breathy sound, her cheeks flushing deeper. "I swear you're just... too much."

I kissed her again, slower this time, my hands roaming her body, sliding down to her ass, squeezing her through the tight skirt. "Too much?" I murmured against her lips. "You're the one standing here looking like a fucking dream, Delilah. This uniform? Your curves? I'm losing my damn mind."

She pulled back slightly, her eyes sparkling, less shy now, her hands resting on my chest. "You're crazy," she said, but her smile was wider, her voice softer, like she was starting to believe me.

My hands slid to Delilah's thighs, rubbing the soft, warm skin through the torn pantyhose, my fingers tracing the rips where her thicker legs stretched the fabric. "Goddamn, Delilah," I said, my voice low, hungry, my cock twitching at the feel of her. "These thighs are fucking perfect."

She giggled, a little shy but less embarrassed now, her eyes sparkling in the neon glow spilling into her living room.

"Come on," she said, tugging my hand, leading me to the living room. I couldn't take my eyes off her ass as she walked, the short skirt barely covering her, her panties peeking out with every step.

I stopped her in front of the couch, my hands moving to my belt. I unbuckled it, letting my pants drop, then slid my boxers down, my cock springing free, hard as fuck.

"Fuck, look at that," I said, smirking as her eyes widened, her cheeks flushing slightly. I lay back on the couch, stretching out, my cock standing tall. "Come here, Delilah. Lay on top of me."

"What?" she said, her voice a mix of surprise and a playful edge, her hands fidgeting with her skirt.

"Just do it," I said, my tone firm but warm, patting my chest.

She hesitated, then climbed onto the couch, lying on top of me, her full tits pressing against my chest, her body warm and soft. The torn pantyhose scratched lightly against my skin, her skirt riding up, exposing her lace panties. I parted her thighs gently, my hands guiding them, and slid my cock between them, right against the pantyhose and the edge of her panties. "Fuck, Delilah," I groaned, starting to thrust, my cock sliding back and forth between her thick thighs, the friction driving me wild. "Your thighs feel so fucking good, squeezing me like this."

She chuckled, her breath warm against my neck, her shyness fading. "Wow, a thighjob, really?" she said, her voice teasing, a little giggle escaping. "Didn't know you were such a perv, Evan."

"Didn't know?" I said, grinning, thrusting harder, my cock rubbing against the slick fabric of her pantyhose. "I sniffed your panties while I jerked off, Delilah. I think you knew."

She laughed, her cheeks flushing but her eyes playful. "You're right," she said, squeezing her thighs tighter, sandwiching my cock, the pressure making me groan. "You're a total perv."

I grabbed her ass through the skirt, my hands kneading her soft curves, pulling her closer as I kissed her, my lips hungry against hers. Her tongue met mine, her kisses eager, her thighs clamping around my cock as I thrust faster, the sound of skin and fabric echoing in the quiet room.

"Fuck, Delilah," I murmured between kisses, my voice rough. "Your ass, your thighs, your whole fucking body—I can't get enough. You're driving me crazy."

She moaned softly, squeezing her thighs even tighter, her panties brushing my cock with every thrust, the sensation electric with my Pleasure stat maxed out. I smacked her ass, the sound sharp, her skirt flipping up slightly. She gasped, pulling back from the kiss. "Stop it," she said, her voice half-scolding, half-playful, her eyes glinting.

"Sorry," I chuckled, kissing her again, softer this time, my hands still gripping her ass, guiding her thighs as I thrust. Her lips were warm, her kisses deeper now, her body moving with mine, her pantyhose slick with my precum.

She broke the kiss, glancing down at her legs, her voice teasing. "Wow, you like this so much? I'm slick with your precum—look at my legs."

I moaned, kissing her hard instead of answering, my cock throbbing between her thighs, the wet pantyhose making every thrust slicker, hotter. "Fuck, you feel so good," I

groaned, my lips brushing hers, my hands squeezing her ass tighter. "Your thighs are fucking perfect, Delilah. Keep squeezing me like that."

She giggled, squeezing her thighs even tighter, my cock brushing her panties now, the lace teasing the tip. "Shit, Delilah," I groaned, thrusting harder, my voice raw. "I'm gonna cum, your thighs are too fucking much."

"Cum for me, Evan. Don't hold it. Let it all go."

"Oh... oh—"

She squeezed her thighs harder, her panties rubbing against me, and I lost it, moaning loudly as I came, my cum painting her pantyhose, thick ropes spilling across the torn fabric, dripping down her thighs. She didn't let up, her legs still clamped tight, trapping my cock as she kept squeezing, milking every drop.

"OH... fuck yes," I gasped, exhaling hard, my body shaking. "Yes, keep squeezing me."

"Get every bit of cum," she said, kissing me again, her voice low, teasing, her thighs still working my cock. "That's it... that's it..."

We kissed one more time, deep and slow, her lips soft against mine, her body still pressed against me. Then she pulled back, climbing off me, her pantyhose glistening with my cum, her skirt still hiked up. I sat up on the couch, my cock softening slightly but still twitching, my chest heaving.

"Suck me," I said, my voice rough, watching as Delilah got on her knees in front of me, her hands wrapping around my cock. "Oh, fuck..."

She leaned in, her lips closing around my tip, her tongue swirling over the sensitive head, tasting my cum and her own scent from earlier. Her mouth was warm, wet, her hands stroking me gently as she sucked, my cock slowly hardening again under her touch.

"Fuck, Delilah," I groaned, my hand in her hair, guiding her lightly. "Your mouth feels so fucking good. Keep going."

She hummed softly, her lips sliding further down, her tongue working me, her eyes flicking up to meet mine, playful and confident.

After a few minutes, I was rock hard again, throbbing in her mouth, ready to go.

I pulled her up gently. "You're fucking incredible," I said, my voice low, my hands sliding to her ass again, squeezing through the skirt. "I need you again, Delilah. Right now."

She laughed, her cheeks flushing slightly, but her smile was all confidence now. "You're insatiable," she said, standing, her pantyhose still slick with my cum.

I grabbed Delilah by the arm, my touch gentle but firm, and guided her to the dining table in the center of her cozy living room.

"Lean over," I said, my voice low, hungry, my cock still hard from her mouth, throbbing with need. "Hands on the table, ass up."