

The Heart System #Chapter 151 - Read The Heart System Chapter 151

Chapter 151: Chapter 151

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 30 / 40★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 22 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 20 / 40★

Delilah: Interest: 37 / 40★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 4/20

Progress:

★★★★★ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

Select a woman to track progress.

I gave her one last lingering look—her fragile frame, the way she hugged herself now—and slipped out of the room, closing the door softly behind me. The hallway felt cooler, quieter.

Penelope was leaning against the wall, arms crossed, her face etched with exhaustion.

"Let's go ask the neighbors if they have cameras installed that see this house," I said, keeping my voice low.

She pushed off the wall, nodding. "Yeah, good idea."

"Actually—you stay with Mendy," I said, holding up a hand. "I'll go talk to them. We don't want her alone right now, in case another attack hits."

"You're right," Penelope agreed, rubbing her temples. "I'll keep an eye on her. Text me if you find anything."

"Will do."

I left the house, the front door clicking shut behind me, and crossed the wet street, my boots splashing through shallow puddles that reflected the overcast sky. The suburban neighborhood was quiet, save for the distant hum of a lawnmower and kids laughing somewhere down the block. I scanned the houses opposite Mendy's—most had porches with rocking chairs or potted plants, but one stood out: a neat two-story with a small black security camera mounted under the eaves, angled perfectly to capture the street and Mendy's front door. Jackpot.

I walked up the short path, the gravel crunching underfoot, and knocked firmly on the door—three solid raps. Waited. Shifted my weight. Knocked again.

The door opened to a middle-aged guy in a faded hoodie and jeans, a mug of coffee in one hand, TV noise leaking from behind him. He eyed me curiously, no hostility, just suburban caution.

"Hey, sorry to bother you," I said, flashing a quick, disarming smile. "I'm a friend of the family across the street—Mendy's place. There might've been a break-in earlier today. No signs of forced entry, but stuff's missing. You got a camera out front? Mind if I check the footage real quick? Just to rule things out."

He sipped his coffee, glanced over my shoulder at Mendy's house, then shrugged. "Sure, kid. No problem. Come on in—don't want to stand in the drizzle."

I stepped inside, the warmth hitting me immediately, smelling of fresh-brewed coffee and faint cinnamon. He led me to the kitchen table, pulled out his phone, and opened the security app with a few taps. "What time frame we looking at?"

"Today, anytime after morning," I said, leaning over his shoulder as he fast-forwarded the feed. The screen showed crisp color footage: the street, Mendy's front door clear as day.

We watched in silence. Mailman at 11:47 AM, dropping a package. A jogger with a dog at 1:12 PM. Penelope's car pulling up around 2:30, her rushing inside. Nothing else. No shadowy figure, no forced entry, no one lurking. The timestamp rolled past 4 PM—still empty.

"See anything?" he asked, pausing the video.

I straightened, rubbing my chin. The camera didn't pick up the back of the house or the sides—blind spots everywhere. If someone came in through a window or the rear, this wouldn't catch it.

"Nah, nothing useful," I said. "Thanks anyway, man. Appreciate you checking."

"No sweat." He pocketed the phone. "Hope your friend's okay. Tell her to get her own camera—cheap peace of mind."

"Will do."

I thanked him again and stepped back into the drizzle, exhaling a long, frustrated breath that fogged in the cool air. No proof. But Mendy wasn't crazy. Something felt off. I just didn't know what...



Back to my problems now. Guy.

I dropped onto the couch, the springs groaning under me, and flicked open the shop UI. 185 credits glowed in the corner, exactly enough for two Time Stops. Twenty minutes of frozen reality to slip into that penthouse, crack the safe, and pray whatever was inside buried Guy for good. Still felt tight. With the full month I supposedly had to cover the new rent, I could grind a few quick quests, bank another 90c, buy a third Time Stop as insurance. Belt-and-suspenders plan.

A sharp rap at the door cut the thought dead. I rubbed the back of my neck, sighed, and hauled myself up.

Through the peephole: a courier in a brown uniform, clipboard in hand, thick plastic-covered envelope tucked under one arm. Private service, landlord special.

I opened the door.

"Evan Marlowe?" he asked.

"Yeah."

"Certified mail. Sign here."

I scrawled my name; he tore off the receipt, handed me the envelope, and vanished.

I tore it the thing open and read it.

EMERGENCY NOTICE OF DEFAULT, IMMEDIATE VACATE & DAMAGE ASSESSMENT

Premises: 1427 Oakridge Lane

Tenant: Evan Marlowe

Dear Mr. Marlowe,

Following your verbal confirmation to our office on 10/05/2025 (recorded call attached), a joint inspection was conducted this morning by the City of Los Angeles Department of Building & Safety (DBS) and our property management team.

Findings (DBS Violation #2025-4872):

- Severe structural damage to load-bearing walls (unauthorized modifications)*
- Illegal electrical rewiring (fire hazard)*
- Plumbing leaks causing sub-floor rot and black-mold proliferation*
- Estimated repair cost: \$120,000*

Immediate Action Required:

- 1. Vacate premises within 48 hours for emergency remediation.*
- 2. Tenant liable for full repair costs per lease (Damage & Alterations).*
- 3. Failure to vacate triggers lockout by Los Angeles County Sheriff.*

DBS red-tag posted on-site. Entry prohibited until repairs certified.

Attached was a grainy photo of a red DBS tag slapped right on my front door, timestamped 9:14 AM today. On the next page, a transcribed call log with my name, yesterday's date, and one damning line:

Tenant Marlowe: "Yeah, go ahead and send the inspectors. I'm good with it."

Bullshit. I never said a word like that. Hell, I didn't even pick up an unknown call yesterday.

I sank onto the couch, the notice rattling in my grip. Forty-eight hours. 120k in damages. Forged consent, city red-tag, sheriff waiting in the wings. All legal, all airtight. Guy didn't just jack the rent; he staged a full-blown health-and-safety emergency and hung it around my neck.

Two Time Stops. One shot.

"So he faked documents," I muttered, crumpling the notice in my fist. "That's not playing dirty... that's just being a dickhead."

Forty-eight hours. I needed to make every second count. So—I was going to arrange a meeting with Guy. In his penthouse. Tell him I wanted to apologize for everything, grovel if I had to. Then, once inside, I'd hit Time Stop and tear that safe apart.

I dialed Anotta's bodyguard—hoping he would pick up as I stepped out of the door.

Click.

"Hey," I said. "I need to talk to Anotta ASAP. It's about Guy."

Silence. Then shuffling. A woman's voice, sharp and cool.

"This is Anotta. Evan?"

"I need to talk to Guy," I said, already heading down the stairs, slipping on my gloves. "You said you'd help. Convince him to let me in his place. I'll kneel, beg, whatever it takes."

"Are you giving up?" she asked, suspicion thick.

"The opposite." I smirked, pushing through the building's front door. "Let me know when it's set. I'm heading there now. Bye."

I stepped outside—and froze.

Guy Nolin leaned against a black SUV parked at the curb, flanked by two slabs of muscle in dark suits. The door behind me creaked shut on its own. He looked up, saw me, and laughed—low, mocking.

"That was your plan?" he said, pushing off the car. "Rummage through my safe?" He opened the back hatch, pulled out a small, brushed-steel box. "You'd never get past security. But hey—indulge the fantasy, Marlowe."

He handed the safe to one of his bodyguards. The guy carried it over, held it out. I took it. Guy pulled out his phone, opened an app, pressed his thumb to the screen. A loud beep. The lid popped open a crack.

I lifted it fully. Empty. Just a pair of cheap earrings and a few stacked hundreds.

Guy whistled, tossed me his phone. I caught it mid-air. The app showed the safe's access log: opened once—the day it was purchased. Never again.

"In case you think I emptied it before coming," he said, "I never touched it after setup."

"What the hell are you doing?" I growled.

His smile vanished. He lunged, grabbed my collar, slammed me back against the door. His face inches from mine, a vein throbbing at his temple.

"You have two days to fuck off, Evan," he hissed. "You and that whore next door. Jasmine. Thought I wouldn't find out?"

"She's got nothing to do with this," I said, meeting his glare.

"I'll make her a deal," he sneered, lips curling. "One night with me—maybe I let her keep the house."

I dropped the safe and phone. Shoved him hard.

The nearest bodyguard drove a fist into my gut. Air exploded from my lungs. I hit the ground. Before I could breathe, a boot slammed into my ribs. Once. Twice. I curled, gasping.

Guy crouched, yanked my hair, forced my head up.

"I'll take everything you have, Evan," he whispered. "I swear it."

He let go of my hair, my scalp burning where his fingers had twisted. He rose slowly, brushing invisible specks from his tailored suit jacket as if even touching me had contaminated him. His eyes never left mine—cold, triumphant, the look of a man who'd already won.

"Two days," he repeated, voice low, almost conversational now. "Clock's ticking. Oh, and, keep the safe. You might need it."

He turned his back on me like I was nothing. Gestured sharply to his men. The bodyguards fell in step behind him, one of them grabbing the phone, their polished shoes crunching on the loose gravel. The SUV's doors opened with synchronized thuds.

Engine growled to life. Tires spun once, kicking up a spray of dirty water from a puddle, then the vehicle peeled out, taillights vanishing around the corner.

Silence rushed in.

I stayed on the ground a moment longer, ribs throbbing, breath coming in short, ragged pulls. The metallic taste of blood coated my tongue, I probably must've fell face first.

I wiped my mouth with the back of my glove—clean, no prints—and stared at the safe lying a few feet away, lid still ajar, mocking me with its emptiness.

Then I laughed.

It started as a cough, a wheeze, but built into something real. Low. Rough. Unstoppable.

The safe. His safe. Hand-delivered. Touched by him—thumb on the scanner, fingers gripping the edges, palms pressing the lid. And me? Gloves from the second I left the apartment. Not a single print of mine anywhere on it.

I pushed myself up, knees shaky, and walked over. Picked it up. Turned it slowly under the dim streetlight. Brushed steel, cool to the touch. His fingerprints would be all over it.

I tucked it under my arm, the weight of it grounding me. The pain in my ribs faded to background noise.

Jasmine. He'd dragged her into this. Threatened her. Thought he could dangle her like bait.

Big mistake.

"Oh, you bastard," I said, voice steady now, a grin splitting my bloodied lip. "You just handed me everything."

Like I said.

Game on.

♥□♥□♥□

Chapter 152: Chapter 152

Jasmine knelt in front of me on the living-room rug, her knees pressing into the worn carpet. She had a small first-aid kit open on the coffee table, the lid flipped back like a clamshell. A cotton pad soaked in antiseptic dabbed at the split in my lower lip, the sting sharp enough to make my eyes water. She tilted my chin with two fingers, gentle but

firm, her perfume, something warm and vanilla, filling the small space between us. Every time the cotton touched the cut, I hissed through my teeth.

"Hold still," she murmured, swapping the pad for a clean one. "You're bleeding on my couch."

Kim stood at the window, one arm wrapped around her waist, the other hand pulling the curtain back just enough to peer out. Her reflection in the glass looked pale, eyes wide. She'd seen the whole thing—Guy's SUV, the bodyguards, me on the ground. Her shoulders were rigid, knuckles white on the curtain.

"I still can't believe it," Jasmine said, voice low. She pressed a butterfly bandage over the cut, smoothing the edges with her thumb. "He just... showed up. In broad daylight. With that." She nodded toward the open safe on the coffee table, its empty interior mocking us.

"Don't worry," I said, wincing as the adhesive pulled. "This blows over. And then? We're out of this dump. Eight bedrooms. Three living rooms. Top of a damn hotel. I'm going to take that cunt's home."

Kim let the curtain fall and turned. "You're insane. How do you threaten a man like Guy into handing over his penthouse?"

"Simple," I said, flexing my jaw to test the bandage. "First, I need to get inside."

"And?" Jasmine pressed, sitting back on her heels.

"Look, you can't just waltz into that place, Evan," Kim said, dropping to her knees in front of me. "He won. Stop pretending."

I took her hand, then Jasmine's. Their fingers were warm, trembling. "I promised I'd protect you, Kim. And you, Jasmine—no more selling yourself, no more withering under those creeps. I keep my promises. You're valuable to me. All of you. Kim. Jasmine. Tessa. I won't let anyone hurt you again. Trust me."

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

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Tessa: Interest: 27 / 40★★

Kim: Interest: 30 / 40★★

Delilah: Interest: 37 / 40★★

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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.

Five points each. Didn't care. I meant every word.

Jasmine exhaled, stood. "You're angry."

"I'm focused," I corrected.

Kim's eyes searched mine. "How do you even get in? Stopping time?"

I chuckled. "If only you knew."

"Let's say you do," Jasmine said, arms crossed. "Then what?"

"Don't spoil the surprise." I pushed up from the couch, ribs protesting. "Gotta meet someone. See you later."

"Evan, stop," Jasmine called as I reached the door.

I didn't. The door clicked shut behind me.

I hit the stairs two at a time, phone already out, thumb stabbing Tuck's contact. It rang once. Twice.

"Yo," Tuck answered, voice echoing like he was in a bathroom. "Not a good time right now."

"Big T. Need a favor."

"Man, I ain't gonna be a bellboy for you again."

"That's valet, not bellboy. Anyway, I need you in Jerlingen. Now."

A beat of silence. "Jerlingen? You lost your damn mind? That's Crimson turf."

"Your old crew," I said, pushing through the door into the evening air. "You still got pull."

Another pause. Toilet flush in the background. "Twenty minutes. I'm literally shitting right now."

"Fifteen, T. This is life or death."

♥ □ ♥ □ ♥ □

Jerlingen was a shithole of a street, the kind of place where the city's rot pooled and festered. Cracked sidewalks buckled like broken teeth, weeds punching through the concrete in clumps. Graffiti layered the brick walls in chaotic murals—tags overlapping tags, half-erased by rain and time, colors bleeding into one another like old bruises. Puddles of stagnant water reflected the flickering neon from a busted liquor-store sign, the buzz of its dying bulb the only sound cutting through the low hum of distant traffic. Abandoned row houses sagged on either side, windows boarded with plywood or shattered outright, shards glittering on the ground like cheap diamonds. A rusted shopping cart lay overturned in the gutter, one wheel spinning lazily in the breeze.

The air smelled of piss, weed, and something metallic—blood or rust, hard to tell. Needles glinted in the weeds near a chain-link fence, and a mangy dog rooted through an overflowing dumpster, its ribs showing with every breath. Cops didn't come here. Not because they were scared, but because they didn't give a fuck. This was Crimson territory, and the law had long ago written it off as a lost cause.

I stepped carefully, boots crunching on broken glass, eyes scanning the shadows between buildings. Figures lurked in doorways—hoods up, hands in pockets, watching. A low-rider cruised past slow, bass thumping like a heartbeat, tinted windows hiding whoever was inside. The streetlights were mostly out, the few that worked casting weak pools of yellow that barely pushed back the dark. Trash bags split open on the curb,

contents spilling out—rotting food, empty bottles, a child's shoe caked in mud. Somewhere down the block, a baby cried, the sound sharp and endless, echoing off the empty facades.

A heavy hand clapped my shoulder from behind—firm, warning. I spun, heart jumping.

The guy was massive, shoulders like a linebacker, muscles straining against a stained wifebeater. Gold chain thick as my thumb, tattoos crawling up his neck. His eyes narrowed, gold tooth flashing in a smirk.

"Ey, my man," he rumbled, voice gravel and smoke. "What you doin' wanderin' round here?"

Before I could answer, tires screeched. Tuck's beat-up Civic pulled up crooked at the curb, door flying open. He hopped out—big as ever, dreads tied back, wearing a faded Lakers jersey—and the stranger's face split into a grin. He opened his arms wide.

"Tuck!" he boomed, then dropped the N-word like it was punctuation. "Thought you forgot us, fam!"

"Nah, never," Tuck said, stepping in for a quick hug, back slaps echoing. He pulled back, nodding at me. "You scarin' my boy?"

The guy laughed, deep and easy, tension gone. "Just checkin'. White boy in Jerlingen? That's a red flag."

"No time, T," I cut in, glancing around. Eyes still on us. "We need Sick."

Tuck's face tightened. "Sick? Hell naw."

"I need dirt," I said, lowering my voice. "On a rich asshole. Drugs. Something heavy."

Tuck stared at me a beat, then exhaled through his nose. "Dirt, huh? Aight. I won't ask what for. Let's move."

We walked. The street seemed to close in—alleys branching off like veins, shadows shifting. A group of kids on bikes circled us once, staring, then peeled off laughing. Tuck nodded at a few faces leaning out windows, fists bumping in silent greeting.

We stopped in front of a house that looked one storm away from collapse. Sagging porch, paint peeling in long curls, front door reinforced with a metal plate and three deadbolts. Windows covered in black plastic, edges taped down. A pit bull chained to the railing barked once, then laid back down, uninterested. The yard was dirt and broken toys, a rusted tricycle half-buried like a grave marker.

Tuck banged on the door—three hard knocks, pause, two more.

It creaked open a crack. A thin face peered out—dark skin, sunken cheeks, teeth yellowed and jagged like broken piano keys. Eyes bloodshot, pupils pinpricks. Sick. He looked like death warmed over, hoodie hanging off bones, track marks faint on his arms.

"The fuck you want, Tuck?" he rasped, voice like sandpaper.

I stepped forward. "Need to put dirt on someone. Hard. Need a drug—something that'll stick."

Sick barked a laugh, wet and ugly. "You ain't puttin' nobody in dirt with no fuckin' drug, white boy. That's amateur hour."

I didn't flinch. "Then tell me what will."

He sized me up, then disappeared inside. Door stayed cracked. We waited. Wind rattled a loose shutter. The dog whined.

He came back wearing a latex glove, holding a small black USB stick between two fingers like it was radioactive.

"Slip this bad boy in his pocket, his car, his desk—don't matter," Sick said, voice low. "Then call the cops. Anonymous tip. Say you saw him with it. Fucker's done. Behind bars by morning."

I pulled on my gloves—still wearing them from earlier—and took it. The stick was warm from his hand. "What's on it?"

"Best you don't know," he said, eyes glinting. "Plausible deniability. Two hundred cash. Now."

I swallowed hard. Looked at Tuck.

He groaned. "Aah, man, you a beggar." But he was already pulling out a wad, peeling off two hundreds, crisp and clean. Slapped them into Sick's palm.

Sick smirked, pocketed the cash, then turned and shuffled back inside. Door slammed. Locks clicked. No goodbye. No nothing.

Tuck stared at me. "What you plannin' with that?"

"Don't worry about it."

"Fine. But I'm worryin' about my two hundred bucks."

"Fair enough."

I slipped the USB into my pocket, weight heavier than it should be.

The plan was coming together.

"I need to make a call," I said, pulling out my phone.

Tuck nodded, already turning. "Fine. I'll be at the car. Drop you home after."

"Thanks, T."

I watched him go, his big frame cutting through the dim street like a ship through fog. He fist-bumped a guy leaning on a stoop, laughed at something a woman shouted from a second-floor window, nodded to a kid on a bike who called him "Uncle T." The street knew him. Respected him. Even the dog stopped barking as he passed.

I dialed Nala and waited for her to answer.

"Evan?" Nala's voice, tight with worry. "What happened?"

"We need to meet. Face-to-face. Got some questions about the place you and your brother live in."

A sharp inhale. "He... knows about you, doesn't he? Fuck. I saw him on my phone. I deleted everything—call logs, messages—"

"Doesn't matter now," I cut in, keeping my voice calm. "Burney's. You know it?"

"Yeah," she said, hesitant. "The coffee shop downtown?"

"Tomorrow. Nine AM."

"I'm working at nine," she said. "Can't."

"When's your break?"

"One PM. Lunch."

"One it is," I said. "Come alone. Make sure that psycho isn't tailing you."

"Okay," she whispered. "Evan... I'm scared. What's going on?"

"Nothing you need to worry about," I lied. "Just be there."

♥ □ ♥ □ ♥ □

Chapter 153: Chapter 153

One could say I'd been acting... off for the past few days. And they'd be right. I'd never felt this kind of rage toward anyone before—a deep, burning fury that clawed at my insides every time I replayed Guy's words. That fucking idiot threatened to take Jasmine to his bed? It made my blood boil. I wanted to strangle him right there in the street, feel his smug throat crush under my hands. But I couldn't. Not yet. I had to play smart. Had to let Guy think he'd won—that I was packing up, moving out, letting Jasmine slip through my fingers like sand. It was the only way to lure him into complacency. One wrong move, and everything crumbled.

I'd spent the morning pacing my apartment, the eviction notice crumpled on the counter like a death sentence. Forty-eight hours—now down to less than twenty-four.

Burney's was busier than usual for a weekday morning, the air thick with the scent of fresh-ground beans and steamed milk. Clinking cups, murmured conversations, the hiss of the espresso machine. I nursed a black coffee in the corner booth, back to the wall, eyes on the door. My leg bounced under the table, nerves frayed.

The door chimed. Nala slipped in, laptop bag slung over one shoulder, her movements quick and jittery. She paused just inside, eyes darting over her shoulder like a hunted animal checking for predators. The morning light caught her glasses, flashing as she scanned the crowd—suits hunched over laptops, students with headphones buried in textbooks, a barista wiping down the counter with rhythmic swipes. Her gaze landed on me. Relief flickered across her face, mixed with fear. She hurried over, weaving between tables, bag thumping against her hip, and slid into the seat across from me with a soft exhale.

"Hey," I said. "You okay? Look like you saw a ghost."

She glanced back at the door one more time before wrapping her hands around the cup, as if drawing warmth from it. "What happened, Evan?"

"Guy showed up at my place yesterday," I said, keeping my tone even, casual—like we were discussing the weather. "With bodyguards. Handed me an empty safe as a fuck-you. I'm out tomorrow. Red-tagged, the works. I have to do something."

"Fuck..." She buried her face in her hands, elbows on the table, shoulders curling inward. Her voice muffled through her fingers. "This is all my fault. All of it. If you hadn't stepped in that night at the con—if you hadn't stopped him—"

"No." I reached across the scarred wooden table, took her hand gently but firmly. Her fingers were ice-cold, trembling slightly. I squeezed, meeting her eyes when she peeked through her fingers. "Even if I'd known this was coming—every punch, every threat, the eviction—I'd do it again, Nala. You're innocent in this. That guy? He's the most fucked-up person I know. Twisted. You don't deserve any of the shit he's put you through."

EVENT

Nala's Interest +7



Seven points. She needed to hear it—someone giving a damn about her, not just using her as a pawn or a punching bag. Poor woman. Living under his roof, his rules. That video was probably just the surface of the hell she endured. I wondered how deep it went—the control, the fear, the isolation.

Also... where was my Special Event reward from kissing Delilah? Ah, nevermind.

"I..." Nala swallowed hard, nodding slowly, her eyes glassy. She pulled her hand back but didn't look away. "I really... don't know what to say. Thank you. No one's ever... said that to me. Not like this."

"You don't have to say anything," I said, leaning back slightly, giving her space. The booth's vinyl creaked under me. "I have a plan, Nala. And I need information from you. Detailed stuff."

"O-okay," she said, straightening a bit, wiping her eyes with the sleeve of her sweater. She finally took a sip of the latte, foam clinging to her upper lip. "What... kind of plan? You're not going to do something stupid, are you?"

"I need to get inside your place."

"Impossible," she said flatly, setting the cup down with a soft clink. "You need Guy's keycard to get inside. Even I don't have one."

"You live there," I pressed, leaning forward, elbows on the table. "How do you get in every day?"

"I knock on the main door," she explained, her voice dropping even lower. "The maids let me in. Guy's the only one with full access—the card, the app, biometrics for his private areas. The staff have limited keys."

"Shit." I rubbed my jaw, stubble rough under my fingers. The café's chatter faded into background noise as I thought. "Any way for me to slip inside?"

"It's a five-star hotel, Evan," she said, shaking her head. "Security's insane. Concierge at the desk, cameras in every corner—lobby, hallways, elevators, stairs. Doormen outside. Valet watching the garage. You can't hide. They'd spot you in seconds and escort you out. Or worse."

I couldn't tell her about Time Stop. Not here, not now. The ability to freeze the world for minutes at a time—it was my ace, but explaining it would sound insane. I exhaled slowly, mind racing.

I also couldn't let myself get caught on the cameras as well. Since I was going to carry the safe inside, the cops would think I planted the evidence there just by taking a quick glance at the recordings. I had to be careful.

"Nala," I said, voice low, intense. "Any way you can crack the door? Just for a second?"

"I... could open it from inside," she said slowly, frowning as she pieced it together. "But I can't let anyone in, Evan. The maids would see. Guy has cameras in the hallway too. If someone slips in..."

"That works," I said quickly, heart picking up. "When I call—just open it. One second. That's all. Can you?"

"I... can?" She tilted her head, confusion deepening. "But why? What are you—"

"No questions," I cut in gently but firmly. "Okay? Trust me on this."

"Fine," she said, uneasy, her fingers twisting the handle of her bag. "You're scaring me, Evan. This sounds... dangerous."

"Don't be." I softened my tone, reaching out to touch her arm lightly. "I swear, Nala. You'll be free from him. Both of us. And... maybe then, another anime con? No guns pointed at heads. No yelling to undress. Just us, geeking out over panels and cosplay. Like normal people."

She smiled—small at first, then real, lighting up her face in a way that made the café feel warmer. She stood, smoothing her sweater. I rose too, the booth scraping back. We locked eyes for a long second, the air between us charged with something new—hope, maybe, or the start of trust.

Then she leaned in, quick as a heartbeat, and kissed my cheek. Soft. Warm. Lingering just a fraction longer than friendly. My eyes widened in surprise.

"I'm... sorry," she stammered, pulling back, her face flaming red from ears to neck. "That was so unprofessional."

"I like that unprofessional side of yours," I said, grinning, leaning in to kiss her cheek in return. Her skin was soft, smelling faintly of vanilla shampoo. "Do you like my unprofessional side?"



EVENT

Nala's Interest +8

She went full tomato-red, adorable in her fluster, grabbing her laptop bag off the table with shaky hands. She turned away to hide her face, mumbling something incoherent. "I... gotta go. Lunch break's almost over."

"Sure," I said, still grinning, watching her fumble with the strap. "Bye, Nala. Stay safe."

"Y-yeah. Bye." She hurried out, the door chiming behind her, glancing back once with a shy wave before disappearing into the street crowd.

I sank back into the booth, vinyl creaking under me, and dragged both hands down my face until the skin stung. The plan with Nala, the USB, the safe, Guy's fingerprints; everything felt like a fuse burning toward a bomb I couldn't see.

I was about to wave for another coffee when my pocket buzzed.

Penelope.

I hesitated, thumb hovering. Richard again? I had zero bandwidth for that mess. But the memory of Mendy on her bed, knees to chest, voice trembling, flipped the switch. I answered.

"Penelope?"

"Evan... it's Mendy. She's calmer now, but she's convinced someone broke in again."

"She's sure it happened?"

"Yes," Penelope said, voice frayed. "She keeps saying it's Richard."

"God..." I rubbed my eyes. "Okay. I'm on my way."

"Thank you," she breathed. "Really."

EVENT

Penelope's Interest +3

I killed the call, stood, and pocketed the phone. The café door chimed as I stepped out into the afternoon glare.

Could it be Richard? The guy I'd caught with a hooker, the one who'd sneered he was finished with Mendy and Kayla? That version didn't match a stalker slipping through windows. Unless he was two-faced, obsessed one minute, indifferent the next. People like that were live wires.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 27 / 40★★

Kim: Interest: 30 / 40★★

Delilah: Interest: 37 / 40★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 4/20

Nala: Interest: 15/20

Penelope: Interest: 3/20

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.

Guy would wait. The eviction clock ticked, but if Richard was terrorizing Mendy, that stopped today. Cops, restraining order, whatever it took. I was done with him.

"Alright..." I muttered. "Let's see if your house really got hit, Mendy."

♥ □ ♥ □ ♥ □

Chapter 154: Chapter 154

Penelope opened the door and our eyes met. She looked drained, dark circles under her eyes, hair pulled into a messy ponytail. More tired than yesterday, but still here, still holding it together for her friend. Kudos to her. Running through that storm that day, just to be at Mendy's side. I needed someone like that in my corner.

"She good?" I asked, stepping inside.

"Yeah," Penelope said, closing the door. "Calmer than I expected. Whatever you said yesterday, it stuck."

"I'm glad." I followed her through the house. Couldn't help it, her tank top clung tight, fake tits bouncing with every step. Damn. Focus, Evan.

She slid open the glass door to the back garden. Small, cozy, fenced in with weathered wood panels, a charcoal grill in one corner, rusted but clean. Flower beds lined the edges, marigolds and petunias drooping under the rain, petals scattered like confetti. A single patio table with four chairs sat under the roof awning, shielded from the downpour. Rain drummed on the metal roof, steady and loud.

Mendy sat there, cigarette between her fingers, staring at the garden like it held answers. Smoke curled up, vanishing into the mist.

"Hey," I said. "Mendy. How you holding up?"

She turned, sighed, almost annoyed. "Penelope. I told you not to call him. He's tired of us."

"I'm not," I said firmly. "Stop. Tell me what happened."

She exhaled smoke, shook her head, then flicked the cigarette into the wet grass. It hissed out instantly. She stood, walked inside. Penelope stepped aside. I followed. Her steps were small, reluctant, like she was being dragged.

We ended up in the bathroom. She pointed at the dirty laundry bin, lid closed. Her finger trembled slightly, eyes searching mine for belief.

"I swear, Evan," she said. "One of my panties is missing. I've been keeping track, everything. Where I put my clothes, jewelry, which underwear goes in the bin."

"You sure?" I asked. "Maybe your mom washed it and—"

"No," she cut in, voice sharp. "I'm serious. Cops won't believe me. But you, please."

"I believe you," I said. "But—"

I rubbed my face. Penelope behind me, shaking her head, worry etched deep. Keeping track of everything? That wasn't normal. Was she losing it? What had I done, pushing her to forgive Richard?

I stepped forward, lifted the lid. Dirty clothes, t-shirts, skirts. Then, green underwear.

My mind flashed, Richard, balls deep in that hooker. Beside the bed, same green pair.

Son of a bitch.

"Mendy," I said carefully, voice low, stepping close enough that she had to tilt her head up. "Don't take this the wrong way, but I need to ask something fucked up."

"O-okay?" Arms folded tight, knuckles white.

"Can you grab that green pair and show me?" I kept my hands open, visible.

"E-Evan..." Her face flushed; she hugged herself harder, eyes darting to Penelope.

"Just do it. I need to check."

"As if Richard being a pervert wasn't enough," Penelope muttered, arms crossed in the doorway.

"I'm serious," I said, locking eyes with Mendy. "Do it."

She hesitated, breath hitching, then reached in. Fingers trembling, she lifted the lace, holding it between us like a confession. I leaned in. Same cut. Same trim. Same shade.

"The same model," I whispered. "Fuck."

"What same model?" Penelope pushed forward.

"You got more like this?" I asked Mendy.

"I love green," she said, dropping it back in like it burned. "Nearly all my panties are. Why?"

"Don't put it back." I extended my palm. "Give it to me."

"What!" She recoiled. "No! Why?"

"I'm not that guy. Just... trust me."

"No, it's dirty!"

"I need to match it with another pair."

"Match it?" She blinked.

- Persuasion Attempt: Mendy

□□□

Remaining Chances: 0/2

Two boxes to fill. Safe option first.

- Attempting Persuasion

"Mendy, I'm not asking because
I'm some creep. I'm asking because

this could prove Richard was here.

Just like you said."

=====

Base Chance: 45%

Honeyed Words: +30%

Mendy Star Rating: 4/20 (0%)

=====

Final Chance: 75%

Upon Succeeding:

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

I locked eyes with her, voice steady. "Mendy, I'm not asking because I'm some creep. I'm asking because this could prove Richard was here. Just like you said."

Her fingers loosened on the lace, but she still held back, eyes searching mine for a lie.

- Persuasion Attempt: Mendy

=====

=====

Remaining Chances: 1/2

One box checked. She was wavering. I needed a different angle, something personal.

- Attempting Persuasion

=====

"Trust me, Mendy. Please."

=====

Base Chance: 50%

Honeyed Words: +30%

Mendy Star Rating: 4/20 (0%)

=====

Final Chance: 80%

Upon Succeeding:

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

I leaned in, voice soft. "Trust me, Mendy. Please."

Her breath hitched. Tears welled. Slowly, she lifted the lace and placed it in my palm.

- Persuasion Attempt: Mendy

=====

=====

Remaining Chances: 2/2-Success!

"Girl, give it to him," Penelope sighed. "But if you do anything weird, I swear I'll bite your dick off, Evan."

I folded it carefully, pocketed it. "I won't. Chill."

"Can you just—" Mendy's voice cracked, tears spilling. "TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING!"

I turned, headed for the door. Footsteps followed.

"Stop," Penelope said, grabbing the knob. "Where?"

"Like I told you, I need to check something."

"Tell me," Mendy pleaded, yanking my arm. "Please."

"Look," I said, rubbing my neck. "I need to be sure first. Then I'll tell you everything. Not now. I don't want you to panic for no reason at all."

"I'm coming," Penelope said, snatching her jacket. "We'll take her Mom's car."

"Okay," I said, relief flooding.

"Please," Mendy whispered as Penelope opened the door. "Just tell me."

I turned, hand on her shoulder. "This is my fault, Mendy. Making you forgive Richard. Let me fix it."

EVENT

Mendy's Interest +2

She exhaled, fixed her hair, stepped back. Didn't push.

"Be safe," she said. "Call if anything."

"Hmm." I nodded. "I will."

Penelope and I stepped out into the rain.

"Evan," she muttered, her voice unsteady. "What's happening?"

"I saw this exact underwear in Richard's room," I whispered, as if Mendy could somehow hear us. "I need to be sure I'm not mistaken. I have to match it with the one I saw there."

"It was green and all?" Penelope asked.

"Yes," I said, sliding into the passenger seat as she unlocked the car. "Same shade, everything. But... I need to be sure."

Penelope hesitated, then sighed. "Okay. I hope you're wrong, Evan. Because if you're not... we've got a stalker on the loose."

Now... the next destination was Richard's house. I hoped I was wrong, and it was someone else's underwear.



WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 27 / 40★★

Kim: Interest: 30 / 40★★

Delilah: Interest: 37 / 40★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 6/20

Nala: Interest: 15/20

Penelope: Interest: 3/20



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.

♥□♥□♥□

Penelope whipped the car to the curb with a sharp jerk, tires hissing against the slick asphalt as rain pelted the windshield like thrown gravel. The wipers thrashed back and forth, smearing the downpour into blurry streaks. She killed the engine, and we tumbled out into the storm, hoods up, shoulders hunched against the cold needles of water stabbing our faces.

Richard's address. The place looked like every other anonymous complex in the city, but tonight it felt like a fortress hiding a rat.

We jogged to the call box mounted on a chipped concrete pillar, water dripping off the awning in steady streams. My fingers were already numb as I punched in 0000. The panel beeped once, red light flashing. Access denied.

"Shit," I muttered, rain dripping from my lashes. Tried again. Same red glare.

I thumbed Richard's contact on my phone, heart hammering. But he didn't pick up.

"Code's changed," I said under my breath, scanning the directory. Names blurred in the wet. I jabbed a random button—3B.

Static crackled through the speaker, then a groggy voice. "Who is this?"

"Internet tech," I lied, wiping rain from my eyes with the sleeve of my hoodie. "Got a complaint about slow speeds in the building. They said the gate code's four zeros, but it's not working."

A long pause. I could hear a TV in the background, some late-night infomercial. "Oh. Yeah, they changed it yesterday. Try 1212."

"Thanks." I punched it in fast, 1-2-1-2. A soft click. The magnetic lock disengaged, and the glass door swung open with a reluctant groan.

We bolted inside, shoes squeaking on the linoleum as we shook off the rain like dogs. The lobby smelled of old pizza and industrial cleaner, fluorescent lights buzzing overhead. Mailboxes lined one wall, flyers for various deals curling at the edges. We hit the stairs two at a time, breath fogging in the stale air. Second floor. Third. My calves burned, but adrenaline kept me moving.

R.R.R. stenciled on the door in cheap gold letters that were already peeling. Apartment 3C. I pounded—hard, knuckles stinging.

No answer. Just the muffled thump of bass from somewhere down the hall.

Knocked again, louder. Called Richard one more time..

Penelope's phone buzzed in her pocket. She yanked it out, thumbed speaker, rain still dripping from her hair.

"PENELOPE!" Mendy's voice exploded through the tinny speaker, raw and terrified. "HE'S HERE! RICHARD IS HERE! I HEARD HIS PHONE RINGING OUTSIDE THE DOOR! HE'S TRYING TO GET IN!"

Chapter 155: Chapter 155

My stomach dropped like a stone. Through the speaker, faint but unmistakable, the opening riff of that shitty rock song Richard blasted on repeat, the one he'd set as his ringtone months ago, blaring from outside Mendy's front door. He wasn't in yet. He was right there, trying to get in.

Penelope's eyes went wide, pupils blown. "Mendy, listen to me, lock yourself in your room. Deadbolt, chain, everything. Evan, call 911 now. We're coming, Mendy. Stay on the line with me."

We didn't wait. We sprinted back down the stairs, taking them three at a time, nearly slipping on the wet steps. Burst through the lobby doors, rain slamming into us again as we splashed across the lot. Penelope slid behind the wheel, key already in the ignition. The engine roared to life before I'd even slammed my door.

"FUCK!" I roared, my fists slamming the dash so hard the plastic cracked, the vents rattling like they'd snap off. "FUCK FUCK FUCK! I'M GOING TO KILL THAT CUNT!"

Penelope floored it, the car lurching forward, tires screaming on the wet asphalt as rain hammered the windshield. The wipers thrashed uselessly, smearing the downpour into blurry streaks of neon and streetlight. She blew through a red light, horn blaring as a truck swerved, its driver laying on the horn, lights flashing in our rearview.

"Move!" she yelled, her voice raw, knuckles white on the wheel. Another red light—she didn't even slow, the car fishtailing as we shot through an intersection, a sedan skidding to avoid us, its bumper clipping a curb with a sickening crunch.

"911, what's your emergency?" the operator answered, calm and clipped.

"Someone is breaking into my friend's house!" I barked, my voice hoarse. "1427 Oakridge Lane! He's armed, dangerous—get there now! She's locked in her room, he's kicking the door!"

"Units are en route," the operator said. "Stay on the line—"

I hung up, tossing the phone onto the dash, my heart pounding like a war drum. Penelope swerved around a corner, the car tilting, tires screeching as we hydroplaned for a split second, my shoulder slamming into the door. "Fuck, Pen, don't kill us!" I growled, gripping the handle.

"I'm trying!" she snapped, her eyes wild, rain blurring the road ahead. Another red light—she blew through, a cop car's siren wailing somewhere behind us, too far to matter. The city was a smear of wet lights and shadows, the rain relentless, pounding the roof like fists.

On speaker, Mendy's voice trembled, barely audible over the storm. "Evan... Penelope... I hear him... kicking... the front door..."

"Stay quiet, Mendy," Penelope said, her voice shaking but firm, weaving through traffic, horn blaring as she cut off a van. "Lock the bedroom, push something against it—now!"

A loud thud crackled through the phone, followed by the splintering crash of glass. "He's inside," Mendy whispered, her voice breaking into a sob. "Oh god, he's inside..."

My blood ran cold. "Mendy, hide!" I shouted, leaning forward, my hands gripping the dash. "Under the bed, in the closet—anywhere! Cops are coming!"

Penelope took a sharp turn, the car skidding, tires screaming as we hit a straight stretch of suburban road, houses blurring past, their porch lights dim in the rain. "We're two minutes out!" she yelled, her voice cracking with panic. "Hold on, Mendy!"

Footsteps echoed through the phone—heavy, slow, Richard moving through the house. A door creaked. Another. "Where are you, slut?" his voice slithered through the speaker, low and venomous, dripping with hate. "You think you can hide from me?"

Mendy's breath hitched, a stifled whimper. "He's... he's in the hallway," she whispered, her voice barely a thread. "I'm under the bed... I'm so scared..."

"Stay quiet," I hissed, my heart in my throat. "Don't move, don't breathe loud. We're almost there."

A loud bang—Richard kicking a door.

"Come out, you fucking bitch!" he roared, his voice closer now, the phone picking up every word. Another kick, wood splintering. The bedroom door creaked, groaning under the assault.

Penelope floored it, running another red light, the car shaking as we hit a pothole, water spraying up the sides. "One minute!" she shouted, her eyes locked on the road, rain hammering the windshield. "Mendy, we're coming!"

CRASH. The door gave way, wood cracking like a gunshot. Mendy gasped, a sharp, terrified sound that cut through me like a blade. "He's in!" she sobbed, her voice muffled, like she was pressed into the floor. "Evan, help me!"

"RICHARD, YOU FUCK!" I roared, useless, my fists pounding the dash again. "MENDY, HOLD ON!"

Silence. I could only hear Mendy's gasps. She was trying to be quiet as best as she could.

Footsteps. They got closer. Closer. Closer. And closer.

Again, silence. He stopped.

Then, it happened.

"FOUND YOU WHORE!"

Mendy's scream pierced the speaker, raw and desperate, then cut off as the line went dead.

"NO!" Penelope yelled, the car lurching as she took a final turn, tires screeching. We were on Mendy's street now, the house looming ahead, its front door hanging open, glass shattered across the porch.

Penelope slammed the brakes, the car skidding to a stop in the middle of the road, rain pouring down. She was out before I could blink, sprinting toward the house, her jacket flapping. I followed, boots splashing through puddles, my heart pounding so hard I could barely hear the rain.

We burst through the front door, the house dark, the air thick with the smell of broken wood and fear. "MENDY!" I shouted, my voice echoing. "RICHARD STOP! STOP!"

I bolted down the hallway, shoes slipping on the wet hardwood, heart jackhammering in my chest. The bedroom door hung off its hinges, splintered wood scattered like shrapnel. I skidded inside and froze.

Richard was on top of Mendy, her t-shirt ripped open, one of her socks stuffed in her mouth. Her eyes were wide, tears streaming, muffled screams vibrating against the fabric. His hand fumbled at his belt.

I grabbed him by the shoulders, rage exploding through me like a bomb. "GET OFF HER!" I roared, yanking him back with everything I had.

He flew off the bed, crashing into the dresser, the mirror cracking under his weight.

"Take her and go outside!" I yelled to Penelope, who was already rushing in, face pale.

"Come on, honey," Penelope said, voice trembling but urgent, pulling Mendy up. She yanked the sock from her mouth, Mendy gasping, sobbing. "Let's go, come on."

Richard's eyes locked on me, bloodshot, wild. He shook his head like a dog, staggering to his feet. I stood my ground, fists clenched, never breaking eye contact. Fucking imbecile. I should've trusted Mendy from the start. Richard was compulsive, a stalker. And I'd called him a friend once.

"What the fuck, man?" I spat. "What are you doing? Are you retarded?"

"She's manipulating everyone," Richard snarled, spit flying. "Little whore outed me to my fucking father! MY FATHER!"

"You belong in a padded cell," I said, voice low, deadly. "Cops are on their way. You're done."

"And fuck you too," he sneered. "You never believed me."

"I believed you," I muttered, stepping closer. "Thanks to me, you made up with Mendy. Look where that got us—catching you pinning her down, reaching for your pants."

"She deserves it," he growled. "Call the cops. Tell them to fuck off."

"Not happening."

He lunged. I was ready, tensing as his arms wrapped my waist, trying to drive me down. I reeled back an inch, then slammed an elbow into his spine. We crashed to the floor, rolling. He straddled me, fist cracking into my cheek, stars exploding. I grabbed his throat, yanked hard, flipping us. Now I was on top.

"STOP!" I screamed. "You're sick!"

"You're the sick one!"

He shoved me off. I scrambled up. He did too, spitting blood, eyes feral. He grabbed the desk chair, hurled it. I ducked; it smashed through the window behind me, glass raining onto the street.

I shielded my face, shards biting my arms. When I looked up, that idiot was charging. No time. My back hit the windowsill, pain shooting up my spine. He grabbed my collar, punched my face. I shook it off, punched back, grabbed his hair, and with a roar, dropped us both out the window.

We hit the wet pavement hard, rain pounding us. "BASTARD!" I screamed. "STOP!"

"WHORE PROTECTOR! WHORE PROTECTOR! YOU BITCH!"

We staggered up, soaked, in the middle of the street. Mendy's mom's car idled behind me. Richard glanced back, saw Mendy at the living room window, watching, terrified. He smirked, bolted for the broken window, vaulting through, glass slicing his palms. Blood trailed, but he didn't flinch.

I followed, pulling my jacket sleeves over my hands, leaping through. Penelope had Mendy behind her, one arm out.

"STOP!" she yelled. "You pervert!"

"WHORE! FAKE TITS! MAYBE I'LL FUCK YOU TOO, EH? GIVE YOU THE ATTENTION YOU WANT WITH MY COCK!"

I snatched a vase off the coffee table, sprinted, and mashed it over his head. Ceramic exploded. I yanked his hair, slammed his face into the window frame, more glass shattering, his head dangling outside. I hauled him back in, muscles screaming.

"STOP!" I roared. "Stay down, Richard!"

He sobbed, then roared like a rabid animal. "MENDY! MENDY! I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU!"

Mendy cowered, hands over ears, sobbing. I shook out my hands, adrenaline surging. Then he grabbed my leg, yanked. I fell, head cracking the coffee table, vision blurring, breath gone.

A fist came down. I gasped, but it connected with my nose, blood spraying. I surged forward, headbutting his chest, hugging tight so he couldn't swing, then rolled, shoving him off.

"FUCK!" I gasped. "You're out of control! Look at you, you maniac!"

Richard, eyes manic, reached into his boot, pulled a small knife, blade glinting. He sneered something, probably he didn't even know what he said, then lunged at Mendy and Penelope.

I dove between them, grabbing his arm, twisting hard. We hit the floor. I pinned the knife hand, cracked his index and middle fingers back. Bone snapped.

He screamed, staring at his mangled hand, knife clattering away.

Sirens wailed, growing louder. Red and blue lights flashed through the windows. Doors slammed outside.

Finally...

Cops burst in, shouting commands. I didn't move. Just breathed.

I collapsed on my ass, eyes shutting, blood dripping from my nose. "Man..." I muttered. "Oh, god, as if I didn't have enough problems..."



Chapter 156: Chapter 156

I stumbled through the door just past midnight, the apartment dark except for the streetlight bleeding through the blinds. My keys clattered onto the armrest like loose change, and I collapsed onto the couch, the springs groaning under me. Every muscle screamed; dried blood crusted my knuckles, and the cut on my cheek throbbed with each heartbeat. I shut my eyes, the police-station fluorescents still burned into my retinas. Hours of statements, coffee that tasted like ash, Richard's snarling face across the interrogation table.

Because of him, the plan with Guy was pushed to tomorrow. Great. Just fucking great.

My phone buzzed against my thigh. Four missed calls from Nala. Three texts:

'When am I supposed to open the door?'

'Uh-oh. The plan changed. Please pick up.'

'Evan, please pick up.'

"My god..." I muttered, thumb hovering, then dialed. One ring. Two.

"Evan?" Her voice was a whisper, tight with worry. "Where are you? I've been calling nonstop!"

"Stuff happened," I said, rubbing the bridge of my nose. My voice cracked; I hadn't realized how raw it was. "I'm sorry. Are you okay?"

"Yeah..." A shaky exhale. "I thought you'd backed out. That you'd changed your mind."

"No. Never." I sat up, wincing as my ribs protested. "It's still on. Tomorrow, six AM. When I text, crack the door—just a second. Then text me confirmation. Okay?"

"Okay." A pause, the kind that carried weight. "But... I still don't get it. I open the door, but I can't let you in. How does that—"

"Trust me," I cut in, softer. I couldn't tell her about Time Stop. "I'll handle the rest."

Silence. Then, quieter: "Can I... come to you? That's why I kept calling."

I frowned. "Come to me?"

"My brother." Her voice cracked like thin ice. "He said I couldn't stay tonight. Threw me out. Literally locked the door behind me." A sob caught in her throat. "He froze my accounts. I have nowhere, Evan. If I could pay for a hotel, I wouldn't ask. I swear."

My chest tightened. "Hey. Hey. You don't need to ask. Ever." I was already on my feet, grabbing my jacket, keys jangling. "Where are you? I'll get a cab."

"I can come," she said quickly, sniffling. "I'm at the corner of 5th and Mercer. Thank you. You have no idea how relieved I am."

"Be safe," I said, voice rough. "Text me when you're in the cab."

"I will." A shaky breath. "Evan... I'm glad I met you."

"Hey, Mr. Nawia would do the same, right?"

She let out a wet laugh. "He's secretly a monster-eater, Evan. Are you going to eat me?"

I huffed a tired chuckle, leaning against the doorframe. "Holding back a very dirty joke right now. You've no idea."

EVENT

=====

Nala's Interest +1

~~~~~  
"Dork."

"Guilty." I smiled despite everything. "Call if anything feels off."

"Right. I'm hanging up. Cab's here. Bye."

"Bye."

I texted my address, then sank back onto the couch, staring at the ceiling.

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WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

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Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 27 / 40★★

Kim: Interest: 30 / 40★★

Delilah: Interest: 37 / 40★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 6/20

Nala: Interest: 16/20

Penelope: Interest: 3/20

=====

Progress:

★★★★★ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

=====

Select a woman to track progress.

I must have dozed off because the doorbell ripped me awake like a fire alarm. I dragged myself off the couch, rubbed the grit from my eyes, and shuffled to the door. When I opened it, Nala stood there in full cosplay: cape, tight shirt, skirt, the whole ridiculous getup. Midnight on a rainy street, and she looked like she'd just stepped off a convention floor.

Water dripped from the hem of her cape, pooling on the welcome mat.

She didn't say a word. She just lunged, arms wrapping around my waist, face burying into my chest. I froze, hands hovering uselessly for a heartbeat before I hugged her back, stepping inside and kicking the door shut behind us. She was trembling, soaked to the bone, the thin fabric of her costume clinging like wet paper.

"He made me wear it," she whispered against my shirt, voice cracking. "Then he locked the door behind me."

"Guy made you wear this?" I pulled back just enough to look at her, rain still dripping from her bangs. "Jesus Christ."

She nodded, a sob catching in her throat. I guided her to the couch, one hand on her shoulder, the other steadyng her elbow. She sat, knees together, trying to look composed, but her hands shook as she tucked a strand of wet hair behind her ear.

"I'm sorry I'm such a mess," she said, forcing a smile that didn't reach her eyes.

"You're allowed to be a mess in this house," I smiled, crouching in front of her. "Let's get you dry before you freeze. Shower. I'll grab you clothes."

"I can't—"

"Please." I stood, already heading down the hall. "I insist."

She hesitated, then followed. I opened the bathroom door, the hinges creaking. "Lock's finicky. Lift the knob a little when you turn it."

"I... trust you," she said quietly. "I don't need to lock it."

I swallowed. "Okay. I'll grab some stuff for you."

In my room, I dug through drawers: an old band tee, soft from too many washes, and a pair of drawstring shorts. I snagged a clean towel from the closet and returned. She was still standing in the doorway, arms wrapped around herself. I set the bundle on the counter.

"You can take the bed, by the way," I said. "I'll crash on the couch."

"Thank you," she whispered.

I turned to leave, but her fingers caught the hem of my shirt. I looked back. She was staring at the floor, cheeks flushed.

"Can we talk?" she asked, barely audible.

"After you shower," I said gently. "You're freezing."

She nodded, let go. I stepped out, closed the door softly.

In the kitchen, I cracked a beer, the hiss loud in the silence. Lit a cigarette, took a long drag, and leaned against the counter. The shower started, a steady hiss behind the wall.

Man... his brother was a damn villain. How dare he make her wear that? He had some serious problems. She was his own blood. How? My brain was having a hard time processing this whole thing. Damn...

I stubbed the cigarette in the ashtray, grabbed the remote, and flipped on the TV. Local news: storm warnings, a break-in downtown, the usual.

My phone buzzed. Julia, finally replying to a message I'd sent days ago.

'Hey, sorry I don't use this account much, Marlowe. Didn't see your text.'

I stared at the screen, thumb hovering. Didn't reply. Set the phone face-down.

The shower cut off. A minute later, the door creaked open. Nala stepped out, hair damp and curling at the ends, my shirt hanging loose on her frame, shorts riding low on her hips. She kept tugging them up, one hand holding the waistband. The shirt clung in places, outlining curves I was trying not to notice. But she caught my stare, cheeks flaming, and turned sideways.

"Stop ogling," she muttered, but there was no bite in it.

"Sorry," I said, clearing my throat. "Was just... admiring the fit. Shirt looks good."

"Right." She tucked hair behind her ear again, a nervous tic.

I patted the couch. "Sit. Want a beer? Water?"

She shook her head, sat beside me, knees drawn up. "No, thanks."

Silence stretched. The TV droned about traffic delays. I muted it.

"You wanted to talk," I said.

She picked at a loose thread on the shorts. "It was nothing. Forget it."

"Nala." I turned to face her. "You're here. You're safe. Talk to me."

"Forget about that. So—um, you said six, right? Six in the morning." She exhaled, long and shaky. "He said I had to be back by seven. So... we do it at seven instead of six?"

"Works." I nodded.

"But I still don't know the plan."

"Just trust me."

"No," she said, leaning in slightly. "You keep saying 'trust me,' but I open the door and then what? You slip in? And once you're inside, what do you do?"

I hesitated. Couldn't tell her about Time Stop, the safe, the painting. Not yet. "I plant evidence," I said carefully. "Enough to bury him. Threaten to expose it unless he hands over the penthouse and steps down as CEO."

Her eyes widened. "Evan, he'll kill you. Literally. He has people. Security. He's not just some bully; he's dangerous."

"I know what he is." I met her gaze. "But I'm not backing down. Not after what he did to you. To Jasmine. To me."

She bit her lip, eyes glassy. "You don't have to do this for me."

"I'm not." I set the beer down. "I'm doing it because he doesn't get to win. Not anymore."

She studied me, then nodded slowly. "Fine. Seven AM. I'll open the door."

"Great." I leaned back, the couch creaking. "You should sleep. Big day."

She didn't move. "Can I... stay out here? With you?"

I raised an eyebrow. "Couch isn't big."

"I don't want to be alone," she admitted, her voice barely above a whisper, fragile in the dim light of the living room.

I hesitated for a second, then nodded toward the hallway. "Let's use the bed, then. It's more comfortable than this couch, huh?"

She looked up, eyes wide for a moment, then gave a small nod and pushed herself off the cushions. I led the way to the bedroom, flipping on the low lamp by the door. The room was sparse—just the bed, a nightstand, and a single chair piled with yesterday's clothes. I gestured to the mattress. "All yours."

"Thank you," she murmured, slipping past me. She sat on the edge, kicked off the borrowed slippers I'd left by the bathroom, and lay down on top of the covers, curling slightly toward the center. The oversized shirt rode up just enough to expose a strip of dark skin above the waistband of the shorts.

I swallowed, turned down the lamp to its lowest setting, and eased onto my side of the bed—way over on the edge, back to her, leaving a solid foot of no-man's-land between us. The mattress dipped under my weight; the silence that followed was thick enough to choke on.

Minutes crawled. I could hear her breathing, shallow and quick at first, then slower as she settled. I stared at the wall, counting the faint cracks in the paint, trying to will my pulse to calm.

A soft rustle. I risked a glance over my shoulder.

Bad idea.

The shirt had shifted again; the neckline gaped just enough to reveal the soft curve of her cleavage in the half-light. My eyes locked there for half a heartbeat before I realized she was looking right at me.

Heat flooded my face. I whipped back around so fast the headboard creaked.

"G-goodnight," I stammered, voice cracking like a teenager's. "I'll set an alarm for six-thirty."

"Mm," she answered, a tiny, sleepy sound. "Goodnight."

I fumbled for my phone on the nightstand, thumbed the alarm, and set it face-down. The room fell quiet again, save for the low hum of the fridge down the hall and the occasional drip of water from the bathroom faucet.

Sleep didn't come easy. Every shift of the sheets, every breath she took, felt magnified. But eventually the exhaustion won. The last thing I remember was the faint scent of my shampoo in her hair and the steady rhythm of her breathing beside me.

♥ □ ♥ □ ♥ □

Chapter 157: Chapter 157

I jolted awake to a sharp, ragged scream, my heart slamming against my ribs. Gasping, I whipped my head to the right. Nala was curled tight, knees drawn to her stomach, chest heaving like she'd been drowning. Her hair spilled across the pillow in a wild mess, my oversized t-shirt riding up to expose the smooth plane of her stomach. I wasn't thinking about that, though—not now.

"Fuck," I muttered, sitting up. "Nala, you okay?"

"I... I'm sorry," she gasped, eyes wide, still caught in whatever nightmare had her.

"No, no, it's okay." I reached out, hand hovering before settling gently on her shoulder. Her skin was clammy. "Bad dream?"

"I... can't remember." Her voice trembled, barely holding together.

"It's alright," I said, softening. "Want some water?"

"No, no, I'm... I'm okay." She exhaled shakily, pushing herself up on one elbow.

I nodded, easing back onto the pillow but keeping my eyes on her. She mirrored me, lying down, our faces inches apart in the dim glow of the streetlight filtering through the blinds. My hand found her shoulder again, a tentative anchor. Our gazes locked for a split second—hers raw, vulnerable—before she turned away, back to me. Shit. Did I creep her out?

Then she scooted closer, her spine brushing my chest. My breath caught. I hesitated, then slid my arm around her, hugging her from behind. She gasped, a tiny, startled sound, but didn't pull away. Her hand found mine, fingers curling shyly around my wrist.

"Everything's fine," I murmured, fighting the heat pooling in my gut.

'Don't you dare get hard, Evan.'

"Just breathe."

She nodded, grip tightening. Then, suddenly, she twisted around, burying her face in my chest. Quiet sobs shook her frame, muffled against my shirt. I held her closer, one hand stroking her hair, the other steady on her back.

"It's okay," I whispered, over and over. "You're safe. I've got you."

Minutes bled together—five, maybe ten. Her crying slowed, then stopped. I leaned back just enough to see her face. Her eyes were closed, lips parted, breath steady. She'd fallen asleep against me, one hand still clutching mine. The position was awkward, her weight pinning my arm, but I didn't move. Couldn't.

"Goodnight, Nala," I said softly, fingers still combing through her hair. "Tomorrow... it's all over soon."

I blinked, and*she was there.

Dierella.

Hovering by the window, wings lazily fanning the air, moonlight glinting off their edges. Her silhouette was sharp against the blinds, eyes glowing faintly.

I jolted, heart lurching. "What the—"

"Are you going to fuck her or not, Evan?" she snapped, voice low but irritated, like I'd kept her waiting. "I didn't give you those powers to play hero with nothing in return. She's right there. She wouldn't say no if you ask for her consent."

"It's not about yes or no," I hissed, keeping my voice barely a whisper, arm still around Nala. "It's about the right time."

She rolled her eyes, wings flicking. "Teaching me how this works? I'm a Goddess, in case you forgot. Get your cock out and fuck her pussy."

"No." My jaw tightened.

She floated closer, looming. "What did Karamine even see in you? Nala's practically begging. Pick up the breadcrumbs, Evan. Fuck her."

"No." I glared, voice a razor. "Get out. I've got three hours till six-thirty."

"Unbelievable." She shook her head, disgusted.

I blinked—she was gone... huh, I was getting used to her, actually.

I exhaled, slow and shaky. "Weirdo..."

♥□♥□♥□

Today was the day.

I leaned against the rough bark of an ancient oak across from the hotel's grand entrance, cigarette pinched between my fingers, smoke trailing up into the merciless sun. The air shimmered above the pavement; heat radiated from the concrete in visible waves. I'd bet my last dollar that if I cracked an egg on the sidewalk right now, it would sizzle and cook in under a minute. Sweat already clung to my back, soaking through my black t-shirt, but I didn't move. My eyes stayed locked on the revolving glass doors.

Nala appeared in a simple sundress, nothing like the cosplay from last night, hair tied back, sunglasses shielding her nervous eyes. She paused at the threshold, glanced over her shoulder, and found me in the shadows of the tree. Her nod was quick, shaky, lips pressed into a thin line. I lifted my chin in return, took one final drag, and crushed the cigarette beneath my boot.

Twenty minutes of Time Stop. Two charges. That was all I had. I could trigger it inside the lobby for extra buffer, but the cameras were the real threat. Even with the safe zipped inside my backpack, I couldn't risk a single frame catching me. This had to be clean. Fast. Invisible.

"Okay, Evan," I whispered, wiping sweat from my brow with the back of my gloved hand. "Lobby. Stairs. Bedroom. Painting. Plant the safe. Call Anotta. Done."

I still didn't know what was on that USB. Sick had been cagey, Tuck had been terrified. "Don't plug it in," he'd warned over the phone this morning, voice low, eyes darting like someone might be listening.

Sick was a monster in human skin. If the contents were half as bad as they hinted, Guy would fold like wet paper. Penthouse. Company. Freedom. All of it mine. Or he'd rot in a cell. Either way, the bastard was finished.

"Two Time Stops," I breathed, checking my phone. My pulse thrummed in my ears. The safe in my backpack felt like a brick of lead, dragging at my shoulders.

Nala's text buzzed.

'I'm inside. Should I open the door?'

I flexed my fingers, rolled my neck, and typed back.

'Do it.'

A few seconds later, another buzz.

'The door is open.'

I activated Time Stop.

The world snapped into silence.

Birds froze mid-wingbeat. A droplet of sweat hung suspended on my temple. The distant honk of a taxi stretched into an endless drone. Everything locked in perfect, golden stillness. My heart was the only thing still moving, hammering like a war drum.

I ran.

I push through the revolving door. The lobby was a cathedral of wealth: polished marble veined with gold, crystal chandeliers dripping light like frozen rain, a fountain in the center with water suspended in mid-spurt. Guests mid-stride, bellhops mid-bow, a woman at the concierge desk with her mouth open in mid-sentence.

Elevator panel: dead. Of course. Time Stop killed power.

"Stairs it is."

I bolted left, past the frozen concierge, and shouldered open the stairwell door. Up. Three steps at a time. My thighs burned by floor five. Sweat poured by ten. I didn't stop. Couldn't. The backpack bounced with every leap, the safe inside clanging softly against my spine.

Floor fifteen. I slammed against the wall, chest heaving, vision tunneling. My legs were jelly, lungs on fire. I cursed under my breath, pushed off the wall, and kept climbing. Sixteen. Seventeen. Eighteen. Each flight blurred into the next, my breath ragged, sweat stinging my eyes. The stairwell smelled of bleach and carpet glue, the air thick and stale.

Finally—top floor. A single, ornate door at the end of a plush, carpeted hallway. Nala stood frozen mid-motion, fingers curled around the handle, the door cracked exactly two inches. Behind her, a maid in a crisp black uniform, arms crossed, lips pursed in mid-annoyance, feather duster suspended mid-air.

I slipped past, shoulder brushing Nala's frozen sundress. The penthouse unfolded like a fever dream of luxury: eleven rooms total—eight grand living spaces flowing seamlessly into three service areas tucked discreetly behind frosted glass panels. The main salon stretched fifty feet, floor-to-ceiling windows framing a panoramic city view that made the skyline look close enough to touch. Sunlight poured over Italian Carrara marble floors veined with gold, hand-knotted Persian silk rugs in deep crimson and ivory, and a grand Steinway piano positioned like a throne beneath a crystal chandelier the size of a car. A massive abstract bronze sculpture twisted in the foyer, its surfaces catching the light like liquid metal.

"His room..." I muttered, recalling Nala's whispered directions from last night. "The one with the tree painting outside."

Right hallway. There it was, a door flanked by a towering oil painting of an ancient oak, roots gnarled, branches reaching like desperate fingers. A discreet camera perched above the frame, red light frozen solid. The maid stood three feet away, stationed like a sentinel, her glare locked on Nala's back.

I eased the door open. Guy's bedroom was perfection weaponized: a king bed on a raised dais, draped in midnight-blue silk sheets and a cashmere throw worth more than my rent. The headboard was hand-carved ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Floor-to-ceiling windows with remote-controlled blinds half-drawn, letting in slanted bars of sunlight. A walk-in closet the size of a studio apartment yawned open, rows of tailored suits and Italian leather shoes glowing under recessed lighting. A minimalist fireplace flickered with frozen flames. And beside the bed—the painting. A moody seascape, waves crashing against jagged rocks, frame heavy and gilded.

I lifted it carefully. Behind it was a space in the wall, fit for the safe I had in my backpack.

I swung the painting onto the bed, unzipped my backpack with trembling fingers, and pulled out the safe with the USB inside it. I slid it into the recess—snug, perfect. Hung the painting back, straightened the frame until it sat flush.

I checked the alarm I set on my phone. Twenty seconds. Nineteen. Eighteen...

Couldn't risk a soul seeing me exit. I triggered the second Time Stop.

Everything froze again. My credits hit five. I was officially broke.



- 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: 5c
- Select item to purchase.

Chapter 158: Chapter 158

I snatched my backpack, slung it over one shoulder, and bolted. Out of the bedroom, past frozen Nala and the maid. Down the hall, carpet muffling my steps. Stairwell door—shouldered open. Down. Down. Down. My knees screamed, lungs raw, but I didn't slow. Floor fifteen. Ten. Five. Lobby. Side exit.

I burst into the sunlight, legs trembling, and staggered behind the oak tree. Yanked off the gloves, stuffed them deep in my pocket. Collapsed onto the bench, chest heaving, sweat pouring.

Time resumed.

Birds chirped. Traffic roared. Heat slammed back like a fist.

I exhaled, long and shaky, hands still trembling. "Alright..." I muttered, pulling out my phone. "Now, calling Anotta."

I thumbed Anotta's contact and hit call. One ring. Two.

"It's done," I said the second she picked up. "Call your people."

"On it," she replied, crisp and calm. "Stay put."

I hung up, pocketed the phone, and leaned against the tree, wiping sweat from my neck. The heat was relentless, but adrenaline kept me sharp.

Minutes ticked by, five, maybe seven, then sirens wailed in the distance, growing louder.

A black-and-white cruiser screeched to the curb in front of the hotel, lights flashing red and blue across the facade. Another vehicle pulled up behind it: a matte-black Jeep Wrangler, tinted windows, engine rumbling like a beast. Anotta stepped out first, sleek in

a fitted blue dress that hugged her curves, heels clicking on the pavement. Her hair was pulled back in a severe bun, sunglasses perched on her nose despite the glare.

From the cruiser, a woman emerged—mid-thirties, athletic build, hair tied in a tight ponytail that swung with each step. Her uniform was pressed sharp, badge glinting on her chest. She adjusted her duty belt as she approached Anotta.

I pushed off the tree, slinging my backpack higher, and crossed the street. The heat baked up from the asphalt, but I barely felt it.

Anotta spotted me, nodded once, and crossed her arms. "Are you done, Evan?"

I nodded. "Let's go."

"Mm." She turned to the officer. "This is Milen. Chief of Detectives."

"Nice to meet you, ma'am," I said, extending a hand.

Milen shook it firmly, her grip like iron. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Marlowe. Anotta's said a lot."

"I hope only the good parts," I said with a half-smile.

Two more cruisers rolled up, tires crunching gravel. Doors opened; five officers piled out—three men, two women—all in tactical vests, radios crackling. They fell in behind Milen without a word, a tight unit.

We moved as one toward the lobby. The doorman held the door, eyes wide at the uniforms. Inside, the air-conditioning hit like a slap—cool, scented with lemon polish. Guests parted like the Red Sea, whispers rippling.

Elevator bank. Milen pressed the call button; doors slid open immediately. We crammed in—eight bodies, tension thick. Milen hit the penthouse button. The ride was silent except for the soft ding of passing floors and the occasional crackle of a radio.

"Here it goes," I muttered as the elevator dinged open.

Milen approached the penthouse door, knocked three times. She reached to her chest, flipped on her body cam with a soft beep. The red light blinked steady.

The door opened a crack. The maid again, face pale. "Yes?"

From deeper inside: Guy's voice, muffled. "Who is it?"

Milen pushed the door wider. "Police, ma'am. Step aside."

Guy appeared in the background, fresh from a shower—hair damp and tousled, white t-shirt clinging slightly, black lounge pants. He froze mid-towel-dry of his neck.

Milen stepped forward, badge raised. "Mr. Nolin, we've received multiple reports of a strong marijuana odor emanating from this suite. Hotel management has granted consent for a search under their policy for suspected illegal activity on premises. We're here to conduct a welfare check and investigation."

Guy's face twisted—confusion, then anger. "What? That's bullshit. You can't just—"

"I can, sir," Milen cut in, voice steel. "You do not have the right to refuse a consensual search authorized by property management for suspected narcotics. Step back and allow us entry, or we'll obtain a warrant. Your choice."

The officers fanned out behind her, hands resting near holsters. The maid shrank against the wall.

Guy's jaw worked, eyes flicking to Anotta, then me. Recognition dawned—slow, poisonous. "You," he snarled.

I met his glare. "Yep. Me."

The search kicked off like a well-oiled machine. Officers fanned out across the penthouse, gloved hands opening drawers, lifting cushions, peering behind sculptures. The maid hovered near the kitchen island, wringing her hands. Guy paced the living room like a caged animal, barking protests that Milen ignored with cool precision.

Nala stood near the grand piano, arms wrapped around herself. Our eyes met across the marble expanse. I gave her a quick, subtle thumbs-up—It's working. She exhaled, a tiny nod, color returning to her cheeks.

Milen disappeared into the bedroom first. A minute later, her voice carried out, calm but edged. "Clear in here—wait. What the hell is this?"

She emerged holding the seascape painting at arm's length, revealing the wall recess. The safe sat flush, matte-black and damning.

Guy stormed in behind her, face draining of color. "That... that safe shouldn't be there." His voice cracked. "What is this? Did you plant that?"

Milen set the painting against the bed, bodycam red light steady. "I have everything recorded, Mr. Nolin. Calm down. Open the safe."

"No!" He stepped forward, fists clenched.

Milen whistled—sharp, two notes. The other officers filed in. "Everyone out. Wait in the hall."

They nodded, exiting without a word, doors clicking shut behind them.

Milen turned back, voice like flint. "Open it, Mr. Nolin. Or we cuff you and do this downtown."

Guy's jaw worked. Sweat beaded on his forehead. "You'll regret this." He yanked his phone from his pocket, thumb hovering over the biometric scanner. A soft beep. The safe clicked open.

There it was, the USB I planted inside.

Milen plucked it out with gloved fingers. "Now what do we have here?"

"That's not mine!"

"Tablet!" she called.

An officer re-entered the bedroom, boots thudding softly on the marble, and handed Milen a department-issued tablet without a word. He vanished just as quickly, the door clicking shut behind him. Milen took the device, gloved fingers slotting the USB into the port. The screen flickered to life, files loading one by one—thumbnails popping up in a grid that made the air in the room thicken.

The first image hit like a sledgehammer.

A grainy still: a child, no older than twelve, in a pose that turned my blood to ice. Timestamps stretched back years. I leaned in despite the bile rising in my throat, and immediately regretted it. Videos. Dozens. Explicit. Unforgivable. The kind of content that scarred you for life. My stomach lurched violently; I swallowed hard, fists clenching at my sides.

'Sick, you fucking lunatic. What the hell did you give me? How dare you hand me something this unhinged?'

Milen's jaw tightened, her ponytail swaying as she clicked through a few more files, each one worse than the last. Her bodycam whirred softly, red light blinking, capturing every horrific detail for the record. The room's opulence suddenly felt suffocating—the silk sheets, the gilded frames, all tainted now. Anotta stood off to the side, arms crossed. Nala hovered near the door, one hand over her mouth, eyes wide with a mix of horror and vindication.

Guy, still damp from his shower, pushed past an officer to peer at the screen. His face drained of color in seconds—first confusion, then dawning terror. "What... what is that?"

he stammered, voice pitching higher. He reached out as if to grab the tablet, but Milen pulled it back smoothly.

"Step away, Mr. Nolin," she ordered, voice like steel wrapped in velvet. "This is evidence now."

"That safe isn't mine!" Guy roared, veins bulging in his neck, spit flying as he whirled on us. "It was planted! You can't... someone set this up! Check the timestamps, the metadata—anything! This is a frame job!"

Anotta stepped forward then, cool as ice, her heels echoing in the heavy silence. "I think a deal should be made here."

Guy spun on her, wild-eyed, sweat beading on his forehead despite the air-conditioning. "Stay out of this! You're part of it, aren't you? This is your doing!"

Anotta shrugged, a faint, predatory smile curling her perfect lips. "It's all business, darling. Nothing personal."

I didn't miss a beat, stepping into the center of the room, the weight of the moment settling on my shoulders like a crown. "Guy. Listen up. I'll cut you a deal. Accept it, and this evidence never gets logged. It vanishes. Poof. Gone forever."

His head snapped toward Anotta again—the only one with the real power to make evidence disappear in this city. "You... you orchestrated this?"

Behind me, Nala's breath caught audibly, I felt her eyes burning into my back, a mix of shock and hope.

"Step down from the company," I said, voice steady, gesturing grandly at the penthouse like it was already mine. "The new CEO will be your sister, Nala."

"WHAT?!" Guy exploded, face purpling, fists balling at his sides. He took a step forward, trembling with rage. "You can't—Nala? She's nothing! A nobody!"

Nala flinched but held her ground, chin lifting defiantly.

"And this penthouse," I continued, undeterred, "belongs to me now. You can crash at my old place—the one you so excitedly bought out from under me. Accept, and this whole thing sinks under the water. No headlines. No prison. No one ever sees what's on that drive."

The room went dead silent. Milen paused her scrolling, tablet held low. Anotta watched with amused detachment. The officers stood ready, hands near cuffs.

Guy lunged then, fingers clawing for my throat, a guttural snarl escaping him. I didn't flinch. My eyes stayed locked on his—cold, unyielding, daring him.

"Or don't," I said, voice dropping to a deadly whisper as he closed in. "And the world learns you're a dirty pedophile. Your life ends tonight. Every ounce of power you lord over people? Gone. You'll be a joke. A clown in a cage."

I drove my fist into his gut. Air whooshed from his lungs in a pathetic wheeze; he doubled over, knees buckling, collapsing to the marble with a wet, undignified thud. The impact echoed, his damp hair flopping forward.

I crouched beside him, leaning in close enough to smell his fear-sweat. Pointed at the king bed with its pristine silk sheets. "I'm going to fuck your sister on that bed, Guy," I whispered, venom dripping from every word. "She'll be screaming my name. Over and over. I'll even fuck her with her cosplay on, how does that sound?"

He roared like a wounded animal, swinging wildly from the floor. His fist grazed my jaw—sharp pain, but nothing more. Milen was on him in a flash, arm hooking his, slamming him face-down, knee digging into his back. Cuffs ratcheted on with a metallic snick.

"Choose, Guy," I said, standing tall, a low chuckle rumbling in my chest. "Your life? Or your pride?"

He writhed under Milen, gasping, face pressed to the cold floor. Miserable. Utterly broken. The fight leaked out of him like air from a punctured balloon.

His eyes lifted to Nala, pleading, desperate. "Nala, do something. They're—"

She stepped forward, hawked loudly, and spat on him. The glob landed square on his cheek, sliding slowly down like a tear he didn't deserve.

I sighed, rising to my full height. "Guess you're the useless one now, Guy."

Chapter 159: Chapter 159

Betrayal cracked across his face like shattering glass—raw, irreversible. He said nothing at first. Just pushed himself up awkwardly with cuffed hands, shuffling to the window on unsteady legs. He stared out at the city, his city, once, for a full, agonizing minute. Shoulders sagged. The view that had been his throne now mocked him. Defeated. Hollow.

Then he turned, voice barely a rasp. "Fine. Not like I only own this home. And have one company."

"Ms. Anotta," I said, turning to her with a triumphant grin. "I'm no lawyer. This penthouse is mine now—can your people handle the paperwork? Make it airtight?"

"Of course." Her smirk widened, eyes gleaming with shared victory. "Consider it done by morning. Titles transferred, NDAs signed. Clean as a whistle."

Milen holstered her tablet with a satisfied nod, bodycam still rolling. "I guess that's it, then. Am I done here, Ms. Anotta?"

"Yes, my dear Milen. You may go. Excellent work."

"Thank you, ma'am."

Guy wouldn't meet my eyes as the officers hauled him upright, his damp t-shirt clinging pathetically. "You think this ends it?" he muttered, voice hoarse, broken. "You think you've won? I'll bury you. All of you."

"I already have," I said, stepping close enough for him to feel it. "And you? You're buried."

He spat blood on the marble, a weak red splatter. "Enjoy the bed, Marlowe. Hope it's comfortable when the nightmares come. When you realize what you've unleashed."

I smiled, unfazed. "I sleep like a baby. Sweet dreams in your new shithole."

The officers dragged him out, his protests fading down the hall.

Anotta followed, heels clicking a victorious rhythm. "I'll be in touch, Evan. We have... celebrations to plan. Big ones."

The door shut with a final thud. Silence rushed in, thick and electric.

Nala and I entered the bedroom again.

She stood frozen for a heartbeat—eyes shining, chest heaving—then launched herself at me. Arms around my neck, body pressed tight against mine, she kissed me hard, desperate, pouring every ounce of relief and fire into it. Surprise hit first, a jolt straight to my core, then instinct took over. I kissed her back fiercely, hands sliding to her waist, pulling her closer until there was no space left. The taste of victory, adrenaline, her—sweet and intoxicating.

She broke it only to breathe, forehead resting against mine, tears streaking her cheeks but a radiant smile breaking through. "It's over," she whispered, voice trembling with joy. "It's really over."

I grinned, thumb brushing a tear away. "Welcome home, CEO."

We crashed together again, mouths hungry, hands desperate. The kiss turned feral—teeth clashing, tongues fighting for control. Heat surged through me, adrenaline still crackling from the win. I backed her up until her spine hit the floor-to-ceiling window, the city sprawling thirty stories below.

I dropped to my knees, fingers hooking into the waistband of her pants. One tug—down they went, pooling at her ankles. She stepped out, kicking them aside. I surged up, claiming her mouth again, tasting salt and victory.

Nala sank to her knees in front of me, eyes dark with need. She yanked my belt open, zipper rasping. My cock sprang free, hard and aching. She wrapped her fingers around the base, tongue flicking the tip once, teasing.

Below, on the street, Guy stood frozen between two officers, head tilted up. His eyes locked on the window—on us. On Nala crouched before me, lips parting.

I grinned, threading fingers through her hair. "Look at him," I murmured. "Watch him break."

Nala took me deep, throat relaxing, tongue swirling. Wet heat, perfect suction. I rocked my hips, slow at first, then faster, fucking her mouth while staring down at Guy. His face twisted—rage, humiliation, defeat. I shook my head, smirked, and yanked the curtains shut with one hand.

"That's it, baby," I growled, guiding her rhythm.

She moaned around me, the vibration shooting straight to my spine.

"Worth every second," I rasped. "Every risk. Fuck, you're perfect."

She kept going—eager, sloppy, grateful. My balls tightened, pressure building fast.

"Close—"

I came hard, pulsing into her mouth. That was fast, yeah, but the whole situation just... pushed me to the edge, I suppose. She gagged, tried to swallow, but most spilled down her chin, dripping to the marble in thick ropes. She pulled back, gasping, wiping her lips with the back of her hand.

I chuckled, breathless. "Sorry. Couldn't help myself."

She grinned, cheeks flushed. "It's okay. I'll get better."

I helped her up, buckling my pants. She tugged her own clothes back on, shy now that the heat was fading.

"So..." she said, biting her lip. "Can I stay here? Since it's yours now?"

"Of course." I pulled her close. "But fair warning—I'm calling some friends over. Jasmine, Kim, Tessa. They'll be staying here as well."

She laughed, eyes wide. "All girls, huh?"

I rubbed the back of my neck, sheepish. "You'll get used to them."

I smiled down at her, thumb brushing a stray strand of hair from her face. She held my gaze for a moment, then her lips trembled. Without warning, she sank onto the edge of the bed, shoulders hitching. Tears spilled, silent at first, then in soft, shuddering waves.

My heart lurched. "Hey, hey, hey, did I do something wrong? I'm sorry—"

"No," she choked out, shaking her head. She wiped at her cheeks, but the tears kept coming. "No, Evan. You didn't. I just... I can breathe again. For the first time in years, I'm free." Her voice cracked on the last word. "I thought I'd be trapped forever. That he'd always own me. But you... you gave me my life back."

I knelt in front of her, taking her hands in mine. "You were never his to own. You're you. And now the world knows it."

EVENT

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Nala's Interest +50

She laughed through the tears, a watery, beautiful sound. "I don't know how to thank you."

"You already did," I said softly, nodding toward the window where the curtains still swayed. "And you will again, every day you wake up in this place without fear. Every day when I wake up and see you here—it's more than enough for me. So, no. Thank you, Nala. For everything."

She leaned forward, resting her forehead against mine. "I... I love you."

"I love you too."

The city hummed beyond the glass. The penthouse was ours.

The war was over.

♥□♥□♥□

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WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

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Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 27 / 40★★

Kim: Interest: 30 / 40★★

Delilah: Interest: 37 / 40★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 6/20

Nala: Interest: 66/80

Penelope: Interest: 3/20

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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.

I knocked on the door and waited, leaning against the frame with my backpack slung over one shoulder. I'd told Tessa to rally everyone at Jasmine's place, pack their essentials, because we were moving out tonight. They'd pushed back at first, demanding answers, but I kept it cryptic. The surprise would be worth it.

While the lock clicked and shuffled inside, I pulled up the UI. I'd almost forgotten the milestone ping from Nala.

Milestone Reached!

Partner: Nala

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Reward: 50 EXP, 7 Ability Points

Seven points. Seven. My pulse quickened. With the three I'd been hoarding, that was ten total. I could finally reset Libido or Pleasure and push the cap to twenty. Old Evan would've nutted at the sight of a bra strap. New Evan? I was holding my own. Libido could wait. Pleasure, though... that one had teeth.

I resetted Pleasure—five points refunded, fifteen total. All in.

- CURRENT STATS

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- Strength: 3
- Charm : 12
- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

- Emotional Charisma

- Seductive Allure

- Libido : 10

- Pleasure: 15

The door swung open.

"Evan?" Jasmine stood there in a loose tank and cutoffs, hair twisted up in a messy knot. Behind her, Kim hovered in the hallway, arms folded, biting her lip. Tessa lounged on the couch, phone glowing in her hand.

"Hey, ladies." I flashed a grin. "Ready to roll?"

Kim stepped closer, suitcase dragging behind her. "We're packed, but... why? What's the plan?"

"You'll see." I winked. "Tessa, you good?"

"Yup." She pocketed her phone and stood, slinging a duffel over her shoulder. "No clue what evil genius shit you've cooked up, but I trust you."

"Love to hear it." I chuckled. "Let's move."

They wheeled their bags to the door. I grabbed two—heavy, but Strength 3 handled it. Jasmine and Kim tag-teamed the third, Tessa holding the handles like a relay baton. We shuffled to the elevator, a chaotic parade of luggage and anticipation.

I elbowed the lobby button. The girls exchanged glances—nervous, excited, suspicious.

"Evan," Kim said, voice low. "You're kinda freaking us out."

"Chill."

"If this is a prank," Tessa warned, "I swear to God—"

"It's not." I laughed. "Jesus, relax."

The elevator dinged. We spilled into the lobby, then out onto the sidewalk. The sun was brutal—high and white, turning the pavement into a skillet. One step and I was already sweating. This city's weather, I swear...

There it was: Jeoprude's signature town car, sleek black, idling curbside. A driver in crisp white gloves leaned against the trunk. He straightened the second he saw us, striding over to take the bags one by one.

Jasmine's jaw dropped. "Evan... what the hell?"

I walked to the rear door, opened it with a flourish, and bowed theatrically. "Ladies."

They climbed in, reluctant, wide-eyed, buzzing. I slid in last, exhaling as the AC hit. One final glance at the old building, peeling paint, buzzing intercom, rat-scratched hallway. Goodbye.

Kim arched a brow, pointing at me, then the road, then me again. "Wait. You were muttering about taking Guy Nolin's penthouse. Don't tell me—"

"No more mold in the shower," I said, grinning. "No more shoebox bedrooms. No more rat symphonies in the walls."

Three pairs of eyes went saucer-wide. Ten seconds of stunned silence.

Then Kim launched across the seat, landing in my lap, legs straddling mine. She kissed me hard—victory, relief, hunger. Jasmine let out a delighted squeal. Tessa whooped, high-fiving her across the console.

"Holy shit," Jasmine breathed.

"I'm serious," I said, still tasting Kim.

Jasmine leaned in next, kissing me deep, slow. Tessa followed, hand fisting my hair, claiming her turn.

"Moving up in the world, magic fingers?" Tessa smirked, breathless.

"You can't even imagine," I said. "Two live-in maids. Eight bedrooms. Top floor's ours. Nala's staying too—she's the new CEO, the girl I talked to you about. If anyone wants space, there's a separate three-room wing downstairs. No pressure."

"Uncomfortable?" Kim laughed, still perched on me, kissing my neck. "Evan, how the hell did you kick Guy's ass?"

"Little luck," I said, grinning. "Little planning."

The driver slid into the front, engine purring to life. Kim hopped back to her seat, buzzing with energy. The car pulled away from the curb, old life shrinking in the rearview.

New life ahead—sky-high, marble-floored, and ours.



Chapter 160: Chapter 160

I pushed open the heavy double doors of the penthouse, and cool air rushed out to greet us. Jasmine stepped in first, then Kim, then Tessa, each dragging a suitcase. Their eyes went wide as they took in the marble foyer, the crystal chandelier, the bronze sculpture twisting up from the center table. Two maids in black uniforms paused their dusting and bowed slightly.

Jasmine dropped her bag. "This place is unreal."

Tessa was already moving. "I call the room with the balcony." Her voice echoed down a hallway.

"I think every room has a balcony," I chuckled. "But I might be mistaken."

Kim headed for the kitchen. "There is a wine fridge in the island." A delighted squeal followed.

The driver wheeled in the last suitcase, gave me a nod, and stepped back. I slipped a hundred into his palm. "Thanks for the lift."

He tipped his cap and left.

Nala came from the master hallway, barefoot in a silk robe, hair damp. She smiled and crossed to the girls. "Oh, hey. I am Nala. You must be Jasmine, Kim, and Tessa. Evan has told me everything."

Jasmine grinned. "Same here. Congrats on the CEO gig."

Kim waved from the couch. "Hi. This is wild."

Tessa poked her head around a corner. "Welcome to the madhouse."

The girls scattered again, exploring. Nala sidled up to me, voice low. "You really do collect women."

I shrugged. "They are solid. No drama. You will like them."

She chuckled, then nodded toward the maids now wiping a glass table. "Their contracts end in a week. Keep whoever you want. I will renegotiate."

My gaze landed on the smaller one, short crimson hair, calm face. "Keep her. She looks low-maintenance. The others seem to hate me. Name?"

"Minne," Nala said. "I will handle it."

I turned to her. "Quick version. Guy steps down from his CEO position, you step up. How does it work legally?"

Nala nodded. "Simple. He signs a resignation letter tonight, personal reasons. I call an emergency board meeting tomorrow, nominate myself, vote passes. SEC filing within four days, leadership change, no details. Shareholders get a bland letter. Penthouse deed transfers to you via quitclaim, recorded tomorrow. Done."

I whistled. "Clean."

"I have lived this," she said. "I know every trick."

From the hall, Tessa yelled, "There is a steam shower."

Kim laughed. "I am never leaving."

Jasmine appeared with her phone. "Terrace view, now."

Nala smiled. "Go celebrate. I have paperwork."

I kissed her quick. "You are incredible."

She waved me off. "Go be king."

I joined the girls on the terrace. City lights flickered on below. Jasmine snapped photos. Kim leaned over the railing. Tessa raised an imaginary toast.

"To Evan," she said. "From rat holes to rooftops."

We laughed. The sun sank, sky turning gold.

"To us," I corrected, then raised imaginary toast as well. "Fuck. We did it..."

I stepped onto the terrace and the city hit me full force. The space was massive, easily forty feet across, wrapped in glass railings that offered an unobstructed view of the skyline. Neon lights flickered on below, traffic crawling like glowing ants twenty stories down. The floor was polished teak, warm under my shoes despite the slight breeze.

Four wide sunbeds lined one side, each padded with thick white cushions and flanked by low teak tables holding crystal ashtrays and built-in drink holders.

A built-in bar sat in the corner, stocked with top-shelf bottles glinting under soft LED strips. Potted palms rustled gently, and a retractable awning hovered overhead, half-open to let the last rays of sunset paint everything gold.

I glanced back through the open glass doors, then dropped onto the nearest sunbed, the cushion sinking under my weight. The city hummed below, alive and electric.

"Jasmine," I called, voice low but carrying.

She walked beside me, tank top riding up to show a strip of skin. I reached out, grabbed her wrist, and pulled her forward. She bent with a surprised laugh, and I kissed her hard, tasting lip gloss and excitement. Her hands braced on my shoulders.

"Kim, Tessa," I said between kisses, "guard the door. Let me know if Nala heads this way."

Kim snorted. "You owe us."

Tessa leaned out, grinning. "On it, 'boss.'"

I slid my pants down and off, cock already hard. Jasmine kicked her shorts away, then hooked her thumbs into her panties and slid them to the side. No hesitation. She straddled me, knees sinking into the cushion, and lowered herself slow. The head of my cock nudged her entrance, slick and warm, then she sank down in one smooth motion.

"Fuck," I groaned, hands gripping her hips.

She rested her forehead on my shoulder, tits pressed tight to my chest, arms looping around my neck. "God, Evan," she whispered, voice shaky. "You feel so good."

I thrust up, slow at first, letting her adjust. "You like that? Taking my cock out here where anyone could see?"

She moaned, rocking her hips. "Yes. Fuck yes."

Kim and Tessa had taken up posts by the door, pretending to chat but stealing glances. Kim bit her lip, eyes wide. Tessa smirked, arms crossed, clearly enjoying the show.

I grabbed Jasmine's thighs and stood, lifting her with me. She gasped, legs wrapping tight around my waist. I carried her to the glass railing, the city sprawling below like a private light show. The height, the risk, the view, it all made my blood burn hotter.

"Look at that," I growled, thrusting deep. "Whole city watching me fuck you."

She said, nails digging into my shoulders. "Harder. Please."

I obliged, pounding into her, the slap of skin echoing off the glass. "You love this, don't you? My cock stretching you while the world spins below."

"Yes," she panted. "Fuck me like you own me."

I kissed her, rough and hungry, tongues battling. "I do own you. Every inch."

She whimpered into my mouth. "More."

"You're gonna take every drop," I said, voice low. "Gonna fill you up right here."

She nodded frantically. "Do it. Make me yours."

I was close, the edge rushing up fast. "Gonna cum inside you."

"Yes, baby," she gasped. "Make me pregnant with your fucking cum. I wanna get pregnant, Evan. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me!"

That broke me. I slammed deep and came, pulsing hard, filling her. She clenched around me, milking every drop.

The terrace door slid open.

Nala stepped in, a bottle of wine in one hand, three glasses in the other. Kim and Tessa froze, caught watching us instead of the door.

My eyes snapped wide. I was still cumming, a low moan escaping as the last spurt hit. Jasmine clung to me, breathless.

I lowered Jasmine gently to the ground, pulling out slowly. Thick cum dripped down her inner thigh, glistening in the fading light. She stretched lazily, smiling.

Nala stood frozen in the doorway, bottle of wine in one hand, three glasses clutched in the other. Her eyes were wide, lips parted, but no words came. She set the wine and glasses on the nearest teak table with a soft clink, then turned back toward the terrace door.

Kim laughed and stepped forward, catching Nala's wrist. "Calm down, girl. Join us."

Nala's face flushed crimson. "No, I was just, uh," she mumbled, words tumbling over each other. "I didn't mean to, I'll go back inside."

Jasmine stretched again, cum still sliding down her leg. "You had to guess we had this kind of relationship with Evan. I mean, come on."

Kim guided Nala to the sunbed, easing her down.

"Yeah, I kinda figured it out, but I never thought I'd..."

My cock twitched, already hardening again. I shifted, trying to hide it. "I'm sorry. I wouldn't want you to see me like this."

Nala shook her head quickly. "No problem at all. This... this house is yours. You can do whatever you want. I don't have a say."

I pulled my pants up, walked over, and crouched in front of her. I took her hands gently. "No. It's our house. We fought Guy together. We won together. Please don't say stuff like that."

Nala cleared her throat, eyes glassy. "O-kay."

Tessa dropped onto the sunbed beside her, pointing at the sky. "Still hot out here. Weather's perfect. Would you like to join us, Nala?"

Nala's blush deepened, spreading to her ears. "I can't. No, thank you."

Kim leaned in, grinning. "Aw, come on. It'd be awkward for us to fuck while you're inside hearing everything."

Nala opened her mouth, but only a whisper came. No one caught it.

I leaned closer. "Sorry?"

"I'm... virgin," she said, barely audible. "I don't think Evan would want me."

My cock twitched hard, straining against my pants. Jasmine noticed first, eyes flicking down, then up with a smirk. Nala saw too, her gaze following.

"I think it's the opposite," Jasmine said.

"Oh..." Nala breathed.

I lunged forward, gently pushing her back onto the sunbed. I kissed her deep, slow, tasting surprise and sweetness. She squeaked, hands flying to cover her face, body trembling with embarrassment.

Jasmine laughed. "Sheesh, calm down, you animal. You trying to scare her?" She turned to Nala, voice soft. "Don't worry. I'll help you."

I kissed Nala again, pulling her hands away. "Are you sure?"

She nodded, tears spilling, but smiling through them. Happy tears.

"Would you really... let me...?" I asked, voice low.

"You saved my life from him," Nala said, chuckling through her sobs, tears streaking her cheeks. "If not you... then who?"

The words hit me like gasoline on a fire. My cock throbbed, already rock-hard again. Jasmine's voice dropped low, sultry. She knelt beside Nala on the sunbed, fingers quietly unbuckling Nala's pants. The zipper rasped soft in the evening air.

Nala's eyes went wide, face flaming. "J-Jasmine, what—"

"Shh," Jasmine murmured, sliding the pants down smooth thighs. "Relax, baby."

Nala squirmed, hands fluttering like she wanted to cover herself but couldn't decide where to put them. Jasmine hooked her fingers into the waistband of Nala's panties, simple cotton, pale blue, and tugged them down. They caught on one ankle before falling away.

I stared. Her cunt was perfect—pink, untouched, glistening already. Virgin. The thought alone made my pulse hammer.

I shoved my pants off in one motion, cock springing free, aimed at her entrance. Jasmine's hand shot out, stopping me.

"Calm down, caveman. Slow."

"Sorry," I rasped, voice thick.

Nala lay back on the sunbed, legs spread, knees trembling. I climbed between them, the cushion dipping under my weight. Tessa crouched behind me, breath hot on my neck.

"You can't wait to fuck her, can you?" she whispered, lips brushing my ear. "Gonna take that tight virgin pussy, stretch her wide, make her yours."

My cock leaked precum, dripping onto Nala's thigh. Tessa kept going. "Look at her. So innocent. Bet she's never even touched herself thinking of a cock like yours."

Jasmine wrapped her fingers around my shaft, guiding it to Nala's slit. She rubbed the head up and down, coating me in her wetness. Then she spat—once, twice—slicking everything. "The slicker, the less pain," she said, voice husky. "Gonna slide right in, fill that pretty cunt."

"Nala..." I said, locking eyes with her. "Are you sure?"

She nodded fast, then laughed through fresh tears. "Jeez, stop asking. You're making me embarrassed."

I leaned closer. "I'm lucky to have you."

"I'm lucky to be saved by you, Evan."

Tessa's whisper kept coming, relentless. "Gonna ruin her for anyone else. She'll never forget this cock. First one in, last one out."

Nala lifted both arms, reaching for me. "Come, Evan."

Jasmine guided me forward, the tip pressing against Nala's entrance. I hugged her tight, chest to chest, her nipples hard through her shirt. Jasmine pushed slow. "There you go," she purred. "Nice and deep into that virgin cunt. Look how she takes you."

The head slipped in. Nala gasped, nails digging into my back. Tessa kept talking. "Feel that? Tight as fuck. She's squeezing you already."

Jasmine kept guiding. "Halfway now. Good girl, Nala. Take every inch."

Kim had moved closer, perched on the next sunbed. Her hand was inside her shorts, fingers moving fast as she watched my cock disappear into Nala. "Fuck," she breathed. "Look at that stretch."