

# **The Heart System #Chapter 161 - Read The Heart System Chapter 161**

## **Chapter 161: Chapter 161**

I was halfway in when Nala groaned, sharp, pained. A thin streak of blood smeared the white cushion beneath her. I froze, then looked down. The sight hit me like a drug: her blood, my cock, her virginity mine. Confidence surged. I was on top of the world.

"I love you, Nala," I said, voice rough.

"I love you too, Evan," she whispered, tears shining.

We kissed, slow, deep, hungry. Jasmine sat back on her heels, hands on her thighs, watching with a smile. "Move slow, Evan. Don't hurt her."

I pulled back an inch, then pushed in again, gentle, steady. Nala whimpered, but her hips lifted to meet me. "It's okay," she breathed. "Keep going."

Tessa leaned in again. "That's it. Break her in slow. Make her beg for more."

Jasmine added, "Look at her face. She's already addicted."

Kim's fingers moved faster, her breath hitching. "God, I can see it pulsing inside her."

I kept the rhythm easy, letting Nala adjust. Each thrust went deeper, her walls fluttering around me. "You feel so fucking good," I groaned. "So tight. Made for me."

Nala moaned, legs wrapping around my waist. "Evan... yes..."

Jasmine reached down, thumb circling Nala's clit. "There we go. Help her feel it."

Nala arched, a sharp cry escaping. "Oh—"

Tessa laughed softly. "Hear that? First orgasm incoming. You're gonna make her cum on her first cock."

I picked up the pace just a fraction, still careful. "You like that, baby? My cock owning your pussy?"

"Yes," Nala gasped. "Don't stop."

Kim was close too, thighs trembling. "Fuck, I'm gonna—"

Jasmine kept rubbing. "Come on, Nala. Let go. Cum all over him."

Nala's whole body tensed, then shattered. She cried out, pussy clenching hard around me, milking my cock. I groaned, fighting not to follow.

Just like that she came? Fuck... Pleasure skill was a cheat code.

"Good girl," Jasmine praised. "Now he's gonna fill you up."

I thrust deeper. "Gonna cum soon."

Nala nodded frantically. "Please."

Tessa whispered, "Breed her. Mark her. Make her yours forever."

The words pushed me to the edge. I kissed Nala again, swallowing her moans.

Our lips crashed together, hungry and desperate. Her tongue met mine, shy at first, then bolder, tasting me like she couldn't get enough. I moved slow, hips rolling in a steady rhythm, each thrust deep but careful. Her tight walls gripped me like a vice, every inch a battle. The sunbed creaked beneath us, the city lights flickering on below.

Tessa slid to the side of the sunbed, grabbed a fistful of my hair, and yanked my head toward her. "My turn." She kissed me hard, teeth nipping my lip, tongue demanding. Nala watched, breath hitching, eyes wide with a mix of jealousy and arousal.

Kim grabbed my hand, guiding it between her legs. "Finger me, baby."

I slid two fingers into her soaked pussy, curling them just right. She moaned, rocking against my palm. Jasmine sat cross-legged on the teak floor, hand buried in her shorts, rubbing herself slow, eyes locked on my cock disappearing into Nala.

Nala's voice came soft, almost a whisper. "C-can I kiss him now?"

Tessa chuckled, releasing my hair. "Sheesh, fine. Keep him to yourself."

I smiled, turned back to Nala, and kissed her deep. My hips kept moving. "I want this to last forever," I murmured against her lips. "You, the girls, this terrace, the hot weather, the city below. All of it."

Nala laughed, playful. "You're a pervert."

I chuckled and pushed a little deeper. She groaned, pain flashing across her face. Her cunt was too tight, squeezing me relentlessly. Even with Libido at 10, I was losing it. The heat, the grip, the blood on the cushion, it was too much.

"I'm gonna cum," I said, looking into Nala's eyes, fingers still working Kim's pussy. Tessa cupped my balls, rolling them gently.

Nala nodded, silent, eyes locked on mine.

I tried to pull out, but Nala grabbed my collar, puppy eyes wide. "You came inside Jasmine. Why... why not me?"

That broke me.

I exploded, cum flooding her in thick, endless pulses. It overflowed, dripping down her thighs, soaking the sunbed. "Oh shit," I gasped. "What... oh god, Nala, fuck..."

Jasmine whistled low. "Damn, Evan. You trying to drown her?"

Kim laughed, still riding my fingers. "That's a new record."

Tessa smirked, giving my balls one last squeeze. "Look at that mess."

I pulled out slowly. Cum mixed with blood dripped from my tip, pooling on the cushion. The sunbed was ruined—white fabric stained red and white.

Jasmine stood, brushing off her knees. "I'll get the bath ready. Don't worry, Nala. You did good, girl."

I caught my breath. "Call Minne. Have her prep it. She's the maid."

Jasmine nodded, opened the terrace door, and called out. "Minne! Bath, now!"

I crouched beside Nala, rubbing her cheek, wiping tear streaks. "You did good, Nala. Good job."

She kissed my hand. "Thank you."

"I'm... actually really happy you gave me your virginity," I said, voice soft. "That... I can't even describe it."

Nala smiled, eyes shining. "I waited for the right man my whole life. Never thought he'd come out of a coffee shop."

Kim cleared her throat, still touching herself. "You fucked Jasmine. Nala. Now it's our turn with Tessa, no?"

My cock throbbed, Libido 10 kicking in hard. "Oh, I know. You two are next. We'll continue in the bathroom. Weather's getting cold."

Kim shivered. "Huh, you're right."

Minne appeared at the terrace door, tray in hand. She took one look—Nala half-naked, cum and blood everywhere, all of us disheveled—and squeaked. "B-bath is ready!" She bolted.

I laughed, scooped Nala into my arms—waist and legs, bridal style. She squirmed. "I can walk!"

"No, no, no," I quipped, kissing her. "A CEO never walks to the bathroom like this."

We moved inside, half-naked, the girls trailing.

The bathroom was bigger than my living room: a cavern of white marble veined with gold, heated floors, a chandelier dripping crystals over a sunken tub big enough for six. Minne had filled it with steaming water, rose petals floating, jasmine oil scenting the air. Heated towel racks glowed. A rainfall shower loomed in the corner, glass walls fogged.

I set Nala on the tub's edge. "In you go."

I stepped into the rainfall shower, water cascading hot over my skin. The girls stripped fast—clothes hitting marble with soft thuds. I grabbed shampoo, lathered my cock, washing away blood and cum until it was clean. I turned off the shower, water dripping from my hair.

"Tessa," I called.

She sauntered over, naked, hips swaying. I guided her to the tub's edge, bent her forward. Hands on the marble, ass up. I lined up behind her and thrust in deep. Her pussy swallowed me, wet and ready. Her tits swayed heavy with each pound, nipples brushing the tub rim.

Nala sat in the bathtub, eyes shy but glued to us. "Are you always having f-foursomes like this?"

Jasmine laughed from the tub, splashing water. "Not always. But Evan makes it fun."

Kim leaned against the glass wall, fingers tracing her thigh. "He helped me when my ex kicked me out. Took me in as his roommate. Didn't ask for anything as well."

Tessa moaned as I hit deep. "Defended me and Jasmine from Karim."

Jasmine nodded. "Stood up for all of us. We're glad we met him. This relationship? We're good with it."

"You guys are making me blush," I said, pushing deeper. "Stop it."

"Yeah, we glazed his ego too much," Tessa said, looking back. "Now shut up and fuck me, magic fingers. Show Nala how deep you can go."

I slammed in, balls slapping. "Mm yeah. Good girl."

"Good girl?" Tessa smirked, glancing back over her shoulder, her voice breathy from the pounding. "You know what? I'm not angry anymore. You deserved to call me 'good girl.' Just don't use it too much. I'd get annoyed and might punch you."

We chuckled, the sound bouncing off the marble walls. Kim moved behind me, her full tits pressing warm against my back. She kissed my spine slow, lips soft and gentle, trailing from my shoulder blades down to the small of my back. "Love how you take care of us," she whispered, voice husky. "Now wreck her pussy."

I gripped Tessa's hips tighter and pounded harder. The slap of skin on skin echoed loud in the bathroom, mixing with the soft splash of water from the tub. Tessa's moans grew sharper, more desperate, her tits swaying heavy with each thrust, nipples grazing the cool marble edge of the tub. Her fingers clawed at the surface, knuckles white.

Nala sat in the steaming water, eyes wide and shy but unable to look away. One hand disappeared beneath the surface, fingers circling her clit slow, matching my rhythm. Jasmine floated closer to her, legs kicking lazily. "See?" she said, voice low. "He's gentle when he needs to be."

"T-this is gentle?" Nala asked.

"Eh..." Jasmine chuckled. "It... is. I think."

Tessa pushed back hard, meeting every thrust. "Cum in me, magic fingers. I know you want it. Your cock lives in pussy 24/7, huh?"

I groaned, the pressure building fast. Kim's hands slid down my stomach, cupping my balls, squeezing gently. "Fill her up," she urged. "Give her everything."

"Ah... fuck. I'm gonna..."

Too fast. Way too fast. My hips stuttered, and I came hard, cock pulsing deep inside Tessa. Thick ropes flooded her, more than I expected. I thrust again, then again, milking every drop. Tessa shuddered violently, her own orgasm crashing through her. Her pussy clenched tight, milking me in return.

"Fuck your cum," she gasped, voice breaking. "It feels like it bubbles up inside me. So warm... so full... it's weird, but so good."

I stayed buried, breathing ragged. Thank you, Pleasure, I thought, the stat at 15 living up to every point.

I pulled out slow, cum dripping from Tessa's pussy. "Jesus, Evan. You trying to knock me up?"

Kim kissed my neck. "My turn soon?"

I nodded, catching my breath. "Give me a minute. Need to recharge."

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We moved to the tub's edge. I sat on the wide marble rim, legs in the water. Nala scooted closer, still shy, but smiling. Jasmine handed me a glass of water from the side table. I drank deep, the heat and sex leaving me parched.

Tessa floated over, resting her chin on my thigh. "You always cum like that?"

"Only when it's good," I said, smirking.

Kim straddled the tub edge beside me, legs dangling. "We're not done. I've been patient."

I looked at her—full tits, flushed skin, eyes hungry. My cock twitched, already stirring. Libido 10 was a hell of a drug. "Come here."

She stood, turned, and bent over the tub like Tessa had. I moved behind her, hands on her hips. Her pussy was soaked, lips swollen. I rubbed the head along her slit, teasing.

"Don't make me wait," Kim said, pushing back impatiently, her ass grinding against my cock.

I slid in slow, inch by inch. She was tighter than Tessa, wetter than Nala, her pussy gripping me like a fist. I groaned as I bottomed out. "Fuck, Kim."

She moaned, head dropping forward, hair spilling over the tub edge. "Yes. Just like that."

I started slow, building a rhythm. Water sloshed with each thrust, rose petals swirling. Nala watched from the tub, fascinated, fingers still moving under the surface, her eyes wide. Jasmine leaned back against the marble, sipping wine, legs crossed, enjoying the show.

I picked up speed, hips snapping. Kim's ass rippled with each impact, the sound sharp in the steamy room. "You like that?" I asked, voice rough.

"Love it," she panted. "Fuck me harder."

I obliged, pounding deep. Tessa floated closer, kissing Kim's shoulder. "Take it, baby."

Kim's moans turned to cries. "Evan... yes... right there..."

I reached around, thumb on her clit. She bucked, pussy clenching. "I'm close," she gasped.

"Cum for me," I said.

She did—hard, body shaking, pussy spasming around me. I kept thrusting, chasing my release. The pressure built fast again.

"When you made us pack in a hurry," Kim said between moans, "I thought we were doing naughty stuff. So I cleaned my ass just for you."

I froze mid-thrust. "Fuck yeah?"

She grinned over her shoulder. "Oil's in the cabinet... probably."

I pulled out, cock slick. Jasmine hopped out, water streaming off her. She opened a shelf, found a bottle of scented oil, and handed it to me. I poured a generous stream over her ass, rubbing it in, fingers teasing her hole.

Nala's voice came soft. "I-in the back?"

Jasmine chuckled. "In the ass, Nala. Come closer if you want."

Kim bent further. "Come look how he destroys my asshole."

Nala climbed out, dripping, and stood beside me. I wrapped an arm around her shoulder, kissed her cheek. "Watch."

I pressed the head against Kim's tight ring. It resisted, tight, but with steady pressure, it popped in. Kim groaned, fingers digging into the tub edge.

"God, yes," she hissed.

I pushed deeper, slow, the oil helping. Nala's breath hitched beside me.

After thirty or more seconds of thrusting, I chuckled. "Gape your ass, Kim," I said. "Let Nala see."

I pulled out. Kim reached back, spread her cheeks. Her hole gaped, pink and slick. Nala leaned in, eyes wide.

"Wow," she whispered. "I didn't know it could stretch this much."

I quipped, "Hey, your turn will come."

Nala shook her head fast. "No no no no anal sex no."

I pouted sarcastically. "Help me then. Grab my cock, put it in her."

She punched my shoulder, embarrassed, then wrapped her small hand around my shaft. Guided me back to Kim's ass. I pushed in again—easier now. Kim moaned loud.

Nala stayed at my side, watching every thrust. I hugged her close, one arm around her waist, kissing her temple as I fucked Kim's ass. The tightness was insane, hotter than her pussy, gripping me like it wanted to keep me forever.

"Feel that?" I growled. "Your ass is perfect, Kim."

"Fuck yes," she panted. "Ruin it."

I slammed deeper, balls slapping. Nala's hand rested on my hip, feeling the motion. Jasmine watched, sipping wine, legs spread, fingers lazy on her clit.

"Look at her take it," I said to Nala. "See how she loves it?"

Nala nodded, mesmerized.

Kim pushed back hard, her voice thick with need. "Harder. Let me gape my asshole and take a photo. I wanna see it."

Jasmine was already moving. She grabbed her phone from the marble sink counter, the screen lighting up her face. "On it."

I pulled out slow, Kim's hole staying open, pink and slick with oil and precum. She reached back with both hands, spreading her cheeks wide. The gape was obscene—wide enough to see deep inside.

Jasmine snapped the photo, flash bright in the steam. "Damn, girl. Look at that wreck."

She turned the screen. Kim craned her neck, eyes widening. "Holy shit. That's me? Fuck, Evan, you destroyed it."

"Beautiful," I said, voice rough. "Perfect little ruin."

Nala leaned closer from my side, still dripping, eyes huge. "It's... so open."

Kim laughed breathlessly. "Wait till you try. You'll love it."

I couldn't wait. My cock was already hard again. I lined up and slammed back in, one thrust to the hilt. Kim cried out, body jerking forward, tits bouncing.



"Yes!" she screamed. "Fuck my wrecked ass!"

I pounded relentless, oil squelching with every stroke. The slap of my hips against her cheeks echoed loud. Nala's hand tightened on my arm, her breath hot on my neck.

"Look at her take it," I growled to Nala. "See how she begs?"

Nala nodded, mesmerized. "She loves it."

Jasmine held the phone up again, recording now. "For the memories."

Tessa floated closer, kissing Kim's back. "You're such a slut for him."

"His slut," Kim panted. "Only his."

I grabbed her hair, pulled her head back. "Say it again."

"Only yours," she gasped. "Fuck my ass, Evan. Own it."

I did. Harder. Faster. The tub water sloshed violently, waves crashing over the marble edge. Nala's fingers found her clit again, rubbing frantic in time with my thrusts, her breath hitching.

"Gonna cum in your ass," I warned, voice breaking.

"Do it," Kim demanded, pushing back hard. "Fill my dirty hole. Breed my ass."

Nala whispered, "It's so... intense."

"Here it comes..."

I slammed deep and just fucking let go, cum flooding her in thick, endless pulses. I thrust through it, pumping until I was empty, cock twitching with aftershocks.

Kim's whole body seized. She screamed, a raw, guttural sound that echoed off the walls. Her ass clenched viciously around me, spasming so hard it almost pushed me out. Her legs buckled and she shook, violent tremors ripping through her, pussy untouched but dripping. Cum and oil leaked from her gaped hole as she convulsed, fingers clawing the tub edge.

"Fuck!" she howled. "I'm—oh god—cumming!"

The orgasm hit her like a freight train, body arching, tits bouncing, water spraying everywhere. I held her hips to keep her upright, stunned. Those extra five points in Pleasure. Had to be. She was wrecked, lost in it, moaning nonsense. I didn't even touch her pussy and she was like this...

I pulled out slow. Cum poured from her gaped hole, thick streams mixing with the water. Kim reached back with a shaky hand, scooped a fat drop, brought it to her mouth. She sucked it clean, eyes fluttering. "It's like... like—what the fuck? Like an ice cream. Sweet. Warm. Delicious."

Tessa laughed, splashing water. "Told you. He's not normal."

'I can't wait to hit 20,' I thought, staring at the ceiling. 'See what the hell happens then.'

The steam rose thick and fragrant. The city lights flickered beyond the frosted windows. No one spoke—just breathing, heartbeats, the soft lap of water.

The night was young. The penthouse was ours.

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- Sexual Activity Completed

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Partner: Fivesome

EXP Gained: +217

Star Rating: 4.8 ★★★★★

Reason: -

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I woke up at seven that morning. Nala was beside me, standing with one leg propped on the bed, fixing her pantyhose. Kim and Tessa had crashed in their own rooms last night, wiped out from yesterday. Jasmine, Nala, and I took the master bedroom.

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- Evan Marlowe (Lvl 8)

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- Age: 21

- Height: 180 cm

- Weight: 73 kg

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- EXP: [REDACTED] 823/1131

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The sight of Nala—pantyhose halfway up, skirt hiked to her knee, blue panties peeking out—hit me like a sunrise. I smiled without thinking.

"Sorry," she said. "Did I wake you?"

"Nah. Glad I woke up to this."

Nala smiled shyly. "You really are a perv."

"Guilty."

She sat on the bed's edge. Jasmine slept on my other side, head on my arm, naked body pressed tight. Nala looked at me, kissed my lips soft, then played with my hair.

"I..." she started. "I feel... confident. Different."

"Don't get me wrong," I said. "When I lost my virginity, I felt the same. Probably."

"Who was your first?" Nala asked.

I glanced at Jasmine. "Her."

"I wish... I was your first," Nala whispered, fingers still in my hair. "Like you were mine."

I leaned forward, careful not to wake Jasmine, and kissed her forehead. She closed her eyes, rested her head on my chest, listening to my heartbeat.

"Yesterday was... strange," she said. "You, Jasmine, Tessa, Kim... you're used to group sex, huh?"

"In a way, yeah."

"I'm sorry. I was awkward. I didn't know what to do..."

"I love your awkwardness," I said, meeting her eyes. "I love everything about you. And... know what else I like?"

"What?"

"Cosplay," I chuckled. "We should do it. You, Jasmine, Tessa, Kim, and me."

"I heard an influencer's hosting an anime cosplay convention this week," she said. "At a café. Nerdy stuff—cards, quizzes, the works."

"We should go."

"I was going to ask today," Nala said. "After the vote, of course. God, what if they don't pick me for CEO?"

"You're Guy's sister, Nala. They will." I paused. "Hey, why not let me come? I want to be there."

"I can't let you in the meeting, Evan. Sorry."

"Not the meeting. Just... there for you."

"Okay..." Nala checked her watch. "Then get up fast. I need to be there in fifteen."

"Yes, ma'am, CEO, ma'am."

I swung my legs off the bed and stood, stretching. A knock came at the door—soft, hesitant. Jasmine was still sleeping, good. I didn't want to wake her up.

"Get in," I called.

The door opened. Minne, one of the maids, stepped through, short crimson-dyed hair framing her petite face, shy eyes downcast. How old was she, twenty one? Maybe twenty two? She held a folded uniform in her arms. "I heard Master's voice, so I came. Here's the uniform for today. It belonged to my previous master, but I think it'll fit."

I raised an eyebrow. "Hey, let's drop the 'master' thing, alright? That's... kind of cringe. Call me Evan."

Jasmine stirred, propped on an elbow, watching quietly.

"B-but—"

"I'd prefer Evan."

Minne nodded, cheeks pink. Then, with a robotic movement, as if she wasn't human anymore, she looked at me. "As per the 'thing' in my contract, I'll serve you now."

"Serve?" I repeated, brow furrowing.

She set the folded uniform on the bed's edge with careful hands, then knelt in front of me. Her fingers moved to my pants buckle, trembling slightly.

Jasmine's eyes widened from the bed. Nala clenched both fists at her sides, biting her lip so hard it went white. Rage flashed across her face—her expression screamed, old memories of helplessness against Guy boiling up.

I stepped back fast. "Wow, wow, wow. You do not need to serve me. I can tell you don't want this, Minne. This is rapey as hell."

Minne froze, hands hovering. "It's... in my contract, Master—"

"Stop with the master thing, Jesus."

She swallowed, eyes on the floor. "Clause 14-B. 'Morning service.' If I don't... start the day with oral satisfaction for the primary resident, I'm in breach. Immediate termination. No severance."

I stared. "You're telling me Guy wrote blowjobs into your employment contract?"

She nodded, voice small. "He said it was 'motivational.' If I refused, I'd be fired on the spot. No reference. Blacklisted from every agency in the city."

Nala's knuckles cracked. "That bastard."

Minne kept going, barely above a whisper. "I have student loans. My mom's medical bills. I can't lose this job. Ms. Nolin always helped me after—ice packs, painkillers, kind words. I owe her everything."

Jasmine sat up fully now, sheet clutched to her chest. "That's not a contract. That's slavery."

I crouched to Minne's level, gentle. "Look at me."

She did—eyes glassy, scared.

"You're not doing this. Not for me. Not ever again."

"But the clause—"

"Fuck the clause. I'm tearing up that contract the second Nala's in charge. You're safe."

Minne blinked, confused. "You... you'd do that?"

"Already done in my head."

I grabbed her shoulders, lifted her to her feet. She was light, fragile.

"How about a break?" I said. "Go outside. Change into normal clothes. Hang with friends. Eat something that isn't penthouse leftovers."

"But—"

"No buts. Go. That's an order—from Evan, not Master."

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EVENT

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Minne's Interest +1

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She hesitated, then smiled—small, real. "O-okay. Thank you, Mast—Evan."

She slipped out, door clicking shut.

I muttered a curse about Guy, grabbed the uniform, and dressed.

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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

Minne: Interest: 1/20

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Progress:

★☆☆☆☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★☆☆☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★☆☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 100 Interest: Milestone reward

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Select a woman to track progress.

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Jasmine slid off the bed and stopped me mid-buckle, her fingers brushing mine away from the pants. With a wicked smirk, she pushed me back onto the mattress. The sheets were still warm from sleep.

"I don't have a clause in my contract," she purred, eyes glinting. "But I still love sucking that dick. May I, Master?"

"Ah—" I shook my head, half-laughing. "Come on, Jasmine."

She ignored me, unbuckling the pants I'd barely started on and sliding them down my legs in one smooth pull. My cock lay soft against my thigh. She wrapped her fingers around it, stroking slow, the tip brushing my tight stomach, then my belly button. Libido kicked in fast—blood rushing, shaft thickening in her hand. Her eyes never left mine.

Nala stood near the door, arms crossed, giving us a side-eye. She clearly didn't want to watch, but curiosity pinned her in place.

"Mm," Jasmine murmured, leaning in to inhale. "It smells so good. Seriously, Evan—are you dipping this thing in some kind of drug?"

I chuckled inwardly. 'Wait till Pleasure hits twenty.' The skill was a late bloomer—I hadn't felt real effects until fifteen. Twenty would be wild. Thirty? The sight alone might make them cum. I just had to grind.

Jasmine took me into her mouth, warm and wet. She angled my cock to the side of her cheek, poking the tip through with her index finger. The bulge was obscene. I groaned, one hand bracing behind me on the bed, pleasure flooding my nerves.

"Mm, yes baby, moan," she said, bobbing her head. "Let me hear it."

"Oh, god—" I muttered. "Yes. Keep going."

"W-we'll be late—" Nala said, voice small, shifting her weight.

"I know..." I breathed. "Just... give me a minute, Nala."

Jasmine worked faster, tongue swirling. I looked up, smiled at Nala frozen by the door.

"Actually—come here. It'll speed things up."

"W-what?"

"Come on," I said, grinning. "I won't bite."

Jasmine chuckled around my cock. Nala took reluctant steps forward. I grabbed her arm gently, pulled her onto my left leg. She sat stiff at first, then melted as I kissed her deep, one hand sliding under her blouse to cup a tit through the bra. My other hand slipped between her thighs, rubbing her cunt through pantyhose and panties. She was already soaked.

Nala moaned into my mouth, hugging me tight. Her shy eyes flicked down to Jasmine, who noticed and flashed a closed-eye smile, peace sign up, teeth grazing my tip before bobbing again.

"Y-you love spoiling him, huh?" Nala said, voice trembling.

"Hey, he spoils us," Jasmine replied, pulling off to jerk me slow. "Why not return the favor? Yesterday I was in a shithole. Now look."

"I... guess you're right," Nala smiled. "D-does my tit feel good, Evan?"

"Fucking magnificent," I said, rubbing harder.

I unbuttoned her shirt, buttons popping one by one. Her bra strained, tits barely contained. I tugged the cups down—bra now under them, pushing them up like an offering. Pink nipples hard. I latched onto one, sucking hard, tongue flicking.

Jasmine chuckled, mouth back on my cock. "Greedy boy."

"Fuck yes," I groaned against Nala's skin. "Your tits are perfect. So full. So sensitive."



Nala whimpered, hips grinding against my hand. "Evan..."

Jasmine deep-throated me, gagging softly. "Look at her squirm. She's gonna cum just from this."

I switched nipples, biting gently. "You love watching, don't you, Nala? My cock in her throat."

"Y-yes," she admitted, breathless.

Jasmine pulled off, stroking fast. "Cum in my mouth, baby. I'll swallow every drop. Watch close, Nala—this is how you take it all."

She dove back down, sucking hard. I latched onto Nala's nipple, eyes shutting as the pressure built.

"Close—" I warned.

Jasmine hummed, throat relaxing. I exploded—thick ropes shooting down her throat. She gulped loud, audible swallows echoing. Nala's legs shook on my thigh, her own orgasm hitting from the rubbing and the show.

"God," Nala moaned. "You're... swallowing it all?"

Jasmine gave one final bob, pulled off with a pop. "Easy when it tastes this good. Sweet, warm—like dessert."

I smiled, lifted Nala off my leg, set her on the bed. Buckled my pants. "Let's go. Don't wanna be late, huh?"

Nala chuckled, buttoning her shirt with shaky fingers, then stood. "Yeah, you're right."

♥◻♥◻♥◻

I sat in the glass-walled conference room adjacent to the boardroom, the kind of space that screamed "TechForge" money—frosted panels etched with circuit-like patterns, ergonomic chairs that cost more than my old rent, and a massive oak table polished to a mirror shine.

The room overlooked the sprawling open-plan office below: rows of standing desks with triple monitors, employees in hoodies and sneakers tapping away at code, holographic projections of data streams floating above collaborative pods. The place hummed with innovation—whiteboards scrawled with algorithms, coffee bars stocked with artisanal roasts, and a central atrium with vertical gardens dripping with ferns and succulents, the air fresh with humidity and the faint tang of ozone from the servers humming in the basement.

Floor-to-ceiling windows framed the city skyline, turning the whole operation into a glass cathedral of silicon dreams. TechForge wasn't just a company; it was a fortress of code and ambition, every corner designed to make you feel like you were building the future.

- Quest Available

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- Title: Just Making Sure

- Task: Make sure Nala wins the voting.

- Reward: 50c

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- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

I accepted. Nala was Guy's sister, but that didn't mean the board would hand her the keys. Six votes, six potential landmines. I had to find them, talk to them, lock in at least a majority before the meeting started. Phone out—Nala's photos loaded, the photos that she had sent me on which board member was going to be there. Time to hunt.

The TechForge lobby alone was a flex: thirty-foot ceilings, LED constellations pulsing overhead, a reception desk carved from a single slab of reclaimed redwood. Employees streamed past in noise-canceling headphones, badges swinging. I slipped through security with the guest pass Nala had texted me, then hit the elevators—brushed steel, voice-activated floors.

"Engineering wing."

The doors slid open on the third floor. Open-plan chaos: standing desks in neat rows, holographic code reviews floating mid-air, the low hum of mechanical keyboards. I scanned faces against the photos.

First target: Victor Hale, VP of Engineering. Balding, wire-rim glasses, TechForge polo. I spotted him near the espresso bar, sipping from a mug that read Code or Die.

I weaved through clusters of devs arguing about microservices, sidestepped a drone delivering printouts, and fell in step beside him.

"Victor?" I matched his stride toward the glass-walled war room. "Evan Marlowe. Nala's associate."

He stopped mid-sip, eyeing me over the rim. "The coffee shop guy?"

"Yup." I flashed an easy smile. "Quick word before the vote?"

He glanced at his smartwatch. "Thirty seconds."

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- Persuasion Attempt: Victor Hale

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Remaining Chances: 0/2

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Alright. No room for error.

I stepped closer, dropping my voice so only he could hear over the clatter of keyboards and the hiss of the espresso machine. His cologne, cedar and something sharp, mixed with the burnt-coffee smell clinging to his mug.

\_\_\_\_\_

- Attempting Persuasion

=====

"Nala knows Guy's secrets,

the board's blind spots.

Voting for her is stability."

=====

Base Chance: 45%

Honeyed Words: +30%

=====

Final Chance: 75%

Upon Succeeding: ☒

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"Nala knows Guy's secrets," I murmured, lips close to his ear. "The board's blind spots. Voting for her is voting for stability."

Victor rubbed his chin, coffee sloshing. "She's green. No executive experience."

"But loyal. And she's been in every shadow meeting for years."

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- Persuasion Attempt: Victor Hale

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Remaining Chances: 1/2

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One box. Good start.

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- Attempting Persuasion

=====

"Guy's gone. Chaos incoming.

Nala's the bridge, smooth transition,  
stock holds steady."

=====

Base Chance: 30%

Honeyed Words: +30%

=====

Final Chance: 60%

Upon Succeeding: ☒

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I leaned in again, voice velvet. "Guy's gone. Chaos incoming. Nala's the bridge, smooth transition, stock holds steady."

He paused, then nodded once. "Alright... I'll think on that. I still—I don't know, Mr. Marlowe. I think I'll vote for her, that's what my instincts say."

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- Persuasion Attempt: Victor Hale

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Remaining Chances: 2/2-Success!

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One locked. I clapped his shoulder lightly—firm, familiar. "Appreciate it."

He grunted and disappeared into the war room. I was already moving—elevator down to finance.

Fourth floor: the shift was immediate. The elevator doors slid open to a hush—thick carpet swallowing footsteps, frosted glass offices glowing with soft LED strips, nameplates in sleek sans-serif etched on brushed steel. No clacking keyboards, no nothing. Just the low hum of air-conditioning and the occasional rustle of paper. Finance lived here, where code turned into commas and commas turned into power.

I moved down the hallway, badge clipped to my belt, eyes scanning. Elena—sharp black bob, pearl studs glinting under recessed lighting. Her door was cracked open, a sliver of light spilling onto the carpet. I peeked in: she sat at a glass desk, red pen

slashing through printed spreadsheets like a surgeon, highlighters lined up in military precision—yellow, pink, green. A dual-monitor setup glowed behind her, stock tickers crawling in real time. The air smelled faintly of bergamot from a diffuser on the shelf.

I knocked once, light but firm.

"Elena?" I stepped in just enough to be seen. "Evan Marlowe. Nala's friend."

She didn't look up immediately, pen still moving. "Coffee shop guy." Her voice was crisp, dry. "This better be good—I've got numbers bleeding red and a board vote in twenty minutes."

I closed the door behind me, soft click. "It's about the vote. Two minutes, tops."

She finally glanced up, eyes sharp behind thin frames. "Clock's ticking."

## Chapter 164: Chapter 164

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- Persuasion Attempt: Elena

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Remaining Chances: 0/2

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Same again. Two chances, three boxes. No room for error.

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- Attempting Persuasion

=====

"Nala's vision, 20% growth next quarter.

She's ready. Vote for the future."

=====

Base Chance: 45%

Honeyed Words: +30%

=====

Final Chance: 75%

Upon Succeeding: ☒

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"Nala's vision," I repeated, locking eyes. "Twenty percent growth. She's ready. Vote for the future."

Elena set the pen down, folded her arms. "Numbers don't lie, Marlowe. And neither do résumés. She's untested. No P&L ownership, no investor calls, no crisis under fire. She is... like I said, simply untested."

"Untested and hungry," I countered, stepping closer. "And she's got the family keys to every vault—literal and figurative. She knows where the bodies are buried because she helped dig the holes. That's leverage."

She arched a brow. "Leverage cuts both ways. What if she digs up the wrong one?"

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- Persuasion Attempt: Elena

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Remaining Chances: 1/2

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One box. Progress. But she wasn't sold.

I shifted gears, voice dropping. "Look—Guy's mess is a black hole. The street's watching. One whiff of infighting, and the stock tanks ten percent by close. Nala's the clean slate. No scandals, no baggage. Investors crave that narrative. Back her, and your portfolio doesn't just survive, you come out looking like the oracle who saw the turnaround coming."

Elena leaned back, chair creaking softly. She picked up a highlighter, rolled it between her fingers. "You're not wrong. The market loves a redemption arc. But redemption needs a face—and hers is... young."

"Young sells," I said. "Young, female, sister of Guy, rising from the ashes with a five-year plan? That's a story. CNBC eats it up. Your bonus is tied to stock performance, right? This isn't charity—it's math."

"Mm. I wouldn't call it Guy's mess, Mr. Marlowe."

"He stepped down without even talking to any of you." I said. "That's suspicious. And mess, no?"

"You... might be right."

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- Attempting Persuasion

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"With Guy's mess behind us,  
Nala's the clean slate investors crave."

=====

Base Chance: 50%

Honeyed Words: +30%

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Final Chance: 80%

Upon Succeeding: ☒

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"With Guy's mess behind us," I added, "Nala's the clean slate investors crave."

She nodded slowly. "You've made your point. I shall... think on this."

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- Persuasion Attempt: Elena



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Remaining Chances: 2/2-Success!

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Two down.

I gave a short nod. "Appreciate it. Good luck with the bleeding numbers."

She was already back to her spreadsheets as I slipped out.

I thanked her and bolted—break room on two, where ops usually refueled.

The break room smelled like burnt espresso and citrus cleaner. Marcus Hale, COO—burly, suit buttons straining—stood at the pour-over station, grinding beans like he had a personal grudge.

I slid in beside him. "Marcus. Evan. Nala's guy."

He didn't look up. "Make it quick."

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- Persuasion Attempt: Marcus Hale

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Remaining Chances: 0/2

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Alright, a bit rude but nothing I couldn't handle.

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- Attempting Persuasion

=====

"Nala's continuity.

She knows every pipeline,

every vendor.

Vote for her, keep the ship steady."

=====

Base Chance: 40%

Honeyed Words: +30%

=====

Final Chance: 70%

Upon Succeeding: ☒

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"Nala's continuity," I said. "She knows every pipeline, every vendor. Vote for her, keep the ship steady."

Marcus snorted. "You're trying to persuade me into giving my vote for her, eh? Straight to the point, I like that."

"Yeah."

"She's a kid. No scars."

"Scars are what sank Guy. Fresh eyes, clean hands."

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- Persuasion Attempt: Marcus Hale

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Remaining Chances: 1/2

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Last shot.

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- Attempting Persuasion

=====

"Planting Nala keeps the stock from tanking.

She's the safe bet—your job,  
your bonus, everything stays intact."

=====

Base Chance: 25%

Honeyed Words: +30%

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Final Chance: 55%

Upon Succeeding: ☒

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"Planting Nala keeps the stock from tanking," I pushed. "Safe bet—your job, your bonus, everything intact."

He set the grinder down, shrugged. "Maybe. I'll think on it."

No tick. The UI froze.

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- Persuasion Attempt: Marcus Hale

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Remaining Chances: 0/2 - Failure

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Two out of three. Not perfect, but maybe enough. I could try finding them, but I didn't have much time.

I exhaled hard, the air tasting metallic from the sprint. My pulse hammered in my ears as I jabbed the elevator button for the executive floor. The ride up was agonizing—smooth jazz piping through hidden speakers, the digital floor counter crawling like it had all day. I checked my phone: 8:57 a.m. Three minutes until the vote.

I took the seat closest to the doors, knees bouncing. One by one, the board members trickled in.

First came Victor Hale, coffee mug still in hand. He gave me a curt nod—our earlier talk clearly fresh—and disappeared inside.

Elena followed, tablet tucked under her arm, heels clicking sharp. She paused, offered a tight smile. "Wish us luck." Then she was gone.

Marcus Hale lumbered next, suit jacket straining. He didn't acknowledge me—just pushed through the doors with a grunt.

Three more arrived in quick succession: Sarah Lin, Head of Marketing—sleek ponytail, red blazer; Dr. Raj Patel, Chief Scientist—rumpled lab coat over a hoodie; and Lydia Chen, General Counsel—severe bun, briefcase swinging like a weapon. Each vanished into the room without a word.

At 8:59, Nala appeared at the far end of the hall. She wore a navy sheath dress, hair in a low knot, tablet clutched like a shield. Her eyes found mine across the distance. I stood.

I met her halfway, cupped her cheek, kissed it soft. "I'll call you. Don't hang up—I want to hear everything inside. Keep your phone in your pocket, on silent, mic live."

She nodded, breath shaky. "Okay."

"Silver tongue, remember? You've got this."

She squeezed my hand once, then slipped through the doors. They closed with a heavy thunk.

I retreated to my chair, dialed her number, and hit speaker—volume low. The line clicked open. Muffled voices, chairs scraping, then the low murmur of the room settling.

A deep voice—probably the chair, Harold Weiss—spoke first. "Order. Emergency session to appoint interim CEO following Guy Nolin's resignation. Three candidates have put themselves forward. We'll hear pitches in order. Five minutes each, then Q&A. Voting immediate after."

My stomach tightened. Three candidates? Well, that was better than four, but still a fight.

Nala's voice came next, calm but with an edge. "I'll go last, if that's acceptable."

"Granted."

First up was Marcus Hale. The line crackled as he cleared his throat, chair creaking under his bulk. "I've run ops for eight years," he began, voice like gravel. "I know every vendor, every bottleneck, every damn pallet that moves through our warehouses. Continuity. No learning curve. Stock stays stable. We don't gamble—we execute. Under me, nothing changes until we're ready. Supply chain locked, labor contracts ironclad, margins protected. That's not vision—that's results."

Questions came fast, sharp, like darts.

Victor Hale nodded. "What about the Singapore hub delay? Two weeks behind."

"Customs hold," Marcus grunted. "Already rerouted through Taiwan. On schedule by Friday."

Elena exhaled. "Labor costs up twelve percent year-over-year."

"Union renegotiation in Q3," he fired back. "I've got the draft. Four percent cap, performance bonuses tied to uptime. Signed copies in your folders."

"Any exposure from the whistleblower suit?" Chen asked.

"Settled out of court last night," Marcus said. "NDAs airtight. Cost: two million. Budgeted under contingencies."

Solid. Uninspired. Safe. The kind of pitch that kept boards sleeping at night, but didn't light fires.

A pause. Chairs shifted. Then the second candidate—Dr. Raj Patel.

His voice was higher, excited, almost vibrating. "We pivot, now, to quantum-AI hybrids. I have prototypes. Three patents pending. This isn't incremental—this is disruptive. We

leapfrog OpenAI, xAI, everyone. My team's running simulations at 97% efficiency. We deploy in eighteen months, dominate enterprise AI by 2027. This is the future—now."

The board pounced.

"Cost?" Elena asked.

"R&D spike," Raj admitted. "One hundred twenty million over two years."

"Timeline?" Victor asked.

"Phase one rollout Q4 next year."

"IP risk?" Lydia said.

"Patents are defensive," Raj said, voice wavering. "But... competitors are close."

Elena again, colder: "And your budget? You've never managed over fifty million."

Silence.

Raj stumbled. "I—I have advisors. Consultants—"

"Thank you, Dr. Patel." Harold Weiss cut in.

Then—silence. A long, heavy one.

Nala's turn.

Her voice cut through like a blade—calm, clear, commanding. "Thank you. I'm not here to manage the present—I'm here to build the future. Slide one."

A soft beep, the projector hummed to life.

"TechForge's core IP is stagnating," she began, no hesitation. "Competitors are six months, six, from cloning our edge-AI. We're bleeding relevance. My plan? Project Phoenix. Let me walk you through it, step by step."

She didn't wait. She owned the room.

"First: we clean house. Three legacy products—Enterprise Vault, Legacy Sync, and CloudBridge—are devouring forty percent of R&D for only eight percent revenue. They're dead weight. We sunset them. That frees one hundred eighty million dollars—immediately."

Victor Hale's voice cut in, skeptical. "That's half our enterprise clients."

"Exactly," Nala replied, unflinching. "And every single one is locked into sunseting contracts. We don't lose them—we migrate them. To Phoenix Core, our new unified platform. Upsell thirty percent on day one. Churn drops sixty. I have the migration roadmap right here—signed off by engineering leads last night. Page three in your packets. Look at it."

A rustle of papers. I heard pages flipping.

"Second," Nala continued, voice rising with momentum, "talent. We don't beg—we poach. I've secured verbal commitments from two principal researchers at KurtelMind and mAI—Dr. Lema Ross and Dr. Amir Shakar. Their join letters are in your folders. Contingent on my leadership. They told me directly: 'We want vision, not bureaucracy.' I gave them that. They're on standby for calls if anyone wants to verify—right now."

Raj Patel's voice cracked, tight with panic. "You can't promise that. That's—that's not how it works."

"I already did," Nala said, ice-cool. "And they said yes. Because I showed them the roadmap. The budget. The freedom. They're tired of red tape. I'm offering them a rocket ship."

Silence. Then Elena, softer: "Go on."

"Third: capital," Nala said, and I could hear the smile in her voice. "We don't beg investors—we create value. We spin out our quantum division into a Series A startup. I have term sheets, signed, from Pequoa and Anderson. Four hundred million pre-money valuation. TechForge retains fifty-one percent. That's a cash infusion with zero dilution. We fund Phoenix without touching reserves. Stock jumps twenty-five percent on announcement alone. Financial models—page seven. Run the numbers."

Elena again, sharper now: "That's... aggressive."

"It's necessary," Nala fired back. "We announce the spin-out the same week as the brand refresh. We control the narrative: From scandal to supremacy."

Lydia Chen, legal and lethal: "Legal risks? Guy's resignation came out of nowhere. No explanation, no board consultation. What are we walking into?"

Nala didn't flinch. "Guy's departure was sudden, yes. But it was his choice. The resignation letter, page nine, includes full non-disclosure, non-disparagement, no-admit liability. I drafted it myself. He signed at 6:04 a.m. Notarized. Ironclad. Whatever prompted his exit, it stays buried. We move forward—clean."

A low whistle, Victor, definitely.

"Any further questions?" Harold asked.

Dead silence.

"Then, voting. Paper ballots. Mark and pass forward."

The rustle of pens was deafening. My heart slammed against my ribs. I leaned forward, ear pressed to the phone.

Harold counted aloud, voice steady.

"Na—"

The line cut off, and I realised my phone's battery was dead. Shit, shit, shit. Just when I was about to hear the best part!

After a few seconds, Nala emerged from the room, eyes shining, cheeks flushed, tablet still clutched like a trophy.

I was already moving.

"Did you?" I asked.

"YES!" She said, hugging me. "Yes, Evan. Yes!"

"Wool!" I screamed. "That's my gir—I mean good job!"

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Quest Completed

Title: Just Making Sure

Reward: 50c

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I wasn't able to see their faces, but two people left the meeting room and turned the corner, their steps heavy. They had to be the other candidates. Glad Nala was able to beat them. I was... actually kinda proud of her. Some might say I was happier than her.

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- SHOP

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- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)



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

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- Credits: 55c

- Select item to purchase.

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## Chapter 165: Chapter 165

The penthouse was alive with laughter and the clink of glasses when Nala and I stepped through the door. The late-afternoon sun poured through the floor-to-ceiling windows, painting the open-plan living room in warm gold. The city skyline glittered beyond. The air smelled of vanilla and fresh-baked cake—Jasmine's doing, no doubt. It had to be. She really was a good cook.

Jasmine, Kim, and Tessa were already at the dining table, a massive slab of black marble that could seat twelve. A three-tiered chocolate cake sat in the center, frosted with glossy ganache, topped with edible gold flakes and a single sparkler fizzing away. The girls spotted us and erupted.

Clap. Clap. Clap. Jasmine led, her grin wide, hands high. Kim and Tessa joined in, whooping like we'd just won the Super Bowl.

"CEO Nolin in the house!" Kim shouted, pumping a fist.

Tessa stood on her chair, mock-bowing. "All hail the queen!"

Nala laughed, cheeks pink, and raised her hands like she was accepting an Oscar. "Okay, okay, enough! You're gonna make me cry."

"Too late!" Jasmine teased, pointing at Nala's glassy eyes.

The table was set for celebration—crystal flutes, chilled prosecco, a stack of gold-rimmed plates. Nala moved to the cake, picking up the silver knife. "Ready?"

"Do it!" Tessa yelled.

Nala sliced clean, the knife gliding through ganache and sponge. I grabbed a confetti cannon from the counter and pulled the string. Pop! Streams of gold and silver foil exploded over the table, catching the light like a disco ball. The girls screamed, clapping harder, foil sticking to their hair.

"Evan, you're insane!" Kim laughed, brushing confetti off her shoulder.

"Only way to celebrate," I said, grinning.

Nala finished cutting, sliding the first slice onto a plate. "Who wants the corner piece? Extra frosting."

"Me!" Jasmine and Tessa said in unison.

The questions started the second everyone had cake.

"So, spill," Kim said, fork hovering. "How'd you smoke those other two? Marcus is a tank, and Raj is, like, a genius. At least that's what Evan said."

Nala leaned back, prosecco in hand. "Marcus was easy. He's all ops, no vision. I just showed the board what happens if we keep playing defense—competitors eat us alive in eighteen months. Raj? He's brilliant, but he can't sell a budget to save his life. I had numbers. Roadmaps. Signed letters. They couldn't argue with that."

Tessa leaned in. "And the spin-out? Four hundred million? Girl, you're a savage."

Nala shrugged, but her smile was proud. "Had to go big."

Jasmine raised her glass. "To Nala—our own badass CEO!"

"Cheers!" we all shouted, glasses clinking.

I slipped away to the kitchen, leaving them to their gossip. The kitchen was a chef's wet dream—matte-black cabinets, a Sub-Zero fridge the size of a car, and a marble island big enough to land a helicopter. I grabbed the cake, sliced it into perfect wedges, and plated them with a drizzle of raspberry coulis I found in the fridge. The girls' laughter

floated in, warm and easy. I balanced the plates on a tray, carried them back, and set them down.

"Service with a smile," I said, sliding into my chair.

Nala winked. "You're hired."

I reached for my pack of cigarettes, pulled one out, and lit it. The first drag was smooth, smoke curling toward the ceiling. I leaned back, watching them—Jasmine licking frosting off her thumb, Kim mid-story, Tessa throwing her head back in laughter, Nala glowing like she'd swallowed the sun. My chest felt full, heavy in the best way. This. Putting smiles on their faces, building something real—it was the first time in my life I felt like I was doing something. Not just surviving. Not just grinding. Mattering.

A knock at the door broke the moment. I stood, cigarette dangling. "Hold that thought."

I crossed the living room, opened the door. Minne stood there, petite in a red dress that hugged her frame, crimson hair catching the hallway light. She clutched a small purse, eyes down.

"Hey, Minne," I said, stepping aside. "Come in. Did you do... what I asked?"

"Yes, I did." She hesitated. "Sorry I took so long to come home."

"It's fine. It's your day off, remember? Come on, we just cut cake. Join us."

Minne's voice was flat, robotic. "You wouldn't want me beside you. Just a piece of maid."

I frowned, grabbed her shoulders gently, and guided her toward the kitchen. "Nope. Not hearing that. Come on."

Jasmine and Kim spotted her, waved. "Minne! Get in here!" Jasmine called.

I pulled out my chair. "Here, eat my plate. I just lit a cigarette. Gotta lose weight, anyway."

Minne shook her head, hands clasped. "No. I can't. I'm not worth eating a cake this expensive."

I picked up my fork, sliced a perfect bite of chocolate sponge and ganache. "Open your mouth."

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EVENT

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Minne's Interest +5

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She froze, lips sealed.

"Minne," I said, firmer. "Open."

Her lips parted, shy. I slid the fork in. She chewed, covering her mouth with her hand, eyes wide.

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## 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: 66/80

Penelope: Interest: 3/20

Minne: Interest: 6/20

=====

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.

"How is it?" I asked, smiling.

She swallowed, voice small. "It's good, Master."

"Just Evan, please."

"I can't." Her eyes dropped. "I'd like to call you Master, please."

I shrugged. "Suit yourself."

Minne straightened. "I'll wear my outfit and begin cleaning."

"No cleaning today," I said, tapping ash into the tray. "We're practicing. Everyone in this room."

Jasmine raised a brow, fork paused. "What kind of practice?"

I grinned, leaning forward. "You'll see."

♥□♥□♥□

I stood in the center of the master bedroom, the massive mirror reflecting five versions of us that looked like they'd stepped out of some fever-dream anime panel. The chandeliers were dialed low, casting everything in a warm, honeyed glow that made skin look softer and shadows deeper. The king-sized bed behind us was a war zone of empty cosplay boxes and crumpled tissue paper. The carpet was plush under my bare feet, and the air conditioning hummed quietly, keeping the room cool despite the heat building from all of us standing so close.

Jasmine was first in line, hips cocked like she was ready to walk a runway, one hand resting on her waist like she owned the room and everyone in it. She wore a crimson

micro-bikini top—two tiny triangles of glossy satin held together by thin gold chains that draped across her collarbones and dipped teasingly between her full breasts, the metal cool against her skin. The matching thong sat low on her hips, a single silver ring at the front connecting the front and back panels, leaving the sides of her hips completely bare. A sheer red cape, almost see-through, flowed from her shoulders down to mid-thigh, fluttering with every breath she took. Thigh-high fishnet stockings clung to her legs, ending in glossy black platform heels that added four inches to her already lethal frame. Her hair was teased into wild, fiery waves that framed her face, a pair of curved devil horns perched on top like a crown. She looked like a succubus who'd decided lingerie was formal wear and the world was her playground.

"Where did you even get these?" she asked, turning slowly to check her ass in the mirror, the cape lifting just enough to flash the curve of her cheek.

I grinned, leaning against the bedpost, my cape brushing the floor. "After Nala won, I called Minne. Told her to raid the stores that sold cosplay stuff."

Jasmine laughed, running a hand down the sheer fabric of her cape, fingers tracing the gold chains. "This is a nice surprise. Like, really nice. I could get used to this kind of celebration."

Next to her, Kim struck a pose, one leg up on the ottoman, her body angled to show off every line. She wore a black latex bralette with neon pink piping that glowed faintly in the low light, cut so high it was more suggestion than coverage, the material stretching tight across her chest. A matching thong peeked above a pleated micro-skirt in electric pink, the skirt so short it barely covered anything, flaring out with every movement. Black arm warmers with glowing LED circuits wrapped her arms from wrist to elbow, pulsing in time with her heartbeat. A utility belt hung low on her hips, holding tiny prop blades that caught the light. Her hair was in high pigtails, streaked with hot pink, and a glowing choker pulsed around her throat like a heartbeat monitor. She spun a plastic dagger on her finger, the blade catching the chandelier light.

"Cyber-ninja realness," she said, grinning wide, her teeth flashing. "I feel like I could hack a mainframe or slice someone's throat. Maybe both."

## **Chapter 166: Chapter 166**

Tessa leaned against the mirror, one hip out, her reflection doubling the tease. She wore a pastel maid outfit gone completely rogue—white satin bralette with ruffled edges, tied with baby-blue ribbons that strained against her chest. The matching skirt was a joke, barely reaching mid-thigh, with layers of lace petticoats underneath that puffed out like a tutu. Thigh-high stockings with little blue bows clipped to garters hugged her legs. Her hair was in twin buns, topped with a tiny maid cap that sat crooked on purpose. A choker with a silver bell jingled softly when she moved. She twirled, the skirt flaring high enough to flash the lace beneath.

"Maid, but make it slutty," she said, voice sugary sweet, batting her lashes. "I'd serve tea... or something else."

Nala stood beside her, arms crossed under her chest, pushing everything up. She wore a silver bodysuit—metallic latex that caught every light, cut high on the hips, plunging neckline down to her navel, the material clinging like liquid metal. The back was open, crisscrossed with thin straps that framed her spine. Thigh-high chrome boots with stiletto heels made her tower. Her hair was slicked back, wet-look, and a pair of holographic glasses rested on her nose, projecting faint blue grids. A long, flowing cape in electric blue hung from her shoulders, embroidered with glowing circuit patterns that shifted and pulsed.

"Cyber-CEO," she said, smirking, adjusting the glasses. "I run the future. And I look damn good doing it."

Minne stood slightly apart, almost hidden in the shadow of the mirror, her reflection small and hesitant. She wore a long, oversized black trench coat—unbuttoned, revealing a black lace bralette and matching boyshorts underneath, the lace delicate against her pale skin. The coat was torn at the sleeves, frayed at the hem, giving her a rough, lived-in edge. Her hair was tied up in a messy bun, held with a single chopstick that looked ready to fall. Combat boots, scuffed and heavy, grounded her. A fake tattoo of a dragon curled up her arm, visible when the coat shifted. She looked like she'd walked out of a gang hideout in a dystopian future, all sharp edges and quiet danger.

I stood in the center, barefoot, wearing nothing but a tattered white shirt—ripped at the sleeves, stained with fake blood—and a long, flowing black cape that pooled on the floor. The shirt hung open, revealing my chest, the fabric rough against my skin. My hair was messy, eyes shadowed with liner. I looked exactly like the protagonist from *The Hooligan Days*—the brooding anti-hero with a heart of gold and a body count.

Tessa sauntered over, hips swaying like she was walking to music only she could hear. She pressed close, one hand sliding down my chest, fingers brushing the front of my pants, tracing the outline through the fabric. She leaned in, lips near my ear, breath warm. "You look edible."

Minne's eyes flicked over—then immediately away, cheeks flaming red. She stared at the floor like it had personally offended her, hands clasped tight in front of her.

I caught Tessa's wrist gently, kissed her on the lips—quick, firm, but with heat. "Not the time."

Tessa pouted, stepping back with a dramatic sigh, hands on hips. "Tease. You're killing me."

I turned to the group, clapping once to get their attention. "Alright. Tomorrow—anime convention at Café Nexus. They're doing a cosplay quiz. We go as a team. Questions

about our characters—backstory, powers, relationships, the works. If we win, we get rewards. Gift cards, limited-edition figures. Oh, and..."

I walked to my backpack on the chaise, unzipped it with a slow rasp, and pulled out five folded sheets of paper, each one crisp and white. I handed one to each girl, making sure our fingers brushed.

"...your character's written here. Full dossier. Backstory, personality, key quotes, weaknesses, even favorite foods. Memorize it. Live it. Breathe it. If we win the quiz, I'll surprise you with my magic fingers."

Tessa's eyes lit up like I'd offered her a million dollars. "You'll massage us?"

"Yup. Full body. Deep tissue. Happy endings optional."

"Fuck yes!" Tessa pumped a fist, jumping in place, her skirt bouncing. "I'm memorizing this tonight."

Minne took her paper with both hands, eyes wide and serious. She whispered to herself, voice barely audible over the hum of the AC. "Master asked me to memorize this. I shall forget my name and become... Rika 'Razor' Sato."

I chuckled, shaking my head. "Come on now. You have less than twenty-four hours. Memorize, girls. Or... be prepared for my wrath."

Jasmine smirked, twirling so her cape flared. "Scary. Almost pissed my pants... or my skirt, I guess. What am I even wearing? This thing is basically dental floss."

"We will not go to the convention with these clothes, of course. Don't worry. These cosplays were... well, uh, for me to see only."

"Jealous much?" Tessa smirked, nudging me on the shoulder.

"Yes." I replied curtly.

Tessa got surprised, then shook her head. "Caveman. But I like it when it's you."

We laughed—loud, easy, the sound filling the room, bouncing off the mirror and the high ceilings. Kim struck another pose, Tessa jingled her bell, Nala adjusted her cape like a queen, Minne clutched her paper like a lifeline.

I looked at them, one by one. Jasmine, fierce and glowing, her confidence radiating. Kim, electric and sharp, ready to cut through anything. Tessa, playful and soft, but with a bite. Nala, regal and untouchable, the leader we all followed. Minne, quiet but present, her loyalty a quiet storm. My chest tightened, a warm ache. This was my world now. These women. This life. I'd built something real, something worth fighting for.



My phone buzzed on the nightstand, screen lighting up. I glanced—Delilah. A photo loaded slowly: her full, perfect tits in frame, face smiling, lips parted, eyes locked on the camera. And there was a message.

'Ivy's out. Cumming?'

Then she sent another text. 'Coming! Not cumming! I swear it auto-corrected it. I'm not trying to be a smartass. Stupid phone.'

Fuck she was such a cute woman.

I cleared my throat, pocketing the phone fast. "Y-yeah, so—memorize those, girls. I'll be back in a few hours."

Minne bowed slightly, paper still in hand. "Yes, Master."

Jasmine tilted her head, one brow raised. "Where are you going?"

I exhaled, running a hand through my hair, feeling the weight of the cape on my shoulders. "Got some business. Police station. Richard's bullshit again. Won't take long, I promise."

Jasmine nodded, stepped close, and kissed me—slow, deep, her hand on my neck, fingers threading into my hair. My cock twitched, traitorously, pressing against my pants.

I pulled back, whispered to myself: "Alright... Delilah. How the hell do I introduce you to these girls?"



I drove deep into Delilah, the mattress beneath us creaking like it was begging for mercy. Ivy's bed—pink comforter bunched at the foot, stuffed animals shoved to the floor—felt like the perfect sin. Delilah's legs were locked tight around my waist, heels digging into my back, pulling me in with every thrust. Her nails raked down my shoulders, leaving hot trails. Sweat slicked our skin, the room thick with the scent of sex and her perfume.

I kissed her hard, teeth grazing her lower lip. "I'm fucking you in your daughter's bed," I growled against her mouth. "Look at you—so fucking beautiful, spread out on her princess sheets, taking my cock like you were made for it."

She whimpered, cheeks flushing crimson. "You're the one who asked me to do this," she panted, voice shy but dripping with need. "Told me to come here, bend over Ivy's pillows..."

I grinned, slowing my hips just to tease, dragging my length out until only the tip stayed inside, then slamming back in. The condom—thin, hated latex—dulled the heat, but I still felt her clench around me. "I wanna fuck you in every inch of this house," I said, voice rough. "Kitchen counter. Shower. That fancy couch in the living room. Mark every room with you screaming my name."

She moaned, arching up, breasts pressing against my chest. I dipped my head, sucked a nipple into my mouth, rolling it with my tongue until she gasped. My hips snapped faster, the headboard knocking against the wall in a steady rhythm. Thud. Thud. Thud. Her pussy was soaked, the slick sound of skin on skin filling the room, even through the damn rubber.

"Fuck, this condom," I muttered, biting her collarbone. "I hate it. Wanna feel you raw, Delilah. Wanna feel every inch of you squeezing me."

She laughed breathlessly, fingers tangling in my hair. "You're insatiable."

I thrust harder, angling to hit that spot that made her eyes roll back. "I'm gonna cum," I rasped. "Can I do it inside?"

Her breath hitched. "Evan... this time I could really get pregnant. We're lucky I didn't already."

"Please," I begged, slowing again, grinding deep, letting her feel every pulse. "I've dreamed about this—countless times. I wanna pull this fucking condom off, Delilah. Wanna cum inside you, right here, in your daughter's bed. Fill you up until it's dripping out."

She bit her lip, eyes fluttering, shy but burning. "Okay... gah. GAH! Okay, fine, fine, do it."

I pulled out slow, the condom slick with her. I ripped it off, tossed it to the floor, and lined up again—bare, hot, skin on skin. The first thrust without it was electric. Her pussy gripped me like a fist, wet and scorching. I groaned, loud, burying my face in her neck.

"Fuck, yes," I hissed. "That's it. Take me raw."

## **Chapter 167: Chapter 167**

The Pleasure skill kicked in—my secret weapon. I felt her body respond instantly, walls fluttering, breath hitching. I pounded into her, relentless, the bedframe rattling like it might collapse. Within minutes, she shattered, back arching, legs trembling, a sharp cry tearing from her throat. Her orgasm soaked the sheets, a warm flood beneath us.

"God, Evan—yes!" she gasped, nails digging into my ass, pulling me deeper.

I was close, balls tight, spine tingling. "Gonna cum," I warned, voice shredded.

"Cum inside me," she begged, filthy and desperate. "Fill me up, baby. Breed me in my daughter's bed—do it, please."

That did it. I slammed in one last time, cock pulsing, and let go. Hot ropes of cum shot deep inside her, thick and endless. I pushed harder, grinding, milking every drop, until I was spent. My vision blurred, breath ragged.

Finally, I pulled out slow, watching my cum leak from her swollen pussy, staining Ivy's pink sheets. "You look fantastic, Delilah," I said, voice hoarse.

She laughed, breathless, pushing hair from her face. "Next time we do it on my bed. Now I have to clean these sheets."

"After you clean my cock?" I asked, climbing off the bed, standing in front of her.

She exhaled, slid off the mattress, and knelt on the carpet. Her hands wrapped around my softening cock, still slick with us. She looked up, eyes locked on mine, and took me into her mouth—slow, thorough, tongue swirling, sucking me clean. I groaned, hand in her hair, watching her work.

Now... how would I include Delilah with others? Jasmine and the girls would be okay with it, probably. But Delilah? No, no, no. She'd hate it. Just... how? I wanted to fuck her next to Jasmine and the others. I wanted her to watch me as I go balls deep in Kim's ass, while Jasmine gave me blowjob—then when I was tired of their pussies, I'd fuck Delilah. But how?

"When will Ivy be back?" I asked, my voice still rough from the last round.

"Two hours," Delilah answered, lying back on Ivy's rumpled pink sheets, her thighs still trembling. She traced lazy circles on her stomach, where my cum still leaked slow and thick. "Your... cum feels different... makes my body hot, Evan."

"I get that all the time," I smiled, then grabbed her by the chin, tilting her face up. Her eyes locked on mine as she kept stroking my cock, slow and slick. "I love you."

"You're saying 'I love you' so easily, sheesh."

"I love you."

"Okay, okay. I get it."

"I want to make you pregnant." I whispered, leaning close, my lips brushing her ear. "In this very bed. Delilah, I will not stop fucking you until you get pregnant."

"Y-you..." She flushed crimson, her hand freezing mid-stroke. "Go find someone your age, young man. Make them pregnant."

"Delilah," I exhaled hard, the image flashing again—her lying beside Jasmine, Nala, Tessa, all of them spread and waiting, pussies glistening, eyes on me. Fuck... that made me hard again. "Get up and spread out those legs. I'll fuck you again."

"But you just came?"

"When it's you, I can go forever." I stood, cock already swelling. "Come on. Get up. Spread those legs up."

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EVENT

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Delilah's Interest +3

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She obeyed without a word. Delilah rolled off the bed, knees on the mattress, hands planted in front of her. Her back arched, ass high, pussy still glistening with my last load. The pink comforter bunched beneath her palms. I stepped behind her, hands on her hips.

"Spread your asscheeks," I ordered.

She reached back with both hands, fingers digging into soft flesh, pulling herself open. A thin, pearly line of cum dripped from her swollen pussy, trailing down her thigh and pooling on the carpet. The sight made my cock throb.

"Good girl," I growled, gripping the base of my shaft. I rubbed the head along her slit, coating myself in her wetness and my own cum. Then I pushed in—one slow thrust until I was buried to the hilt.

"G-good girl? Apologize right now, Evan! You're... you're..."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry." I muttered. "Heat of the moment."

I pushed my cock deeper.

"D-don't... ah, fuck. Don't ever say that again—oh, too deep." Delilah moaned, loud and broken. "Fuck... Evan..."

I pulled back until only the tip stayed inside, then slammed forward. The slap of skin on skin echoed in the room. Her ass rippled with every impact. I set a brutal pace—hard, deep, relentless. The bedframe rattled against the wall like a drumbeat.

"You like that?" I snarled, one hand fisting her hair, yanking her head back. "You like getting fucked raw in your daughter's bed? My cum still inside you, and I'm adding more?"

"Yes—yes," she gasped, pushing back to meet me. "Fuck me, Evan. Use me. Fill me again. Just like that... just... like that."

I spanked her ass, crack, watching the flesh jiggle. "This pussy's mine. Every drop. Every inch." I reached under, fingers finding her clit, rubbing fast circles. She bucked, a fresh gush of wetness coating my balls.

"Look at you," I said, voice low and filthy. "Dripping down your thighs. You're a fucking mess, Delilah. My mess."

She whimpered, fingers clawing the sheets. "I'm gonna cum—don't stop—"

I didn't. I fucked her harder, hips pistoning, the wet squelch of her pussy obscene in the quiet room. Her walls clenched, fluttered—then she shattered. A sharp cry tore from her throat, body convulsing, pussy milking me like a fist. More cum and wetness soaked the sheets beneath us.

I kept going, riding her through it. "That's one," I said, breathless. "But I'm not done. I want another. I want you screaming."

I flipped her onto her back, legs over my shoulders. Her pussy gaped, red and swollen, cum still leaking. I slid back in—fuck, the heat, the slickness. I leaned down, kissed her deep, tongue fucking her mouth in time with my cock. She moaned into me, nails raking my back.

"You taste like sin," I muttered against her lips. "I could fuck you for days."

"Do it," she begged. "Don't ever stop."

I sat up, grabbed her ankles, spread her wide. The angle let me go deeper—every thrust bottomed out, my balls slapping her ass. Her tits bounced with every impact, nipples hard and begging. I pinched one, twisted—she arched, keening.

"Tell me you want it," I demanded.

"I want it," she panted. "I want your cum. I want you to breed me—please!"

I growled, pace turning frantic. Sweat dripped from my chest onto her stomach. The pressure built, hot and tight in my spine. "Gonna cum," I warned. "Not inside this time. Gonna paint you."

"Yes! Cum on me—"

I pulled out at the last second, fisting my cock. The first rope shot across her stomach, thick and white. The second hit her tits. The third streaked her throat. I milked every drop, groaning, until I was empty.

Delilah lay there, panting, covered in me. She looked ruined—hair wild, lips swollen, body glistening. Beautiful.

I collapsed beside her, kissed her slow and deep. "You're perfect."

She laughed, breathless. "You're insane... at least you didn't cum in me."

"Yeah. Just wanted to see you... like that. With my cum on you."

We dressed slowly—me in jeans and a tee, her in a silk robe she found in Ivy's closet. I watched her wipe herself clean with tissues, then strip the sheets with a sigh.

"Next time," I said, "we do it on your bed. Promise."

She rolled her eyes. "You're cleaning these, Evan."

I grinned. "Only if you suck me clean first."

"What? You scammer, I already sucked you clean! What are you even saying!"

"But after that we had sex again, no? My dick now needs another cleaning."

"You... are a scum, Mr. Marlowe." She said, grinning.

"Ouch."

She knelt without hesitation, took me into her mouth again—soft, warm, thorough. I hardened instantly. Fuck.

An idea hit me.

"Come to the anime convention tomorrow," I said, voice rough as she licked me clean. "Café Nexus. Cosplay quiz. The girls will be there, too."

"Tho gurls?" She asked while my cock in her mouth.

"My friends. You'll love them."

Delilah pulled off with a pop, eyes wide. "I'm too old for anime conventions."

"Please," I begged, cupping her face. "Just come. Watch. You don't have to dress up. Just... be there."

She sighed, wiped her mouth. "Fine, fine. I'll come. Send me the address. But I'm not wearing weird dresses."

"That's enough for me," I said, kissing her forehead. "Can't wait."

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## WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 27 / 40★★

Kim: Interest: 30 / 40★★

Delilah: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 6 / 20

Nala: Interest: 66 / 80

Penelope: Interest: 3 / 20

Minne: Interest: 6 / 20

=====

Progress:

★☆☆☆☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★☆☆☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

"I'm home," I called, pocketing the key and kicking the door shut. "So tired..."



I padded to the master bedroom first. Jasmine and Nala were curled on the California king, silk pajamas riding high, the middle of the bed left empty like a throne. Cute. I was the luckiest bastard alive.

I drifted into the living room and stopped dead. Black marble floors so glossy they mirrored the skyline. A dove-grey sectional the size of a yacht, leather buttery enough to make angels jealous. Above it hung a chandelier of hand-blown Murano glass that dripped light like liquid gold. The far wall was floor-to-ceiling smart-glass; one tap and it turned opaque, another and the city glittered through. A wet bar glowed under back-lit onyx, crystal decanters catching the neon bleed from the strip below. The air smelled of cedar, vanilla, and money.

I parted the motorized curtains, lit a cigarette, and leaned against the window. Twenty floors down, the city that used to chew me up now crawled like a toy.

"Damn... look at this," I whispered, exhaling smoke that curled against the glass.

I turned right and spotted the short corridor that split into three doors: Kim's on the left, Tessa's opposite, and at the very end a busted slab of wood with candlelight flickering through the cracks. What the hell?

I stubbed the cigarette in a Lalique ashtray, tiptoed over, and eased the broken door open.

The room was a coffin. Four walls so close I could palm them both at once. A single mattress on the floor, no frame. One nightstand, one candle, one girl. Minne knelt on the mattress, paper in hand, reading her cosplay dossier by trembling flame.

"Minne?"

She startled, eyes wide, then snapped into robot-mode. Shirt off in one motion, gaze glued to the floor, cheeks scarlet.

"Welcome to my room, Master," she whispered, voice cracking. "I'll serve you immediately."

Before she could drop, I caught her shoulders and crushed her into a hug. She squeaked, tiny, warm, trembling against my chest. I pulled back, cupped her face.

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EVENT

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Minne's Interest +5

"You didn't come here for pleasure, Master?" Her whisper shook, lashes fluttering.

"No." I brushed a strand of hair behind her ear. "I'm sorry I barged in. Didn't know this was... yours."

"No need to apologize, Master." She bowed so low her forehead nearly touched my shoes.

"Why the hell do you sleep in a closet?"

"My previous master, Guy Nolin, ordered me to—"

"Fuck that." I grabbed her hand, lacing our fingers. "Come with me."

"W-wait, Master..." She stumbled after me, bare feet slapping marble.

## WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 27 / 40★★

Kim: Interest: 30 / 40★★

Delilah: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 6 / 20

Nala: Interest: 66 / 80

Penelope: Interest: 3 / 20

Minne: Interest: 11 / 20

=====

Progress:

★☆☆☆☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★☆☆☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★☆☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

=====

Select a woman to track progress.

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We turned right into the circular hallway—a perfect ring of walnut paneling and recessed lights. Five smoked-oak bedroom doors stood like palace gates. Between them was a glass-walled study humming with triple monitors, and opposite it a miniature library with floor-to-ceiling books, rolling ladder, and leather wingbacks that smelled of old paper and new money.

I pushed open the nearest bedroom. A king bed floated on a plinth of light. Rain shower visible through frosted glass. Walk-in closet bigger than her old room. City lights poured across Egyptian-cotton sheets.

"You're living here," I said, squeezing her hand.

Minne's eyes ballooned. "N-no, Master, I can't—this room is huge—I'm fine in my place—"

"This is an order." I stepped closer, voice low but firm. "You're here from now on."

She flushed crimson, bowed so low her hair brushed the floor. "Y-yes, Master."

I softened, brushing my thumb across her cheek. "If anything ever feels wrong, you come to me. Door's always open. Got it?"

"Thank you, Master... thank you." Her voice cracked again, eyes glassy.

I ruffled her hair. "Good."

I left her by herself and padded back to the master suite. Silk pajama pants on, I slid between Jasmine and Nala. Jasmine stirred, arm flopping across my chest, lips brushing my jaw.

"Mmm... night, babe," she mumbled, half-dreaming.

I kissed her slow, tasting vanilla lip balm. "Night, gorgeous."

Nala sighed in her sleep, leg hooking over mine. I stared at the ceiling, city glow painting us gold, and let the quiet settle.

"Night, Evan." Nala whispered, still half sleeping.

I smiled. "Night, CEO."

Tonight, I was exactly where I belonged.



A whisper curled into my ear, soft, teasing, like silk dragged across skin.

"Evan... Evan..."

I cracked one eye open. Morning light sliced through the blinds in thin gold bars. Nala and Jasmine knelt on the mattress, one on each side of me, leaning in so close their breath tickled my cheeks. Both wore Minne's maid outfits, except the fabric had given up trying to cover anything.

The tops were black satin with white lace trim, built for Minne's tiny frame. On Nala and Jasmine, thick, curvy, built like goddesses, the satin looked ready to explode. Nala's massive tits bulged over the neckline, soft, heavy, barely contained, the lace digging into her caramel skin. The skirt barely skimmed the bottom of her plump ass, riding up every time she breathed. Jasmine's even bigger chest spilled out the sides, nipples peeking through stretched lace, the hem so high I could see the curve where thigh met ass. Minne's outfits had been modest on her; on these two they were pure porn.

"W-what the hell..." I croaked, blinking awake.

Jasmine giggled, crawling closer, her tits swaying like ripe fruit. "We borrowed Minne's uniforms," she purred, tugging at the too-tight bodice. "They're... a little small."

"Hey, I think they fit perfectly," I rasped, cock already stirring under the sheet. "Can't lie."

Nala flushed crimson, thighs pressing together.

Jasmine slid the sheet down my hips, silk pajama pants following. My cock sprang free, thick and heavy, already leaking. She leaned in, lips brushing my ear. "Which pussy do you want first, Master?" she whispered. "Nala's... or mine?"

I grabbed Nala's thick thigh, squeezed the soft flesh, feeling it spill between my fingers. "I didn't get to enjoy you properly that first night," I growled. "Too busy being gentle."

Jasmine pouted, grabbing my cheek. "Jeeerk."

"Sorry, sorry," I laughed, kissing her palm. "You gotta understand me."

She exhaled, rolling her eyes. "Fine."

"And... is it okay if I'm a little rough?" I asked.

"Ooh." Jasmine purred. "You don't even have to ask that, 'Master.' You own us, after all, no?"

Nala, cheeks burning, climbed up and straddled my hips. She started to sink facing away, but I stopped her with a hand on her waist. "Turn toward me," I said. "I wanna see your face when I fuck you."

She froze, eyes wide, then nodded. With a shy little whimper she spun on my lap, knees sliding wider until her soaked pussy hovered right above my tip, her heavy tits now directly in front of my face. The tiny maid skirt flipped up like a curtain, framing her glistening folds. Perfect.

"O-okay..." she breathed.

Jasmine smirked. "Okay what, Nala?"

"O-okay, Master," Nala whispered, voice trembling.

I smiled. "Good girl."

Nala crouched lower, thighs shaking. The tip of my cock nudged her soaked entrance, slick already dripping down her folds.

Jasmine spat into her palm, wrapped her hand around my shaft, and stroked slow, coating me in spit. "Should slide right into that tight little cunt," she teased.

Nala shut her eyes, held her breath, and sank down.

I was halfway in when she gasped, nails digging into my chest. "I-I can't take it deeper..."

"That's fine by me," I groaned, gripping her hips. "Ride me just like that."

She started moving, slow, tentative, her fat ass bouncing softly. Each drop sent her tits jiggling in the too-tight top, nipples hard against the lace. I watched her face: eyes squeezed shut, lips parted, moans spilling out in broken little whimpers. Some in pain, some in pure pleasure.

"Fuck, Nala," I rasped, thrusting up to meet her. "Your pussy's gripping me so tight. Look at you, stuffed full of cock in that slutty little maid outfit."

Jasmine lay beside me, kissing me deep, tongue sliding into my mouth. I reached between Jasmine's thighs, fingers slipping into her soaked heat, curling slow. She moaned into my mouth, hips bucking against my hand.

A few minutes later, Jasmine pulled back, breathless. "Okay, Nala," she panted, "now watch how he likes to fuck."

Nala lifted off me with a wet pop, thighs trembling. Jasmine took her place, straddling me facing forward, thick ass hovering above my cock. She looked back over her shoulder, eyes gleaming. "Are you ready, Master?"

"Always," I growled.

## **Chapter 169: Chapter 169**

Jasmine sank down in one smooth drop, taking me to the root. Her pussy swallowed me whole, walls fluttering, slick and hot. She started riding hard, ass clapping against my thighs, tits bouncing so wild the satin top finally gave up. One strap snapped, lace tearing, nipple popping free.

I gripped her hips hard enough to leave prints. "Ride me harder, baby. Make those fat tits bounce till the lace rips clean off."

She laughed, breathless, and slammed down faster. "Like this, Master? You want this sloppy cunt milking every inch of you?"

"Exactly like that," I snarled, slapping her ass so hard the cheek rippled. "Show Nala how a real slut takes cock."

Nala whimpered, fingers buried between her legs, eyes wide. "It's... so deep," she whispered. "You're taking all of him..."

Jasmine grinned over her shoulder, sweat beading between her tits. "Watch close, baby. He loves it when I grind right—" she rolled her hips in a filthy circle, pussy clenching, "—there."

I groaned, head falling back. "Fuck, yes. Squeeze me, Jasmine. Milk that dick just like that."

She bounced harder, ass slapping louder, the bed creaking under us. Her tits flopped free completely now, heavy and glistening, nipples dark and stiff. I reached up, pinched one, twisted until she squealed.

"Harder!" she begged. "Pinch them till I scream, Master!"

I twisted both nipples, rolling them between my fingers. She arched, pussy spasming around me. "Yes! Fuck, I'm gonna cum just from this—"

"Do it," I ordered, thrusting up to meet every drop. "Cum all over my cock while Nala watches. Show her how wet you get for me."

Nala crawled closer, lips parted, fingers pumping in and out of herself. "W-wow..."

"Cum in me, Master."

I slapped Jasmine's ass again, leaving a red handprint. "Not yet. I'm saving that load for both of you."

Jasmine slowed, grinding deep, clit rubbing against my pelvis. "Then let me edge you," she purred. "Let me feel you throb inside me while Nala licks your balls."

Nala didn't wait for permission. She slid down, tongue flicking out, lapping at my sack while Jasmine kept riding. The dual sensation, hot tongue, tight pussy, had my hips jerking.

"Fuck, yes," I hissed. "Both of you... worship this cock."

Nala moaned against my balls, vibrations shooting up my shaft. Jasmine leaned forward, tits dragging across my chest, and whispered, "Feel her tongue? She's tasting your precum dripping out of me."

I grabbed Jasmine's throat, pulled her into a bruising kiss. "You're both gonna swallow every drop when I'm ready."

She clenched hard, pussy fluttering. "Promise?"

"Swear on my fucking life."

I flipped us suddenly. Jasmine yelped as I pinned her flat on her back, knees hooked over my shoulders, ankles by my ears. Her thick thighs trembled in my grip, pussy stretched wide and glistening. I slammed in to the root, balls slapping her ass with a wet crack.

"Look at me," I snarled, driving deep. "Watch your Master wreck this cunt."

Jasmine's eyes rolled, mouth open in a silent scream. "Yes—fuck—use me!"

I hammered her without mercy, hips pistoning, bed frame rattling. Sweat dripped from my chest onto her bouncing tits. Each thrust punched the air from her lungs in sharp little gasps.

Nala knelt beside us, thighs pressed tight, fingers buried in her own pussy. Her eyes were glued to where my cock disappeared into Jasmine over and over.

"See that, Nala?" I growled between thrusts. "That's how deep I'm going in you next."

Nala whimpered, nodding frantically. "I... just—wow."

I pulled out of Jasmine with a wet, filthy pop, my cock slick and shining with her juices. "On your back, Nala," I ordered. "Legs up—hold your ankles."

She rolled over fast, knees yanked to her ears, back arched so hard her pussy lifted off the mattress. Her lips were puffy, slick, begging.

I knelt between her thighs and dragged the fat head of my cock through her folds once, twice, painting her with Jasmine's cream. Nala's breath hitched, hips twitching. "Master... slow, please... I'm still sore d-down there."

I leaned over her, one hand braced beside her head, the other gripping the base of my shaft. "Breathe, baby. Push out for me. Let me fill you up nice and slow."

I pressed forward, just the crown breaching her entrance. Her pussy fluttered, hot silk kissing my tip, resisting for a heartbeat before yielding. Nala's eyes squeezed shut, a sharp whimper escaping her lips. "Ow... it burns... you're so thick..."

"Shh, good girl," I murmured, holding still. "Relax those walls. Feel me stretching you?"

I rubbed slow circles on her clit with my thumb, the Pleasure stat doing its magic—turning sharp pain into warm tingles that spread through her core. Her breath evened out, hips shifting slightly.

"Better?" I asked, voice low.

She nodded, biting her lip. "Y-yeah... keep going..."

I eased in another inch, savoring the vice-like grip. Her walls parted reluctantly, hugging every ridge, every vein. Halfway now, and she gasped, nails digging into her own ankles. "Fuck... it hurts, but... oh god, it's... so full..."



"That's it," I groaned, rocking my hips in tiny thrusts. "Your pussy's learning my shape. Getting wetter for me already." Juices leaked around my shaft, easing the way. The pain in her eyes faded, replaced by hazy lust—my Pleasure at fifteen making every nerve sing, turning stretch into bliss.

"More, Master," she begged, voice breathy. "I can take the rest... please..."

I sank deeper, inch by torturous inch, until my balls kissed her ass. Fully sheathed, I paused, letting her adjust. Nala's chest heaved, tits rising and falling, nipples diamond-hard. "Oh fuck... you're in so deep... I feel you everywhere..."

"Perfect," I rasped, pulling back slow—watching her lips cling to my shaft—then sliding home again. Gentle at first, building rhythm. Her moans shifted from pained whimpers to needy cries, pussy clenching greedily now.

Jasmine crawled to Nala's side, eyes hungry. "Look at you taking him so pretty," she purred, pinching Nala's left nipple and twisting. "Scream for Master. Let him hear how much you love being split open."

Nala's voice cracked, back arching higher. "I love it—fuck—I'm your whore—don't stop!"

I hooked her legs higher over my elbows, folding her nearly in half. The new angle let me drill straight down, cockhead kissing her cervix on every stroke. Wet squelches filled the room, her juices squirting around my shaft with each plunge. "That's my girl," I growled. "Taking every inch like a champ. Your cunt's drooling for me now."

"Gonna cum," she sobbed, tears of pleasure streaking her cheeks. "Master—please—let me—"

"Cum," I barked, slamming harder. "Milk my cock with that tight little cunt. Soak me."

She shattered. Pussy clamping like a fist, thighs quaking in my grip, a high-pitched wail ripping from her throat. Her orgasm gushed out, soaking my balls and thighs, dripping onto the sheets in a hot puddle. I kept pounding through it, the slick heat driving me wild.

"Fuck, yes," I panted, sweat dripping from my brow onto her heaving tits. "That's one. Keep squeezing—don't you dare stop."

Nala's walls fluttered endlessly, aftershocks making her buck.

Jasmine leaned in closer, her breath hot on Nala's skin. "Good girl," she whispered, rolling Nala's other nipple between her fingers. "You're creaming all over him. He's gonna wreck you even harder now."

I didn't let up, hips snapping relentlessly. Nala's screams turned to babbling pleas. "More, harder, break me..."

Her body limp except for the pussy still spasming around me. Minutes blurred, sweat-slick skin slapping, bed groaning under the assault.

"Switch," I snarled finally, yanking free with a obscene slurp. Nala whimpered at the emptiness, pussy gaping and twitching.

I grabbed Jasmine by the hips and flipped her onto all fours, ass up high, face buried in the pillows. Her cheeks glowed red from earlier spanks, pussy dripping down her thighs. "Beg for it," I ordered, spanking her hard—CRACK—watching the flesh jiggle.

"Please, Master—fuck me raw—wreck my pussy!" she cried, arching back, presenting herself like a bitch in heat.

I gripped her waist and slammed home in one brutal thrust. No mercy this time—full length buried to the hilt. Jasmine screamed into the pillow, ass rippling from the impact. "Yes! Fuck—split me open!"

I gave her what she craved. Long, savage strokes that buried me balls-deep every time, pulling out to the tip before ramming back in. Her ass clapped against my pelvis, wet slaps echoing like gunshots. "Take it, slut," I growled, spanking again—CRACK CRACK—leaving handprints blooming red. "This pussy was made for my cock."

Nala, still panting on her back, slid underneath Jasmine on all fours, positioning her face directly below. Her mouth opened wide, tongue lapping at my swinging balls every time I bottomed out.

"Taste us," I told her. "Lick my sack while I breed her."

Nala moaned, tongue swirling hot and wet, sucking gently on the sensitive skin. The added sensation had my thrusts turning feral—hips blurring, bedframe slamming the wall like thunder. Jasmine's tits dragged across Nala's belly below, nipples scraping skin.

"Harder—fuck—ruin me!" Jasmine wailed, pushing back to meet every plunge. Her walls rippled, milking me, juices squirting onto Nala's chin with each withdraw.

The room reeked of sex—sweat, cum, pussy—air thick and humid. Wet slaps, moans, creaking wood filled every corner. I felt the pressure coil tight in my spine, balls drawing up.

"Close," I growled, voice shredded. "Where do you want it? Tell me now."

"Face!" they shouted together, voices ragged.

I yanked out of Jasmine, cock throbbing purple and veined. "On your knees, both of you—now!"

They scrambled off the bed like eager pups, dropping to the carpet side-by-side. Jasmine on the left, Nala on the right—knees spread wide, backs arched, mouths open like perfect O's, tongues extended flat and pink. Hands cupped their massive tits from below, offering them up, nipples stiff and begging for ropes.

I towered over them, feet planted shoulder-width, fisting my slick cock with both hands. "Eyes on me. Don't blink."

I roared, the first thick rope lashing across Jasmine's left cheek—splattering white from cheekbone to jaw. Second painted Nala's outstretched tongue, pooling hot and salty. Third streaked both their chins in a sticky bridge. Fourth erupted high, dripping down Jasmine's right tit in a pearly river, coating her nipple. Fifth hit Nala's upper lip, clinging like glaze. I kept pumping, milking every last drop—six, seven—until cum webbed between their faces, dripping from eyelashes, lips, noses. They were utterly glazed, ruined masterpieces.

They held still, eyes locked on mine, chests heaving, not daring to move until I nodded. Then Jasmine licked a streak off Nala's chin. "Breakfast in bed," she giggled, voice hoarse and wrecked, swallowing with a satisfied hum.

Nala nuzzled my thigh, lips brushing sweat-slick skin, cum smearing on me. "Thank you, Master," she whispered, voice soft and adoring.

I ruffled their hair roughly, still catching my breath, cock twitching in the afterglow. "Anytime, 'maids.' You earned it."

I collapsed back onto the mattress, chest heaving like I'd run a marathon. The ruined uniforms lay in tatters on the floor—satin shredded, lace snapped. Sunlight poured through the blinds, painting gold across their cum-streaked skin, highlighting every glossy drop.

Jasmine crawled up first, curling against my left side like a contented cat, one leg draped over mine, pussy still leaking warm onto my hip. Nala took the right, head pillowed on my shoulder, fingers tracing lazy circles on my chest, her sticky cheek leaving a trail.

I kissed Jasmine's forehead, tasting salt. Then Nala's, inhaling her scent mixed with mine. "Round two after coffee?" I murmured, voice gravelly.

They answered in unison, sleepy, satisfied, wrecked. "Yes, Master."



## Chapter 170: Chapter 170

The café was packed. The rain hammered the windows so hard the glass rattled. A Levi cosplayer two tables over kept wiping fog off his glasses. A Power girl was demolishing a stack of pancakes, syrup dripping down her wrist. Two guys in matching All Might hoodies argued over who owed twenty bucks for mochi. The air smelled like burnt espresso, sugar, and wet wigs.

We'd changed out of our cosplay the second the quiz tanked. Man... how did we fail so miserably? Only Minne was able to get the right answers.

The cold had rolled in fast, so we hit the family restroom, peeled off the outfits, and stuffed them into the black tote now slumped beside my chair. Nala wore a charcoal turtleneck that clung to her tits and high-waisted black jeans that made her ass look criminal. Gold hoops flashed every time she turned. Jasmine rocked a cropped cream hoodie and low-rise cargos, her belly piercing glinting when she laughed.

Tessa had thrown on an oversized pink bomber jacket over ripped fishnets, combat boots still dripping puddles.

Kim kept it simple: burgundy leather skirt, white crop top, bomber jacket knotted around her waist.

Minne sat quietly in the corner, tiny in an oversized gray hoodie and leggings, hood up, sipping hot chocolate with both hands. I stayed in my plain black tee and dark jeans, hair still flattened from the wig cap.

The bell above the door jingled. Delilah stepped in, shaking rain from a long camel coat. Under it was a sleeveless cobalt dress that hugged every curve, hem stopping mid-thigh, black stilettos clicking across the tile. A few damp strands framed her face. She looked like she belonged on a magazine cover, not in this nerd circus.

I lifted my hand. She spotted me, gave a small smile, and wove between tables.

\_\_\_\_\_

- Quest Available

=====

- Title: Another one

- Task: Persuade Delilah to join

in your harem.

- Reward: +1 LVL, 250c, 200 EXP

=====

- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

\_\_\_\_\_

Shit... a level-up bonus, 250 credits, and 200 experience points? I was only planning to test the waters with Delilah—to see where she really stood in all this. If she turned out to be a tough nut to crack, I'd have let it go and accepted that she'd never be okay with me being with other girls. Honestly, I could've lived with that. Keeping Delilah out of Jasmine and others was okay with me.

But this quest... damn, those rewards were something else. And the idea of adding Delilah to my harem was intoxicating—dangerously so. Still, I couldn't shake the image of the Delilah I knew: the one who'd slap the hell out of me and never speak to me again if I even suggested it.

I tapped [Yes] before I could second-guess it.

"Ms. Komb," I said, standing. "Glad you braved the storm. Welcome."

"Hello." She nodded to the table. "I'm Delilah."

Jasmine leaned forward. "Jasmine. Love the coat."

Kim raised her latte. "Kim. That dress is lethal."

"Nala," Nala said, offering a hand. "Pleasure."

Tessa kicked her chair back. "Tessa. Sup."

Minne peeked out from under her hood. "M-Minne," she squeaked, giving a tiny wave.

They shook hands one by one. I dragged an empty chair from the next table, spun it, and dropped into it with a sigh.

Delilah slipped off her coat, draped it over the chair back. The dress clung in all the right places; the café lights turned the fabric midnight blue. She sat, crossed her legs, and the hem rode just high enough to make my pulse kick.

Alright. All or nothing.

Delilah rested her chin lightly on her hand, eyes flicking between the others. "So," she said, "how do all of you know Evan?"

Jasmine was quick to answer. "He used to live next door. Helped me and Tessa out once when Karim showed up."

Tessa snorted. "That guy was a nightmare. Thought he could talk his way into our place. Evan didn't give him the chance."

Delilah turned to me. "Oh, that Karim. Yeah. You fought him, right?"

"Not exactly fought," I said. "Just made sure he left them alone... and I got beaten. A little, though."

Delilah blinked, a bit amused, a bit surprised. "Well, that's new. I thought your neighbor was a 'he' Evan."

"Really?" I asked. "Hmm..."

"What about you?" Delilah asked. "Kim, was it?"

Kim shrugged. "I met him later. My boyfriend kicked me out. Evan took me in and let me stay for a while."

Delilah's brow rose. "You stayed with him?"

"Yeah. He didn't ask for anything, just helped me get back on my feet."

"That's kind," Delilah said, though there was something thoughtful behind the word.

Nala set down her cup. "He helped me too. My brother... wasn't someone I could handle alone. Evan stepped in before things got bad."

Delilah's expression softened. "He does that a lot, doesn't he?"

"Yeah," Tessa said with a grin. "He just can't sit still, huh?"

"My ego is now inflated as hell, girls. Stop. Please."

The comment drew small laughter around the table, and for a moment the mood turned light again.

Then Minne spoke. "Master is very kind," she said gently. "H-he knows I'm her maid. But she treats me equ—"

Delilah blinked. "Master? Maid?"

Minne nodded, smiling shyly. "Yes. He looks after me."

Tessa's grin widened. Jasmine bit the inside of her cheek to keep from laughing. Kim looked at Delilah as if waiting to see her reaction.

Delilah tilted her head. "Are you serious? You call him that? When did you get a maid, Evan?"

I just left her question hung in the air.

Minne nodded again, eyes bright. "It's just what I call him. I respect him."

Delilah turned to me, smirking. "Respect, huh? You sure that's all it means? Are you doing naughty things with your maid, Evan? I expected better."

I lifted my hands. "It's not like that. She started calling me that after I helped her. It stuck. That's all."

Delilah's smile was skeptical, but not unkind. "Right. Sure. A maid, huh? For that house?"

Jasmine leaned back, playing with her hair. "He's the same with everyone, honestly. Always helping, never explaining."

Kim chuckled. "And somehow, all of us end up in the same place."

Delilah looked around the table again. "Yeah, I noticed. You've got quite the collection, Evan." She gestured at Jasmine and Tessa. "Should I be concerned or just impressed?"

Tessa grinned, resting her chin on her hand. "Maybe a little of both."

Jasmine's eyes flicked toward Delilah, a spark of challenge hidden behind her calm smile.

"I'm... confused." Delilah said. "Why would you even need a maid?"

"Right, I guess I should explain," I began. "Nala had a brother. Guy Nolin. He threatened to take everything from me because I stood up for his sister, Nala. So he made a plan to kick me out of my own house... but it backfired. Now I'm living in his penthouse, sleeping in his bed, eating his food."

Delilah was stunned. "What? Guy Nolin? The CEO?"

"Yeah." I nodded. "He's a sick man, Delilah. Trust me."

"Wow... tell me what happened, Evan. I want every little detail."

I told her everything—how I took down Guy Nolin, how Tuck helped me, how I bought that USB, hid it in the safe, and framed her. How Anotta helped me with the blackmail and everything that followed.

Delilah nodded. "So, this... group. You all live together?"

Kim answered first. "We do. Better than living in that apartment."

"So many people..." Delilah muttered.

Nala gave a quiet laugh. "It's loud, but never lonely."

Delilah nodded slowly. "I see." Her gaze moved back to me, curious now. "And you don't think that's... complicated?"

"No?" I said. "Why would it be?"

Minne nodded softly. "Master takes care of us. That's all that matters."

Something in her voice made Delilah pause. She watched the way Minne spoke, how her eyes stayed fixed on me rather than the table. Then she caught the small glance Jasmine gave her, the slight shift of Tessa's leg under the chair, the quiet understanding between them that didn't need words.

Her expression changed, only slightly, but I could see the realization forming behind her eyes.

"Well," she said slowly, "you've built yourself quite the little circle, haven't you, Evan?"

That earned a laugh from everyone, even Minne. Delilah laughed too, but hers didn't last as long. Her eyes lingered on me a second longer than they should have, her smile softer, quieter.

I knew that look. She was putting pieces together. "You know, if someone walked in right now, they'd probably think you're dating all of them."

"Would they be wrong?" Tessa teased.

The table laughed again, but Delilah didn't. She only smiled and shook her head. "I'll pretend I didn't hear that."

Her words were playful, but her tone was thoughtful, and when she looked at me again, her eyes said more than her smile did.

She knew. Or at least, the pieces were sliding into place behind those sharp hazel eyes.



