

The Heart System #Chapter 181 - Read The Heart System Chapter 181

Chapter 181: Chapter 181

They dropped to their knees in a tight semicircle, eyes locked on my still-hard cock, slick with Nala's cream and my last load. Tessa started first, tongue flat and broad, dragging up the underside from base to tip in one slow, filthy lick. "Fuck, Evan... you taste like heaven mixed with sin." She swirled around the head, lapping up a bead of precum. "God, even your precum's addictive."

Jasmine dove in from the left, lips sealing around the shaft, sucking gently as she bobbed. "Mmm, can't stop... your cum's so thick and sweet." She pulled off with a pop, tongue flicking the vein underneath.

Kim took the right side, licking in long stripes, moaning. "I could drink this all night."

Nala hung back a second, watching, then leaned in to lap at the base, tongue swirling over my balls before climbing the shaft. "Tastes like pure sex... w-wow."

I smiled. "Flattered."

Nala's eyes glittered, hungry. She sat back on her heels, fingers slipping between her thighs, rubbing slow circles over her clit. "Hey... can you guys do that thing you told me about?"

I raised a brow, cock twitching. "What thing?"

Tessa and Jasmine exchanged smirks. Without a word, Tessa shifted to the left of my dick, Jasmine to the right. They leaned in together, lips brushing the sides of my shaft—Tessa kissing the left, Jasmine the right, tongues flicking out in tandem. They worked in sync, sliding up and down, lips gliding over the sensitive skin, wet and warm. "Like this, baby?" Tessa murmured against me. "Kissing your cock like it's ours."

They moved higher, lips meeting at the tip in a slow, open-mouthed kiss, tongues tangling around the head, swapping spit and precum. Nala's breath hitched, fingers plunging into her pussy now, pumping fast. "Fuck... that's so hot."

Jasmine broke the kiss with a grin. "That's enough show for now." They dove back in—Tessa sucking the head, Jasmine licking the shaft, Kim and Nala tag-teaming the balls, tongues swirling, lips sucking.

"Can't get enough," Kim groaned, popping a ball free. "Your cum's like candy... I'm addicted."

The overload hit fast. Still sensitive from cumming twice, every lick shot lightning up my spine. My cock throbbed, veins pulsing. "Fuck... I'm close again..."

"Do it," Tessa urged, stroking the base. "Paint us, Evan. Cover our faces."

I gripped myself, jerking hard. The first rope shot across Tessa's cheek, thick and white. The second hit Jasmine's tongue as she opened wide. Kim leaned in, taking a spurt on her forehead, moaning. Nala tilted her head back, catching the last blasts across her chin and lips.

Jasmine moaned. "Yes... give us every drop."

I kept stroking, milking the last spurts, then rubbed the slick head across their faces one by one—Tessa's cheek, Jasmine's lips, Kim's nose, Nala's tongue. "Another round?" I smirked, voice rough.

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Fivesome

EXP Gained: +317

Star Rating: 4.8 ★★★★★

Reason: -

They grinned, cum-streaked and ready. What a fucking sight this was... and the best part? I finally leveled up.

- Evan Marlowe (Lvl 9)

=====

- Age: 21

- Height: 180 cm

- Weight: 74 kg

Anotta stepped in like she owned the skyline. Her dress fit like armor—black silk cut to shape, coat draped over her shoulders, hair lacquered into a smooth wave. She carried a small purse like a trophy and wore the kind of calm that made people defer without meaning to. Heads turned. Conversations dipped into hush. She walked to the table with a slow pace of grace and paused in front of me.

"Welcome," I said, standing out of habit. "Ms. Anotov. We need to talk."

She didn't answer. Just stood there at the edge of the table, one hand clutching her small purse, the other lightly gripping her wrist. Her eyes were half-lidded, unreadable, fixed on me like she was waiting for something. For a second I thought she hadn't heard me.

"Um..." I asked, glancing around. "Am I in the wrong table? You said twenty-eight, right?"

She gave a tiny glance toward the empty chair across from me, then looked back at me, saying nothing. The silence stretched just long enough to make me uncomfortable. Then it clicked.

"Oh," I muttered, stepping aside. I walked around the table and pulled her chair out.

Only then did she move, the faintest smile touching her mouth, not gratitude exactly, more like acknowledgment that I'd finally caught up. She slid into the seat with slow grace, set her purse on the table, and crossed one leg over the other.

I went back to my chair and sat down, trying to shake off the weird sense that I'd just been tested.

"Alright," I said. "No time to waste. Ms. Anotov, we have a probl—"

"I'm hungry," she said suddenly, just as the waitress appeared beside her, as if summoned by thought alone.

"Yes, Ms. Anotov," The waitress said.

"I'll have the truffle kale salad," Anotov ordered smoothly, glancing up without losing her composed posture. "No dressing—just a touch of olive oil. And a glass of sparkling water, chilled."

The waitress nodded respectfully. "Of course, ma'am."

Anotov folded her hands neatly on the napkin, her gaze settling on me—precise, measuring. The look of someone about to appraise an investment.

"Ms. Anotov," I said. "I have a problem."

She let out a soft, amused sound. "Of course you do, Evan."

"Guy's not gone," I said. "He still has people working the back channels. A woman named Sarah showed up today—used to be close to him. She's demanding money in exchange for documents about the Meridian acquisition. Two million a month, or she leaks the files. We have to..."

"We?" she said suddenly, arching a brow. "Who is we, I wonder?"

"What do you mean, who is we?" I asked, frowning. "You helped me take down Guy Nolin."

"The company was supposed to suffer a heavy loss," she said smoothly, cutting me off. "Instead, you have a new CEO sitting comfortably in his chair. That wasn't the plan, Evan."

I blinked. "Yeah?"

She leaned back, crossing her legs with the composure of someone used to having other people's panic solved for profit. "You didn't listen to me. The plan was to expose Guy, let the market react, and then capitalize on the fallout. Public scandal, stocks dip, investors flee, and positions open up. I had already placed myself in the right spots to buy the rebounds. I was going to profit while the board scrambled."

"So this is about your portfolio," I said.

"This is about structure," she replied, cold and calm. "Shock changes things. It reshapes control. You handing him an out changed the whole arithmetic. You left a trail."

"I couldn't leave Nala like that," I said. "You know what he did to her. I wasn't about to destroy her life to line some pockets."

"Mm." She gave a small, almost bored nod. "You always did have a weakness for lost causes."

"Do you know anything about Meridian, Ms. Anotov?" I steered the conversation.

Her eyes tilted with faint curiosity. "Only whispers—Guy's pet project for predictive defense analytics, right?"

"Sarah says she has the files. She's demanding two million per month to keep quiet."

Anotov's lips twitched. "Ambitious."

"I don't know where to start," I admitted. "You've got connections—lawyers, cops, people. I thought you might know how to handle someone like her quietly."

Her gaze settled on me, unreadable. "Don't pay her," she said finally. "That's my only advice for you."

"Wow. Really?"

"When you asked me to set up that meeting with Guy," she began, locking eyes with me, "and told me you were going to beg to get your home back... I got sad. And honestly, I can't remember the last time I was that sad, Evan."

"What?" I blinked, not sure what to say.

"But then," she continued, lips curling into that dangerous smile, "you came out on top again. You took his penthouse. His company. His sister." She leaned in, the light catching her cleavage. "I like—no, I love watching you."

"You... huh?"

"You're the entertainment I didn't know I needed, Marlowe," she said softly. "Watching you climb over every obstacle—it's intoxicating. And I believe you can come out on top this time too. Defeating Guy's little lapdog, Sarah."

"Are you serious?" I asked.

Chapter 182: Chapter 182

Before I could say more, the food arrived. I leaned back as the waitress set her plates down. Then another appeared, gliding in with a bottle of wine. She poured it with the kind of ceremony reserved for royalty—crystal glass tilted just so, label turned to face Anotta, not a drop wasted.

When they finished, both bowed deeply before walking off. Damn. She had real pull in this city. And I wished she wasn't such a sadist, the kind who got her kicks watching me crawl out of every mess life threw at me.

"So you won't help?" I asked, stirring what was left of my lemonade. The last ice cube had already melted.

"No," she said simply. "But I'll wish you luck."

I exhaled, dry laugh escaping me. "Hmm. Thanks. Really."

Well, if I couldn't persuade her the normal way... I guess I had to use the system. Though, I could already tell it wasn't going to end well.

Persuasion Attempt: Anotta

=====

□□□□□□□□□□

=====

Remaining Chances: 0/3

Yeah. No shot. No way to persuade her.

Guess I really was alone in this one. I had to take down Sarah and get the dirt she had on this Meridian deal—somehow. But how the hell was I supposed to pull that off? I wasn't built for this life. I was a guy who used to wipe dust off energy drink fridges at a gas station, not play shadow games with CEOs and corporate assassins. This was bad.

"Was there anything else, Marlowe?" Anotov asked dryly, spearing her salad with a fork. "Or are you going to stand there and watch me eat?"

I sighed, pushing back from the table. "Nah. You can pay for the lemonade, right?"

She didn't even glance up, just kept eating. I stared at her for a few seconds longer, then exhaled and slid the chair back into place. When I turned to leave, I looked at her one last time—still there, calm as ever, like nothing in the world could bother her. Why did I even meet her again? I thought she'd help me. Guess not. Total waste of time.

But maybe Eleanor wouldn't be.

Guy had been seeing a high-end escort, according to Minne. An elite one. Nala said her brother never shared his secrets—but I wasn't about to miss that lead. If anyone knew where Guy's skeletons were buried, it'd be the woman he'd been paying to keep them company.

Before heading out, I noticed the restaurant's balcony—an outdoor terrace wrapped in soft golden light from the overhead heaters. The air was cooler out there, with the low murmur of chatter, the clink of glasses, and the faint trail of cigarette smoke curling into the evening. Polished glass railings overlooked the new shopping mall below, where traffic shimmered like a stream of fireflies. Only a handful of tables, maybe ten at most, each with crisp linen, candles, and people pretending their lives were perfect.

I pushed open the glass door, the waiter politely holding it for me. "Thanks," I muttered, stepping out.

The air hit fresher here. I pulled my phone out and dialed Minne. She picked up after two rings.

"Hey, Minne."

"Master?" Her voice was soft, cautious.

"Have you talked with Eleanor?" I asked. "Will she come today?"

"Yes, Master," she replied quickly. "At ten, just like you requested."

"Good." I leaned against the railing. "Move the girls downstairs tonight, okay? I need to be alone with her."

"I—if you're... if you're going to do..." she stammered, "n—naughty things, Master, I can buy co—con... condoms for you—"

"What? No, Jesus, Minne." I rubbed my face. "Where did that even come from? I'm going to talk to her. That's it."

"Oh." She sounded relieved. "Okay, Master."

"What can you tell me about this 'elite' woman?" I asked. "Anything I should know before meeting her?"

"She's thirty-six. That's all I know, Master. Sorry."

"Okay." I nodded, even though she couldn't see me. "Guess I'll go in blind, then. You did good, Minne."

"Thank you, Master."

"I gotta go now," I said, glancing over the terrace's edge as the city lights started flickering on. "Don't forget—move Jasmine and the others downstairs. I want no one in the penthouse, got it?"

"Yes, Master. You can count on me."

"Alright. Sweet. Bye, Minne."

"B-bye, Master."

The call ended. I slipped the phone back into my pocket, breathing in the night air. Somewhere out there was a woman who might hold the key to everything—and probably another kind of trouble I didn't need.

Either way, I was walking straight into it.



It was nine fifty, just ten minutes until Eleanor was supposed to show up. I was sprawled on the couch, phone pressed to my ear, trying Delilah one last time. Straight to voicemail, again. Whatever the girls had talked about while I was gone must have worked, because I'd been sure she was ending everything. Now? Maybe she'd changed her mind.

I shoved the phone in my pocket, lit a cigarette, and kicked my feet up on the coffee table. Three unspent points blinked in the corner of my vision. Dumping them now was the smart play. Charm had already sharpened my looks and made Honeyed Words hit harder, but Pleasure was the real grinder. The more orgasms I gave, the faster the points rolled in.

"Three points to Pleasure," I muttered.



- CURRENT STATS



- Strength: 3

- Charm : 12

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

- Emotional Charisma

- Seductive Allure

- Libido : 10

- Pleasure: 18



My phone buzzed. Ivy.

I answered. "Hello?"

"Hey, Evan," she said. "How are you?"

"I'm good. You?"

"Good, good," she said. "I was going to ask you about... well, my mother. Could you check on her? I can't get to that part of town this late."

"What?"

"They called from Jeopride. Said she was in some kind of accident and they gave her a room for the night to make up for it."

Delilah was staying at this hotel? I thought she'd gone home. Accident didn't sound right, but I didn't want to freak Ivy out. I forced a smile into my voice. "Y-yeah. Sure. I'll check on her, no problem."

"Please call me back," she said. "I already rang Mom and she said she's alright, but... just make sure."

"Alright. Calm down, I will."

"Thank you, Evan. For always being there when I need you."

(_____)

EVENT

=====

Ivy's Interest +1

(_____)

"No problem," I said. "I'll call you soon as I see her."

"Thank you again. Bye."

"Bye."

(_____)

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 30 / 40★

Delilah: Interest: -60 / 60★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 6 / 20

Nala: Interest: 66 / 80★★★

Penelope: Interest: 3 / 20

Minne: Interest: 11 / 20

Ivy: Interest: 2 / 20

=====

Progress:

★☆☆☆☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★☆☆☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★☆☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 100 Interest: Milestone reward

=====

Select a woman to track progress.

I hung up, grunted, and pushed off the couch. I poured myself a glass of water in the kitchen, glaring at the tux. I hated the damn thing, but I couldn't greet a high-class hooker in pajamas. I had to sell the fantasy: new money, new power, zero bullshit.

Knock knock knock.

I straightened my cuffs, put out the cigarette, took a breath, and opened the door.

Holy fuck.

Eleanor was pure MILF perfection. Late thirties, hourglass curves, massive tits fighting the neckline of a tight electric-blue dress that stopped well above her knees. Short blue hair, smoky eyes, crimson lace panties flashing every time she shifted.

"Minne's new Master," she smiled, offering a manicured hand. "Evan Marlowe. Thanks for using my services."

I gave her my warmest smile, took her hand like it was silk, and guided her inside. She handed me her tiny purse; I hung it on the rack by the door.

"She told me good things about you, Eleanor," I said, leading her to the living room, still holding her soft, warm fingers. "Looks like she wasn't exaggerating."

"Why, thank you, darling," she purred.

I motioned to the couch. She sat, crossed her legs slow and knowingly; the dress rode higher, crimson lace hugging her pussy lips so tight I could see the outline clear as day.

I poured two glasses of wine, tasted like expensive piss, but whatever, handed her one, and sat close enough that our thighs touched.

"So," Eleanor began. "I'm not going to ask what happened between you and Guy. I really don't like drama."

"Good, I don't like it either," I replied. "I try to stay as far from it as possible."

"You say that. But..."

She took a small sip of wine.

"I'm here because you don't want me. You want dirt on Guy. I think it's the opposite, my dear. You're the one calling drama."

I snapped my head toward her. She just stared back, swaying her glass, the wine swirling with the motion. Damn, she was sharp. Was I that obvious? Shit. I had to steer the conversation back on track or I'd blow the whole thing.

"You've got me wrong," I smiled. "I really do want you."

"I'm a prostitute, Evan. Not an idiot." She drained her glass. "You're looking for dirt on Guy. But why?"

"Maybe I want to take everything he loves," I said, locking eyes with her. "Including his woman."

"Loves?" She chuckled. "Oh god, sorry. I didn't mean to laugh. Love and Guy, in the same sentence. Wow."

"He's that much of a bastard, huh?"

She zipped her lips. "My lips are sealed."

She stood, set her glass on the coffee table, and walked to the window. She stared out for a few seconds, neon lights painting her skin pink and red. Then she turned, arms crossed.

"Why am I really here, Evan? Don't stall me. Please."

Damn, she was a tough nut to crack. No point in bullshitting her anymore.

"You're right," I admitted. "I need dirt on Guy."

"And you thought he'd spill secrets to me?" She raised an eyebrow. "You thought wrong, darling."

"There has to be something," I said, leaning back and lighting a cigarette.

"I have nothing," she said. "He'd call. We'd fuck. I'd leave."

"Why you?" I asked. "He always called you, right? Why?"

She smirked, sauntering over. She leaned in, index finger under my chin, tits swaying, areola peeking out. "Because I'm the best, sweetie."

I held her gaze. She straightened, smoothed her dress, and grabbed her wine again. I took a drag and leaned back. This woman was different. And I knew she was lying.

Persuasion Attempt: Eleanor

=====

□□□□

=====

Remaining Chances: 0/2

Three boxes to fill. Two chances. First one safe, second one had to hit two boxes.

Chapter 183: Chapter 183

Attempting Persuasion

=====

"I'm sure you hated him, Eleanor.

You probably know how he was

treating his own sister."

=====

Base Chance: 45%

Honeyed Words: +30%

=====

Final Chance: 75%

Upon Succeeding:

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"I'm sure you hated him, Eleanor. You probably know how he treated his own sister."

"Everyone hated Guy," she said, back still turned. "Because he was feared. One slip and he'd destroy you."

Persuasion Attempt: Eleanor

Remaining Chances: 1/2

Now the risky one.

Attempting Persuasion

"And look at me. Living in his damn penthouse. Fucking his sister in his own bed. You gotta give me some credit here, I think."

Base Chance: 20%

Honeyed Words: +30%

Final Chance: 50%

Upon Succeeding:

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"And look at me. Living in his damn penthouse. Fucking his sister in his own bed. You gotta give me some credit here, I think."

She spun around. "Yes. But whatever you did to Guy—he'll come back harder, Evan."

"He can't beat me," I said. "Not while I've got him by the balls. He sends dogs because he's scared."

Persuasion Attempt: Eleanor

=====

=====

Remaining Chances: 2/2—Success!

She exhaled, hand on her forehead, then sank back onto the couch and crossed her legs.

"He's got my videos," she said quietly. "If I talk, they get leaked."

"What kind?"

"The kind where he humiliates me." She looked away. "He's a sick man, sweetie."

"What do you know about the Meridian deal?"

"That it was shady from the start," she replied. "That's it. He forced his sister to sign."

"Any evidence?"

She turned fully toward me. "No. I was just his 'side whore,' Evan."

"Side whore?"

"Yeah. The women he actually keeps around are different. They'd know more."

"Name?"

"Charlotte and Emilia."

"Two women?"

"Yes. They work at Stingy Ladies. Know the place?" She nodded at my cigarette pack.

"Nah," I said, sliding one out for her. "Where?"

"Near Cauldbury." She leaned in as I lit it. "Ten-minute drive. GPS will find it."

"Alright," I muttered. "That's a start."

"You have no idea who you're dealing with," she said, voice dead serious. "Guy will destroy you. Best case—you end up dead. That's the best case."

"I don't care," I said. "I've got people to protect."

Her eyes widened slightly, then she nodded. "Wow. I can respect that."

"Hmm."

"I assume you're not interested in me?" She smiled faintly. "I even cleaned my back door."

"Nah. You're good. Sorry for dragging you here."

We stayed silent for a while, smoking our cigarettes. This damn Guy had to be dealt with. For good.

She stubbed out her cigarette. "Guess I'll go. Minne already paid, so..."

"You know Minne?"

"God," she stood. "Poor soul. Under Guy's orders she was basically tortured. She only put up with it because her mom's sick."

"Fucking evil."

She offered her hand. "Nice meeting you, Evan. Let's do this again. Next time actually use my services, yeah?"

I shook hands with her. "Maybe."

I walked her to the door. Just before she left, she turned, opened her mouth like she wanted to say something, then just waved. I nodded and watched her step into the elevator.

Just before the doors closed, my phone buzzed. Text from Jasmine.

'Come downstairs room M1. We're waiting for you.'

I arched a brow, locked the penthouse, and took the stairs down one flight to floor nineteen. The whole level belonged to the penthouse too—just two private suites, M1 and M2, both keyed to the same access. M1's door was already cracked open, a thin strip of warm light spilling into the hallway.

I knocked once anyway. "Jas?" I called, pushing it open and stepping inside. "You there?"

(_____)

EVENT

=====

Delilah's Interest +100

(_____)

"What the..."

(_____)

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

Ivy: Interest: 2/20

=====

Progress:

★☆☆☆☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★☆☆☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★☆☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

=====

Select a woman to track progress.

I entered the room on the right, since the door was already open and... and the bedroom hit me like a fever dream.

Delilah was on the king-size bed, on all fours, back arched, ass high in the air. A crimson garter belt hugged her hips, the straps framing her pale skin. Nothing else. Just that belt and the flush crawling up her spine.

Jasmine and Tessa flanked her, heads resting sideways on Delilah's round asscheeks, both grinning at me like cats who'd caught the canary. Kim and Nala stood naked beside the bed, arms loose at their sides, nipples hard, eyes locked on me.

My cock throbbed so hard it hurt.

"W-what..." I stammered. "D-Delilah?"

Her face turned scarlet, but she didn't look away. Those big eyes burned into mine while her ass stayed presented like a gift. Jasmine's fingers dug into Delilah's left cheek and pulled it aside. Tessa mirrored on the right. Delilah's pussy opened for me, pink, glistening, already dripping onto the sheets.

Kim slipped behind me, arms snaking around my waist. Her tits pressed warm against my back as her hands unbuckled my belt, yanked my zipper down. My pants dropped. My cock sprang free, stiff and leaking, the head slick with precum.

"I," Delilah whispered, voice trembling, "want you, Evan."

"Delilah..."

My brain short-circuited. Jasmine and Tessa holding her open, Kim's breath on my neck...

Nala stepped forward, shy but determined, wrapping her warm hand around my shaft.

She tugged gently, leading me to the bed like I was on a leash. I followed, eyes glued to Delilah's soaked folds. Up close it was even worse: strings of arousal stretching from her pussy to the sheets, clit swollen, entrance clenching around nothing.

Nala pressed the tip of my cock against Delilah's slit, rubbing it up and down, coating me in her wetness. Kim rose on tiptoes, lips brushing my ear. "Fuck her good, Evan."

Nala guided me forward. One slow push and I sank in—hot, tight, velvet walls gripping every inch. Delilah moaned loud, a broken little scream escaping as my Pleasure skill, which was eighteen now, lit her nerves on fire. Jasmine and Tessa kept her cheeks spread wide, giving me a perfect view of my cock disappearing balls-deep into the woman I'd loved for years.

I sank into Delilah in one slow push. Her pussy was molten, gripping me like a fist, already fluttering from the first inch. The Pleasure skill at 18 turned every nerve ending into fireworks. She screamed into the mattress, back arching so hard her tits lifted off the sheets.

"Fuck, Evan," she gasped, voice shaking. "You're so deep, oh god, you're hitting my womb."

Jasmine and Tessa kept her cheeks spread wide, grinning like devils. "Look at that pregnant pussy take him," Jasmine cooed. "Swallowing every inch like it was made for it."

I pulled back until just the head stayed inside, then slammed home again. Delilah's whole body jolted, a fresh gush of wetness coating my balls. Kim dropped to her knees behind me, tongue flicking out to lap at my swinging sack. She sucked one ball into her mouth, then the other, humming so the vibration shot straight up my spine.

Nala climbed onto the bed beside us, naked and flushed. She cupped my face and kissed me hard, tongue sliding against mine, swallowing every groan. Between kisses

she whispered, "I'm getting a little jealous... but it's fine." She smiled against my lips. "Fuck her good for us."

I set a brutal rhythm, hips snapping, bed creaking under the force. Each thrust shoved Delilah forward; Jasmine and Tessa had to brace her hips to keep her in place. Kim's tongue never stopped—licking, sucking, tracing the spot where my cock stretched Delilah open.

"Tell me," I growled, gripping Delilah's hair and pulling her head back. "Tell me why you changed your mind."

Delilah whimpered, eyes glassy. "The girls... they talked to me... told me how you take care of them... how you never leave anyone behind..." Another thrust cut her off with a moan. "Said you're the only man who ever made them feel safe... I was scared, Evan... scared of the baby, scared of everything... but they showed me you're still you..."

I leaned over her, chest to her back, one hand sliding under to cup her belly. "This belly's mine," I rasped in her ear. "This pussy's mine. You're carrying my kid, Delilah. You're never getting away again."

She sobbed, nodding frantically. "Yes, yes, yours... fill me up, please..."

Kim's tongue pressed harder against my balls, then slid lower, rimming Delilah's stretched hole around my cock. Delilah shrieked, thighs trembling.

"I'm gonna cum," she cried. "Evan, I'm—"

Her walls clamped down so hard I saw stars. She came with a broken scream, pussy squirting around my shaft, soaking Kim's chin and the sheets. I didn't slow down—kept pounding through it, dragging the orgasm out until she was babbling nonsense.

Nala kissed me again, deeper, hungrier. "She looks so pretty when she cums for you," she whispered. "Do it again."

Chapter 184: Chapter 184

I straightened, grabbed Delilah's hips, and fucked her like I was trying to brand her from the inside. The headboard slammed the wall. Jasmine reached under and rubbed Delilah's clit in tight circles. Tessa pinched her nipples, twisting until Delilah sobbed.

"Tell him," Tessa purred. "Tell him what you told us."

Delilah's voice cracked. "I was wrong... I thought you were just another guy chasing pussy... but you're building something real... with all of us... I want in... I want you... I want this baby to have a dad who fights for his family..."

Her words snapped something inside me. I fucked her harder, deeper, the slap of skin on skin drowning out everything else. Kim's mouth stayed glued to my balls, worshipping every inch, tongue flicking like she was starving.

Delilah's second orgasm hit like a freight train. She screamed my name, whole body seizing, pussy milking me so tight I couldn't hold back anymore.

"Gonna fill you," I snarled. "Gonna pump this pregnant pussy full."

"Do it," she begged, pushing back against me. "Cum inside me, Evan."

I buried myself to the hilt and came. Pulse after pulse, thick and hot, flooding her womb. Delilah moaned with every spurt, her walls fluttering, taking everything I gave. Kim licked up the overflow dripping down my shaft, humming happily.

I stayed inside her, grinding slow, letting the last drops leak deep. Nala kissed my neck, my jaw, my lips. "Look at her," she whispered. "She's glowing."

Delilah collapsed forward, trembling, my cum already leaking out around my cock. Jasmine and Tessa finally let go of her cheeks, both leaning in to kiss her sweat-slick back.

I pulled out slowly, watching my seed drip from her swollen pussy onto the sheets. Delilah rolled onto her side, hand cradling her belly, eyes soft and hazy.

"I'm sorry I ran," she whispered. "I'm here now. For good."

Kim crawled up, licked a stray drop off Delilah's thigh, then grinned at me. "Welcome home, daddy."

Fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck.

No stopping now. Even if my Libido was stuck at one, I'd still fuck them till sunrise. My cock was already hard again, dripping, veins pulsing like a second heartbeat.

Nala crawled forward on the bed, eyes dark, lips parted. "It's my turn," she said, voice husky. "I've been jealous long enough."

I grabbed her gently by the hips and flipped her onto her hands and knees. She went willingly, ass up, back arched, pussy already glistening. Before she could settle, I reached for Delilah's ankle and dragged her across the sheets. She squeaked as I lifted

her, light as nothing, and set her on Nala's back. Delilah's belly pressed against Nala's spine, her swollen tits squishing flat against Nala's shoulder blades.

"You absolute pervert," Delilah laughed, breathless, cheeks flaming.

I opened my mouth to answer and nothing came out. My brain was fried, just raw animal need.

Tessa snorted from the side. "Aw, look at his face. The boy's not even functioning. He's horny as fuck."

Jasmine, Kim, and Tessa crowded closer. "I love you, Evan," they all said at once, voices overlapping, sweet and filthy.

I lined up behind Nala and buried myself in one brutal thrust. She screamed into the pillow, walls clamping down like a vice. The Pleasure skill at 18 turned every stroke into lightning. I pulled out with a wet pop and immediately shoved into Delilah. She was still leaking my last load, hot and slick, and the feeling made me groan like a dying man.

"Fuck, yes," I growled, switching back to Nala. "Both of you, take it."

Nala pushed back hard. "Use me, Evan. Fuck me stupid."

Delilah moaned on top of her, tits dragging across Nala's back with every thrust. "Fuck... so good."

Kim dropped to her knees beside me, reached under, and cupped Nala's swinging tits, squeezing hard. "Look at these bounce," she purred, pinching the nipples until Nala whimpered.

Jasmine knelt on the other side and slapped Delilah's ass, sharp crack echoing. "Pregnant and still greedy," she teased. "You love being our little breeding toy, don't you?"

Delilah nodded frantically. "Aw, it hurts..."

Another crack. Delilah's pussy clenched around nothing when I was in Nala, jealous for attention.

Tessa stood behind me, hands on my hips, guiding my rhythm. "Harder," she whispered. "Make them scream for you."

I fucked Nala in long, punishing strokes, then switched to Delilah, shorter and faster because her pregnant pussy was tighter, swollen from the last load. Cum and juices mixed, dripping down Nala's thighs, coating my balls. Every time I pulled out, Kim was there, licking the mess off my shaft before I slid into the other girl.

I hammered into Nala, then Delilah, then Nala again, the bed groaning like it was about to collapse.

Kim squeezed my balls gently. "Give it to her, Evan. Breed your boss."

Jasmine slapped Delilah's ass one more time. "Make her drip for days."

Tessa leaned in, breath hot on my neck. "Come on, daddy. Fill her up."

I felt it building, white-hot, unstoppable. "Fuck, I'm gonna cum—"

Nala twisted her head back, eyes locked on mine, voice desperate. "It's my turn to be bred. Please, Evan... pump a baby in me... make me pregnant like Delilah..."

The words snapped me.

I slammed into Nala one last time and exploded. Thick ropes shot deep, flooding her womb, pulse after pulse. Nala screamed, pussy spasming, milking every drop. Delilah moaned on top of her, feeling the thrusts through Nala's back, her own cunt clenching.

I kept grinding, riding the high, cum leaking out around my cock and down Nala's thighs. Kim lapped it up greedily. Jasmine and Tessa rubbed the girls' backs, soothing, proud.

When I finally pulled out, Nala collapsed forward, Delilah sliding off to the side. Both of them panted, glowing, my cum dripping from two well-fucked pussies.

I fell onto the bed between them, chest heaving. Five pairs of arms wrapped around me.

No one said anything for a long minute. We just breathed.

Jasmine and Kim crawled up the bed on either side of me, skin still slick with sweat, glistening under the low hotel lights. Kim got there first. She cupped my jaw with both hands, turned my face to hers, and kissed me deep and filthy, tongue sliding against mine like she was trying to taste every moan I'd given Delilah and Nala. Her heavy tits pressed hot against my chest, nipples dragging across my skin, leaving little trails of fire. She moaned into my mouth, hips grinding against my thigh, already soaked again.

Before I could even catch my breath, Jasmine grabbed a fistful of my hair and yanked my head to the other side hard enough to sting.

"My turn, pretty boy," she growled, crashing her mouth onto mine.

She kissed harder, teeth nipping my bottom lip until I hissed, tongue fucking my mouth like she owned every inch of me. I groaned loud, hands roaming up her smooth back, nails digging into her skin just to hear her gasp. She bit my lip again and pulled back an inch, smirking. "That's better."

Down below, Nala had already wrapped her soft lips around my cock. She sucked slow and worshipful, tongue swirling the head, humming low in her throat at the taste. With Pleasure at 18, my cum was like pure honey to them now—sweet, addictive, impossible to resist. She moaned around me, cheeks hollow, taking me to the root and back up again, spit dripping down my balls and pooling on the sheets. Every time she pulled back, strings of saliva connected her lips to my tip, and she licked them up like candy.

Delilah sat a few feet away on the bed, knees drawn up tight, arms hugging them, watching everything with wide, shy eyes. Her cheeks were still flushed crimson from earlier, thighs glistening with the load I'd left inside her. She looked so small and vulnerable, but her pupils were blown wide with want.

Tessa noticed immediately. "Don't hog him, for fuck's sake," she laughed, crawling over and nudging Jasmine and Kim with her shoulder. "Let the pregnant girl have some fun. She's been patient."

Jasmine and Kim broke the kiss with twin smirks, slid off the bed. Delilah bit her lip so hard I thought she'd draw blood, then unfolded herself and lay down beside me, head settling gently on my shoulder, one leg thrown over mine. Her belly was barely rounded yet—just a soft, warm curve under my palm when I rested my hand there. My cock twitched in Nala's mouth seeing them all... like this.

Jasmine wasn't waiting for an invitation. "Sheesh, my turn, girl," she said, gently but firmly pushing Nala off my cock with a wet pop. Nala pouted, lips shiny, but moved aside, licking them clean. "Boss or not, I need this dick."

Tessa grinned wide. "Wow. Fucking wow. Not a good way to talk to your boss."

Everyone burst out laughing, the tension melting into something warm and filthy and perfect.

Chapter 185: Chapter 185

Jasmine swung a leg over me, straddling my hips while I stayed flat on my back. She grabbed my slick cock, gave it two slow strokes just to watch me groan, then lined it up and sank down in one smooth, greedy drop. Her pussy swallowed me whole, hot and velvet and still pulsing from her last orgasm.

"Fuuuck," she moaned, head falling back, long hair brushing my thighs. "Still so fucking big after all that. You're ruining me, Evan."

She started riding hard, tits bouncing wildly, ass slapping my thighs with every drop. The sound was obscene—wet, rhythmic, echoing off the walls. Delilah turned my face to hers and kissed me soft at first, shy little licks, then deeper, tongue sliding against mine, needy and desperate.

I kissed her back like I was starving, hand sliding between her thighs, fingers finding her soaked folds. I rubbed slow, firm circles over her clit, then dipped two fingers inside, curling just right. She whimpered into my mouth, hips rolling against my hand.

"God, Evan," Jasmine panted, bouncing harder, sweat dripping down her chest. "Your cock feels like it's splitting me open. Keep stretching me, baby—make me feel you tomorrow when I sit at my desk."

I broke the kiss with Delilah just long enough to watch Jasmine's tits bounce—full, heavy, nipples hard as diamonds. I reached up with my free hand and pinched one hard. She yelped, slammed down harder, pussy clenching around me.

"Yes—fuck—do that again—" Delilah's hips rolled faster against my fingers. "Don't stop," she whispered, voice trembling.

I leaned into her ear, breath hot. "I love you."

Delilah moaned loud, pussy clamping around my fingers like a vice. Her whole body shook.

Jasmine laughed breathlessly, grinding down in slow circles now. "Hear that, girls? He's getting all romantic while he's balls-deep in me." She lifted almost all the way off, then dropped hard. "Tell me you love this pussy too, Evan. Tell me you're addicted."

"Love every fucking inch," I growled, thrusting up to meet her. She screamed, nails raking bloody trails down my chest. "Can't get enough of you... never will."

Tessa crawled closer on her knees, eyes locked on Jasmine. "Move girl. My turn.." She slapped Jasmine's ass hard enough to leave a perfect red handprint. "Don't hog the dick, slut. Some of us are still empty."

Jasmine's rhythm faltered. She slammed down one last time and came with a shattered cry, pussy spasming wildly, juices flooding down my shaft and soaking my balls. She shuddered through it, whole body trembling, then lifted off with a wet, obscene sound and flopped to the side, grinning like she'd just won the lottery. "Fuck... I'm gonna feel that for days..."

Tessa didn't even let me catch my breath. She straddled me reverse-cowgirl, grabbed my slick cock, and sank down fast and hard. Her ass was perfect—round, firm, bouncing as she started riding like a woman possessed. Her tits jiggled with every slam, back arched, head thrown back, hair whipping across her shoulders.

"Fuck yes," she groaned, voice raw. "Give me that daddy dick. Stretch this tight little cunt—make it remember who owns it."

Delilah kissed me again, deeper, desperate, clinging to my shoulder like I was her lifeline. I broke it just long enough to press my lips to her ear. "I love you," I whispered again, fingers pumping faster inside her. She was dripping, coating my hand, thighs trembling.

"Evan..." she whimpered, clinging tighter.

Tessa looked over her shoulder, smirking wickedly. "Look at her. Pregnant and still greedy for your fingers. Bet she wants another load—wants to feel you dripping out of her while she sleeps."

I thrust up hard. Tessa screamed, ass rippling from the impact.

"That's it—fuck me raw—make me leak for days—make everyone smell you on me tomorrow!"

Kim and Jasmine knelt on either side of Tessa now. Kim cupped Tessa's tits from behind, squeezing hard, pinching nipples until Tessa sobbed. Jasmine slapped Tessa's ass in perfect rhythm with my thrusts, crack, crack, crack, each one leaving a fresh red mark.

Nala lay beside Delilah, watching with hungry eyes, fingers lazily circling her own clit, still leaking my cum. She bit her lip every time Tessa moaned.

I was close. So fucking close. The sight of Tessa's ass bouncing, Delilah's soft moans in my ear, my fingers buried in the woman carrying my kid—it was too much.

I turned to Delilah again, thumb rubbing her clit hard and fast. "I love you," I rasped one more time, voice breaking.

She shattered, harder than I'd ever seen her.

Delilah's whole body locked up first, thighs clamping around my wrist like a vice. Then the dam broke. She threw her head back against my shoulder, mouth open in a silent scream that turned into the loudest, rawest moan I'd ever heard from her. Her pussy spasmed wildly around my fingers, gushing in hot, forceful spurts that soaked my hand, my forearm, the sheets beneath us. She squirted again and again, each pulse ripping another broken cry from her throat, back arching so hard her tits lifted clean off the mattress.

"Evan—fuck—Evan!" she screamed, voice cracking, tears streaking down her temples. Her hips jerked against my palm, riding the waves, chasing every last spark I gave her. The sight of her losing it so completely, pregnant and dripping and mine, sent a jolt straight to my balls.

I was done.

My vision blurred at the edges, pleasure coiling so tight I could barely breathe. I leaned in, forehead pressed to Delilah's, eyes rolling back in my skull as the orgasm crashed over me.

"I love you," I whispered, voice hoarse, barely audible over Tessa's moans and the wet slap of her ass against my thighs.

Another pulse.

"D—Deli... fuck. I love you—"

The words broke off into a guttural groan. I slammed up one final time, burying myself to the hilt in Tessa's clenching cunt. My cock jerked hard, thick ropes of cum flooding her, pulse after pulse after pulse, more than I thought my body had left to give. Tessa ground down, milking me with every roll of her hips, moaning loud enough to rattle the windows.

"Yeah, that's fucking right. Fill me, daddy—fuck—give me every drop!"

Cum overflowed instantly, thick streams running down my shaft, pooling hot on my thighs, dripping in heavy globs onto the sheets. Delilah watched it all through half-lidded, glassy eyes, chest still heaving from her own climax. A fresh gush leaked from her pussy around my fingers when she saw the mess I was making inside Tessa.

I kept whispering it, couldn't stop. "I love you... love you... love you..." with every spurt, every shudder, until the last drop left me empty and shaking.

Tessa finally lifted off with a wet, filthy sound, a torrent of cum pouring out of her in a thick, creamy rush, splattering across my skin and the bed. She collapsed beside us, breathless and grinning. "Phew. I'm fucking done."

Delilah turned her face into my neck, still trembling, and kissed the sweat there. "I love you too," she whispered, voice thick with tears and wonder and everything we'd almost lost.

We all lay there tangled, six bodies, one heartbeat, city lights flickering through the curtains like they were cheering us on.

Delilah's fingers traced lazy circles over my chest, her head still tucked under my chin. The others were half-asleep, tangled limbs and soft breathing filling the room. My cum still leaked from Tessa and Nala, the sheets ruined, the air thick with sex.

She pressed a small kiss to my collarbone, then whispered, "What are we going to tell Ivy?"

The name hit like ice water and gasoline at the same time. Ivy. My friend... her daughter. Fuck me.

I swallowed hard, cock twitching traitorously against Delilah's thigh. "She doesn't need to know," I murmured, voice low. "Not about this. Not about us fucking like animals while she's worried about you."

Delilah shivered, but it wasn't from cold. "She's going to notice eventually," she breathed, hand sliding down to rest over her barely-there bump. "When my belly swells. When I'm waddling around with your baby inside me."

I rolled us gently so she was on her back, my body hovering over hers. I nudged her thighs apart with my knee, settling between them. Still half-hard, still slick from everyone else, I dragged the head of my cock through her folds just to watch her eyes flutter.

"You can stay here," I said, voice rough. "Top floor. Penthouse. Whole damn place is ours. Ivy comes over, she'll think you just moved in to be closer to work. She doesn't have to know I'm the one putting that baby in you every night."

Delilah moaned softly, hips lifting to chase the pressure. "You'd keep fucking me right under her nose?" she asked, breathless. "Her own mom, spread open on your cock while she's in the next room?"

"Every fucking chance I get," I growled, pushing just the tip inside her. She was still so wet, still dripping with me. "I'll bend you over the kitchen counter while she's doing homework. Fuck you quiet in the shower while she's watching TV. You'll have to bite a pillow so she doesn't hear her mommy begging for my cum."

She whimpered, nails digging into my shoulders. "Evan..."

"Tell me you don't want it," I taunted, sliding in another inch. "Tell me you don't want to feel me breeding you again while your daughter's asleep ten feet away."

EVENT

=====

Delilah's Interest +35

Delilah's back arched, pussy clenching greedily. "I want it," she confessed, voice cracking. "God help me, I want it. Want you to keep me full, keep me yours, even when she's here. Especially when she's here."

I sank all the way in, bottoming out with a groan. She was so hot, so swollen from earlier, every thrust felt like coming home. "Good girl," I rasped, starting a slow, deep rhythm. "That's my filthy little secret. Ivy's mom, carrying my kid, begging for more while her daughter calls me 'just Evan'."

Her legs locked around my waist, heels digging into my ass, pulling me impossibly deeper. "What if she hears?" she gasped. "What if she walks in and sees you buried inside me, sees her mom begging for another load?"

"Then she learns the truth," I snarled, pounding harder. "Sees you on your knees, tits leaking, stomach huge, still greedy for my cock. Sees exactly who you belong to."

Kim, sprawled nearby, had three fingers buried in herself, pumping frantically. "Holy fuck, keep talking," she moaned. "This is the filthiest thing I've ever heard—I'm gonna cum so hard—"

Jasmine smirked, lazily circling her own clit. "He's not even trying to be quiet anymore. Straight-up planning to rail Ivy's mom behind her back. I'm obsessed."

Tessa laughed softly. "Remember when he used to blush if we said 'cock'? Now he's scripting secret creampie like a porn director."

I blocked them out, eyes only on Delilah. "You'll sit across from her at dinner," I whispered against her ear, "feeling my cum sliding out of you, soaking your thighs under the table. Every time she smiles at you, you'll remember I fucked you raw an hour ago."

Delilah sobbed, pussy clamping down like a fist. "Yes—yes—keep me secret, keep me full—"

I slammed in to the hilt, grinding hard. "When she's in the shower, I'll pull you into the walk-in closet, bend you over the shoe rack, and breed you so much that you'll still be dripping when you hug her goodnight."

Kim came with a strangled cry, thighs shaking, fingers drenched. "Fuck—fuck—I'm cumming—don't stop—"

Delilah shattered right after, screaming into my shoulder, pussy gushing around me in hot pulses. The sight of her losing it—pregnant, filthy, mine—snapped the last thread of control.

I buried my face in her neck, hips stuttering. "Fuck—Delilah—gonna fill you again—"

"Do it," she begged, voice raw. "Right now, while they're listening, give me another load!"

I came with a broken groan, cock jerking hard, flooding her in thick, endless waves. Each spurt felt like branding her from the inside. She milked me through it, legs trembling, nails carving half-moons into my back.

I stayed locked inside her, breathing hard against her skin. "You're never leaving," I whispered. "Not you. Not the baby. Ivy gets her perfect life. You get this cock every single night, even when she's in the next room."

Delilah clung to me, tears slipping down her temples, body still shaking with aftershocks. "I'm yours," she breathed. "Completely. We both are."

(_____)

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 30 / 40★

Delilah: Interest: 75 / 80★★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 6 / 20

Nala: Interest: 66 / 80★★★

Penelope: Interest: 3 / 20

Minne: Interest: 11 / 20

Ivy: Interest: 2 / 20

=====

Progress:

☆☆☆☆☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★☆☆☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★☆☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

=====

Select a woman to track progress.

Fuck... this was the happiest day of my life, probably.

- Quest Completed

- Title: Another one

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

♥□♥□♥□

Chapter 186: Chapter 186

Holy fuck. What happened yesterday?

Delilah... the girls... shit. I told her all those filthy things. How I'd fuck her while Ivy was in the next room, how I'd keep her dripping with me while her daughter sat clueless at dinner. She'd come so hard she soaked the sheets. If Ivy ever found out, I'd be dead. Buried. Deleted from existence.

But Ivy wouldn't live here, anyway. She'd always hated sharing space, even back in college. If I casually mentioned the penthouse, she'd just shrug, say "cool," and keep scrolling on her phone. So yeah, Delilah could move in tomorrow and Ivy would never have to know her mom was getting railed every night by her friend.

And, I was actually doing solid number-wise. Another One quest complete: level up, 250 credits, 200 EXP, plus Delilah's milestone reward of 50 EXP.

"Now, let's see..."

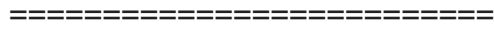


Sensory Overload



Overwhelms a partner's senses during intimacy, making every touch, scent, or whisper intensely erotic.

A graze feels like a climax, leaving partners dazed and craving more.



+10% Pleasure



Duration: 60s

Cooldown: Once per day



Nice. This could be useful, though. But maybe not as much as Honeyed Words.



Erogenous Insight



Passively reveals a partner's most sensitive erogenous zones and psychological desires during intimacy, appearing as subtle visual cues or

intuitive knowledge. Allows precise
targeting to heighten pleasure.

Huh... this was good too. So I had two new possible skills.

With Pleasure at twenty, Sensory Overload would push me to twenty-two for a full minute. Erogenous Insight was just passive gold—every weak spot glowing in my head like a heat map. I was basically a walking sex weapon now.

Kim came up behind me, kissed my cheek. White shirt, tight black pants, ponytail swinging. "First day at TechForge. How do I look?"

"Like you're about to crash the entire server room," I said.

Jasmine strutted out in a navy skirt suit that hugged every curve, did a slow spin. "Cute?"

"Cute? You look like the reason HR needs new policies. Being this cute should be illegal."

Tessa followed in a charcoal blazer, blouse unbuttoned just enough to be dangerous, pencil skirt lethal. "Rate me."

"Deadly. Ten out of ten. They're gonna need a fire drill."

Jasmine clapped her hands and flopped onto the couch, snatching the laptop from the coffee table. She flipped it open, eyes sparkling like a kid on Christmas. The penthouse air was... wow. Perfect. Calm. The kind of peace I never had back in that roach-infested shithole I used to call home.

Kim slid onto a stool at the kitchen counter, scrolling her phone with half-lidded eyes—still wrecked from last night. That marathon had been brutal. Glorious, but brutal.

"Oh," Kim said, perking up. "Liz and Carrie are playing here again. Charity concert."

"Those two?" Tessa asked, yanking open the fridge.

"Yep," Kim said. "I used to hate them, especially their lyrics, but damn, the beats slap."

"Should we go?" Tessa glanced at me, pulling out a lemonade. "Could be fun."

"Sure," I said. "When?"

"Tomorrow night," Kim read. "Tickets are fifty bucks—charity thing. Top donor gets their name blasted on the screen and a shout-out. Fancy."

"Hey, we haven't gotten our first paycheck yet," I reminded. "No crazy ideas, alright?"

"I know, I know," Kim sighed.

Nala stepped out of the bedroom, dressed sharp. Tight blouse, knee-length skirt hugging her hips, hair tied back in a sleek ponytail. That round ass made me want to cancel the Stingy Ladies plan and spend the day buried in her instead.

"Everyone ready?" she asked, tugging the hem of her skirt to check the fit.

"Yep," Jasmine said, snapping the laptop shut.

"Little excited," Kim admitted, exhaling. "First real job. Official and everything."

Tessa walked over and clapped her on the back. "Popping your corporate cherry at TechForge, huh? Lucky bitch."

Nala moved behind me, arms sliding around my waist, chin resting on my head. I grabbed her forearm, rubbed it slow, then kissed the inside of her wrist.

"You ready to meet Sarah?" she murmured.

I leaned back, head nestled between her tits, and tilted up to meet her eyes. She bent down, lips brushing mine, soft and warm.

"Guess so," I said.

She smirked, her lips brushing mine as she talked. "Let's go kick her ass."

I chuckled. "Yes, ma'am."



The rain hadn't stopped all morning; it clung to the window like the city refused to wash itself clean. Neon lights pulsed against the glass, reflected in the puddles below, streaks of electric red and blue smeared by the downpour. Inside the office, the air felt too still. Even the hum of the central air system seemed to hesitate.

I sat on the couch, my back sinking into the leather, cigarette balanced between my fingers. Nala hadn't said a word in the last five minutes. She was behind her desk, perfectly straight, the faint tapping of her keyboard the only sound between us. She'd tied her hair into a neat bun, eyes focused on the spreadsheet open on her laptop, or maybe she wasn't really seeing it. Her face gave nothing away.

Smoke curled toward the ceiling. I stared at the window, the distant hum of traffic blending into a steady drone. My thoughts kept looping back to that name, Meridian. That and the woman who was about to walk through the door.

Footsteps. Sharp heels on the tile.

We both turned our heads at the same time.

Sarah appeared at the doorway, every bit as smug as I remembered. Black pencil skirt, crisp blouse tucked neatly, coat draped over one arm. Her hair was tied high, lips painted a deep red that looked like it belonged in a courtroom or a crime scene. She didn't knock. She didn't even hesitate.

"Here goes nothing," I muttered, crushing the cigarette into the ashtray.

"Yeah," Nala said quietly. "Let's see what she wants."

Sarah walked in like she owned the place. She didn't even glance at me, her eyes locked on Nala the entire way. When she reached the desk, she smiled, slow and evil.

"CEO Nolin," she said, sitting down. "I can't tell if I should be honored or terrified to be summoned so quickly."

Nala closed her laptop with a soft click and folded her hands over it. "You're here because you made a very serious threat against this company."

"Oh, I didn't threaten," Sarah replied smoothly. "I made an offer. Two million per month, in exchange for silence. Simple economics."

"Extortion," I said flatly.

Sarah's gaze flicked to me, a brief glance, then back to Nala. "Call it what you like. I prefer compensation for information control. It even rhymes."

Nala didn't react. "You're aware that attempting to blackmail a corporation is a federal crime?"

Sarah smiled faintly. "And yet you invited me here instead of the police. That tells me something, Ms. Nolin."

The silence that followed was heavy. Nala leaned back slightly, crossing one leg over the other. "You came prepared, I assume. Let's skip the dramatics."

Sarah reached into her leather folder and slid a thin drive across the desk. "Everything you're afraid of fits on that stick. Signed reports, internal memos, timestamped digital

logs. The Meridian acquisition, and how the VP of Strategy at the time falsified compliance records under duress."

Nala's jaw tensed, but she didn't flinch. "You're confident for someone walking into the lion's den."

"Because I already know the lion won't bite," Sarah said. "If you were going to, you would've done it days ago, when your brother handed over control. But you didn't. You kept his secrets."

I thought about speaking, but Nala lifted a hand, stopping me before I could open my mouth. "You don't know what you're talking about."

Sarah gave a small laugh. "Oh, but I do. Guy was clever, he built his own little insurance plan before he ran off to whichever tax-free paradise he's hiding in now. I was part of that plan. He gave me the files, told me to keep them safe, in case his dear sister ever decided to rewrite history. But the thing is..." She leaned forward, elbows on the desk. "Guy doesn't pay me anymore. Well, I mean he pays me, but not enough. And I like getting paid... shit ton of money, excuse my language."

Nala met her eyes. Calm. Controlled. "You think you can squeeze two million dollars a month out of TechForge without consequence?"

"I think," Sarah said softly, "that the board won't hesitate to hang you out to dry once this story breaks. And they'll pay whatever it takes to protect their own names before yours. So yes, I think I can."

I stood from the couch. "You have no idea who you're dealing with."

"On the contrary," Sarah said, glancing at me. "You're the stray the company picked up. The one who doesn't belong in this tower. You look like you're still learning how to wear a suit. I know exactly who I'm dealing with."

Nala straightened in her chair. "Ms. Kade," she said, her voice dropping its warmth entirely. "I don't negotiate with blackmailers. You came here thinking you'd scare me. You came here thinking I'm still the woman my brother manipulated. But here's the difference between then and now: I'm not covering for anyone anymore."

Sarah tilted her head, lips curving. "And yet you're sitting here, talking to me, instead of calling security. Interesting contradiction."

Nala didn't blink. "You won't get a cent."

Chapter 187: Chapter 187

Sarah's smile didn't fade. "Then I suppose you'll get to see how expensive defiance can be." She reached across the desk, collected the flash drive again, and slipped it back into her folder. "Two weeks. If I don't hear from you by then, I send the files to the board, the SEC, and a few very curious journalists I've been drinking with."

"You're bluffing," I said.

She met my eyes. "Try me."

The room went still. Rain ticked against the glass again, faint and rhythmic. I could feel my pulse in my throat.

Finally, Sarah stood, smoothing her skirt. "I do hope we find common ground, Ms. Nolin. I always preferred cooperation over chaos." She gave a tight smile. "Pleasure seeing you again, Evan."

I didn't answer. Just stared as she turned and walked to the door, heels echoing against the marble floor.

When the door clicked shut behind her, the air finally moved again. I got up, hands in my pockets, pacing once before stopping by the window. I pressed a hand against the glass, watched the city through the streaks of rain.

"Damn it," I muttered. "She's not bluffing."

Nala stayed silent for a moment, eyes on the desk. Then, in that same even tone: "What did you learn from Eleanor?"

I turned. "That Guy used to spend a lot of time with two women. Charlotte and someone named Emilia. Might be something."

Nala nodded slowly. "I know the place. It's underground. Private security runs it like a vault. Be careful."

"I'll manage."

"Do more than manage," she said, finally looking at me. "If Guy left anything behind, it'll be through people who thought they were disposable."

I nodded once. "Got it."

♥□♥□♥□

Stingy Ladies.

The place looked half-asleep under the morning sun. A faded pink neon sign buzzed above the double doors, the "S" flickering like it was on its last breath. The remnants of last night's glitter still sparkled on the floor.

No line. No bouncer. Just a cracked sidewalk and the faint smell of spilled vodka and lemon cleaner.

I pushed through the doors.

Inside was a ghost town. Tables wiped down, chairs stacked. A janitor in gray coveralls pushed a mop in lazy circles, humming off-key. Bass-heavy music leaked from hidden speakers at low volume. The stage lights were off; only the bar's under-counter LEDs glowed purple and blue.

I walked straight to the bar.

Behind it, a woman with fire-engine-red hair tied in a messy knot wiped the counter with a gray rag. Tank top, black, cut high enough to show smooth, shaved armpits that flexed every time she scrubbed. Mean green eyes flicked up and locked on me.

"We're closed," she said, voice flat. "Open at six, man."

"I know," I said. "I'm looking for Charlotte and Emilia. You know them?"

"Char and Em?" She tossed the rag aside, leaned both palms on the counter. Her tank gaped just enough to flash the edge of a black lace bra. "What for?"

"Business."

"What kind?"

"The kind where all three of us walk away smiling," I said. "Important."

She studied me, lips pursed. "Mm. Don't know them."

- Quest Available

=====

- Title: Char and Em

- Task: Persuade her into talking.

- Reward: 1 Mastery Point

=====

- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

I accepted mentally. Honeyed Words, again, huh? She had to be one of them—Charlotte or Emilia. No way a random bartender stonewalled this hard.

Persuasion Attempt: Stranger

=====

□□□□□

=====

Remaining Chances: 0/2

Damn, this one had more boxes to fill, and only two chances to get it right. I had to take the riskier options in each dialogue, but if I'd leveled up my charm, maybe it would've been easier... ah, fuck it, no regrets. Honestly, I was happy with my Pleasure skill hitting level twenty

Attempting Persuasion

=====

"Something tells me you are either

Char or Em. Which one?

=====

Base Chance: 20%

Honeyed Words: +30%

=====

Final Chance: 50%

Upon Succeeding:

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"Something tells me you're either Char or Em. Which one?"

"No idea what you're talking about."

Persuasion Attempt: Stranger

=====

=====

Remaining Chances: Failure

Shit. Base chance too low. Needed more Charm to juice Honeyed Words. The system auto-failed the attempt. Five boxes, two shots, and the riskiest option only filled two. Fuck.

"I think you should leave," she said.

"Hmm..." I nodded, locking eyes. "Your loss. Don't come crying when Guy comes crashing down on you."

"What?"

"Have a nice day."

I turned and walked toward the exit. Three steps in, she exhaled hard.

"Stop."

I paused, glanced back. She looked cornered, towel clenched in her fist.

"I'm Charlotte," she muttered. "What happened with Guy?"

I walked back, slid onto a stool. "Bad things."

"What kind of bad things?"

"What do you know about the Meridian deal?" I countered.

"Meridian?" Her eyes narrowed. "How do you know about that? You work at TechForge?"

"No questions with questions. Meridian deal. Talk."

She rubbed her face, sighed. "It was rotten from the start. He bragged he forced his sister to sign. Said she had no choice."

"Hmm." I nodded. "What else did he tell you?"

"About Meridian?"

"In general. I need dirt on Guy. I was told you or Emilia had it."

She stared, lips tight, then shook her head and grabbed the towel again, scrubbing the same spot. Something was eating her alive.

"Tell me, Char. You won't regret it."

"No way. He'd actually kill me."

"Come on. Nothing like that'll happen."

"You don't know Guy, friend. He'd end your life for stepping on his shoe. No way."

"Come on..." I muttered. "Guy's not even here. Haven't you heard the news?"

"Nala's the new CEO, yeah," she said. "But I don't know where he is. He won't pick up. Changed his numbers, probably."

"Just tell me. What do you know about Guy Nolin?"

"Jesus, just... who the hell even are you?"

"No one," I said. "Talk."

"No way. Get out. I'm done."

"Cha—"

"No. Get out."

- Quest Failed

- Title: Char and Em

- Reward: 1 Mastery Point

Damn it. If I had a few more points in Charm, maybe I could've convinced her to talk. But... whatever. It wasn't a total loss. At least I learned she had something on him. That was a lead, at least. Now I just needed to figure out what it was—and get my hands on some evidence. I'd have to circle back here later and try again. Hopefully, I'd be better prepared next time.

"Fine," I said. "Your loss, Charlotte."

"Fuck off."

I nodded, hopped off the stool, and headed for the exit. Shit—when was I finally going to get rid of this idiot? I still had that video—the body cam footage from the officer, the one showing how they found the USB stick in his safe, full of those vile recordings. It was enough to bury him. But that damn woman, Anotta, wasn't letting me use it as leverage. She enjoyed watching me struggle. Watching me crawl.

Rich people. Freaking weirdos.

Outside, I pulled my phone. Two texts from Ivy.

'Hey, come to breakfast today.'

Another one.

'Ten thirty. You have thirty minutes or I'll eat your egg and bacon. Chop chop.'

I grinned, pocketed it. Already ate, but I could eat again.

♥□♥□♥□

I knocked twice. The door opened almost immediately.

Delilah stood there in a soft gray sundress that hugged her curves just right, hair loose and wavy, cheeks flushed from the stove. "Hey, stranger," she murmured, stepping aside with a playful smile. "Come in."

I slipped past her, close enough to catch the scent of vanilla on her skin and the faint heat radiating from her body. Ivy was already in the kitchen, stretching up to grab plates from the top shelf, her back turned to us. Perfect.

I hooked an arm around Delilah's waist, yanked her flush against me, and kissed her hard—deep, hungry, one hand sliding down to grab a firm handful of her ass through the thin fabric. She squeaked into my mouth, a surprised little sound that turned into a muffled laugh. She swatted my chest lightly, pulling back just enough to whisper, "Evan, stop—Ivy's right there," her eyes sparkling with mischief and warning.

"Evan?" Ivy called, plates clattering as she turned around, oblivious. "Welcome."

"Hey, morning," I said, strolling into the kitchen like I hadn't just groped her mom. "How are you?"

"I'm good." She set the plates down with a soft clink, glancing at Delilah, who was calmly arranging forks on the table. "Thanks for checking on her last night. Really."

"No problem," I said, sliding into a chair. "Always."

We settled at the small round table—me on one side, Ivy directly opposite, Delilah between us like a referee in a game neither of us knew we were playing. Sunlight streamed through the window, casting golden patches on the checkered tablecloth. Bacon sizzled faintly in the background, coffee steamed in mismatched mugs, and the whole scene screamed domestic. Normal. Safe.

Dangerous as hell.

Delilah's bare foot brushed my ankle under the table.

I froze mid-sip of orange juice.

She didn't.

Chapter 188: Chapter 188

Her toes—painted a soft pink—traced up my calf with agonizing slowness, teasing me. I shot her a sharp look. She just smiled, all innocence, sipping her juice like an angel who hadn't just started a war.

"So," Ivy said, piling fluffy scrambled eggs onto her plate, "it's supposed to rain later. Like, all afternoon. I was gonna hit the park, but..." She shrugged, reaching for the salt.

"Stay in," Delilah said smoothly, her foot sliding higher, nudging my knee apart with gentle insistence. "Movie day. I'll make popcorn. Extra butter."

Ivy rolled her eyes, but there was a grin tugging at her lips. "Mom, you say that every time it rains. It's your default setting."

"Because it's true," Delilah replied, voice light. Her foot found my inner thigh now, pressing just enough to make my breath hitch. I shifted in my chair, trying to keep my face neutral, but my cock was already stirring. "Besides, you've been studying too hard. You need a break. Your brain's gonna melt."

Ivy laughed, cutting into a strip of bacon. "Maybe. Evan, you in? We could binge that new sci-fi thing. The one with the alien parasites and corporate cover-ups. Trailer looked dope."

"Uh—" Delilah's toes pressed firmly against the growing bulge in my jeans, rubbing in a slow circle. "Sure. Sounds good." My voice came out tighter than I wanted.

Her foot was pure magic. She'd slipped off her sandal silently; the arch of her foot molded perfectly to my shaft through the denim, flexing and releasing in a rhythm that made my pulse race. She rubbed slow, up and down, like she was stroking me with her sole, each pass sending sparks up my spine.

I gripped my fork tighter, knuckles whitening.

Ivy buttered a piece of toast, completely oblivious, humming under her breath. "The effects look insane. And the conspiracy vibe? Total mindfuck. I love that shit."

"Same," I managed. My voice cracked on the last word. Delilah's toes curled, pressing hard against the head of my cock through the fabric. A bead of pre-cum soaked into my boxers instantly. I swallowed hard.

Delilah reached for the salt shaker with one hand, the other resting casually on the table. Her foot never stopped. "Pass the jam, honey?" she asked Ivy, voice sweet as syrup.

Ivy slid the jar across without looking. "You two are weirdly quiet. Everything okay over there?"

"Perfect," Delilah said, her smile serene. Her foot slipped lower, heel grinding gently against my balls, rolling them in a way that made my vision blur for a second. Then back up, tracing the rigid ridge of my cock like she was memorizing every inch. "Just hungry. Starving, actually."

Ivy snorted, pouring syrup over her pancakes. "Mom, you ate, like, three pancakes already."

"Hey, I'm your mother. Shut up." Delilah teased, winking at her daughter.

Her toes pressed harder, insistent, and I couldn't take it anymore. My free hand dropped under the table, fingers fumbling with my zipper. I pulled it down—slow, silent, praying the soft rasp didn't carry. The button popped free. I reached in, freed my cock from my boxers, and let it spring out into the open air beneath the tablecloth. Hard, throbbing, already slick with pre-cum.

Delilah's foot found me instantly, bare skin on bare skin. Her sole was warm, soft, and impossibly smooth as it slid along my shaft. She flexed her toes, curling them around the head, then dragged them down to the base in one long, deliberate stroke.

Jesus fucking Christ.

I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from groaning, tasting copper.

She trapped me between both feet now—soles soft and warm, stroking in perfect unison. Slow at first, then faster, twisting at the head with every upward glide. One foot pumped the shaft in long, firm pulls; the other cradled my balls, rolling them gently, squeezing just enough to make my hips jerk.

Ivy poured more syrup, licking a drip off her thumb.

Delilah leaned in with a casual smile, like she was sharing neighborhood gossip. "Did you know Evan actually moved into a penthouse? Top floor, the whole deal."

Ivy's fork froze halfway to her mouth. "Wait, what? A penthouse? How did you even swing that?"

I shrugged, trying to keep my voice steady while Delilah's foot kept gliding. "My girlfriend, Nala—she's the new CEO of TechForge. I just... moved in with her."

Ivy's eyes went wide. "The Nala Nolin? Guy's sister? Holy shit, Evan. That's insane."

"Yeah," I managed, hips twitching again as Delilah's toes circled my slit, smearing pre-cum down the shaft in gentle strokes. "Big opportunity. Learning a lot."

"So," Ivy said, finally cutting into her eggs, "how's the new place? Penthouse life treating you okay? Must be wild."

"It's... intense," I said, my hips twitching involuntarily. "Lots of space. Great view. Uh—city lights at night are something else."

Delilah leaned forward, elbows on the table, giving Ivy a perfect view of her innocent, motherly smile. Under the table, she sped up—one foot stroking the shaft in long, firm pulls, the other massaging my balls with gentle, rolling pressure. I was leaking like a

faucet, pre-cum dripping onto her arches, making every slide smoother, filthier. The tablecloth hid everything, but the risk was electric.

Ivy stabbed a piece of bacon, chewing thoughtfully. "Mom still won't tell me what that accident was, though."

"Just a minor thing," Delilah said smoothly, her heel pressing hard against my balls now, rolling them in slow circles that made my toes curl in my shoes. "Nala's girlfriend saw me and she helped me to get a room. I guess, in a way, I should thank Evan."

I gripped the table edge with one hand, fork trembling in the other. "Happy to help," I choked out.

Ivy grinned, reaching for her coffee. "You're, like, the family hero now. Should we get you a cape?"

Delilah's foot twisted, stroking faster, her soles slick with my pre-cum. Her eyes flicked to mine—dark, wicked, gleaming with triumph. She mouthed, slow and clear: 'Cum for me.'

I was close. So fucking close. My balls tightened, pressure building like a storm.

"Rain's starting," Ivy said, glancing out the window. Droplets streaked the glass, tapping softly. "Guess movie day it is. Blanket fort mandatory?"

"Perfect," Delilah purred, her voice velvet. Her feet clamped tight, pumping in short, relentless strokes—up, down, twist, squeeze. "We'll make a blanket fort. Like old times. Pillows, fairy lights, the works."

Ivy laughed, shaking her head. "Mom, I'm twenty-one. I'm too old for blanket forts."

"Never too old for blanket forts," Delilah said, her toes curling over the head of my cock, squeezing hard.

I came. Hard and silent.

My cock jerked violently between her feet, thick ropes of cum shooting across her soles, splattering her arches, dripping in heavy globs onto the floor beneath the table. She milked me through it, slow and thorough, draining every pulse, every drop, her feet never faltering. I bit my lip so hard I tasted blood, vision tunneling, breath locked in my throat.

Delilah smiled, serene and untouched, and kept eating her eggs like she hadn't just made me explode under her daughter's nose.

Ivy reached for the syrup again, oblivious. "Pass the butter?"

Delilah nudged it over with her elbow, casual as ever. Under the table, she lifted one cum-slick foot, wiped it discreetly on the inside of my jeans, then slipped back into her sandal like nothing had happened. The other foot followed, leaving a warm, sticky trail on my thigh.

I sat there, spent, heart hammering against my ribs, cum cooling on my skin, pooling in my lap. My cock twitched with aftershocks, still half-hard from the sheer audacity of it all.

Delilah caught my eye across the table and winked—slow, smug, victorious.

Breakfast continued as if nothing happened.

Ivy kept talking about the movie, the rain, her classes. Delilah nodded along, laughing at the right times, passing the jam, sipping her coffee. I managed to grunt responses, my voice still rough, my mind replaying every second of what just happened.

The risk. The thrill. The fact that Ivy was three feet away, laughing, eating, completely clueless while her mom jerked me off with her feet... damn.

"Hey, Ms. Komb," I said, pushing my plate away. "You told me there was some lag on your computer, right? Want me to check that now?"

Delilah's eyes flicked to mine, a quick smirk flashing across her lips before she smoothed it into a neutral smile when Ivy glanced over.

"Oh, right," she said, dabbing the corner of her mouth with a napkin. "Yeah. I'll show you after breakfast."

"We should just buy a new one, I swear to God," Ivy muttered, stabbing the last piece of bacon. "Always something with that computer, Mom. Just retire the old bastard."

"New ones are expensive," Delilah shrugged, but her foot brushed my ankle again under the table, a silent promise.

We finished eating in comfortable silence—forks clinking, coffee sipped, rain starting to patter harder against the window. Ivy stacked the plates with a sigh. "I'll do the dishes, then."

Delilah stood, smoothing her sundress. "Come on, Evan. I'll show you the problem with my keyboard."

"Sure, lead the way," I said, rising.

Ivy waved us off, already heading to the sink. "Don't break anything, nerds."

Chapter 189: Chapter 189

We walked down the short hallway to Delilah's bedroom. The second we crossed the threshold, I shut the door behind us.

Delilah didn't waste a second. She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her sundress and shimmied it up over her hips, letting the fabric bunch at her waist. Her panties followed—simple black lace, already soaked. She stepped out of them, kicked them aside, and turned to face me, hands on her hips, legs slightly spread.

"Come and fuck me, Evan," she said, voice low and hungry. "Let's see if those things you said in the penthouse were true."

I smirked, already reaching for my zipper. My cock sprang free, hard and ready, still slick from breakfast. "Oh, you have no idea how real they were."

I grabbed Delilah by the thighs, fingers sinking into soft, warm flesh, and hoisted her clean off the floor. She gasped, legs snapping around my waist, arms looping tight around my neck as I slammed her back against the wall. The impact rattled a framed photo beside us.

Our mouths collided—hungry, desperate, tongues tangling, teeth scraping. She tasted like coffee, syrup, and raw need.

One hand gripped her ass, the other guided my shaft to her entrance. She was soaked, dripping down her thighs. I didn't tease—just lined up and drove in to the hilt in one brutal thrust.

Delilah's head thunked back against the wall, a sharp cry ripping from her throat before she bit her lip. Her pussy clamped around me, hot, swollen, greedy.

"Fuck," I growled against her neck, pulling out slow only to slam back in, balls slapping her ass. "Pregnant and still begging for my cock while your daughter's ten feet away."

"Yes," she hissed, hips grinding down to meet me, nails raking my shoulders. "Fuck me, Evan. Breed me with Ivy right there."

I set a punishing rhythm—hard, fast, relentless. The wall shook with every thrust. I clamped one hand over her mouth to muffle her moans.

"Quiet," I snarled. "You want Ivy to hear her mommy getting railed? Hear you screaming while I fill this pregnant cunt?"

She shook her head frantically, eyes rolling back, muffled whimpers vibrating against my palm. Her walls fluttered around me, already close.

From the kitchen, Ivy's voice drifted down the hall, casual as ever. "Mom? You guys find the problem yet?"

Delilah's pussy clenched so hard I saw stars. I slowed just enough to let her answer, grinding deep, cock buried to the root.

"Y-yeah, honey," she called, voice trembling, breath hitching with every subtle roll of my hips. "Just... just a loose cable. Evan's... fixing it real good."

I thrust deeper, grinding against her clit. She whimpered into my hand, legs tightening around my waist.

"Cool," Ivy said, clinking dishes. "We buying a new computer or what? That thing's ancient."

I pulled out almost all the way, then slammed back in, balls slapping loud enough I prayed the running water drowned it out.

"M-maybe," she gasped, voice cracking as I hit that spot inside her again. "We'll... talk later—oh fuck—"

I leaned in, teeth grazing her ear. "Tell her the truth, Delilah. Tell her your pregnant pussy's stuffed full of my cock right now. Tell her I'm breeding you while she scrubs plates."

She sobbed, shaking her head, but her hips rolled harder, chasing every thrust. Her walls fluttered wildly.

Ivy again, closer to the hallway now: "You okay in there? Sounds like you're moving furniture or something."

Delilah was teetering on the edge. I could feel it—her pussy pulsing, thighs shaking.

"Fine!" she managed, voice breaking into a squeak as I pounded harder. "Just... dropped something heavy. Be out soon!"

I sped up, one hand under her ass holding her weight, the other sliding between us to rub her clit in tight, frantic circles. The risk, the sound of Ivy's footsteps padding closer, the way Delilah's body trembled—it was too much.

"Cum for me," I growled low in her ear. "Cum while your daughter's humming in the kitchen, clueless that I'm pumping another load into her pregnant mom."

Delilah shattered.

Her pussy clamped down like a vice, squirting hard around my cock, soaking my shaft, dripping down my balls and onto the carpet. She screamed into my hand, body convulsing, legs kicking against my back, nails carving red lines down my neck.

I followed seconds later—buried to the hilt, cock jerking as I flooded her. Thick, endless ropes painted her walls, filling her swollen, pregnant pussy with another hot load. I kept thrusting through it, grinding deep, making sure every drop stayed inside.

"Take it," I rasped against her neck. "Take every fucking drop... oh, yeah."

She milked me dry, trembling.

I lowered her slowly, legs shaking as her feet touched the floor. My cock slipped out with a wet, filthy sound. Cum immediately leaked down her thighs in thick rivulets, pooling at her feet.

Delilah leaned against the wall, panting, her sundress hiked up around her waist, pussy glistening, swollen, dripping with me.

From the kitchen: "Mom? You alive in there?"

She swallowed hard, voice hoarse but steady. "Y-yes, honey."

"One more round," I said, voice low, cock already stirring again.

Delilah smirked, wiping a bead of cum from her thigh. "You hungry pervert."

I lay back on the bed, propping myself on my elbows. "Give me a titjob."

She exhaled, half-laugh, half-groan, and crouched between my legs. Her sundress was still bunched at her waist, tits heavy and full, nipples hard. She cupped them, squeezed my cock between the soft, warm flesh, and started moving—slow, deliberate strokes that made my head fall back.

"Fuck, yes," I groaned. Her skin was silk, tits bouncing with each pump, the valley between them slick with leftover cum and her own juices. She leaned forward, tongue flicking out to lap at the head every time it emerged from her cleavage—wet, teasing circles around the slit, tasting the pre-cum beading there.

"Like that?" she murmured, voice husky. "Your cock looks so good between my pregnant tits."

I thrust up into the tight channel, hips rolling. "Lick it again. Suck the tip."

She obeyed, lips sealing around the head on the next upstroke, tongue swirling, cheeks hollowing. Then she released with a pop and slid back down, tits squeezing tighter, faster. The room filled with wet, rhythmic sounds—skin on skin, her soft moans, my ragged breaths.

She varied the pace—slow, torturous glides that made me growl, then quick, frantic pumps that had her tits jiggling wildly. Every time my cockhead peeked out, she licked, sucked, or spat on it, keeping everything slick. Her nipples dragged against my thighs, hard and sensitive, and she whimpered when I reached down to pinch one.

"God, you're gonna make me cum all over these tits," I rasped.

"Do it," she whispered, eyes locked on mine. "Paint me, Evan. Mark your pregnant slut—"

The door handle rattled.

"Mom? You seen the hair dryer?" Ivy's voice, right outside.

Delilah froze, eyes wide. My cock throbbed between her tits, inches from her lips.

I surged up, grabbed her wrist, and yanked her to her feet. Spun her around, planted her palms on the door. Her dress flipped up over her ass, cum still dripping down her legs.

I kicked her feet apart, lined up, and slammed back into her pussy from behind—standing doggy, her body pressed to the door, my hand over her mouth again.

"Delilah," I growled in her ear, thrusting hard. "Answer her. Tell her you're busy getting fucked."

I didn't wait. I lined up and slid back into her in one smooth, deep thrust, her slick heat swallowing me whole. Delilah's palms flattened against the door, a soft gasp escaping before I covered her mouth with my hand—gentle but firm.

"Shh, Delilah," I whispered against her ear, hips rolling slow, savoring every inch. "I've got you. Just feel me."

She melted against the door, pussy fluttering around me, still swollen and dripping from the last round. I kept the rhythm steady—deep, claiming strokes that made her breath hitch in tiny, stifled moans.

"Hey, Mom? Can you help me?" Ivy said from the hallway. Shit, she was close.

Delilah's eyes snapped open, panic flashing. I slowed but didn't stop, grinding in slow circles, letting her feel every ridge.

"S-sure, honey," she called, voice trembling but warm. "What do you need?"

"Which dress should I wear?" Ivy asked. "I'd come to the hallway, but Evan's in there. Party pooper."

Delilah opened her mouth, but I thrust gently, cutting her off with a soft, "Oh—"

I reached past her, cracked the door just enough for her flushed face to peek out. My cock stayed buried deep, hips rolling in slow, lazy figure-eights, grinding against that spot that made her knees buckle.

"This one? Or this one?" Ivy asked, holding up two dresses I couldn't see.

Delilah's breath caught as I pushed in to the root, slow and full. "The... the red one, honey," she managed, voice breathy, a tiny moan slipping out before she bit her lip.

Ivy tilted her head. "You good, Mom? You sound... winded."

I leaned in, lips brushing her ear. "Tell her you're perfect. Tell her while I'm filling you up, slow and deep, right under her nose."

"Of course, honey," Delilah said, voice trembling with effort. "Just... helping Evan with something heavy."

"Mm, alright. Are you really okay?"

"I'm gonna..." I whispered. "Fuck... ah... cumming, cumming, cumming..."

I thrust slow and deep, cock swelling. The pressure built—hot, inevitable. I buried my face in her neck, breathing her in as I came—thick, pulsing ropes flooding her pussy, coating her walls, marking her from the inside. Delilah's forehead pressed to the door, I could feel her pussy clenching down on me like crazy. Pleasure 20... fuck. I could even make her cum while she was talking with her daughter.

"Yeah, honey," she whispered, eyes fluttering shut, "that's... that's perfect."

Ivy blinked. "What's perfect? I asked if you were okay."

"Oh—yeah, yeah," Delilah said quickly, voice soft and dreamy as I gave one last slow thrust, milking the final drops. "Totally fine, sweetheart."

"A-alright... well, whatever. I'll wear the red one, I guess. Thanks, Mom."

"Anytime, honey."

Delilah eased the door shut, locked it with a soft click, and sagged against it, chest heaving, nerves electric. Cum leaked down her thighs in slow, warm rivulets.

I pulled out gently, tucked myself away, then grabbed her trembling hand and pressed it to my chest—my heart racing like I'd run a marathon.

"That was incredible," I whispered, voice rough with awe. "Look how I was fucking excited!"

"God, that was insane," she breathed, eyes wide, a nervous laugh bubbling up. "We almost—Evan, my heart's going to explode."

I kissed her knuckles, then her wrist, then her lips—soft, reverent. "Worth every second. Now get dressed. I'll help you clean up before she suspects a thing."

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Delilah

EXP Gained: +261

Star Rating: 4.8 ★★★★★

Reason: -

♥□♥□♥□

No data found.

Chapter 190: Chapter 190

My fucking god. What a dangerous breakfast that was. I thought we'd surely get caught, I was ready to use time Stop, but thankfully, it didn't come to that.

- Evan Marlowe (Lvl 10)

=====

- Age: 21

- Height: 180 cm

- Weight: 74 kg

=====

- EXP: [██████████] 958/2162

I was back at Stingy Ladies, nursing a cold beer at a corner table, the bottle sweating in my hand. This time, Nala was with me—her silver tongue was my best shot at cracking Charlotte. Or Emilia. Whoever spilled first. Jasmine tagged along too, mainly to check off that public-sex quest for Emotional Charisma.

- Emotional Charisma (Locked)

=====

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

- Flirt with a woman (1/1)

- Fuck Jasmine in public (0/1)

The club was alive tonight. Strobe lights pulsed red and blue across the dance floor, bodies grinding to a thumping bassline that rattled my ribs. The old stripper pole gleamed under spotlights, a dancer in a neon thong twirling upside-down, glitter dusting the air. Tables were packed—leather jackets, short skirts, laughter mixing with the clink of glasses. The bar glowed purple, bottles lined like soldiers behind it.

Nala sat across from me, gray dress clinging to every curve, hem stopping just below her knees—classy, elegant, like she'd walked out of a boardroom, not a dive bar. Jasmine, next to me, kept her jacket on against the chill, casual in a fitted t-shirt and brown pants.

I took a drag from my cigarette, stubbed it in the ashtray. "She's there. Behind the bar."

Jasmine glanced over. "Sheesh. Still can't believe what you told me about Guy."

"Yeah," I muttered. "He's sick."

Nala shook her head. "Ugh... brother..."

"She looks way under his league," Jasmine said, turning back. "Thought Guy went for, like, elite types. Not bartenders in an underground club."

"Same thought," I said. "Guess he likes the gritty ones."

"What's the plan?" Jasmine asked. "You tried talking to her, right?"

"Failed hard," I said. "Nala, think you can work that corporate magic?"

"I'll try," she said, eyes flicking to me. "You're working hard on this Meridian case, huh?"

"Hey, your company goes down, we all go down," I smiled. "You, me, Jasmine, Kim, Tessa—whole crew."

Jasmine nodded. "Let's fix this shit."

"No point waiting," Nala said, standing. "I'm going in."

"Want me to come?" I asked, half-rising.

"No, no," she said. "I got this. I'll tag you if I need backup."

I nodded. "Be careful."

She flashed a smile and sauntered off. "Always."

Jasmine and I turned, watching Nala weave through the crowd to the bar. I exhaled, cleared my throat, and slid my hand onto Jasmine's thigh under the table, rubbing slow circles.

She giggled, scooting closer. "Wow, you horny right now? Weirdooo."

I grinned. "Restroom?"

She shrugged, eyes sparkling. "Why not?"

"I'll go first," I said. "When it's empty, I'll call. You come to the door, knock four times."

"Already planned this out, huh?" she teased.

I chuckled, stood, and headed to the restrooms. The single-stall was tucked in a dim hallway, door heavy, lock sturdy. Inside was a little pathetic: chipped white tiles curling at the edges, flickering fluorescent light buzzing overhead, faint smell of bleach and stale smoke. The toilet sat in the far corner, lid down, a cheap air freshener dangling from the pipe. A small sink with a cracked mirror hung opposite, graffiti scrawled in marker across the glass. Empty. I pulled out my phone, called Jasmine.

She declined the call.

Four knocks—sharp, quick.

I yanked the door open. Jasmine slipped in, grinning, and I locked it behind her.

The second the bolt clicked, she was on me—hands fisting my shirt, mouth crashing into mine, tongue hot and demanding. I backed her against the sink, hands sliding under her t-shirt, palming her tits through her bra. She moaned into my mouth, hips grinding against my growing bulge.

"Fuck, Evan," she breathed, nipping my lip. "Been wet since you touched my thigh."

I spun her around, bent her over the sink, her palms slapping the cold porcelain. Yanked her brown pants and black panties down in one motion, pooling at her ankles. Her ass was perfect—round, firm, already glistening between her thighs.

"Spread," I growled, kicking her feet apart.

She obeyed, arching her back, pussy dripping. I freed my cock, hard and throbbing, lined up, and slammed in to the hilt, her body pressed to the sink, mirror fogging with her breath.

"Fuck!" she cried, head falling forward. "Yes—give it to me—"

I gripped her hips, pounded hard, balls slapping her clit with every thrust. The sink rattled, mirror shaking. Her tits bounced under her shirt, nipples hard against the fabric.

"Look at you," I rasped, one hand sliding up to grab her throat, tilting her head up to the mirror. "Bent over in a filthy restroom, taking my cock like a good girl."

She moaned, my cock disappearing into her, her face flushed, lips parted. "Harder, Evan—fuck me like you mean it—"

I sped up, hips snapping, the wet sound of skin on skin echoing off the chipped tiles. Reached around, fingers finding her clit, rubbing tight circles. She bucked, pussy clenching.

"Gonna cum," she whimpered. "Don't stop—please—"

Damn. Making women cum with Pleasure 20 was actually easy as fuck.

"Cum on my cock," I growled. "Let the whole club hear you scream."

"Oh... god... fuck! FUCK!"

She shattered—pussy spasming, squirting around my shaft, soaking my balls, dripping onto the grimy floor. Her cry was loud, raw, echoing. I didn't let up, fucking her through it, chasing my own release.

I pulled out, spun her around, and pressed her back against the cool tile wall. She gasped, legs still trembling. I hooked one arm under her left thigh, lifting it high, opening her wide. Her tits pressed flush against my chest, nipples hard through her shirt, rubbing with every breath.

"Hold on," I growled, lining up and slamming back in—standing missionary, her leg hooked over my elbow, her body pinned between me and the wall.

"Fuck, yes," she moaned, arms wrapping around my neck, pulling me closer. "Deeper—give it to me—"

I thrust hard, hips snapping, cock buried to the hilt with every stroke. Her lifted leg let me hit deeper, grinding against her G-spot. Her tits bounced between us, trapped against my chest, nipples dragging with every movement.

I yanked her shirt higher, mouth latching onto one nipple—sucking hard, tongue swirling, teeth grazing. She arched, pussy clenching.

"Evan—fuck—your mouth..." she whimpered, fingers tangling in my hair.

I switched to the other nipple, licking, biting, sucking until she was sobbing. My free hand slid between us, thumb rubbing her clit in tight circles. She bucked, pussy fluttering.

"Gonna cum again," she gasped. "Don't stop—"

"Not yet," I rasped, slowing to a grind, cock buried deep. "Beg for it."

"Please—Evan—let me cum—wreck me—"

I sped up, pounding hard, thumb pressing her clit. "Cum on my cock—scream for me—"

She broke, pussy clamping down, squirting hard, soaking my shaft, dripping down my balls in hot pulses. Her scream echoed off the tiles, raw and desperate, bouncing around the tiny stall. I fucked her through it, relentless, hips snapping, cock grinding deep as her body convulsed.

But I wasn't done.

I kept her leg lifted high, hooked over my elbow, her back pressed to the wall, tits crushed against my chest. I slowed to a torturous grind—slow, deep circles that made her whimper, then slammed in fast and brutal, balls slapping her ass. Her nipples, red and swollen from my mouth, dragged against my shirt with every thrust.

"Again," I snarled, licking a stripe up her neck, tasting salt and sweat. "Cum again for me, Jasmine. Milk my cock like the dirty girl you are."

She sobbed, pushing down to meet every thrust, pussy fluttering wildly. "Yes—fuck—fill me—make me yours—"

A sharp knock rattled the door. "Yo, hurry up in there!"

"Occupied!" I barked, not missing a beat, slamming in deeper. Jasmine's eyes went wide, but her pussy clenched harder.

I sped up, hips pistoning, cock hitting that spot that made her toes curl. My free hand slid between us, thumb rubbing her clit in tight, frantic circles. She bucked, tits bouncing against me, nipples hard as diamonds.

"Someone's listening," I growled in her ear. "They hear you getting fucked. Hear you begging for my cum."

She moaned louder, head falling back. "Don't stop, fuck... let them hear—"

Another knock—louder. "Come on, man!"

"Fuck off!" I snapped, pounding harder, the door shaking with every thrust. Jasmine's leg trembled in my grip, her pussy slick and swollen, gripping me tight.

"Close—" she gasped, nails raking my back. "Evan—please—"

"Not yet," I rasped, slowing to a grind, cock buried to the root. "Beg louder. Let them know who's breeding you."

"Please—fuck—Evan—let me cum—fill me—"

I slammed in, grinding against her clit, cock swelling. "Fuck... I love you."

She came—pussy milking me, walls fluttering wildly, squirting again, soaking us both. Her scream was muffled against my shoulder, body shaking.

I followed—buried deep, cock jerking as I flooded her. Thick, endless ropes painted her insides, filling her pussy, leaking out around my shaft as I kept thrusting, grinding every drop in.

"Fuck, yes," I groaned, hips stuttering. "All yours... now clean my cock."

