

The Heart System #Chapter 191 - Read The Heart System Chapter 191

Chapter 191: Chapter 191

She panted, legs trembling, cum dripping down her thighs as I lowered her leg slow. She slid down the wall, knelt in front of me, and began licking my cock clean—slow strokes of her tongue, lapping up our mixed juices, eyes locked on mine.

My phone buzzed. Nala.

I answered, voice rough. "What's up?"

Jasmine didn't stop. She stayed on her knees, lips sealed around my cock, tongue swirling slow around the head, lapping up the last traces of us. Her eyes flicked up to mine—mischievous, daring.

"I need you here, Evan," Nala said, tension thick in her voice. "She's a tough nut to crack. Charlotte's stonewalling me. Says she'll call security if I don't back off. Threatened to have me thrown out for 'harassment.' Can you believe that?"

I exhaled hard, hips twitching as Jasmine took me deeper, throat relaxing, nose brushing my pelvis. She bobbed slow, cheeks hollowing, slurping softly.

"Yeah," I managed, hand tightening in her hair. "She's scared. Guy's got her spooked."

Jasmine pulled back with a wet pop, tongue flicking the slit. "Mmm," she hummed, loud enough to carry.

Nala paused. "What was that?"

"Nothing," I said, voice strained. Jasmine grinned, took me back in, sucking harder, hand stroking what her mouth couldn't reach. "Just... background noise."

"Uh-huh," Nala said, skeptical. "Look, she's wiping down the bar like nothing happened, but her hands are shaking. I mentioned Meridian—she flinched. Hard. We're close, Evan. I just need you to tag in. Silver tongue, remember?"

Jasmine deep-throated me, throat fluttering, gagging softly. I bit back a groan.

"On my way," I rasped. "Give me two minutes."

"Make it one," Nala said. "She's eyeing the bouncer."

Jasmine pulled off, stroked me fast, lips brushing the head. "Cum in my mouth," she whispered, eyes locked on mine. "Let her hear you lose it."

I nodded, hips thrusting into her hand.

Nala kept talking. "I'll keep her busy. Just—"

Jasmine took me deep, sucked hard, tongue pressing the underside. I came—cock jerking, thick ropes flooding her mouth. She gulped loudly, throat working, swallowing every drop with obscene, wet sounds.

"—get here," Nala finished.

"C-cumming," I groaned, voice cracking. "No... worries."

- Evan Marlowe (Lvl 10)

- Age: 21

- Height: 180 cm

- Weight: 74 kg

- EXP: [ ] 1063/2162

Jasmine pulled off slow, licked her lips, swallowed one last time with a satisfied 'ahh.'

"Phew," I hung up, tucked myself away. "Let's go."

Huh, I got 105 EXP from that. Not bad.

- CURRENT STATS

- Strength: 4

- Charm : 12

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□□□)

- Seductive Allure

- Libido : 10

- Pleasure: 20

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (Passive) (□)

Good. Unlocked. I'd check the perks later; right now, focus.

Jasmine tugged her pants up, smirking as she zipped. I buttoned mine, cracked the door. The guy who'd been pounding on it, early twenties, buzz-cut, girlfriend clinging to his arm, brushed past me. His eyes flicked from me to Jasmine, then back. A slow grin spread.

"Ya bastard," he muttered, nodding approval.

I walked to our table and slapped Jasmine's ass before she sat down. She squeaked, shot me a playful glare, then laughed under her breath.

"Gotta go," I said. "Nala needs me. You good?"

"Sure," she said, sliding into our booth. "Just hurry. I don't love sitting solo in places like this."

"Five minutes," I promised.

I weaved through the crowd and reached the counter... then I saw it. Nala was arguing with someone, back turned to me, black t-shirt with SECURIT* stamped in bold white letters across the shoulders. Broad frame, short-cropped hair. Shit, that was bad.

I stepped closer—and froze.

Not a he. A she. Dark skin, muscular build, big tits straining the fabric, sharp eyes cutting through the dim light. Scars slashed across one cheek like war paint. Total badass. And... fuck, I knew that face. Couldn't place it. Not yet.

"Hey," I said, sliding in. "Leave my friend alone, huh? There's no need for that."

She turned fully. Recognition flickered in those hard eyes.

"You—" she started, then tilted her head. "Evan, right?"

"Yeah?" I squinted, brain scrambling. "I... know you from somewhere."

"Sophia," she said, voice low, rough. "You hopped in the taxi I was riding. Downtown. Two weeks ago."

"Oh!" I recoiled slightly, memory snapping into place. "Yeah, yeah. Didn't know you worked here."

"I do." She folded thick arms. "And your friend's been giving Charlotte a hard time. Bartender asked her to back off—twice. Next time, she's gone."

I glanced left. Charlotte was watching, rag in hand, pouring a beer with mechanical precision. Eyes flicked to me, then away. Still locked up tight.

"She's drunk," I said, flashing an easy smile. "I'll escort her back to the table."

"Do that," Sophia said. "And don't cause any more trouble."

"Got it. Thanks, Sophia."

"Mm." She gave a curt nod, then melted into the crowd, disappearing through the side exit.

I pulled Nala close, lips brushing her ear. "Go back to Jasmine. I got this here."

She exhaled, tension easing. "Be careful."

I smirked. "Always."

- Quest Available

=====

- Title: Char and Em

- Task: Persuade her into talking.

- Reward: 1 Mastery Point

=====

- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

Same quest again, huh? Alright, this time I had to play my cards right. Honeyed Words had failed once; I couldn't lean on charm alone. I needed leverage, fear, something that would crack her open. Threaten her? Tell her Guy was tying up loose ends? My brain wasn't built for this kind of psychological warfare, but I was running out of moves.

I slid onto a stool at the bar. To my left, a couple was full-on making out, his hand blatantly squeezing her tits through her top like they were alone. Great atmosphere for intimidation.

"Charlotte," I said, catching her eye as she slid a beer across the counter. "Hey."

"You again?" She didn't even look up, wiping a glass. "I told you to leave."

"You told me to go away," I corrected, leaning in. "You didn't say don't come back."

"Now I'm saying it." She finally met my gaze, voice flat. "Go away. And don't come here again."

"You don't get how serious this is," I said, lowering my tone. "Guy's scared. He's cleaning house. Getting rid of disposable people."

She snorted, shaking her head. "The Guy I know doesn't get scared. He's always two steps ahead."

"Not anymore," I said, straining to keep my cool. "Not since he met me. Things are shifting, Charlotte. You should pick the winning side."

She laughed, bitter. "You have NO idea, man. NO idea. He'll ruin you. Your life, your friends, everything."

"I only want one thing," I pressed. "What do you have on him? Tell me, and we both walk away clean. He'll never know."

"No."

Dead end.

No way I could have persuaded her like that. I had to... 'outsource' it, find someone to scare her into thinking Guy was hunting her. Terrify her so she'd come crawling back to me, spilling everything. And for that, only one person came to mind.

Cora.

I nodded, stood. Before turning, I leaned in again. "Hey—paper and pen?"

She raised a brow. "Why?"

"Just give it."

She sighed, crouched, came up with a napkin and a pen. I scrawled my number, slid it across.

"If you change your mind," I said, voice low, "call. Anytime."

She stared at the napkin, then at me. Message received.

I walked off without another word.

Jasmine and Nala looked up as I reached the table.

"Hey," Jasmine said. "Any news?"

"Couldn't crack her," I said, dropping into the booth. "But I've got a plan."

"What plan?" Nala asked.

"I know someone who can scare her," I said. "Make her think Guy's sending people. She'll break."

"Who?" Nala leaned in.

"Cora."

Jasmine winced. "Oh... that scary chick. Yeah. I'd shit myself if she came after me in a dark alley."

Nala exhaled. "So... we leave?"

"Yep," I said, standing. "I hate this place. Too underground. Even for me."

"Then let's go," Nala said, grabbing her purse. "What a night..."

I rubbed my temples. "Tell me about it. Fuck my life..."

♥□♥□♥□

Midnight. The penthouse was silent except for the soft creak of the bed and the low hum of the city far below. Nala straddled me, thighs trembling, her hands locked with mine as she sank down slow, taking every inch of my cock. Her gray dress was long gone—just skin on skin, her breasts swaying with each roll of her hips.

"Fuck, Evan," she breathed, eyes half-lidded, voice husky. "You're so deep—gonna ruin me—"

I thrust up to meet her, fingers tightening around hers. "That's the plan, baby. Ride me till you can't think straight."

Jasmine lay beside me, cheek on my chest, fingers tracing lazy circles over my abs. She smirked up at Nala. "Look at you, CEO by day, cock-hungry by night."

Nala laughed breathlessly, grinding harder. "Shut up—oh god—right there—"

Pleasure 20 was a cheat code. I angled my hips, hit that spot, and Nala's eyes rolled back. She came hard—pussy spasming, squirting down my shaft, soaking the sheets.

I followed seconds later, cock jerking as I flooded her, thick ropes painting her insides.

She collapsed on my chest, panting, hair sticking to her forehead. "Fuck... I'm done."

I kissed her temple. "Go clean up before you leak everywhere."

She groaned, rolled off, one hand clamped between her thighs. "Gonna mess up the sheets..." She waddled to the bathroom, cum already dripping.

Jasmine didn't miss a beat. She crawled down, took my softening cock in her mouth, tongue swirling, cleaning me slow and thorough.

I exhaled, hand in her hair. "Charlotte's still a brick wall."

Jasmine hummed around me. "Mmm. Cora'll scare her straight."

"Hope so," I said. "Meridian's bigger than we thought. Guy's covering tracks—fast."

She pulled off with a pop. "Ugh, let's change the subject. Hey, call Delilah. Bring her here. Plenty of rooms. You told me she hated living with her daughter, right? She thinks she's being a freeloader and all."

I nodded. "She's an angel. Helped me through uni—cooked, cleaned, kept me sane. Can't ever repay that."

Jasmine smirked, licking a stray drop. "Grandma vibes. I like her."

Nala padded back, clean, hair damp. She flopped beside me, curling into my side. Jasmine tugged my boxers up, then snuggled in on the other.

"Man, I'm tired..." I muttered. "Goodnight."

"Night."

"Night."

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Even though keeping my eyes open was getting harder by the second, sleep wouldn't come. Seconds dragged into minutes, then hours. Nala's hand rested warm on my chest, her breathing slow and steady. Jasmine had rolled away in her sleep, curled around a pillow like it was a lifeline.

I exhaled, slipped from the bed without waking them, and padded barefoot to the living room. The penthouse was dark, city lights bleeding through the floor-to-ceiling windows in streaks of neon. I grabbed my cigarettes from the dining table, lit one, and sank into the couch, rubbing my face as smoke curled toward the ceiling.

"Fuck..."

Stress gnawed at me. This Meridian thing was a noose—tightening every day. One wrong move and I'd lose everything: the job, the penthouse, the life I'd clawed my way into.

"Guy... just fuck off already."

I got up, grabbed a beer from the fridge, popped it open. Sat at the kitchen island, smoke still between my lips, and took a long drag followed by a cold swallow.

The storm outside raged harder—rain lashing the glass, thunder rumbling low. Then a shuffle behind me. I didn't flinch. The shadow on the wall stretched long, wings unfurling lazily.

Dierella.

"Another sleepless night," she said, voice smooth as velvet.

"Unfortunately." I didn't turn, just stared out at the storm-lit city.

"Just yesterday you were rotting in that shithole apartment. Now look at you."

I ignored the jab. "I keep seeing a woman in my dreams. Holding an umbrella. Who is she?"

Dierella perched on a stool, wings flexing, back to me. She spun it slowly, left to right. "Dunno."

"You sure?"

"Yeah."

I turned to face her. She wore a purple tank top, ripped at the back for her wings, and tiny hotpants that barely qualified as clothing. Casual. Dangerous. Beautiful.

"Why are you here?" I asked.

"Bored. Thought I'd say hi." Her wings fluttered lazily.

"Hmm."

"You're still tangled up with Guy," she said, tilting her head. "He won't let go."

"Can't you just... wipe his memory? Like with that pervert?"

"Nope. Forbidden."

"By who?"

She gave me a lazy, half-lidded stare instead of answering. Then she hopped off the stool, stretched, yawned—wings arching high—before drifting to the window. Rain streaked the glass behind her.

"Nice view."

"That's not an answer."

"Didn't plan on giving one." She shrugged. "For a mortal, you're awfully curious about divine politics."

"When it involves me? Yeah. Bad habit."

She leaned against the glass, looking down at the neon-soaked streets. "You're doing good, Henrik. Keep going."

"How are the others doing? The other... subjects?"

She smirked. "Spoilers."

I blinked—she was gone. Just the faint scent of ozone and the echo of wings.

I took a deep breath, crushed the cigarette in the ashtray, and took a sip from my beer.

Then—thump.

A muffled sound from the hallway. Not the storm. Something inside.



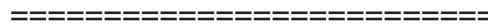
- Quest Available



- Title: Strange Sound

- Task: Investigate the noise.

- Reward: 50c



- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]



Easy money. I pushed myself up from the chair and left my beer on the table. As I walked down the hallway, I felt the weight of the silence pressing in on me. I paused, turned around—Minne's room was on the left, the doors to the other rooms ajar. One of the room's windows could've been left open, the wind kicking up from the storm, making it rattle against the walls.

I moved through the rooms, checking them one by one. Nothing. The windows were all shut tight, and the strange noise I'd heard earlier was gone.

When I finished, I stood in the middle of the hallway, scanning the empty spaces. The silence now felt oppressive, like the storm outside had seeped into the house.

Another thump—soft, rhythmic. From Minne's door.

I knelt, peered through the keyhole like a creep. And fuck—Minne was on her bed, nightgown bunched at her waist, fingers buried deep in her pink, glistening pussy. Middle and ring finger pumping in and out, slick sounds barely audible. Her other hand in her mouth—fingers wet, saliva dripping down her chin as she sucked them greedily.

Every few thrusts, her head knocked back against the headboard, thump, weak, but enough.

No kink shaming. Just... damn.

I stood fast, shook my head.

"She's human. Of course she does this." Still felt like a perv.

Back in the kitchen, I grabbed my beer, chugged the rest of it and tossed the empty in the bin.

"Sheesh... I gotta sleep..."



- SHOP



- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)
- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)
- Time Stop (90c)
- 500 Dollars (50c)
- 1 Ability Point (150c)
- 1 Mastery Point (160c)



- Credits: 340c

- Select item to purchase.



I woke to sunlight slicing through the blinds, eight a.m. sharp. Jasmine on my right, face half-buried in the pillow. Nala on my left, one arm draped over my chest. I shifted—just a little—and Nala's eyes fluttered open.

"Morning," she murmured, smiling soft.

"Morning," I said, leaning in to kiss her. Slow, warm, lingering. I rolled her onto her side, spooned her from behind, lips brushing her neck. She sighed, guiding my hand down her stomach, over the curve of her hip, between her thighs.

"You smell like beer," she teased, arching into me.

"Couldn't sleep. Beer helped."

She nodded, then pressed her ass back, rubbing slow circles against my shorts. My cock stirred instantly.

"Feel that?" she whispered, voice husky. "Already hard for me."

I groaned, kissing her shoulder. "Always."

She turned in my arms, blanket still over us, and tugged my shorts down. Then she removed her own shorts, her skin warm. I grabbed her leg, lifted it over my hip. Lined up and slid in—one smooth thrust, buried to the hilt. She moaned, pussy clenching tight.

"Fuck," I rasped, hugging her close. "You couldn't even take half of me before. Now look at you—taking it all like a champ."

She laughed breathlessly, hips rocking. "It took the shape of your cock, Evan."

We kissed again, deep and hungry, bodies moving in sync. Slow, then faster, the bed creaking softly.

Jasmine stirred behind me, half-asleep, arms sliding around my waist. "Morning fuck, huh?" she mumbled, voice thick with sleep.

"Morning," I said, grinning, sandwiched between them.

"Morning," Nala smirked.

"Morning, you horny couple," Jasmine yawned.

"Take your t-shirt off," I said. "Wanna feel your tits on my back."

"Perv," Jasmine muttered, but she was already peeling the t-shirt over her head, tossing it to the foot of the bed. The fabric whispered against her skin, and then her bare breasts pressed warm and soft against my spine, nipples pebbled from the cool morning air. Every slow roll of my hips pushed me deeper into Nala and dragged Jasmine's tits across my skin in lazy, teasing strokes.

I kissed Nala again, deeper, hungrier. Our tongues tangled, breath mingling, her soft moans vibrating against my lips. My hand slid up her thigh, fingers digging into the soft flesh just above her knee, keeping her leg hooked over my hip. The angle let me grind slow circles, my cock dragging over that spot inside her that made her eyes flutter.

"God, Evan," she gasped, breaking the kiss just enough to speak. "You feel so fucking good. Don't stop."

"Never," I growled, thrusting harder. The bed creaked in rhythm, a quiet, steady beat. Jasmine's arms tightened around my waist, her breath hot against my neck.

"Morning quickie." she murmured, voice still thick with sleep. "You two are insatiable."

Nala laughed breathlessly, hips rolling to meet me. "Jealous?"

"Little bit," Jasmine admitted, nipping my shoulder. "But I like the view from back here."

I reached back without looking, found Jasmine's hip, squeezed. "Stay right there. Love feeling you both."

Nala's nails raked down my chest, leaving faint red lines. "Faster," she whispered. "I want to feel every inch of you."

I obliged, hips snapping, cock plunging deep. The wet sound of skin on skin filled the room, soft and filthy. Nala's pussy fluttered around me, tighter with every thrust. I could feel her climbing again, breath hitching, thighs trembling.

"Close already?" I teased, voice rough.

"You know why," she panted. "Your fault. You're just too fucking good."

Jasmine chuckled against my back, her tits dragging deliciously as she shifted. "Tell me about it. I'm still sore from last night."

I slowed, just enough to make Nala whine. "Want me to stop?"

"Don't you dare," she growled, clenching hard around me. "Fuck me, Evan. Make me cum all over your cock again."

I slammed in, hard and deep, grinding against her clit. She cried out, muffled against my shoulder. Jasmine's hand slid down my stomach, fingers brushing where Nala and I joined, teasing us both.

"Jesus," I groaned. "You two are gonna kill me."

"Good way to go," Jasmine murmured, licking a stripe up my neck.

Nala's walls fluttered wildly. "I'm—fuck—close—"

"Hold it," I rasped, slowing again, dragging it out. "Wanna feel you shake."

She whimpered, nails digging into my back. "Please—"

I sped up, relentless, thumb finding her clit, rubbing tight circles. "Now. Cum for me."

She shattered—pussy clamping down like a vice, squirting hard around my shaft, soaking the sheets. Her cry was raw, desperate, muffled against my neck. I fucked her through it, chasing my own edge.

"Close," I growled.

"Cum inside me," she whispered, voice trembling. "Fill me up. Don't wanna dirty the sheets."

I grunted, hips snapping, and let go—thick ropes flooding her, pulsing deep. She clenched around me, milking every drop, thighs shaking.

We stayed like that—me buried in Nala, her leg over mine, Jasmine hugging me from behind, tits pressed tight. Kissing Nala slow, lazy, while Jasmine nuzzled my neck.

"Perfect morning," Nala murmured, breathless.

"Agreed," Jasmine said, voice muffled against my skin.

I just smiled. "Yeah. Perfect."

- Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Nala

EXP Gained: +98

Star Rating: 4.5 ★★★★

Reason: -

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I eased out of Nala with a slow, wet slide, my cock still half-hard and glistening. A thick strand of cum followed, dripping onto the sheets.

Jasmine smirked, leaning over me. "Good girl always cleans up her mess. You need to learn that, Nala."

Nala laughed, low and throaty, and kicked the blanket off us. "Watch me." She crawled down between my legs, settled on her knees, and took me into her mouth—warm, wet, thorough. Her tongue swirled around the head, lapping up every trace of us, humming softly as she sucked.

Jasmine turned my face to hers, kissed me deep. "You're delicious," she murmured against my lips.

Nala pulled off with a pop, licking her lips. "No—his cum is delicious. I love it. Wow, am I a pervert?"

I just smiled, said nothing. Pleasure 20... what a game changer.

Jasmine broke the kiss, guiding my mouth to her tits. I latched onto one nipple, sucking hard, tongue flicking. She moaned, fingers threading through my hair.

"Fuck, Evan," she breathed. "You're gonna love Delilah's tits when she starts lactating. Gonna be so full, so heavy—gonna drip for you. You'll suck her dry, won't you? Milk straight from the source while she's pregnant and needy."

I groaned against her skin, cock twitching in Nala's mouth. "Hell yes. Gonna drink every drop. Gonna make her beg for it."

Nala hummed around me, the vibration sending sparks up my spine. I was sensitive—too sensitive—cock throbbing, close again.

Jasmine pulled back. "Nope. Not yet, cowboy. Chill. Move away, Nala."

She got up, swung a leg over, straddled me, lined up, and sank down slow—her pussy hot and tight as fuck. She started bouncing, slow at first, then faster, tits jiggling with every drop.

"Fuck, Jasmine," I groaned, hands on her hips. "Ride me—take it all—"

She leaned forward, hands on my chest, grinding deep. "You like that? Like watching me fuck myself on your cock?"

Nala stood, stretching, then padded to the closet. She pulled out her office suit—crisp white blouse, pencil skirt, heels. She slipped into panties, then paused, hand between her thighs.

"Gonna clean up," she said, heading for the bathroom. "My pussy is dripping with your cum."

"No," I growled, voice rough. "Leave it. I want you to feel me all day at work. Every meeting, every call—my cum dripping out of you."

Nala exhaled, cheeks flushed. "Wow. She is a perv, huh, Jasmine?"

Jasmine grinned, rolling her hips. "Takes one to know one."

Nala shook her head, smiling, and finished dressing—blouse buttoned, skirt zipped, heels clicking as she walked back to the bed.

Jasmine didn't slow. She rode me like she owned me—up and down, grinding, clenching. Her tits bounced in my face; I caught one, sucked hard, teeth grazing.

"Fuck—yes—" she gasped. "Suck them—bite them—"

I did. Hard. She cried out, pussy fluttering.

"Close," I rasped.

"Not yet," she teased, slowing to a torturous grind. "Wanna feel you throb inside me."

I growled, hands gripping her ass, guiding her. "You're gonna take every drop. Gonna fill you up just like Nala."

She moaned, speeding up again. "Do it. Breed me. Make me leak all day too."

Nala watched from the edge of the bed, skirt hugging her hips, blouse crisp. "You two are animals."

Jasmine laughed breathlessly. "Says the woman who fucked Evan the second she woke up."

I thrust up hard, meeting her bounces. "Fuck—Jasmine—"

"Now," she demanded, slamming down. "Cum in me—"

I did—cock jerking, flooding her, thick and hot. She clenched, milking me, riding through it, tits bouncing, head thrown back.

She collapsed forward, panting, still seated on me. Nala leaned in, kissed her back slowly, then my lips.

"See you tonight," Nala said, voice husky. "With your cum still inside me."

Jasmine grinned against my chest. "Same."

- Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Jasmine

EXP Gained: +95

Star Rating: 4.5 ★★★★

Reason: -

We stayed tangled like that for a while—Jasmine still straddling me, trying to catch our breaths.

Eventually Jasmine rolled off, stretching with a satisfied groan. I sat up, running a hand through my hair. "I'll take a shower."

Nala nodded. "I've got to get to the office." She slipped into her heels, grabbed her purse, and blew us both a kiss before disappearing down the hall.

I padded to the dresser, pulled out fresh boxers, jeans, and a plain black tee. Jasmine watched from the bed, smirking. "Off day?"

"Yeah," I said. "Need to talk to Cora. Get Charlotte to crack."

She hummed approval. "Go get 'em, tiger."

I headed to the bathroom, turned the shower hot, and let the water pound the tension from my shoulders. Quick and efficient—soap, rinse, done. I towed off, dressed, and stepped into the hallway.

Minne was right there, arms full of a laundry basket, folded clothes stacked neatly. She froze when she saw me, cheeks pink.

Yesterday flashed in my head: her on the bed, fingers buried deep, other hand in her mouth, head thumping the wall. I shoved the image down hard.

"Morning," I said, voice casual.

"Morning, Master," she replied, soft, then smiled and slipped past me toward her room.

I exhaled, rubbing the back of my neck. "Still feel like a perv, damn."

Jasmine appeared in the doorway behind me, hair tousled, wearing nothing but one of my old shirts. She leaned in, lips brushing my ear. "Wanna join?"

I turned, kissed her slow. "I want to. But you know I can't."

She smiled against my mouth. "I know. Go get that bitch to talk, handsome."

♥□♥□♥□

Finding Cora wasn't easy. She didn't have any socials, but I remembered she had a sister. And luckily, she had an account. I texted her, telling her that I was one of Cora's friends and needed to meet up with her. After telling her my name, Cora immediately was okay meeting up with me, according to her sister.

Burney's was mostly empty, as there was a storm yesterday. It wasn't as bad as yesterday, but today was still bad too. Chilly air, rain, and wet pavements that each step I'd step into a puddle.

"Welcome, sir," a waitress said. "What would you like to order?"

"I'll take black coffee," I said.

"Alright, I'll be right with you, sir."

"Thanks."

I leaned back into my chair and rubbed my temples. I was still sleepy, but at least I was satisfied. Morning sex with Jasmine and Nala really woke me up. That also boosted my EXP quite a bit. I was getting so much experience points now that my Pleasure was 20.

- Evan Marlowe (Lvl 10)

- Age: 21

- Height: 180 cm

- Weight: 74 kg

- EXP: [██████] 1256/2162

I also had a good amount of credits. I could possibly buy a mastery skill but... I wanted to hold them for now. I wasn't sure if I wanted to push Pleasure to 30, get more Strength, or buy mastery points and use them. No need to rush.

I checked my phone. No texts. I'd offered Cora to pick her up, but she refused. Saying she was going to take a taxi.

"Hmm... she's late, huh?"

Just when I was about to put the phone on the table, a notification popped up. It was a text from Delilah. Curious, I tapped on it.

It was a photo. Delilah was taking a selfie, one hand grabbing her tanktop and curling it up, revealing her tits, wearing no bra. Ivy was behind her, sitting on a couch, watching TV. Delilah's face was... fuck. She was smiling, knowing what she was doing to me.

"This woman... feels like I awakened a monster or something."

I sent back a heart-eyes emoji. 'I love you, Delilah.'

She replied with a heart emoji, and then I chuckled, putting the phone on the table. Sometimes I'd wonder if old Evan would see what he'd become, and would he believe it. Fucking Delilah... and, as if that wasn't enough, making her pregnant... honestly, that was my fucking dream. Making her pregnant... making my friend's mother pregnant.

Feeling my cock stir up, I cleared my throat and shook my head. The waitress came with my order and put it on the table with a smile and walked off. I lit up a cigarette and took a sip from my black coffee, watching the rain-soaked city through the glass.

"This is nice..."

I rubbed the back of my neck, trying to shake off the lingering headache behind my eyes. The coffee in front of me wasn't great, but it was bitter—the kind of bitter that punched your nerves awake. I took a slow sip, letting the warmth crawl down my throat.

Outside, rain streaked down the huge glass windows like thin silver strings. People hurried past with umbrellas half-bent from the wind. A guy jogged across the street holding a grocery bag over his head. Two girls clung to each other's arms, squealing as they darted through puddles, shoes splashing. A cyclist cursed at a taxi that cut too close to him. Life rolled on, wet and annoyed.

The café door chimed as a small group rushed inside, shaking off umbrellas, laughing about the sudden downpour. The scent of damp coats and roasted beans mixed in the air.

A yellow taxi slowed in front of the café. I leaned forward.

Yeah. That was her.

Cora pushed the door open before the driver even stopped properly, then awkwardly leaned back in to pay him. She jogged through the rain, hood up, sleeves already soaked at the ends. When she spotted me through the window, she gave this tiny, crooked smile and hurried over.

I raised a hand. "Cora."

Chapter 194: Chapter 194

She entered the coffee shop and reached the table, breath fogging a little in the warm air. I stood up to greet her.

"Thanks for coming on such short notice," I said.

"D-don't even... mention it," she said, shaking my hand with both of hers like she was afraid I'd pull away. "Heh... heh..."

She always had the same look: oversized black hoodie, oversized black pants, oversized everything. Like she bought clothes by the handful from a clearance bin. Hood still up, curtain of damp hair hiding half her face.

A waitress appeared instantly, smiling with professional warmth.

"Welcome," she said. "What can I get for you, ma'am?"

"C... c... cola." Cora whispered.

The waitress blinked. "Sorry? I didn't catch that."

"C-c—" she tried again, shoulders hunching as her voice died in her throat.

I understood immediately. God, I'd been there. In high school I'd rather starve than order something myself.

"A cola," I said for her. "She's sick. Her throat hurts, can't speak properly. Sorry."

"Oh! In that case, I can bring something warm, if she'd prefer?"

"She'll take a cola," I repeated with a small smile.

"Alright. I'll be right back."

The waitress walked away.

Cora was red. Bright red. Ears, cheeks, even the bridge of her nose.

"Th—thank you..." she muttered. "I wasn't able to talk just then."

"Brain fart," I said with a shrug. "It happens."

She perked up a little. "Brain... farts." Her lips twitched. "I like that."

She pulled her hood back slowly, revealing a mess of dark hair that looked like she rolled out of bed and ran here without checking a mirror. Her bangs stuck to her forehead from the rain. She didn't seem to care.

I sat back down and she mirrored me, tucking her hands between her knees. She was trying not to make eye contact, bouncing her foot under the table like she was winding herself up for something.

Outside, the taxi pulled away, spraying water onto the curb. Rain still fell sideways from the wind, blurring the neon lights across the street.

"Alright," I said, leaning forward a little. "Let's talk business."

Cora pressed her lips together, nervous but ready to listen. "About Guy?"

I exhaled hard and dragged a hand through my hair. "Yes... fuck me."

Cora tilted her head, eyes wide. "W-what happened?"

"He's... desperate," I said. "Guy. He's sending his lapdogs after me now. There's this woman—Sarah. She's threatening us for two million a month."

Her jaw dropped. "T-two... million?"

"Yeah." I rubbed my forehead. "And there's this bartender, Charlotte. She knows something about Guy but won't tell me. She's scared. Or stubborn. Or both. She won't talk to me."

Cora's lips twitched into that eerie half-smile she always did. "But she will talk to me."

"You're not doing it for free, of course. Nala and I talked—figured we should give you some compensation. So—"

"M-may I..." she swallowed, face turning bright red, "may I have a dinner with you, then? I-instead of money?"

I froze for a second.

Right then the waitress appeared, placed her cola on the table, smiled, and walked off.

I cleared my throat. "Uh... dinner?"

She nodded, staring down into her lap like she wanted to hide under the table.

God. Why was she adorable? Creepy, obsessed, unpredictable—but adorable. Like she had secretly maxed out her Charm stat the second I wasn't looking.

"You know what?" I said with a small laugh. "Dinner's on me tonight. And I'll steal some expensive wine from the penthouse while I'm at it."

"P-penthouse..." she whispered, eyes widening. "Right. You're... living there."

"Yep," I muttered, taking another sip of my black coffee. "Anyway—Charlotte. She works at a place called Stingy Ladies. No clue about her shifts or off-days."

"I can handle that," Cora said, and for once she sounded almost proud. She lifted her cola and drank. "I'm... experienced. Heh-heh."

"Y-yeah, I bet you are." I let out a breath. "Seriously, though. Thank you. You're helping me with something huge here. I won't forget it."

"My pleasure," she said softly. "I'll find her. And make her talk."

"Hmm."

Silence stretched between us. Not painful—just awkward. Two weird people in a rainy café, sipping drinks like they didn't know what the hell to do with their hands. I lit another cigarette, taking a deep drag.

A few more seconds of quiet.

I set my empty cup down. "So—you want me to drop you off at your place?"

"It's fine. I can take care of myself."

"No, really," I insisted. "I can drive you. Why'd you take a taxi anyway?"

"I don't like relying on other people," she said. "Thank you, Evan."

It was the first time her voice didn't waver. Strange. Confident. Like a different layer of her slipped through.

"Huh... alright," I said. "But don't hesitate to call me, okay? You're doing me a favor with this Charlotte thing. I owe you one."

"L-like I said..." she chuckled nervously, covering her mouth. "A dinner is enough."

"Alright." I stood. "You finished your drink too. Let's go?"

She nodded once. "Mm."

♥ □ ♥ □ ♥ □

I shut the penthouse door behind me and let out a long, exhausted breath. The place was silent, too silent, and the black coffee I'd downed forty minutes ago was already losing its grip on me.

I dragged myself to the living room and dropped onto the couch. My whole body just... sank. My eyelids were heavy enough to crush me, and I was seconds from passing out when—

Thump.

That same damn sound again.

I frowned, but then shrugged it off. Probably Minne masturbating or something. The girl treated silence like a personal enemy. Whatever.

Another sound followed—muffled, strained. Like someone struggling under a blanket. Or like a voice buried under something.

I sat up. Okay, that wasn't her "fun time" noise.

I got off the couch and walked down the corridor. Minne's door was slightly open, light spilling out. I pushed it wider. Minne was inside, bent over, both hands under the bed, face red from effort as she tried to lift the damn thing.

"Minne?"

She screeched and practically jumped out of her skin. I lifted both hands immediately.

"Woah, calm down, calm down," I said. "What are you doing?"

"M-master..." She clutched her chest, breathing hard. "Oh god... I... I was just trying to lift the bed. I always deep clean the penthouse on Mondays."

A vacuum cleaner lay beside her—well, half beside her, half trapped under the bed. Looked like she tried lifting the bed and missed the timing, dropping it on the vacuum head.

I stepped inside and grabbed the bedframe. Lifted it one-handed.

She let out a relieved little gasp and yanked the vacuum free, dusted it off, and hurried to suck up whatever mess she'd been fighting.

"Thank you, Master. Thank you so much." She pointed to the bedframe with one hand. "You can drop it now."

I lowered it gently. "Hmm. Come on, I'll help you lift these things up."

"I-I can't ask help from Master," she said quickly. "You can relax in the living room, sir. Please."

"It sounds like you don't want me near you." I clutched my chest dramatically. "Ouch."

"N-no, no, no!" she panicked, shaking her head so hard the vacuum wand swung back and forth. "I didn't mean it like that!"

"Then come on," I said with a small grin. "Let's get to cleaning."

Minne and I moved through the penthouse in quiet rhythm. She started in the living room, feather duster in hand, humming softly under her breath. The maid outfit clung to her petite frame—black dress with white lace trim, skirt swishing just above her knees. She bent to dust the coffee table, and the neckline dipped. A glimpse of soft, pale skin, small breasts pressing against the fabric, no bra. I looked away fast, heat crawling up my neck.

"Master," she said shyly, straightening up. "The shelves next?"

"Yeah," I muttered, grabbing the other end of a side table. "Let's move this."

We lifted together—she was stronger than she looked—and carried it to the corner. As she leaned forward to set it down, the skirt rode up. White panties, simple cotton, hugging a round little ass. My pulse kicked. Fuck. Hot, but no. Creepy.

She noticed my stare, cheeks flushing pink. "S-sorry. The outfit... it's regulation."

"It's fine," I said quickly. "Just... keep going."

We tackled the bedroom next. The spare bed frame was heavy, metal bars clanking as I lifted one end. Minne grabbed the other, her small hands gripping tight, face scrunched with effort.

"You don't have to help," she murmured, voice soft. "This is my job."

"Teamwork," I grunted, muscles straining as we shuffled it aside. "Easier with two."

She smiled—tiny, cute, cheeks pink—and set her end down gently. While I held the frame steady, she dropped to her knees, grabbed the vacuum cleaner. The cord snaked across the floor as she switched it on, the low hum filling the room.

I lifted the bed higher, giving her space. She ducked under, skirt riding up as she leaned forward. The fabric stretched tight across her ass—round, perky, white cotton panties clinging to every curve. The material was thin, almost sheer, and as she stretched to reach the far corner, it pulled taut between her thighs. A perfect outline of her pussy—soft, pink folds pressing against the cotton, the faint shadow of her slit visible through the damp spot forming in the center. My mouth went dry.

She vacuumed in slow, careful passes, humming under her breath. Every shift of her hips made the panties ride higher, revealing the smooth crease where thigh met ass. I swallowed hard, cock thickening in my jeans.

"Calm down." I muttered to myself. "Calm down..."

Chapter 195: Chapter 195

Minne finished, stood, and brushed dust from her knees. "All clean," she said shyly, eyes flicking to me—then down, lingering on the bulge straining my zipper. Her face went scarlet. She busied herself with the pillows, fluffing them with quick, nervous movements.

I set the frame down, wiped sweat from my brow. "Need a break. You too—grab, erm, grab some water."

She nodded, scurrying off. I locked myself in the bathroom, exhaled hard. Phone out—Jasmine's nudes from days ago. Naked, legs spread, tits out. I stroked fast, desperate. But nothing. Needed real touch.

"Fuck..." I said, cock throbbed, aching.

Knock. "Master?"

"Y-yeah?"

A pause. "Are you... in there because of me?"

I froze.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "For showing you my unpleasant body. It was an accident. Please forgive me."

"No—no, that's not it," I said, buckling up and opening the door.

Minne stood there in her maid outfit, arms crossed over her chest, the black dress with white lace trim hugging her petite frame. The hem swayed just above her knees. She grabbed it with trembling fingers and slowly pulled it up, revealing white cotton panties, clinging to her soft pink folds, the outline of her slit faintly visible through the fabric.

"If you think it's worth it," she mumbled, eyes fixed on the floor, "use my body to masturbate, Master."

I gulped, throat dry. "I'm not Guy Nolin. I can't force—"

"No," she said, face red as a tomato. "I'd be... ha... hap—happy if you used me, Master."

My cock surged, rock hard against my zipper. She noticed, a faint, shy smile tugging at her lips.

I stared—her body, offered so sweetly. No idea what to do.

My hands moved on their own. I unzipped, and my cock sprang free, thick and flushed, pre-cum beading at the tip. Minne's eyes flicked to it, then dropped, head tilting down, cheeks burning.

I wrapped my hand around the shaft and started stroking slowly.

"Sorry," she whispered, voice tiny. "My bre—breasts aren't as big as the other girls you're with... my butt is small too..."

"Minne," I rasped, "you're perfect. Every part of you. Nothing wrong here."

Her lips parted, breath shaky. "C-can I... suck your fingers?" The words cracked, needy and soft.

I remembered her last night—fingers in her mouth, slick with spit, head thumping the wall as she came. My cock jerked in my grip. "Suck my fingers?"

"Y-yeah," she breathed. "I'd like to... if that's okay, Master."

I lifted my free hand. She stepped closer, took my index and middle fingers between her soft lips. Her tongue swirled instantly—warm, wet. She moaned around them, eyes fluttering shut, cheeks hollowing as she sucked like it was everything. Saliva dripped down her chin, glistening on the lace of her dress.

I pumped my cock harder, matching her rhythm. Every pull of her lips sent fire up my spine; every flick of her tongue made my balls tighten. Her panties darkened, the damp spot spreading, cotton clinging to swollen pink folds, a fresh gush of wetness soaking through.

"Fuck, Minne," I groaned. "Just like that—suck them like you need it."

She whimpered, bobbing her head, tongue lapping between my fingers, tracing every ridge. Her thighs pressed together, hips rocking, chasing friction. The scent of her arousal hit me—sweet, sharp, intoxicating.

I was close. Fuck, I was going to cum this fast?

"Can't—" I choked. "Gonna—"

She sucked harder, eyes wide and pleading. Her pussy clenched visibly through the soaked cotton, another wave of wetness staining the fabric.

I exploded.

The first rope shot high, splattering across her flat stomach, just above the waistband. The second painted her navel. Thick, endless pulses followed—one after another—coating her skin, dripping down to her panties, pooling on the hardwood between her feet. I couldn't stop; my cock jerked in my fist, milking every drop until the floor and her belly glistened white.

We stayed frozen—me panting, her still gently nursing my fingers, cum cooling on her skin.

She pulled off with a soft pop, lips swollen and shiny.

I tucked myself away, zipped up. No further. She's been through enough thanks to that bastard Guy. I couldn't just pin her and fuck her... that fantasy had to stay buried.

"Thank you," I managed, voice rough.

Minne nodded, shy, eyes down. "Let me clean here, Master."

"Yeah," I said, stepping back. "I'll... smoke in the living room."

EVENT

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Minne's Interest +1

She bent to gather a cloth, cum trailing down her thighs. I turned and walked away, heart hammering, cock still half-hard.

That was... awkward as hell. But damn, that was good.

♥□♥□♥□

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: 12 /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.

Jasmine and the others shuffled into the penthouse at four in the afternoon, looking like they'd been through a war. Hair messy, shoulders slumped. Nala was the worst—coffee stain blooming across her white blouse, eyes heavy with exhaustion.

I sat at the dining table, scrolling news and memes to kill time. Cora hadn't texted. I hoped I hadn't thrown her into the deep end—cops, Guy's goons, whatever. But she'd broken into my place and jerked off to my clothes. She knew how to handle herself... I think? Breaking into a house took some guts, right?

"I'm pooped," Nala groaned, collapsing onto the living room couch. "Project Phoenix is killing me."

"Numbers, numbers, numbers. More numbers," Jasmine muttered, flopping beside her.

"Charts..." Tessa added, lying across Jasmine's lap, hand on her forehead. "My god."

Kim shrugged. "Could've been worse."

"Rough day, huh?" I called, setting my phone down.

"You have no idea, Evan," Nala said. She glanced at me. "How'd it go with Cora?"

"She said she'd handle it," I replied. "Just hoping I didn't put her in harm's way."

"Why trust her?" Tessa asked, sitting up. "I saw her. Doesn't scream 'intimidator.'"

I kept the clothes-masturbation thing to myself. "I trust her. No choice."

Minne appeared with a tray—five steaming hot chocolates, wisps of steam curling up. She smiled shyly, weaving between them to hand out mugs.

"Thank you, sweetie," Tessa said, taking one. "Just what I needed."

"My pleasure," Minne murmured, then brought one to me.

I grabbed it, smiled. She flushed red, avoided my eyes, and scurried to the kitchen. Fuck. The hallway thing. I'd weirded her out. But... her Interest went up, right? She'd offered, after all. Strange girl.

Tessa exhaled. "Ugh, smells bad. Dude, stop smoking inside. You have a balcony."

"It's cold," I said.

"Cold my ass. Open a window."

"Still cold."

"Then kiss my ass."

"That's an invite or...?"

She chuckled, waved me off, and sipped her drink. I laughed, but inside I was wired. Cora. Charlotte. What if it backfired?

"Hale brothers," Nala said, rubbing her temples. "Marcus Hale, specifically. Gave me a headache."

"What'd he do?" I asked.

"Board meeting on Phoenix," she said. "Marcus grilled me—endless questions, nitpicking projections, flashing old reports like he'd caught me slipping. Kept asking why we're 'rushing' when the numbers are solid. Board mostly backed me, but he wouldn't let up. Smug bastard."

"Yeah," I said. "Marcus is a jerk."

"He's the one who volunteered to be CEO, right?" Kim asked.

"Yeah," Nala said. "Jackass."

"Jackass indeed," Jasmine nodded, sipping her hot chocolate.

I stretched, yawned, the chair creaking under me. Everyone sipped their hot chocolates in comfortable silence, steam curling above the mugs.

My phone buzzed. I snatched it up, heart kicking—Cora?

No. Mendy.

I exhaled, answered. "Hello?"

"Hey, Evan," Mendy said, voice light but hesitant. "How are you?"

"I'm good. You? Everything okay?"

"Yes!" A pause. "I was just checking... um... that thing."

"What thing?"

"You know what that thing is..." she muttered, shy.

I froze. "Oh... fuck. I'm so sorry. I'll get it to you tomorrow. Promise."

"Thanks," she said softly. "Um... bye."

"Bye, Mendy. Sorry again."

"No problem."

I hung up, set the phone down, and rubbed my face. Jasmine, who'd been eavesdropping, placed her mug on the coffee table.

"Mendy?" she asked. "What does she want?"

"Just checking in," I said. "Poor girl."

No way I was admitting I still had her panties in a jacket pocket. Fucking Richard.

I checked the time—still a while before dinner. Maybe I could visit Mendy? Hell, what was I even thinking? I had a car now. I could drive there in ten minutes and be back just as fast. Shit... I was still having trouble adjusting to this new life.

"I gotta go," I said, standing. "Check on Cora."

"Alright," Jasmine said. "Be careful."

"Yep."

"Master Evan?" Minne called from the kitchen.

I turned. She stood in the doorway, hands clasped. "If it's possible... could I take a few hours off? My mother's sick. I want to visit her. She lives close by."

"Sure," I said. "Change into casual clothes."

"Thank you, Master." She bowed slightly and disappeared.

I waved at the girls, they waved back, and stepped into the hall after grabbing... 'that' jacket. Leaned against the wall, waiting. Couldn't shake it: Minne offering herself, cum on her stomach, shy little smile. Fuck.

Minutes later, the door opened. Minne stepped out in a simple t-shirt and jeans, small backpack slung over one shoulder.

"Oh—Master, why did you wait?"

"Aren't I dropping you off?"

"I can't ask you to do that, Master. I'll take the bus."

"Come on," I said, grinning. "Let's go. You're stubborn, huh?"

"I'm not... I'm sorry."

I hit the elevator button. "Don't be. Come on."

Chapter 196: Chapter 196

Doors slid open. We stepped in.

Silence. Thick, awkward. Elevator hummed downward. I stared at the numbers. She stared at her shoes. Damn. I wish I had taken the stairs or something. I didn't know things would be this weird between Minne and I.

As the elevator dinged open, we stepped into the hotel lobby. The receptionist behind the front desk gave me a polite nod and a smile.

"Mr. Marlowe," she called out. "Heading outside?"

"Yep."

"I'll let them know to get your car ready," she said. "If you'd like, you may sit. Shall I bring you some coffee?"

"No, no. I'm in a hurry."

"Of course."

I walked to one of the couches nearby and sat down. Minne stayed standing next to me like a soldier waiting for instructions.

I patted the seat beside me. "Come on, sit. Why are you standing?"

She hesitated, then shyly sat down, stiff and upright like she wasn't supposed to be there.

"So," I said, leaning back. "How is... your mother? If you don't mind me asking."

"She is sick," she replied quietly. "Bedridden."

"Damn. Sorry to hear that. What did the doctors say?"

Minne took a small breath. "She... she had a workplace accident two years ago. A heavy box fell on her back. It damaged her spine. She can walk sometimes, but not for long. And she needs help with everything now. Medicine, therapy, cleaning... all of it costs money. Father died years ago, so... I am the only one."

I nodded slowly, listening without interrupting. Damn. She was tougher than she looked. All this time she'd gritted her teeth, worked under Guy, lived in fear, lived in shit... and still kept going. She had more backbone than half the rich assholes I'd met so far. And honestly... fuck Guy even more for making her life hell while she was trying to support a disabled mother.

"So you," I said, "ended up working as a maid for Guy Nolin. Despite how he treated you..."

I placed a hand on her shoulder gently and she immediately jumped a little, eyes wide like she wasn't sure if she should be afraid or excited. With Minne it was always hard to tell. She had that stiff, robotic way of reacting.

"You're one of the strongest women I know, Minne," I said. "And I'm lucky to have you in the penthouse."

—————

EVENT

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Minne's Interest +5

—————

"M-m-m... Master..." she stuttered, face turning red so fast it looked like someone hit a switch.

Before she could say anything else, the receptionist called out from the desk.

"Mr. Marlowe? Your car has arrived."

"Thanks," I said, getting up.

—————

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: 17 /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.

Minne stayed seated for a second, still overwhelmed, then quickly stood up and smoothed her t-shirt like she needed to reset her whole system.

We headed outside, down the couple of steps leading from the entrance. The car waited by the curb, a black Jeep, polished, clean, probably the only thing in my life right now that looked more confident than I felt.

One of the valet guys approached. He handed me the keys with both hands like the damn thing was sacred.

"Your car, sir."

"Thanks, man."

We got in. I took the driver's seat. Minne climbed into the passenger side and immediately fumbled with the seatbelt like she had never been in a car this expensive before. She finally clicked it in and folded her hands in her lap, sitting perfectly straight.

I turned on the engine, the Jeep rumbling softly under my hands. Minne quietly told me her mother's address, and I tapped it into the GPS on the dash, the screen lighting up the cabin with a soft blue glow. Then I shifted into drive and pulled out of the hotel circle.

"So..." I said, keeping my eyes on the road. "Is there any possibility of a surgery for your mom?"

"There is," she said, folding her hands in her lap. "But the doctor said it would be very risky. They... they recommend a better hospital. One with more advanced equipment. So I'm saving money for that."

I nodded slowly. "How much are we talking?"

"Two hundred thousand," she said. "Maybe more."

"Damn..." I muttered. I turned left at the intersection, wipers squeaking once as the rain started to pick up. "That's a lot."

We rolled up to a red light and stopped. Outside, the drizzle turned into real rain, streaking the windshield harder. The storm wasn't angry yet, but it was warming up.

I reached over and turned on the AC, letting the warm air cut through the damp feeling inside the car.

The light changed to green, and I pressed the pedal, moving forward. Took another left.

"So," I said, glancing at her, "how'd you land the maid job anyway?"

She straightened a bit. "I know Emma. Nala's friend. We cosplay together. Emma recommended me."

"Cosplay, huh?" I said, turning my eyes back to the road and turning on the wipers. "What were you doing before this job?"

"I used to help Emma... with her channel," she said quietly.

"Channel?" I lifted an eyebrow. "She a YouTuber or something?"

Minne's eyes widened just a tiny bit, like she'd been caught in a lie she didn't prepare for. She nodded quickly, almost too quickly.

"Y-yes. Y-YouTube."

I didn't press. I could tell she was hiding something, but honestly... I didn't care enough to dig. She'd talk when she wanted to talk. Or never. Either way, not my biggest problem today.

We reached another red light and slowed to a stop. The rain hammered harder now, bouncing off the windshield.

Being outside in this weather sucked. The sky was basically having a breakdown, and the streets were shiny and wet like they'd been polished with misery. But... whatever. Better than sitting in the penthouse worrying about Cora. At least this kept my brain busy.

And hell, I still needed to give Mendy her damn panties back.

"So," I said as we waited at another red light, "how was Nala before? Y'know... before all this."

Minne slowly turned her head. "W-what do you mean, Master?"

"Like... how was she? How did Guy treat her? Was she happy? Miserable? What was her deal?"

Her face tightened, not her usual blank robot look. It twitched, like something sour passed under her skin. She looked down at her lap.

"Bad, Master," she muttered. "H-he treated her bad."

The light clicked green, and I drove forward.

Outside, people were sprinting for shelter, jackets over their heads, grocery bags held like shields, one guy slipping and almost eating shit on the sidewalk. The rain wasn't gentle anymore; it hammered the road, bouncing off the asphalt in thick droplets. Cars splashed through puddles, and sirens wailed somewhere distant.

"Damn," I muttered. "We couldn't choose a worse time to go out, right? This weather sucks."

"I'm sorry for insisting on taking time off, Master," Minne said quietly.

"Nah, nah," I shook my head. "This one's not on you. I was going out anyway."

We drove past a small accident, nothing dramatic. Two cars bumped on the side of the road, one guy holding his head like it was the end of the world, the other yelling at the rain instead of at the driver. I moved past them and kept driving.

Then I took a right.

"That's the place?" I asked.

"Yes, Master."

The street was tight, narrow enough that two cars could pass, but you'd suck in your stomach while doing it. Tall apartment buildings lined both sides, old concrete, weird

balcony angles, some windows dark, some glowing yellow. A couple of rusty AC units hung like they were ready to fall on someone's head.

"Thanks," Minne said softly.

"I'll pick you up here," I said. "Two hours. That work?"

"I-I can't ask that, Ma—"

"Two hours," I repeated. "I'll call you."

She swallowed. "O-of course, Master. Thank you."

I parked by the curb and unlocked the doors. Minne stepped out, holding her small bag close to her chest. She hurried under the awning of the building, then pushed the door open.

I waited.

Watched her disappear inside.

Only after the door closed behind her did I put the car in drive and pull away, the rain swallowing the street behind me.

I backed off, tires crunching on wet asphalt, then turned left and kept driving.

The dashboard screen lit up: Incoming Call-Sarah.

I exhaled through my nose, thumbed the answer button on the wheel.

"What do you want, Sarah?"

"Just checking in," she purred. "Guy called me. Asked what was taking so long."

"Did you tell him you sold him out and now work for yourself?"

"Yep." She chuckled. "Wish it was video call. I wanted to see his face. God..."

"Yeah," I muttered, braking at a red light. "That's why you called?"

"Nope. Two million a month. Are we doing it?"

"Give us time. We can't conjure two million out of thin air."

"You better," she said. "Or I'll spill every dirty thing our dear Nala's done."

"Last I checked, Sarah," I said, easing forward as the light turned green, "I'm the one who humiliated you in that bar. Why take it out on her and not me?"

"Oh, your turn's coming," she sneered, half-serious, half-sarcastic. "Just wait."

"Exciting." I chuckled. "You'll regret this. I took down Guy. What's stopping me from doing the same to you?"

"Is that a threat?"

"Blunt truth. Nothing more."

"Nothing more, huh?"

"I'm hanging up. My day's shitty enough without your voice in it."

"Ouch. You wound me, Henrik."

"Hmm."

Chapter 197: Chapter 197

I ended the call, tossed the phone onto the passenger seat. Fucking Sarah. Her sarcasm made me want to strangle the steering wheel. But she was right—her time would come. I'd make sure of it.

Another red light. I turned right, glancing at the empty passenger seat where Minne had sat earlier. She'd mentioned a cosplayer friend—Emma. Nala had brought her up too. If I could track Emma down, maybe she'd know more about Minne. Or, long shot, something about Guy.

"Move it, man..." I muttered as the light flipped green. "I've got panties to deliver..."

♥□♥□♥□

I parked the car at the curb, rain still pattering on the windshield. A taxi pulled up behind me. Penelope hopped out, paid the driver, and shook water from her hair.

I climbed out too.

She spotted me, eyes flicking from the car to my face. "Evan." She walked over. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm... uh, here to give Mendy her panties."

"Oh." A grin. "Right. You didn't do anything weird with them, did you?"

"Jesus, Penelope..."

"Just checking." She smirked. "Come on."

We headed to the door. Penelope knocked. Mendy opened it seconds later—ponytail, light makeup, tank top and shorts. She looked... lighter. Brighter. Richard behind bars had worked wonders.

She smiled, stepped aside. "Welcome, you two."

"Hey," I said. "I won't come in. Just dropping—"

"Please," Mendy cut in. "Come in."

"You sure?"

"Yep."

Penelope breezed past, smacking Mendy's ass playfully. "You look better, girlie."

"I am!" Mendy chirped. "God, that idiot's finally locked up!"

I stepped inside, exhaled, and dug into my pocket. Pulled out the crumpled green panties. Mendy snatched them fast, hiding them behind her back.

"I'm... super embarrassed, you have no idea," she muttered.

"Y-yeah," I said. "Sorry for making you uncomfortable."

"I want ice cream," Penelope announced, heading to the kitchen, clothes dripping.

"It's freezing outside," Mendy called, moving to the living room.

"Yep."

"How about you, Evan?" Mendy asked. "Want an ice cream?"

"I, uh... no, I need to wash my hands. I touched your... erm, thing."

"OH! My god, sure, sure. Yes!" She covered her face—panties still in hand—then realized and hid them again.

I chuckled nervously. "Y-yeah."

"Bathroom's that way. Door's open."

"Thanks."

I slipped inside, scrubbed my hands under hot water, stared at my reflection. Splashed my face. Dried with a towel.

"Get it together."

When I came out, Mendy emerged from her room—hands free. Panties stashed.

We settled in the living room. Penelope flicked on the TV, some random sitcom laugh track filling the air.

"So," Penelope said, spooning ice cream straight from the tub. "How's the penthouse life?"

"Big," I said. "Too big. Still getting lost... wait, how did you know I live in a penthouse?"

"I was in the police station with you, remember? You told them your address."

"Oh..."

Mendy laughed. "Penthouse. Wow. Better than a shoebox."

"True," I said. "How's freedom feel?"

"Like breathing," Mendy said, curling her legs under her. "No more looking over my shoulder."

"Yeah... I could never know he was... like that."

"No one could've," Mendy said. "Ugh, let's not talk about him please."

"Deal," Penelope said. "So, Evan, I didn't know you were rich. Penthouse, fancy car. Damn. Thought you worked at a gas station."

"Life... happened. Now I'm here." I smiled.

"Ooh. Mysterious."

Penelope crossed her legs. My eyes drifted—those fake tits, massive, straining her t-shirt like two watermelons. I wanted to bury my face between them. The fabric did nothing to hide the swell.

I snapped my gaze to the TV. Rain hammered the windows, sitcom laughter filling the room.

"You guys hungry?" Mendy asked.

"I just ate," I said.

"Like a wolf," Penelope said. "What do you have?"

"Spaghetti," Mendy said.

"Nice," Penelope clapped.

"Stay for dinner," Mendy said, looking at me.

"Wish I could, but I can't. Promised someone else."

"Ah, okay," she smiled.

"This weather's shit," Penelope said, peering out. "Storm's not letting up."

"Tell me about it," Mendy sighed. "Supposed to clear tomorrow, but who knows."

"Yeah," I nodded. "It sucks."

Mendy's phone rang. She grabbed it. "It's Mom. Sorry, guys, gotta take this."

She slipped into her room.

Penelope exhaled, then caught my eyes on her chest.

"Okay, hero, come here. You can only touch them."

"Huh?"

"I know you've been staring. I'm not blind. Touch them. Call it thanks, for Richard, for being there for Mendy."

"I didn't do it for thanks. I was cleaning my mess."

"Oh, come on, white knight." She lifted her t-shirt slowly, the fabric dragging over the swell of her chest until it bunched under her chin. Her bra was black lace, stretched to its limit, the underwire digging into soft skin. "Touch before Mendy's back."

I gulped, stood, and walked over. She rose too, close enough that I could feel the heat radiating off her body. My fingers shook as I hooked them under the lace cups and eased them down. The bra snapped free, and her tits spilled out—heavy, round, impossibly firm. Pink areolas the size of silver dollars, nipples long and stiff, begging for attention.

Hypnotized, I cupped them, palms barely covering half. They were warm, the silicone giving just enough to feel real. I squeezed gently, thumbs brushing the peaks. She let out a soft moan, arching into my hands.

Then I buried my face between them, nose pressed into the deep valley, inhaling vanilla and skin. My tongue darted out, licking a slow stripe up one slope. She shuddered, fingers threading my hair, pulling me closer.

"Oh," Penelope laughed, breathy. "Didn't expect that."

"Sorry—" I pulled back, arms dropping, face burning. "I... don't know what happened."

She didn't cover up. Just stood there, tits still out, nipples glistening from my mouth. "Liked them, huh?" she purred, voice low and smoky. "Couldn't help yourself, could you? Poor baby—got all hypnotized by these big, fake tits. Bet you've been dreaming about burying your face in them since the first time you saw me."

I swallowed hard, cock throbbing painfully against my jeans. "Penelope—"

"Shh." She stepped closer, perfume flooding my head. "Don't apologize. I felt how hard you got. That little twitch when your face was right here—" She cupped her breasts, lifted them, squeezed. "—between these. You were practically drooling."

She leaned down, lips near my ear, one hand sliding to the back of my neck, nails scraping lightly. "Bet you're imagining it right now. My tits in your mouth. Sucking on these fat nipples till I'm moaning your name. Or maybe you want me to wrap them around your cock? Slide up and down, nice and slow, till you're begging to cum all over them."

"Fuck," I breathed, hands clenching the couch.

She chuckled, dark and filthy. "Yeah. Fuck. That's what you want, isn't it? To grab these tits and just lose it." She gave them a little bounce, the motion making them jiggle. "Go ahead. Look. Touch again. I don't mind. Hell, I like it. Knowing I've got you this worked up... this hard... just from a little tease."

I groaned, head falling back. "You're evil."

"Evil?" She straddled the arm of the couch, thighs thick and warm beside me, tits still bare. "Nah. Just honest. And you, hero—" She reached down, brushed a finger along the ridge in my jeans, light as a whisper. "—are aching."

I hissed, hips jerking.

She pulled back just as fast, smirking. "Sorry, hero. You're not my type. So you just sit there... with that big, hard cock... and think about what you're missing."

She finally sat, fixed her bra and t-shirt, crossed her legs, and picked up her ice cream like nothing happened.

I was wrecked.

"Get that under control," she whispered. "Or she'll notice."

I crossed my legs after sitting. "Whose fault, I wonder."

Penelope chuckled. "You're cute."

I cleared my throat, no clue how to act.

Mendy returned, sat.

"Why'd your mom call?" Penelope asked.

"Ordered pizza for me, apparently. Just letting me know."

Penelope nodded. My cock softened—mostly.

"I gotta go," I said, standing. "Thanks for everything, Mendy... and Penelope."

Penelope stuck her tongue out, smacked her own tits—quick, hidden from Mendy.

We walked to the door. And Mendy just... hugged me tight out of nowhere. She felt it—my half-hard cock. Pulled back fast, face red.

"I owe you dinner," she mumbled.

"Sure," I said, rubbing my neck.

"Bye," they said.

Then Mendy closed the door.

Holy shit. Just... man. Fuck.

I walked back to the car, rain still misting down, keys cold in my hand. Unlocked it, slid inside, and shut the door with a soft thunk. The interior smelled like leather and wet pavement.

I leaned back, eyes closing on their own.

Penelope's tits flashed behind my lids—huge, glossy, bouncing slightly with every breath. I pictured my cock sliding between them, warm silicone hugging me tight, her

hands pressing them together, nipples grazing my shaft as I thrust. Her voice in my ear: 'Cum for me, hero. Paint these fake tits white.'

My dick twitched, already half-hard again.

I snapped my eyes open, shook my head hard. "Nope. Not now."

Turned the key. The engine purred to life.

"I... wow," I muttered, easing onto the gas. "Fucking wow..."

The phone rang through the car's speakers, cutting through the sound of rain beating on the windshield. I checked the dashboard... Cora.

I tapped the answer button.

"Hello?" I said. "Cora?"

"H-h-hey," she mumbled immediately, voice small and shaky like always. "L-l-let's meet at my place. I... I prepared dinner, hehe. Y-you'll like it."

I blinked. "Alright. Is everything good?"

"Yup." Her breath hit the mic like she was nodding too hard. "I'll send my location. Be here in th-thirty, is th-that okay?"

"Sure," I said. "Be there in thirty."

♥ □ ♥ □ ♥ □

Chapter 198: Chapter 198

I walked up the narrow concrete steps and knocked on the door. Three taps. Firm, normal. The hallway behind me smelled like damp carpet and someone's burned dinner. Rain pattered against the thin windows, wind sliding through the corridor like it was trying to get inside.

I waited.

Then the door creaked open.

Cora stood there in a loose gray T-shirt and black shorts. Not really a "dinner outfit," but knowing her, this was probably the nicest thing she had clean. Her hair was messy, sticking out in uneven tufts. Her cheeks went bright red as soon as she saw me.

"H... hi..." she whispered, stepping aside. "W-welcome."

"Hey," I said as I walked in. "Thanks for inviting me."

The door closed with a soft thump.

Inside... yeah. It was small. Really small.

A single cramped living room connected straight into a kitchenette. No separation, just two tired rooms pretending to be one. The walls were off-white, scuffed in places. A sagging couch with uneven cushions sat against the wall, covered with a wrinkled blanket. A tiny TV rested on a plastic stand that looked like it came from a discount store. Three doors branched off the room: two slightly open, showing beds inside; one closed tight, probably the bathroom.

The space felt poor but clean. Definitely Cora's doing.

There was no dinner table, only a narrow kitchen counter with two stools tucked under it. The counter had two plates set out already.

She'd cooked something simple. Rice, vegetables, and chicken with a reddish sauce. Nothing fancy, but it smelled surprisingly good.

I rubbed my hands together and sat on one of the stools. "Looks delicious."

Cora laughed nervously, her voice shaking. "I... I made it myself. Hehe..."

"Where's your sister?" I asked.

"In her room. She's sleeping. She always sleeps." Cora glanced toward one of the cracked doors, then back at me. "Please... let's eat."

Her voice trembled, but she smiled anyway.

We sat side by side at the counter, steam rising from the plates. Rain hit the window harder now, the sun long gone. The room glowed under a single ceiling light, warm in color but a little too dim.

Cora picked up her fork, hands shaking like she was trying to hold still and couldn't.

"Dig in... please," she whispered.

I nodded, grabbed my fork, and started eating with her, both of us silent except for the sound of rain and the soft clink of cutlery.

I took another bite, chewed, and nodded. "This is actually really good, Cora. Way better than anything I'd manage to cook."

Her cheeks flushed. "Th... thank you. I tried hard."

"Shows," I said.

Rain tapped steadily at the window, like fingers drumming on thin glass. The wind pushed against the building, making the frame creak once. The lights flickered for a second before settling.

"Crazy weather," I muttered.

"It's been like this all day," Cora said quietly. "Storm warning and everything. I kind of like the sound though. It feels safe."

"Safe. Never heard someone call a storm that before."

She gave a tiny nervous laugh and kept eating.

Then a muffled sound drifted out from the hallway. A soft, unclear noise, like someone murmuring through a blanket.

I paused, raised an eyebrow.

Cora noticed immediately. "It's probably Esme. My sister. She talks in her sleep a lot."

"Right," I said. "Makes sense."

We kept eating.

The kitchen smelled warm from the food, something simple but comforting. Rice, vegetables, a little chicken. The overhead light cast a soft yellow over everything. The rain kept streaking down the window in crooked lines. The place felt small but lived-in.

Cora was sitting close to me, our stools almost touching. Her shirt was thin and she wasn't wearing a bra. I didn't stare or anything, but it was impossible not to notice the outline of her nipples through the fabric every time she reached for the salt or leaned forward. I focused on my plate, trying not to be awkward.

"So," I asked, "how's it going with Charlotte?"

Cora's lips curved into that unsettling little smile of hers. "It's going good. Really good."

"Alright," I said, letting it drop. "G-glad to hear that."

She kept smiling while she chewed, her feet swinging under the stool. Rain hammered harder against the window. Thunder rolled from somewhere far away.

We sat there side by side, eating in silence, the storm echoing around the small apartment.

We kept eating for another minute, the plates warming our hands, the rain rattling like gravel against the window.

"Hey," I said, wiping my mouth with a napkin. "Sorry for not bringing that wine I promised. I forgot. Had a bunch of shit to take care of today."

Cora shook her head quickly. "It's okay. I don't really like wine anyway. It tastes weird. I prefer coffee."

"Same," I said. "Wine tastes like someone squeezed grapes through a sock and then charged fifty bucks for it."

She let out a soft snort and covered her mouth, shoulders shaking a little.

Another muffled sound came from one of the closed rooms. I glanced toward the hallway, but Cora casually kept eating, so I decided to let it go. Probably Esme, like she said.

A bright flash tore across the window. Lightning. For a second, the entire room turned white.

"Damn," I said with a low whistle.

Cora looked toward the window and nodded once. "It's getting stronger."

Yeah... strong enough to match the stupid storm building in my head. Penelope. Those thoughts weren't going away. Perfect timing too. Sitting next to a girl with no bra in a tiny apartment while a storm raged outside. My brain was running laps I couldn't control.

I forced myself to focus, cleared my throat, and set my fork down gently. "Thanks for the food. Really. It was great."

She only ate half her plate, but she smiled like I'd just handed her a trophy. "Do you want to... relax a bit?" she asked softly, hesitant, almost whispering.

"Sure," I said.

We got up, plates still warm on the counter. She shuffled over to the couch in the living room, and I followed her. The couch was small, some old fabric with tiny tears along the seams. When I sat, the cushion dipped more than I expected.

Cora sat beside me. Not too close, but close enough that I could feel the heat from her arm.

The storm kept humming against the glass.

The TV was off. The lights buzzed a little. And we just... sat there.

Awkward. Quiet. The kind of silence where neither of us knew what to do with our hands. Cora's fingers fidgeted with the hem of her shirt. My knee bounced once, then stopped. Her eyes kept darting between me and the floor.

And the storm outside just kept getting louder.

I was dying to hold back. After Penelope's teasing, my cock was a live wire, every nerve screaming. But Cora's place was calm, the food warm in my stomach, the couch soft. I didn't want to ruin it.

Deep breath.

Cora scooched closer. She turned her back to me, and laid her head on my chest, stretching out. Her t-shirt rode up, revealing the smooth of her breasts, skin pale and perfect.

Her big puppy eyes met mine.

I couldn't hold back.

I leaned in and kissed her, soft at first, then hungry. My hands found her tits, thumbs circling her nipples, pinching just hard enough to make her squirm and moan into my mouth.

The kiss deepened. She chuckled, eyes wide, staring up at me.

My cock throbbed.

Cora broke the kiss, slid off the couch, and knelt between my legs. Fingers on my zipper, she tugged it down. My cock sprang free, heavy and aching.

She devoured it, tongue swirling the head, lips stretching around the shaft. Her mouth was small, couldn't take it all, but she tried, gagging softly, saliva dripping from her chin.

I pushed her head further. "Fuck yeah. Take it all in, Cora. Mmh... fuck."

She laughed around my cock, a muffled, throaty sound, then gagged harder as I thrust. A thin rope of spit trailed down her chin. Fuck. She looked so cute, mouth stretched wide, eyes watering, trying so hard.

I grabbed her hair, yanked her back. She landed on the rug with a soft thud, immediately shimmying out of her shorts, no panties, legs spreading wide. Her pussy glistened, pink and ready. She was... waiting for me.

I dropped to my knees, crouched over her, and slid inside in one smooth thrust.

Fuck. After Penelope's blue-balling, this was heaven. Tight, wet, perfect.

I drove into her hard, hips snapping, the slap of skin on skin filling the quiet living room. Cora's back arched off the rug, legs wrapped tight around my waist, heels digging into my ass like she was trying to pull me deeper.

"You planned this, didn't you?" I growled, one hand sliding up her stomach to grip a tit, pinching the nipple between my fingers. "Laid your head on my chest, flashed those big eyes, let your shirt ride up. You wanted me to fuck you right here on the floor."

She moaned, loud and shameless, head thrown back. "Yes, fuck, yes, Evan. Been thinking about your cock all night."

Chapter 199: Chapter 199

I leaned down, teeth grazing her neck, then bit just hard enough to make her gasp. My other hand slipped between us, thumb finding her clit, rubbing tight, fast circles. She bucked, pussy clenching around me like a fist.

"Look at you," I rasped, thrusting deeper, slower now, dragging every inch out before slamming back in. "Soaking wet, legs spread wide, begging for it. You're a fucking mess for me."

"Evan—" Her voice cracked, hands clawing at my shoulders. "Harder. Please."

I obliged, pounding into her, the rug burning my knees. I grabbed her hips, lifted her ass off the floor, angling her so I hit that spot inside that made her eyes roll back. My fingers dug into her flesh, leaving red marks.

"Feel that?" I said, voice rough. "That's me owning this pussy. Every thrust—mine. Every moan—mine."

She whimpered, nodding frantically, tits bouncing with every slam. I leaned over, sucked one nipple into my mouth, tongue flicking, teeth scraping. She cried out, back bowing.

I slid a hand up her throat, not squeezing, just holding, feeling her pulse race under my palm. "You love this, don't you? Being fucked like a slut on your own floor while your sister sleeps down the hall."

"Yes—god—yes," she panted, hips grinding up to meet me. "Don't stop. Please!"

I didn't. I fucked her relentlessly, sweat dripping down my back, her pussy fluttering around me, tighter, wetter. My thumb never left her clit, rubbing in time with my thrusts. Her thighs trembled, breath hitching.

"Gonna cum," she whispered, voice breaking. "Evan—fuck—I'm—"

"Do it," I growled, slamming deep, holding there, grinding against her. "Cum all over my cock. Let me feel it."

"Ugh... FUCK!"

She shattered.

Her pussy clamped down hard, pulsing, squirting around my shaft, soaking my thighs. She screamed into my shoulder, nails raking my back, body shaking like she was coming apart. I kept moving, slow, deep, drawing it out, riding her through every spasm until she went limp, gasping for air.

I stayed buried inside her, chest heaving, cock still rock hard. Pleasure 20 was a fucking superpower.

The hallway creaked.

Esme shuffled out, sleepy, rubbing her eyes. "Jesus, sister, be quiet while you're having sex."

Fuck. I immediately stopped, my eyes went wide as I looked at her sister.

Cora chuckled, breathless. "Sorry, hehe."

Esme yawned, shuffled back to her room, door clicking shut.

I stared at Cora, stunned.

She just grinned, pulled me down, and kissed me hard. "Keep going," she whispered against my lips. "I'm not done with you yet."

grabbed Cora by the hips, her body light as a feather, and lifted her up. My cock stayed buried deep, her small tits pressed tight against my chest, nipples hard. We kissed, messy and desperate, tongues clashing as I carried her.

I pinned her against the wall near the bathroom, the cool plaster against her back. My hips snapped forward, fucking her hard, each thrust shaking her frame.

"You love this, don't you?" I growled, one hand gripping her ass, the other tangled in her hair. "Getting fucked against a wall, my cock splitting you open. You're mine right now."

"Yours," she gasped, legs locked around me, nails digging into my shoulders. "Fuck me, Evan. Own me."

I was close, balls tightening. We kissed again, sloppy, her moans muffled against my lips. I dipped my head, tongue flicking her nipple, sucking it hard. She squirmed, pussy clenching.

Her face twisted—eyes wild, lips parted, a manic edge to her grin. "Evan—fuck—I'm—" Her pussy spasmed, squirting hard, soaking my thighs. She came with a scream, body shaking, clinging to me like she'd never let go.

I grabbed her hips again, still hard, and moved toward the bathroom. Thought I'd lay her on the counter, fuck her there. Pushed the door open.

Charlotte.

Hands zip-tied behind her back, mouth gagged with a rag. Tears streaked her face, mascara running black. She stared, wide-eyed, terrified.

I dropped Cora to the floor with a thud, my cock still out, slick and throbbing, veins pulsing. Charlotte knelt in the bathroom doorway, wrists bound tight behind her back with zip-ties cutting into her skin, leaving red welts. A filthy rag gagged her mouth, soaked with spit and tears. Her mascara ran in black rivers down her cheeks, eyes wide, bloodshot, pleading. Her hair was matted, tangled, sticking to her sweat-damp face. She wore a torn tank top, one strap snapped, exposing a black bra, and ripped jeans. She whimpered, muffled, shaking her head frantically.

"What the fuck, Cora?" I roared, voice cracking.

Cora's laugh was unhinged, a high-pitched cackle that echoed off the walls. She bolted the two steps to the counter, but instead of a knife, she just spun back, eyes blazing, and shoved me hard in the chest. I stumbled, back slamming the hardwood, air whooshing out of me.

She was on me in a heartbeat, knees pinning my hips, yanking her shorts aside and sinking onto my cock in one brutal drop. Her pussy was scalding, dripping, gripping me like a vice. She bounced hard, tits jiggling under her t-shirt, saliva dripping from her lips, splattering my face, my chest. Her eyes were wild, pupils blown wide, a manic grin splitting her face.

"Fuck me," she hissed, voice raw, riding me like a woman possessed. "Give it to me, Evan. All of it. All. All. ALL!"

"Cora—wait—Charlotte's right there, what the fuck—" I choked, hands instinctively grabbing her hips to slow her.

Charlotte sobbed behind the gag, rocking on her knees, zip-ties cutting red welts into her wrists. "Mmph! Mmph!" Her mascara-streaked face twisted in terror, blonde hair matted with sweat.

Cora didn't even glance over. She slammed down harder, ass slapping my thighs, pussy clenching like she wanted to break me. "Don't care," she snarled, nails raking my chest. "She can watch. You're mine."

I groaned, hips bucking despite myself. Ah fuck it. Too horny to think straight. I thrust up, meeting her bounces, hands sliding to her ass, squeezing hard.

"Yes—yes!" she screamed, head thrown back, hair whipping. "Fuck me, Evan. Fill me. Breed me."

She leaned forward, teeth grazing my ear, then bit my shoulder hard enough to sting.

"You feel so good," she moaned, voice cracking. Her saliva was dripping onto me, she wasn't able to control herself. Shit, she was crazy. "So fucking big. Stretching me. Owning me. You're mine."

I pumped harder, the slap of skin loud, her juices soaking my groin. Charlotte's muffled cries faded to background noise. Cora's pussy fluttered, squirting lightly with every thrust.

"I feel it," she gasped, manic grin widening. "Your cock twitching. So close. Cum inside me. CUM!"

I exploded, thick ropes flooding her, pulsing deep, endless. She screamed, top of her lungs, a raw, animal sound, her walls clamping down, cumming hard from my load alone. Pleasure 20 was ruthless. Her body shook, juices gushing, mixing with my cum, dripping onto the floor.

She leaned in, still riding, hips grinding, milking every last drop until my cock twitched dry. Her saliva dripped onto my lips, breath hot and ragged.

"You're mine, Evan," she purred, eyes unblinking, deranged. "Always."

I sat up, still catching my breath, cock softening. "Why didn't you tell me she was here?"

Cora shrugged, standing, cum trickling down her thigh. "Surprise."

I buckled my pants, zipped up. Cora strolled to Charlotte, yanked the gag free.

Charlotte sucked in air, mouth opening to scream. Cora's hand cracked across her face.

"Shut up."

"Ouch... fuck... you two crazy motherfuckers," Charlotte rasped, voice trembling. "L-let me go. Right now."

"I'll cut your tits if you call Evan motherfucker again," Cora sneered, face twisted, eyes empty, inhuman.

"Oh my g-god..." Charlotte whimpered, shaking. "You're c-crazy! CRAZY!"

"Tell me what you know about Guy," I said. "Then you walk."

"He... he was a s-submissive little bitch!" Charlotte sobbed, words slurring through tears. "We... we h-humiliated him. Stuck a b-baby bottle up his ass once. F-fuck, he was... different in bed!"

"Guy Nolin?" I asked. "What the fuck..."

"Please... that's all I know!" She hiccuped. "Let me go!"

"Proof?" I pressed.

"We... f-financial dog play," she stuttered, snot mixing with mascara. "Me and Emilia... threatened him. Send money or we spread the videos. He loved it. C-consent! All c-consent!"

"Where are the videos?"

"You insane fucker!" she cried. "Guy'll kill me!"

Cora screamed, ripped off her tank top, and lunged, teeth sinking into Charlotte's left breast. Charlotte shrieked, thrashing, zip-ties cutting deeper.

I grabbed Cora's arm, yanked her back hard. "STOP!"

"WHAT DID I SAY!" Cora snarled, spit flying. "I'LL CUT YOUR TITS!"

Charlotte's breast bled, a nasty crescent of teeth marks. No nipple gone, thank fuck. I exhaled, walked over, pulled Charlotte's torn tank top up to cover her. She kept sobbing, head thumping the wall, mumbling nonsense through tears.

"Tell me where the videos are," I said, calm. "And you leave alive. Don't do this to yourself."

"They're..." she choked, "in... in Emilia's ph-phone. Gallery. Old phone... numbers, n-not smart. Guy made her... afraid of h-hacks. Please... h-help me..."

"Emilia," I said. "Where?"

"Semilian street," she gasped. "R-roundabout... b-bowling salon across... she lives there... door number five... g-god, please..."

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

"Please... don't kill me."

"No one is killing anyone," I said, rubbing my temples. "Cora, drop her. We don't need her anymore."

"Gah!" Esse's voice rose. "Please shut her up, Sister!"

Cora's expression flipped instantly. "Yup!"

Charlotte hit the floor with a dull thud, gasping for breath like someone just let air back into her lungs. She stared at us like we were demons that crawled out from a vent.

I sighed. "Fuck..." I muttered under my breath. "Just what kind of mess I gotten myself into..."

- Evan Marlowe (Lvl 10)

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- Age: 21

- Height: 180 cm

- Weight: 74 kg

=====

- EXP: [] 1361/2162

♥□♥□♥□

No data found.

Chapter 200: Chapter 200

I pulled up to the spot and killed the engine. The night was cold and windy, the kind where the streetlights flicker like they are too tired to keep shining. I stepped out and looked around.

The bowling salon across the street was still open, music leaking through the glass. To the right, shops lined the block, all closed. Only one apartment building stood at the end of the row. Old. Ugly. A place that looked like it never received sunlight.

I walked toward it.

Because the wind was so heavy, the old metal door didn't shut all the way. It clanged with every gust. I easily slipped in.

No elevator. Just narrow stairs that creaked under my shoes.

Door five. End of the corridor. Emilia's place.

My heartbeat picked up. Excited. Nervous. A little sick. This was the closest I had ever been to Guy's actual secrets.

I exhaled, knocked three times, and immediately went down the stairs, hiding in the shadow where the wall curved.

The door opened.

Emilia stepped out, eyes scanning the empty hallway.

Time to move.

I activated Time Stop.



- SHOP



• Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)

• Silk Lingerie Set (25c)

• Sensual Massage Oil (15c)

• Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)

• Flirt Potion (20c)

• Hypnotic Perfume (40c)

• Time Stop (90c)

• 500 Dollars (50c)

- 1 Ability Point (150c)

- 1 Mastery Point (160c)

=====

- Credits: 250c

- Select item to purchase.

The whole world froze. Emilia froze with one foot outside her doorway, hair stuck mid-sway, eyes half narrowed like she was about to call someone's name.

I stepped up the hallway and finally got a good look at her.

Long black hair. Sharp face. Sharp eyes. The kind of woman who always looks like she is judging whoever stands in front of her. Big chest, pushing against her thin pajamas. Bare feet on the grimy apartment tiles.

She looked mean even when frozen in time. Fitting, because Charlotte said Emilia was the real heartless one. Guy used people, but Emilia? She enjoyed it.

Her phone was in her hand, but not the one I needed. This one was modern. Touch screen. Pretty. Charlotte told me the real dirt was in Emilia's old phone, the ancient one with actual buttons. Guy didn't trust clouds or encryption. Paranoid bastard.

I checked her pockets. Nothing.

So I stepped inside.

The apartment smelled like old dust and cheap detergent. The living room was basically a square with a tiny couch shoved in the corner. A small table with stains. A TV that looked older than me. A plastic shelf full of random things that looked like she never used them. Beige walls with peeling corners. A single lamp flickering like it wanted to die.

Not a place for someone who once lived off Guy's wallet. Guess Guy threw her away too.

I started searching.

I opened the first drawer under the TV. Nothing but receipts and some cigarettes. The second drawer had loose batteries, a spoon, and some keys that probably didn't open anything anymore. I checked behind the couch, under the couch, under the small rug.

Nothing.

Time Stop ticked in the back of my head. I didn't know how long I had left.

I moved down the short hallway to the bedroom.

The door was half open.

Inside, the room looked even worse. A single bed pushed against the wall. Blanket half thrown off. Clothes everywhere. A mirror cracked at the top. A tiny dresser with one drawer missing. A chair with more clothes on it. Posters of some K-pop group taped unevenly on the wall.

I stepped carefully, trying not to kick anything.

I checked the dresser first. Socks. Underwear. A deodorant. Makeup bags. I dug through all of it. No phone.

I crouched and checked under the bed. Dust, two mismatched shoes, a tissue box, and an old hairbrush.

Still nothing.

I opened the closet. A mess of shirts and dresses hung unevenly. I patted every pocket I could reach. No phone.

I checked the closet shelf above the hangers. Empty. Nothing but dust and a forgotten scarf. Fuck.

I dug deeper, fingers scraping the back of the shelf, then dropped to my knees, yanking open drawers. Socks, underwear, random cables—nothing. My pulse hammered. Ten minutes almost up... no. It was up.

Damn it.

The front door clicked. Emilia's voice, low and muttering, drifted through the walls. "Fucking pranksters."

I couldn't waste credits on Time Stop. I held my breath, slid the drawer shut, and threw myself under the bed, flattening against the cool floorboards.

Her footsteps approached slowly. The door creaked open. I watched her heels first: black, glossy, stiletto-sharp. Then her legs, long and smooth, wrapped in sheer stockings that caught the light. She stopped at the mirror, tilted her head, and swiped crimson lipstick across full lips. Her reflection stared back: sharp cheekbones, dark eyes, hair pulled into a severe ponytail now.

She peeled off her clothes. Her body was bare except for the stockings and a black lace thong that vanished between firm, round cheeks. She turned, admiring her naked curves in the mirror: full breasts swaying slightly, nipples already hard, hips flared, skin flawless.

Then she opened the wardrobe.

Out came the... the weird stuff: a gleaming black leather corset, thigh-high boots with silver buckles, a harness that crisscrossed her torso, and a collar with a silver ring. She stepped into the boots first, zipping them slow, the leather hugging her calves. Then the corset, cinching it tight until her waist looked impossibly small and her breasts were pushed up like an offering. She fastened the harness last, the straps creaking as they settled over her skin. She looked like sin poured into armor.

Shit, now someone was at the door. Knocking on it. Who was it?

Emilia left the room with the small black object in hand, the door clicking shut behind her. Seconds later, she reappeared in the doorway, leash taut, dragging a middle-aged man on all fours. His balding head glistened with sweat, tongue lolling like a dog's, eyes glassy with humiliation. The leather collar bit into his neck, leash clipped tight.

"Sit."

He dropped to his haunches, hands curled like paws.

"Roll over."

He flopped onto his back, belly exposed, pants tented obscenely.

"Paw."

He lifted a trembling hand, whimpering.

"Now suck my ass, you fat pig."

She kicked him square in the face—crack—his head snapped back, sprawling. Without pause, she yanked her thong aside, crouched, and sat on his face. Thighs clamped his skull. His muffled grunts vibrated against her as she opened her phone, thumb swiping through a candy-matching game like he didn't exist.

"Don't move," she muttered, eyes on the screen. "Be fucking quiet. Eat my ass, you fat fuck."

The man's hips jerked. His cock strained, a dark wet spot blooming on his khakis. He was cumming—hands-free, twitching, spilling into his pants like a broken faucet. Emilia didn't flinch. She just ground down harder, scrolling.

Minutes dragged. She'd lift slightly, let him gasp, then drop again. "Lick deeper, pig."

He obeyed, tongue frantic, face smeared with her. Another spurt—his second orgasm, weaker, but still leaking.

She laughed, cold. "Already? Again? Pathetic."

She stood, turned, and spat on his face. "Open that mouth."

He opened. She hawked again, thick and nasty.

"Swallow."

He did, gagging, cock twitching again.

She grabbed a riding crop from the drawer—snap—across his belly. Red welts rose instantly.

"Beg."

"Please, Mistress... more..."

Snap. Thighs. Snap. Chest. Each strike made him jolt, another pathetic dribble soaking through.

She made him crawl, nose to the floor, following her boot prints. "Sniff."

He sniffed, panting, humping the air.

She stepped on his back, heel digging in. "Stay."

He froze, trembling, another orgasm rippling through him—his fourth, just from the pressure.

She opened the drawer again—panties spilling out—and I spotted it: a small, ancient flip phone, black, tucked beneath lace. The target.

She pulled out a dog bowl, filled it with water from the bathroom, set it down. "Drink like the animal you are."

He lapped, sloppy, water splashing his shirt. She filmed it on her main phone, smirking.

"This goes to your wife if you're late again."

Another ten minutes came by and... he came again—fifth time—hands-free, moaning into the bowl.

She made him recite: "I'm a worthless pay-pig." Over and over, voice cracking, cock still leaking.

Half an hour of this—whatever this thing was. She'd ignore him for minutes, playing her game, then snap the crop, spit, grind. He came nonstop, six, seven, eight times, each weaker, just clear fluid now, staining his pants dark. His face was a mess: spit, tears, her juices. He thanked her after every orgasm, voice hoarse.

I lay under the bed, stomach turning. Disgusting. The way he groveled, came from nothing, begged for more. No dignity. Just a wallet with a pulse.

After about thirty minutes, her phone alarm beeped.

She stood, crossed her arms. "Give me my five hundred and fuck off."

He fumbled in his pocket, hands shaking, pulled out a wad of cash. "Th-thank you, Mistress."

"Safe word. Mold. The session has ended. It's my pleasure, sir," she said, voice flat, professional.

"Wow," I whispered under the bed. "Fucking professional, eh?"

They left the room. I rolled out fast, heart pounding.

Drawer open—panties everywhere. I shoved them aside, fingers closing around the flip phone.

"Fuck yes."

I slipped behind the bedroom door just as the handle turned. Too late to hide anywhere else. Emilia stepped in. She crossed to the wardrobe, back to me, and pulled out soft cotton pajamas—shorts and a loose tank.

I held my breath, slid past the gap in the door, silent as a shadow, and eased into the hallway. Heart hammering.

Living room. Her main phone sat on the couch, screen dark.

"Fuck, I forgot my phone," she muttered from the bedroom.

I dropped behind the opposite couch, knees on the rug, body pressed low.

Emilia padded in, bare feet silent, completely naked. Her breasts swayed with each step, nipples still hard, thighs glistening faintly. She scanned the room, humming under her breath.

She moved left—I shifted right, sliding along the couch's edge, keeping it between us. She bent over the coffee table, ass toward me, cheeks parting slightly. I froze, pulse in my throat.

She turned—I rolled to the side, staying in her blind spot, breath shallow.

She circled the couch. I mirrored, crawling low, the flip phone clutched tight in my fist.

She stopped, crouched... and finally found it.

"There you are."

I exhaled, slow and silent, as her footsteps retreated to the bedroom.

Minutes later, the bathroom door clicked shut. Water hissed—shower.

I was already gone, out the front door, into the night air.

The old flip phone weighed heavy in my hand.

"Let's see," I muttered, flipping it open. "What kind of dirt I've got on you, Guy."

