

The Heart System #Chapter 201 - Read The Heart

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Chapter 201: Chapter 201

Finally, a chance to meet that bastard again. Guy Nolin. Someone was going to lose today.

Two agonizing days had passed. Sarah called almost hourly, her voice dripping venom, counting down the seconds until she demanded two million. I never let on what I was doing behind the scenes.

Cora... she... fuck. She had kidnapped Charlotte. I owed her a big apologize. The poor girl must be traumatized because of me.

I sat in TechForge's glass-walled meeting room, the triangular table empty except for me and Anotta. Floor-to-ceiling windows wrapped the space, offering a panoramic view of the city skyline. One button on the console, and the glass would frost black, sealing us in. Two bodyguards loomed behind her—tall, broad, arms crossed, faces blank.

"I wonder what you'll do today, Evan," Anotta murmured, leaning back in her chair. "Hope I won't be disappointed."

"You're just like them," I shot back. "Getting off on watching people like me scramble to survive."

"Survive?" She arched a brow. "Penthouse life, your little harem—that's survival, Marlowe?"

"You said it yourself. You love watching me struggle."

"And I won't deny it." Her smile was faint. "You're the only—"

"Entertainment in your life, yeah, yeah," I cut in. "Try watching some movies. I dunno, gamble with your endless money. Stop treating people like puppets."

"Look at you," she purred, unfazed. "Talking to me like that. Whatever happened to Ms. Anotov? I arranged this meeting for you, after all."

"You're insane," I said, meeting her gaze. "You don't want respect. You don't want love. You want fear."

"Wrong," she replied, voice cool. "I want what's best for me."

"Best for you?" I scoffed. "Great."

"Problem with that?"

"I have a problem with anything that endangers me, Ms. Anotov," I said. "And you're one of them. I actually thought you were an ally once. Felt lucky."

"Am I not an ally?"

I shook my head, staying silent. Once this was over, I just wanted peace—for as long as it lasted. Guy. Richard. Surrounded by psychos. This new life gave me plenty, but twice as much trouble.

I kept waiting, the silence thick.

Anotta reached behind her, palm open. "Mirror."

The bodyguard holding her purse fished out a small silver compact and handed it over. She checked her reflection, tilted her head, then extended her hand again.

"Lipstick."

He produced a black tube. She rolled it across her lips, blood-red, then snapped it shut and passed both items back without a glance.

Through the glass wall, Nala passed by, heels clicking on the marble. She spotted me, eyes widening for a split second. I gave a short nod. She returned it, tight-lipped, nervous. She disappeared down the corridor.

My stomach twisted. Every story about Guy had been a horror show. I was scared of him—of course I was—but losing everything I'd built terrified me more. This wasn't a negotiation. It was war. I had to make him leash Sarah, stop the threats, leave Nala and the company alone.

"It rains, huh?" Anotta said, glancing out the window.

"I don't care," I snapped.

Just like that, the conversation was over. I was done with her games, her rich-bitch theatrics. She'd arranged this meeting—one last use. After today, no more Anotta.

The anticipation was killing me. I'd spotted Guy's car through the window minutes ago, parked at TechForge. But because he could, he made us wait. Every second fueled my hatred for the bastard.

- Quest Available

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- Title: Richness in personality

- Task: Fuck Anotta.

- Reward: +500 EXP, 250c

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- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

Fuck Anotta? Sure. Quests were getting tougher, rewards better. Easy ones gave maybe fifty EXP. I needed the big ones now. Like this. I'd tried with Anotta before—Sensual Massage Oil failed. She resisted, or it just didn't work.

"Just call him," I said, eyes on where Nala had passed. "Tell him to hurry."

"Calm down," Anotta replied, unfazed.

"Ten minutes since his car pulled up," I snapped. "What's he doing?"

"Calm. Down." She closed her eyes. "Let the moment pass, Marlowe."

I opened my mouth to say something, then stopped and swallowed the words. No point arguing with her. Anotta was the kind of woman who never did anything unless she wanted to, and trying to convince her to call Guy would be a complete waste of breath.

I grabbed my phone, scrolled through the local news. Nothing on Charlotte's kidnapping. Cora handled it quietly—probably scared Charlotte silent.

I looked up. There he was. Guy Nolin. Moving agonizingly slow toward the meeting room. I pocketed the phone.

"There he is," I muttered.

Anotta sat straighter. "We're starting, Marlowe."

"Yeah. Fucking... bastard," I whispered.

Guy stopped just short of the meeting room. He shot us a smug little smirk before pulling out his phone and launching into a conversation with someone. That tiny show was enough to make my blood boil, but I swallowed the anger. No. He had no what I had against him, of course he would act like he still had the upper-hand.

Call ended. He resumed his stroll, pushed the door open, left his two bodyguards outside.

"Evan Marlowe," he drawled. "And Anotta Anotov."

"Mr. Nolin," Anotta said. "Please. Sit."

He shut the door, crossed to the table, sat across from us, leaned back, arms folded. Waiting.

"Guy Nolin," I said. "Know the first word that came to mind when I saw you?"

"Wha—"

"Cunt." I cut him off. "Believe that?"

"Choose your words carefully, Marlowe." He leaned forward, hand flat on the table. "You've no idea what I can do."

"Right, right, right." I smirked. "Bet."

"Why am I here?" Guy leaned back in his chair, arms crossed, voice dripping with disdain. "You're wasting my time, Marlowe. We had a deal. You stay out of my sight, I stay out of yours."

"That deal," I said, voice steady, "went to shit the second you sicced your lapdog on me."

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Sarah," I snapped. "You bailed her out. Planted her in the company. Ordered her to threaten Nala and TechForge."

"And?"

"And she's gone rogue," I said. "Only wants money now. Sold you out."

"And?"

"That's why I've been digging, Guy. Deep into your personal life. And fuck—you wouldn't believe what I found. It's... wow."

His eyes narrowed, sharp as knives. "What are you saying, Marlowe?"

"Get up," I said, pointing at the dashboard on the glass wall. "Press that button. Unless you want passersby seeing some unhinged shit."

"You're ordering me?" He leaned forward, furious. "How dare you?"

"Guy," I said, flat. "I'm not moving for your lazy ass. Press it."

He glanced at Anotta. She raised a brow, silent. The room went still—tension thick enough to choke on. Guy stared me down, searching for weakness. I just looked back, half-lidded, unbothered. Press it or don't—I'd already won.

He stood, slow, like a good little boy, and walked to the dashboard. Fingers slid down the panel. The glass darkened gradually, tinting black, then locked with a soft beep. He returned, sat, and glared, jaw clenched.

"Good boy," I muttered, smiling.

He slammed his fist on the table, chair scraping as he shot up, finger jabbing at me. "Do you know who you're talking to?"

"Sit."

"I'll fucking kill you," he snarled, still standing.

"Sit."

"Mr. Nolin," Anotta said, smirking faintly. "Please. Let's hear Mr. Marlowe."

Guy exhaled hard, sat, fuming. Perfect. I had him rattled—exactly where I wanted him.

I grabbed the projector remote, clicked it on. The machine whirred to life, fan humming softly. Kim's laptop desktop appeared—default blue swirl, Nala's gift to her. I hit play.

The screen went black, then lit up: Emilia's living room, dimly lit, shadows dancing on the walls. Charlotte stood by the couch, arms crossed, smirking. On the couch, a man—legs folded over his head, tied with thick rope, ass gaping wide, naked. A leather mask hid his face completely. His cock—small, veiny—twitched desperately, pre-cum beading at the tip.

"Char," Emilia's voice off-camera, teasing. "Ready, honey?"

"Yep."

Emilia stepped in, holding a baby bottle full of milk. She chuckled, eyeing the man. He groaned, muffled through the mask, cock throbbing harder.

Charlotte leaned in, slapped his masked face—crack. His dick jerked violently. Emilia rubbed the bottle's nipple against his hairy asshole, teasing the rim, then shoved it in deep. He moaned, loud and needy, hips bucking involuntarily.

She squeezed. Milk flooded his ass, gurgling audibly.

"Wow," I muttered, shaking my head.

"Look at baby-boy!" Charlotte laughed, clapping. "Who's the good baby-boy?"

"She is!" Emilia said, still squeezing, milk overflowing slightly. "Take it all in, baby-boy. Mommies are gonna take care of you tonight."

I glanced at Guy. He wasn't watching the screen. He was staring at me. Eyes wide, face red, veins bulging on his forehead like they'd burst. He lunged suddenly, chair toppling.

One of Anotta's bodyguards caught him mid-stride, grabbed his arm, and slammed him back into the chair with a thud. The other pinned his head to the table, forearm like iron. Guy thrashed, swearing incoherently—spit flying, face purple, veins popping.

Charlotte slapped the man again—crack. Just as she reached for the mask, fingers hooking under the edge, I paused the video. Froze on her grin.

I stood, walked over slow, Anotta's guards flanking me like shadows. Stopped beside Guy, leaned in close, breath on his ear.

"If I see you again, baby-boy," I whispered, "you'll regret it."

"You—"

"I don't swing that way," I cut in, voice low. "But I swear, Guy, I'd bend you over this table and fuck the pride out of you. Mine's bigger than that baby bottle, though. Careful."

He roared, tried to swing wild. The guards pinned his arms tight, face smashed into the wood. He kicked, screamed, cursed—words mangled, animalistic, spit pooling under his cheek.

"Sarah," I said, walking back to my chair, casual. "Leash your dog, Guy. Or this video goes public. Imagine the bodycam footage too. You'd be in a cell. Every inmate knowing the real you. Baby-boy."

"EVAN MARLOWE!" he screamed, voice cracking raw. "AAAGH! EVAN! EVAN!"

"EVAN! EVAN!" I mocked, changing direction, slamming both hands on the table, leaning in. His head still pinned, eyes wild with rage, tears of fury mixing with sweat.

"IF YOU THREATEN OUR COMPANY OR NALA, I'LL FUCK YOU UP!" I roared, slamming my hands down with each time I said cunt. "CUNT! CUNT! CUNT! CUUUUNT! FUCKING CUNT!"

The table shook. The room echoed, my palms stinging. Guy went limp, panting, defeated, chest heaving. Anotta watched, amused, lips curled. The guards held firm, unmoving.

I sat, anger still rising through me. "Call Sarah. Tell her to stand down. Or the world sees baby-boy get fucking milked."

He didn't speak. Just breathed. Hard. Raspy.

"Clock's ticking," I said. "Now get the fuck out of here."

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Guy bit his lip so hard blood welled up, a thin red line trickling down his chin. He wiped it with the back of his hand, smearing it across his knuckles, then shoved up from the chair. The legs scraped loud against the floor. He stormed to the door, yanked it open, and slammed it behind him hard enough to rattle the glass.

Silence.

Then, a faint laugh from my left.

Anotta.

It started quiet, almost polite, shoulders shaking. Then it grew, rolling out of her like a wave, louder, sharper, echoing off the darkened windows. The bodyguards behind her exchanged a glance, eyes wide, sweat beading on their foreheads. They shifted, uneasy, hands twitching at their sides.

She turned to me, still laughing, and lunged forward. Her hands clamped my cheeks, fingers digging in, squeezing hard. Her eyes were huge, manic, sparkling with something unhinged.

"I hit the jackpot, huh?" she said, voice trembling with glee, chuckling between words.

"H-huh?"

She released me, stood, and walked to the door, still laughing, the sound following her like smoke. She pulled it open and stepped out. The bodyguards hesitated, swallowed hard, then hurried after her, footsteps quick and nervous.

I sat there.

Overwhelmed.

Fuck. What just happened? Why was I that angry? Slamming my hands like that, I mean... fuck it hurt. And... Anotta? My fucking god.

"Man..." I muttered, rubbing my face. "I need a beer."



I unlocked the door and stepped inside. The penthouse was quiet, too quiet. The girls sat around the dinner table, faces tight with worry. Nala picked at her nails. Jasmine's leg bounced. Tessa drummed her fingers. Kim stared at her phone like it held the answers.

I stood in the middle of the room, face blank.

Then I smiled.

They got it instantly. Chairs scraped. They surged up, rushing me.

Nala hit first, arms around my neck. Jasmine piled on, then Kim. Tessa squeezed in last, laughing.

Minne poked her head from the kitchen, apron still on. Tessa spotted her, grinned, and scooped her up, tossing the tiny maid over her shoulder like a sack of flour.

Minne squeaked, then giggled, legs kicking.

"FUCK YEAH!" Tessa bellowed. "That bastard's gone for good, right?"

"Yup," I said. "Out for good."

Jasmine pulled me in again, kissed me hard on the mouth. "This calls for a bedroom party, handsome," she purred, smirking.

"Bedroom party?" I said. "I like the sound of that."

"You wait here," Jasmine said, eyes gleaming. "We'll call when we're ready."

"To the bedroom to get changed!" Tessa whooped, already marching off, Minne still slung over her shoulder.

"Hey," I called, chuckling. "Put her down, you forgot her."

Tessa turned, still walking, grin wicked. "Didn't forget anything, magic fingers."

"Wait..." My brain short-circuited. "She's also..."

Minne and I locked eyes, and she gave me a shy smile. Then... they vanished into the bedroom. The lock clicked.

Holy shit.

Minne? No way. Minne too? They wouldn't force her. I knew them. That meant... she wanted this? Wanted to... man... fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

I stood there, heart hammering, cock already stirring.

How the hell was I supposed to wait?

I couldn't sit. Couldn't stand still. I paced the living room like a caged animal, cock straining against my jeans so hard it hurt. Every second felt like an hour.

The bedroom door finally clicked open.

"Evan," Jasmine called, voice low and dripping with promise. "Come here."

I was there in three strides, hand on the knob, pushing inside.

Holy. Fucking. Hell.

The lights were dim, warm amber glow. Every girl stood or knelt in a different flavor of sin.

Jasmine wore a black lace bodysuit, cut so high on the hips it was basically just string and sheer panels. Her nipples pressed dark against the fabric, the crotch completely open, framing her shaved pussy like a gift.

Tessa had gone full leather: a red harness bra that left her heavy tits bare except for silver rings piercing each nipple, matching red thong disappearing between her thick thighs, thigh-high stockings clipped to a garter belt.

Kim stood in sheer white: a baby-doll nightie so thin I could see the outline of the silver chain dangling between her pierced nipples, no panties, just a tiny white thong that was already soaked through.

Nala knelt on the bed in deep emerald satin—a corset that pushed her breasts up into perfect half-moons, matching panties pulled to the side, fingers glistening from where she'd clearly been touching herself.

And in the center, on the bed... Minne.

Tiny, trembling Minne. Nala sat behind her, legs spread, cradling Minne's head in her lap like a pillow. Nala's hands gripped Minne's slender ankles, pulling them wide apart,

knees bent, exposing her completely. Minne wore nothing but a soft pink ribbon tied in a bow around her neck and matching pink thigh-high socks. Her small breasts rose and fell fast, nipples hard, pussy bare and glistening, lips slightly parted, already wet.

Nala smiled down at her, then looked at me. "The girls helped me with my first time," she said softly. "Guess it's time I paid my debt."

I swallowed, voice cracking. "Wait... Mi-Minne... virgin?"

Minne's cheeks burned crimson. She nodded, barely a whisper. "M-Master... if that's okay with you... please... take it."

Jasmine sauntered over, leaned down, and pinched one of Minne's tiny pink nipples between her fingers, rolling it slowly. "Take what, honey?"

Minne whimpered, hips twitching. "T-take my virginity..."

My brain flat-lined.

Cock throbbing, vision tunneling, every drop of blood in my body rushing south.

I was gone.

I stepped forward, shedding my shirt, jeans, everything, until I stood naked and aching. My cock jutted out thick and heavy, veins pulsing, the head swollen and slick with pre-cum that dripped in a slow string. Minne's eyes locked on it, wide and nervous, lips parted in a soft, trembling gasp. Her tiny hands clutched the sheets.

Nala kept Minne's legs spread impossibly wide, ankles hooked firmly over her forearms, knees bent outward, presenting that untouched pink slit like an offering. Minne's pussy was so small it barely looked real, glistening, folds delicate and barely parted, her little clit peeking out, swollen and shy.

"Breathe, baby," I rasped, voice rough with need. I climbed onto the bed, the mattress sinking under my weight. The air smelled of arousal, perfume, and leather.

I leaned over her, one hand braced beside her head, the other guiding my cock. The fat, angry head brushed her entrance, sliding through her wetness, coating me in her slick. The tip alone looked obscene against her tiny opening, dwarfing it completely.

"Relax for me," I murmured. I pushed forward slowly, pressure building. Minne whimpered, hips twitching, trying to escape and chase it at the same time. Her walls fluttered, resisting, then gave way with a soft, wet pop as just the crown slipped inside.

"Fuck," I hissed through clenched teeth. She was impossibly tight, scorching hot, gripping the head of my cock like a fist. Minne's back arched sharply, a high, broken cry tearing from her throat. Tears pricked the corners of her eyes.

Jasmine knelt beside us, eyes dark with hunger. She reached down and pinched Minne's small, pink nipple hard, twisting viciously. "Take Master's cock, little maid. Open that virgin cunt."

Tessa moved to the other side, leather creaking with every shift. She slapped Minne's tiny tit, watching it jiggle, then struck again, harder, leaving a bright pink handprint. "Good girl. Let him ruin you."

Kim crawled behind me, pressing her body to my back, hard nipples dragging across my skin. She reached around, fingers spreading Minne's lips wider, exposing the stretched, pink ring clinging to my cock. "Look how pretty she looks swallowing you," Kim whispered, breath hot on my neck, her own arousal dripping down her thighs.

I pushed deeper. Inch by agonizing inch, slow and relentless. Minne cried out, tears now streaking her temples, but her hips lifted instinctively, chasing more. Halfway in and she was already trembling uncontrollably, pussy fluttering wildly around me, trying to adjust to the invasion.

Nala leaned down, voice soft but filthy. "You're doing so good, sweetie. Feel how big he is? He's splitting you open. You'll never be the same after this."

I bottomed out with a guttural groan, balls pressed tight against her ass. Minne sobbed, overwhelmed, tiny body shaking like a leaf. I stayed still a moment, savoring the way her virgin walls pulsed around me, so tight it almost hurt. Damn, she was better than Nala, taking my cock like that.

Then I started to move.

Slow at first, long strokes that dragged every ridge and vein of my cock against her raw walls. Each thrust forced a broken, desperate moan from her throat. The girls watched, breathing hard, eyes glazed. Her cunt was bleeding, dirtying the sheets. It only made me hornier.

Jasmine slapped Minne's other tit, then seized both nipples at once, pinching and pulling until Minne arched off the bed with a scream. Tessa reached between Minne's spread thighs, found her swollen clit, and rubbed rough, merciless circles. Minne's pussy clamped down so hard I saw stars, her juices squirting lightly around my shaft.

"Fuck, yes," I growled, picking up speed. The wet slap of skin on skin filled the room, obscene and rhythmic. I fucked her harder, deeper, the bed creaking violently under us. Minne's cries turned frantic, tears flowing freely now.

Kim moved to Minne's side, grabbed a fistful of her hair, and yanked her head back hard. "Look at Master while he breeds you," she ordered, voice thick with lust.

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I slammed in, hips pistoning, balls slapping her ass with every brutal thrust. Minne's pussy gushed around me, squirting again, soaking the sheets. Her tiny body rocked helplessly, tits bouncing despite their size, nipples red and swollen from abuse.

Tessa spanked Minne's inner thigh hard, leaving a bright handprint, then again on the other side. "Cum on his cock, little virgin. Show him how grateful you are."

I felt it building, pressure coiling tight and vicious at the base of my spine. Minne's walls fluttered wildly, her orgasm crashing over her first. She screamed, back bowing off the bed, pussy milking me in rhythmic, brutal spasms, squirting hard around my cock.

That pushed me over.

"Fuck, take it!" I roared, burying myself to the hilt.

My cock pulsed, thick, endless ropes of cum flooding her virgin womb. I kept thrusting through it, grinding deep, pumping every drop inside, marking her completely. Minne whimpered and shook beneath me, tears streaming, as I filled her until cum leaked around my shaft, creamy white dripping down her ass and onto the sheets.

I stayed buried inside her, breathing hard, watching her tiny body quiver beneath me, utterly claimed, utterly mine.

I stayed buried inside Minne for a long moment, feeling her tiny body shudder beneath me, her pussy still fluttering around my cock in aftershocks. Cum leaked out around the seal we made, thick and white, sliding down her ass and pooling on the sheets. Her chest heaved, tears drying on her cheeks, but her eyes, when they finally opened, were glassy with something like worship.

I pulled out slowly, the wet sound obscene in the quiet room. My cock slipped free with a slick pop, still rock-hard and glistening with her virgin blood and our mixed release. Minne whimpered at the emptiness, thighs trembling.

Jasmine was on me before I even caught my breath.

She grabbed my shoulders, spun me around, and shoved me onto my back. The mattress bounced. In one fluid move she straddled my hips, the open crotch of her black lace bodysuit framing her dripping pussy perfectly. She didn't ask, didn't wait. She just sank down, taking every inch in one brutal drop.

"Fuck," I groaned, hands flying to her hips. Her cunt was molten, experienced, greedy, swallowing me to the root. She ground down hard, clit rubbing against my pelvis, and threw her head back with a filthy moan.

"Been waiting all night for this cock," she hissed, rolling her hips in slow, vicious circles. Her tits strained against the lace, nipples hard as bullets. Tessa crawled over immediately, grabbed the front of Jasmine's bodysuit, and ripped it open. The fabric tore with a satisfying sound, freeing those perfect breasts. Tessa slapped one hard, then the other, watching them bounce.

Kim wasn't idle. She climbed onto the bed behind Jasmine, reached around, and pinched both of Jasmine's nipples, twisting cruelly. "Ride him harder," Kim growled in her ear. "Make him feel how much you need it."

Jasmine obeyed, lifting up until just the head was inside, then slamming back down, over and over. The slap of her ass against my thighs echoed. Her pussy clenched rhythmically, already trying to milk me again.

Nala, still cradling a dazed Minne, shifted the little maid so she could watch. Minne's eyes were huge, lips parted, as she stared at Jasmine fucking me like a woman possessed.

Tessa wasn't waiting either. She straddled my face, thick thighs clamping around my head, leather creaking. Her soaked red thong was pulled to the side, and she dropped her pussy onto my mouth. I groaned into her, tongue plunging deep, tasting how wet she was from watching Minne get ruined.

"That's it," Tessa snarled, grinding down. "Eat my cunt while she rides you."

Jasmine leaned forward, changing the angle, and suddenly she was bouncing faster, tits swaying, sweat beading between them. Kim moved behind her again, spread Jasmine's ass cheeks wide, and spat directly onto her puckered hole. Then Kim pushed two fingers in without warning.

Jasmine screamed, back arching, pussy clamping down on me so hard I saw stars. "Yes—fuck—finger my ass while he breeds me!"

I bucked up into her, meeting every downward thrust. The room was a symphony of wet sounds: Jasmine's cunt slurping around my cock, Tessa's juices flooding my mouth, Kim's fingers pumping Jasmine's ass.

Tessa reached down and slapped Jasmine's clit, hard and fast. Once, twice, three times. Jasmine shattered, screaming, pussy gushing all over my cock and balls, squirting so hard it splashed up my stomach. Her whole body convulsed, walls rippling, trying to drag me over with her.

But I wasn't done. Not even close.

I grabbed Tessa's hips, lifted her off my face, and flipped her onto her hands and knees beside me. She knew what was coming, arched her back instantly, presenting that thick, juicy ass framed by the red harness.

I pulled out of Jasmine, who collapsed forward with a whine, and I lined up behind Tessa. One brutal thrust and I was buried in her, balls-deep. She was dripping from my tongue, so wet there was no resistance, just pure heat.

"Fuck yes," Tessa growled, pushing back. "Give it to me rough."

I didn't hold back. I fucked her like I was trying to break her, hips slamming, hands gripping the leather harness like reins. Every thrust sent ripples through her ass. Kim crawled beneath us in a heartbeat, on her back, mouth latching onto Tessa's pierced nipples, biting and tugging.

Nala finally moved, laying Minne gently on the pillows. The maid watched, fingers between her own thighs now, rubbing slow circles in the mess I'd left inside her.

I reached forward, grabbed a fistful of Tessa's hair, and yanked her head back. "You love being used, don't you?" I snarled.

"Yes—fuck—use me, 'Master'—"

I slapped her ass hard enough to leave a handprint through the harness straps. Again. Again. Each slap made her pussy clench, made her moan louder.

Jasmine recovered enough to crawl over, shoved three fingers into Tessa's mouth. Tessa sucked them greedily, gagging, drool running down her chin.

I could feel the edge coming again, Pleasure 20 keeping me hard and relentless. But I wanted more. I wanted all of them, again and again, until none of us could move.

I pounded into Tessa like a machine, hips snapping, the leather harness creaking under my grip. Each thrust drove her forward, her thick ass rippling, red from my palm. Kim stayed beneath her, mouth latched onto her nipple until Tessa screamed around Jasmine's fingers.

"Harder," Tessa snarled, voice muffled, drool dripping down her chin. "Fucking break me."

I obliged. I pulled almost all the way out and slammed back in, balls slapping her clit. Again. Again. The bed shook. Tessa's arms gave out; she collapsed onto her elbows, face buried in the sheets, ass still high.

Jasmine pulled her fingers from Tessa's mouth with a wet pop and crawled to me. She grabbed my jaw, nails digging in, and kissed me hard, no softness, just teeth and tongue.

"Don't you dare cum yet," she hissed. "We're not done with you."

I growled, yanked out of Tessa suddenly. She whined at the loss, pussy gaping, slick running down her thighs.

Kim rolled out from under Tessa, the soaked white baby-doll clinging to her skin like a second layer of sweat. She flopped onto her back right in front of me, legs falling open shamelessly. The thin fabric rode up to her waist, exposing her shaved, dripping pussy and the faint red marks my thrusts had left on her thighs.

"My turn," she demanded, voice husky, chest still heaving.

I dropped over her instantly. One hand braced beside her head, the other guiding my cock. I lined up and drove in to the hilt in a single brutal thrust. Kim's back bowed off the bed, a raw, guttural moan tearing from her throat. She was impossibly tight again, walls fluttering like she hadn't just come minutes ago.

"Fuck—yes—" she gasped, nails raking down my back. "Use me. Ruin me."

I gave her exactly what she wanted. Hard, deep, punishing strokes that rocked her entire body up the mattress. Her tits bounced under the sheer fabric with every slam, nipples stiff and dark against the white.

Jasmine didn't wait. She swung a leg over Kim's face, lowered her dripping cunt, and ground down hard. Kim's tongue shot out instantly, lapping greedily, muffled moans vibrating into Jasmine's folds.

Nala moved to Kim's side, grabbed both of Kim's nipples through the soaked fabric, and twisted viciously. Kim screamed into Jasmine's pussy, the sound muffled and desperate. Her walls clamped down on me like a vice, squirting hard around my cock, soaking my balls and the sheets beneath us.

Minne watched from the pillows, tiny fingers still circling her cum-slick clit, eyes huge and glassy. Tessa noticed. She reached out one hand and stroked Minne's cheek. "Come here, maid. Don't just watch."

Minne crawled forward on shaky knees, cheeks burning. She stopped beside me, voice barely audible. "M-may I... do the thing?"

I slowed my thrusts just enough to look at her, grinning through the haze of lust. "What thing, baby?"

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She didn't answer with words. Her small hands wrapped around my free wrist, tugging gently. I let her guide my fingers to her mouth. She took my index and middle finger between her soft lips, eyes fluttering shut in bliss. Her tongue swirled, warm and eager, then she gave a gentle bite—just enough pressure to make my cock swell harder inside Kim. She sucked, licked between them, nibbled again, tiny teeth grazing the pads while her tongue bathed them in wet heat.

The sensation shot straight to my balls. I growled, hips snapping forward, fucking Kim so hard her whole body jolted. Kim screamed again, another orgasm ripping through her, pussy gushing around me.

I couldn't hold back.

I yanked out of Kim suddenly—she cried out at the emptiness—and flipped her over in one motion. Face-down, ass up, baby-doll bunched at her waist. I spread her cheeks and slammed back in, prone-bone, one hand pressing her head into the mattress.

Jasmine slid off Kim's face and immediately slapped her ass in perfect rhythm with my thrusts—crack, thrust, crack, thrust. Red handprints bloomed across pale skin.

Nala crawled over and lay beside Kim, spreading her own legs wide. Emerald satin soaked, panties long gone. "Master", she begged, voice trembling. "Please."

I pulled out of Kim—she collapsed, whimpering—and moved to Nala in a heartbeat. I hooked her legs over my shoulders, folding her nearly in half, and drove in deep. The angle was brutal; every thrust punched the air from her lungs. Tessa knelt beside us, reached down, and rubbed Nala's clit in fast, ruthless circles.

Minne, braver now, crawled closer again. While I pounded Nala, Minne grabbed my hand a second time, guiding my fingers back to her mouth. She sucked harder this time, little tongue swirling, gentle bites turning sharper—each one making my cock twitch and throb inside Nala.

The feeling was electric.

I was close again, pressure coiling vicious and fast.

"Inside her," Jasmine commanded from the side, voice sharp as a whip. "Fill Nala up. Breed her."

I roared, slammed in one final time...

And let go.

Cum surged out in thick, endless ropes, flooding Nala's pussy. She screamed, cumming with me, walls milking every pulse. I kept thrusting through it, grinding deep, pushing my load as far as it would go until it overflowed and ran down her ass in creamy streams.

I stayed buried inside her, panting, as the girls watched—hungry, wrecked, ready for more.

"Oh... fuck. Wow..."

I pulled out of Nala with a wet sound, cum pouring from her, and stood at the foot of the bed. My cock stood angry-red, glistening, veins throbbing.

"On the floor," I ordered, voice rough. "All fours. Now."

They obeyed instantly.

Jasmine dropped first, knees hitting the rug, back arched like a cat, ass high, torn lace framing her dripping holes. Tessa followed, thick thighs spread, leather harness creaking, heavy tits swaying. Kim scrambled down next, baby-doll hanging off one shoulder, ass presented like a gift. Nala slid off the bed gracefully, emerald corset soaked with sweat and cum, back curved deep, pussy still leaking me.

Minne hesitated, cheeks flaming. She lowered herself awkwardly, knees too close, back straight. Jasmine laughed softly, reached over, and corrected her.

"No, baby. Like this." Jasmine pressed a hand between Minne's shoulder blades, pushing her chest down. "Arch. Ass up. Knees wider." She tapped Minne's thighs apart until the maid's freshly-fucked hole were completely exposed, back dipped in a perfect curve. Minne whimpered, but held the pose, trembling.

Five perfect asses in a row, waiting for me.

I started with Jasmine.

I gripped her hips and slammed home in one thrust. She screamed, pushing back greedily, pussy swallowing me whole. Ten brutal strokes—hard, fast, punishing—then I pulled out, leaving her gaping and whining.

Next, Tessa. I drove into her like a battering ram. She snarled, slammed her hips back to meet me, thick ass rippling with every impact. I fisted her hair, yanked her head back, and pounded until her thighs shook.

Kim was third. I slid into her slow at first, then snapped my hips forward, bottoming out again and again. She moaned into the rug, fingers clawing the fabric, pussy squirting lightly with every deep thrust.

Nala fourth. I entered her gently for two strokes—just to feel the mess I'd already left—then fucked her like I hated her. She sobbed with pleasure, back arching impossibly deeper, cum from earlier loads frothing around my cock.

Finally Minne. She was so small I had to crouch. I rubbed the head through her slick folds, then pushed in slow. She cried out, tiny body shaking, but held position perfectly now—ass high, back arched, just like Jasmine taught her. I gave her slow, grinding thrusts, letting her feel every inch, her pink pussy stretched wide around me.

I rotated again—Jasmine, Tessa, Kim, Nala, Minne—faster this time, five strokes each, then move. The room filled with wet slaps, moans, whimpers, the creak of leather and satin. Their backs glistened with sweat, asses red from my hips and hands.

I could feel it building again, massive, inevitable.

"Up," I growled, voice breaking. "All of you—kneel. Take my cum."

They scrambled to their knees in a semicircle, faces tilted up, eyes shut, tongues out like good girls. Five beautiful, wrecked faces waiting to be painted.

Jasmine's lips glossy and parted, chin already dripping from earlier.

Tessa's tongue flat and wide, eyes squeezed shut, cheeks flushed.

Kim breathing hard, mouth open, baby-doll hanging off one shoulder.

Nala serene and eager, tongue curled, cum still leaking down her thighs.

Minne tiny and trembling, tongue barely poking out, eyes clenched, cheeks scarlet.

I roared.

The first rope shot across Jasmine's face—thick, white, splattering from forehead to chin. The second coated Tessa's tongue and cheeks in heavy stripes. Third hit Kim square across the bridge of her nose, dripping into her open mouth. Fourth painted Nala's lips and eyelids. The fifth caught Minne right on her little tongue and cheek—she flinched, but kept her mouth open like a perfect girl.

I kept going, rope after rope, endless, Pleasure 20 turning the orgasm into a firehose. Faces, tongues, hair, throats, every drop claimed them. Cum dripped from chins, slid down necks, pooled between tits.

When it finally slowed, Tessa licked her lips with a filthy grin, grabbed my still-throbbing cock, and stroked hard—milking the last shudders and aftershocks out of me, smearing the mess across her fingers.

She looked up, eyes gleaming.

"We are not done," she purred. "You better be ready, 'Master'."

I gulped, chest heaving, cock already twitching again in her grip.

Oh boy...



Fuck. Last night was one of those nights I'd remember randomly years from now and just grin like an idiot. I'd taken Minne's virginity, fucked the others like the world was ending, and the system rewarded me with a ridiculous 861 EXP. Enough to push me to Level 11. My dick, though? It felt like it had been put through a meat grinder. Zero power left. With Pleasure still sitting at 20, I'd say I lasted pretty damn heroically.

- Evan Marlowe (Lvl 11)

=====

- Age: 21

- Height: 180 cm

- Weight: 74 kg

=====

- EXP:  60/2970

Jasmine was a good sport. She'd smiled, kissed Minne on the forehead, and declared the little maid deserved to sleep curled up against her "Master" for the rest of the night. So now I woke up with Minne's head on my chest, one slender leg thrown over mine, her small hand clutching my wrist while she—still asleep—suckled gently on my fingers. Not just holding them in her mouth; actually nursing on them, tiny tongue swirling, soft bites, warm saliva trickling down my knuckles. It didn't hurt. It felt... weirdly soothing. Possessive in the cutest way possible.

To my left, Nala slept naked on her side, back to me, the curve of her spine and ass glowing in the morning light filtering through the curtains. I smiled, carefully slid my fingers from Minne's mouth, she whimpered in her sleep but didn't wake, and pulled Nala against me. She sighed, instinctively pushing her ass into my crotch.

The whole bed smelled like a brothel after a fire drill: sex, sweat, cum, perfume, leather, and that sweet metallic tang of total... 'debauchery.' We desperately needed a bath. I couldn't even remember falling asleep; just remember thinking "I'll rest my eyes for five seconds" and then—lights out.

"A Master waking up before his maid," I muttered, chuckling. "That's a first."

Minne stirred at the sound, nuzzling closer, lips still searching for my fingers. I let her find them again. She latched on immediately, eyes closed, suckling like it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Evan?" Nala's sleepy voice was raspy. She rolled over, hair a beautiful mess, and blinked up at me. "Morning."

"Morning, gorgeous." I kissed her shoulder.

She wiggled backward, pressing that perfect ass harder against my exhausted cock and smirked. "No morning wood? Wow. We really drained you last night, huh?"

"You have no idea," I groaned. "I'm running on fumes."

"Master...?" Minne mumbled, finally waking. She rubbed her eyes with tiny fists, confused for a second, then remembered where she was. Her face went nuclear red. "Oh my god, I'm so sorry I overslept! I'll change the sheets right now and—"

I caught her wrist before she could bolt and tugged her gently back down, settling her head on my chest again. "Shh. Relax. We're staying right here for a bit."

"But Master—"

"No buts." I stroked her hair, the other hand resting on her warm stomach. "Just breathe."

"O-okay... Master," she whispered, melting against me.

Nala propped herself on an elbow, grinning at Minne. "So. How was your first time?"

Minne turned even redder—if that was possible—buried her face in my chest, and let out the tiniest, happiest squeak. No words. Just pure shy joy. I couldn't help it; I kissed the top of her head and laughed softly.

God, I loved her. The old robotic, dead-eyed Minne was gone. There was light in her now—real, warm, alive.

Silence settled, comfortable and lazy. Nala grabbed her phone and started scrolling messages. I used the quiet moment to open my stat screen and spend the three points I'd been hoarding.

Chapter 205: Chapter 205

CURRENT STATS

=====

Strength: 5

Charm : 12

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□□)

- Seductive Allure

Libido : 10

Pleasure: 20

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (Passive) (□)

I was going to save my points for now. What I really wanted to focus on next was earning Mastery Points. With those, I could invest in Honeyed Words, which would make persuasion much easier. Of course, to do that, I needed to find some quests—or earn enough credits to buy them outright.

I opened the quest log. One immediately caught my eye.

- Quest Available

=====

- Title: Two's the number

- Task: Complete two quests in one day

- Reward: +120 EXP, 120c

=====

- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

I could easily complete two quests in a single day, no problem. I hit Yes and kept scrolling through the available options. Now that I was level eleven, I needed more experience points to level up, so picking harder quests was the obvious choice.

Quest Available

=====

Title: Hands-On Experience

Task: Have one of the girls edge

you for 20 minutes without cumming

Reward: +90 EXP, 80c, +1 Strength

=====

Upon Failure: -60EXP

=====

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

Damn, this was new—a quest that would give me a stat point. But if I failed, I'd face a penalty? That was risky... damn. Twenty minutes without cumming? I hadn't intended to

fry my brain edging for that long, but the rewards were too high to pass up. So, with a reluctant sigh, I hit Accept.

Quest Available

=====

Title: Thigh-High Thursday

Task: Make a girl wear

thigh-highs/stockings and cum on them

Reward: 100c

=====

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

Doable. Definitely. I hit Accept and exhaled. Now... I needed one of the girls to edge me for twenty minutes. Nala... hmm, she was less experienced, and I wasn't sure if she could handle it without accidentally making me cum before the time was up. Minne? No way, not with her. That left three options: Jasmine, Kim, or Tessa.

I exhaled, closed the screens, and looked down at the maid still curled against me.

"Minne."

Minne perked up instantly. "Yes, Master?"

"Go put on some thigh-highs for me," I said, voice low. "The pink ones with the little satin bows. They should be somewhere on the floor."

Her eyes widened, then softened with that sweet, obedient glow. "O-of course, Master. I'll put them on right away."

"Thank you, Minne."

She slipped off the bed, bare feet padding across the hardwood. The morning light caught her skin as she bent over, tiny ass in the air, searching the chaos of last night's clothes. My gaze locked on her. The way her spine dipped, the little jiggle when she moved, the faint red marks still on her thighs from where I'd gripped her too hard. My

cock gave a weak twitch. Two points in Libido were barely holding the line after last night, but the sight of her like this was already coaxing blood south.

She found them tangled in a heap of Tessa's leather harness—one soft pink stocking, then the other. Minne straightened, clutching them to her chest for a second like they were precious, then sank to her knees right there on the rug.

I watched, unblinking.

She gathered the first stocking, bunched it carefully, and pointed her tiny foot. The satin whispered as she rolled it up her calf, over her knee, smoothing it higher and higher until the lace band hugged the very top of her thigh. The little satin bow sat perfectly just below the curve of her ass. She repeated it with the second leg, slower this time, almost performative—glancing up at me through her lashes, cheeks flushed, biting her lip when she noticed the growing bulge under the sheet.

By the time both stockings were on, the bows perfectly aligned, my cock was half-hard and aching, straining against the thin fabric.

Nala lowered her phone, smirking like she knew exactly what was happening in my head. "Someone's waking up after all."

Minne rose, thighs brushing together with that soft nylon sound, and crawled back onto the bed. The stockings made her legs look even longer, more delicate, the bows drawing my eyes straight to the bare, glistening spot between them.

"Now lie down, Minne," I said, voice thick.

Nala scooted closer and patted her own flat stomach. "Come here, sweetie."

Minne nodded obediently and lay back, resting her head on Nala's warm stomach like it was the most natural pillow in the world. The pink thigh-highs stretched tight over her slim legs, satin bows trembling as she settled.

I moved between those thighs, cock already throbbing back to full hardness. I grabbed her knees, pushed them together until the soft nylon and warm skin sandwiched my shaft perfectly. The friction was unreal—smooth, tight, electric.

I started moving, slow at first, gliding back and forth between her clenched thighs. The head of my cock poked out at the top with every thrust, brushing her lower belly.

Nala chuckled low, watching us. She slipped two fingers between Minne's lips. "You love sucking on fingers, don't you, baby?"

Minne's eyes fluttered half-closed. She nodded, cheeks burning, and immediately started licking and gently biting Nala's fingers—soft little nips, warm tongue swirling, saliva already dripping down her chin.

"Good girl," I growled, hips picking up speed. "Perfect. Just perfect."

The sight of her tiny body trapped between us, head on Nala's stomach, mouth full of fingers, thighs squeezing my cock—it was fucking obscene.

"Look at you, Minne." I said. "Letting Master fuck your pretty thighs while you suck away like a needy little doll."

She whimpered around Nala's fingers, thighs trembling but staying pressed tight.

I hooked one of her stocking-clad legs higher, draping it over my shoulder. Her pussy came into view—glistening, swollen, still leaking last night's loads. The new angle made her thighs grip me even harder.

"Fuck, that's perfect," I rasped, thrusting faster. "These soft little legs were made for this. Gonna paint you so pretty."

"M-Master..."

Minne moaned, muffled, sucking harder on Nala's fingers, biting down just enough to make Nala hiss and grin.

I could feel it building fast—hot, urgent, unstoppable.

"Gonna cum all over my good girl," I warned, voice breaking. "Hold those thighs tight for me—fuck... oh, shit. I'm... I'm gonna..."

I slammed forward one last time, squeezing her legs together hard around my cock. The first thick rope shot high, splattering across Minne's cheek and open lips. The next painted her neck and collarbones. I kept pumping, hips jerking, coating her stomach, her ribs, her tiny tits in heavy white streaks, but making sure to stain her thigh-highs too, since that was the quest. Some dripped down the sides onto Nala's skin beneath her.

I exhaled hard, gave my cock a few more lazy strokes to milk the last drops, then let her legs fall gently. I leaned down and gave her ass a light smack.

"Thank you, Minne," I murmured, voice rough. "Your legs felt fucking incredible."

Nala slowly pulled her slick fingers from Minne's mouth with a wet pop. Minne smiled up at me, flushed, breathless, cum dripping down her cheek.

"T-thank you, Master," she whispered, voice small but radiant. "You... you can ask for my service any time."

Quest Completed

Title: Thigh-High Thursday

Reward: 100c

"Minne." Nala said gently. "Go and grab a new sheet, okay? Change this one. But first, clean yourself up."

"Y-yes."

Minne climbed off the bed. Still naked except for the pink thigh-highs, she opened the door, bowed quickly to us both, and slipped out.

Nala propped a pillow against the headboard and leaned back.

"So," she said. "How did it go? With my brother?"

"Good," I answered. "Showed him that video."

I swung my legs over the edge and stretched. Nala crawled behind me, arms around my waist, chin on my right shoulder. Her big tits pressed warm against my back, nipples still hard. I turned and kissed her.

"How did he react?" she smirked.

"Tried to attack me," I said. "But he couldn't do anything. Bastard, I swear."

"Baby-boy, huh?" she asked. "I'd never know he was... into that kind of stuff."

"I know, right?" I said. "It's nothing like him."

- 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)
- Main Quest Unlock (350c)

=====

- Credits: 350c

- Select item to purchase.

Damn, I had so much credit. And... what was Main Quest Unlock? I had to get that new item after I leveled up. While Nala still hugged me from behind, I mentally tapped Main Quest Unlock to see what it was.

Main Quest Unlock

=====

Difficulties you encounter will

now become Main Quests.

You may choose to face these

challenges or leave them behind.

Completing Main Quests will
reward you with greater rewards
and new opportunities.

Chapter 206: Chapter 206

Damn... so that meant I would've gained a shit ton of EXP if I had this unlocked before kicking Guy's ass and making him watch his 'baby-boy' video in TechForge. That was... useful. I could actually use that. But 350c was a little steep, I couldn't lie. But... it looked interesting. It could pay off in the long run, so I just bought it.

Main Quest Unlock: BOUGHT!

Shit, what else I missed?

REPUTATION SYSTEM (LVL 11)

=====

VILLAIN  HERO

What the hell was that? When did I unlock this? Man, I really needed to pay more attention to the system instead of just fucking the girls like a monster yesterday.

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Sixsome

EXP Gained: +861

Unlocked: Reputation System

Star Rating: 5.0 ★★★★★

Reason: -

Huh. As if the system heard me.

Nala finally let go and hopped off the bed to pick up her clothes. Sunlight poured over her round, huge ass as she bent down.

Fuck me.

I slapped it hard, grabbed her waist, and tossed her back onto the bed. She laughed, clothes scattering again. We landed sideways, legs dangling off the edge, my body propped on one elbow.

"Don't tell me you are hard."

"Nope," I said. "You girls milked me good. I was just appreciating the beauty in front of me. Don't mind me, CEO."

"You have any idea how many times you came?" she asked.

"Seven?"

"Nine," she said, kissing me. "And now, you fucked Minne's thighs. Ten."

"Wanna make it eleven?"

"Oh," she said. "What an eager secretary you are. Always thinking of her boss' pleasure."

"That's why you hired me."

"If so," she said, climbing up and crouching over my face, "lick me. Don't worry, I took a bath before sleeping, unlike you."

She lowered herself onto my mouth. I grabbed her ass and dove in, tongue plunging deep. Nala moaned loud, thighs trembling, then leaned forward and took my cock into her warm, wet mouth.

Perfect 69. The room filled with wet, filthy sounds once again.

Her pussy was scorching hot, dripping with arousal, tasting sweet and tangy on my tongue. I lapped at her like a starving man, long, slow strokes from her swollen clit to her entrance, sucking her puffy lips into my mouth, nibbling gently. She bucked, juices flooding my chin, coating my cheeks.

"Oh fuck, Evan," she gasped, voice breaking. "Your tongue... right there... eat me deeper."

She leaned forward again, breath hot on my cock. Her lips wrapped around the head, tongue swirling slow and teasing, flicking the slit to lap up the bead of pre-cum. My dick was slow to respond—exhausted from last night, barely twitching at first—but the wet heat of her mouth, the suction, stirred it. She hummed low, the vibration shooting straight to my balls, and took me deeper, inch by inch, cheeks hollowing as she sucked.

I spread her cheeks wider, tongue circling her tight little asshole, licking slow and gentle around the puckered ring. She shuddered violently, pushing back against my face, smothering me in her ass. "Eat my ass," she begged, voice muffled as she bobbed on my shaft. "Tongue it deep—fuck my hole with your mouth."

I obeyed, pressing the tip of my tongue inside her, tasting her musky sweetness. She clenched, moaning around my cock, the vibration making me throb harder. My hips bucked up instinctively, pushing deeper into her throat. She gagged softly but didn't pull back—swallowed me down, nose brushing my pelvis, throat fluttering around the head.

We found our rhythm—her bobbing on my cock, sloppy and eager, saliva dripping down my balls and soaking the sheets; me tongue-fucking her ass and pussy in turn, alternating between plunging deep into her dripping hole and rimming her tight ring until she quivered. Wet, obscene sounds filled the room: her slurping on my shaft, my muffled groans into her flesh, the slick glide of my tongue.

"You're so fucking wet for me," I groaned, the words vibrating against her ass. "Dripping down my chin like a good little slut. You love my tongue in your holes, don't you?"

She moaned around my cock, pulling off just enough to gasp, "Yes—fuck—your tongue feels so good—eat my ass harder—make me cum on your face."

I did.

Tongue spearing her ass, nose buried in her dripping pussy, hands spreading her cheeks so wide I could feel the strain in her hips. Nala ground down harder, smothering me, thighs shaking around my ears. I could barely breathe and I didn't care; her scent, her taste, the way her tight ring fluttered around my tongue was everything.

She pulled off my cock with a wet gasp, strings of spit connecting her lips to the head. "Fuck, your tongue in my ass is gonna make me lose it," she panted, then dropped lower. Her warm tongue dragged across my balls, slow and worshipful, licking every

inch like she was starving for them. She sucked one into her mouth, rolling it gently. Then the other, sucking harder, tongue flicking the seam.

"These poor balls," she murmured against the skin, voice muffled and filthy. "Worked so hard last night... still so full for me, baby?" She lapped at them again, long, sloppy strokes, before taking both into her mouth at once, cheeks hollowing, eyes locked on mine from between my legs.

My cock jerked violently, leaking pre-cum onto her forehead. She grinned, let my balls pop free with a wet sound, and dragged her tongue all the way up the underside of my shaft before swallowing me down again—deep, messy, throat opening until her nose pressed into my pelvis. She gagged, held it, swallowed around me, then pulled back just enough to do it again.

I groaned into her ass, tongue fucking her hole in the same rhythm she used on my cock. She was dripping everywhere now—pussy, chin, my neck. Her hips started bucking erratically, thighs clamping around my head.

"Cum for me," I growled into her flesh, voice muffled. "Squirt all over my fucking face while you choke on my dick."

She screamed around my shaft. Her whole body seized—pussy clenching, ass spasming around my tongue—and then she exploded. A hot, messy gush of squirt flooded my mouth, my chin, my neck, soaking the sheets beneath my head. She kept screaming, hips jerking, riding my face through wave after wave.

The sensation, her throat convulsing, her squirt drenching me, her tongue still flicking my balls whenever she pulled back for air—pushed me past the point of no return.

"Fuck—Nala—I'm gonna... cum..."

I thrust up hard into her throat one last time. My cock pulsed, weaker than last night, but still desperate. Three thick ropes, maybe four—nothing like the endless floods from before, just heavy, hot spurts that filled her mouth instantly. She gulped loudly, swallowing every drop, throat working around me, milking me dry until I was shuddering and spent.

Nala finally popped off with a wet gasp, a thin strand of cum and spit connecting her lips to my softening cock. She licked it away, grinning, face flushed and glowing.

"Wow," she panted, wiping her chin. "This is the first time I've ever seen you cum this little. You really need to refuel."

Yeah... if only I had more Libido. I needed to level up fast. Or start spending credits on points.

Nala rolled off me with a satisfied sigh and stood. I stayed flat on my back, chest heaving, feeling like I'd been wrung out and left in the sun.

She leaned down, pressed a soft, lingering kiss to the very tip of my spent cock. It gave one last valiant twitch in greeting. She smirked.

"Poor baby," she whispered, then straightened and started dressing.

I watched, half-dead but still mesmerized. White silk blouse first—slowly buttoning it from the bottom, the fabric stretching tight across her tits until the last two buttons barely held. Then the charcoal pencil skirt, sliding it up her long legs, wiggling her hips to tug it over that perfect ass. She zipped it, turned once so the slit flashed thigh, and caught me staring.

"Show's over," she said, running fingers through her hair and twisting it into a messy bun that somehow looked expensive. "You've got twenty minutes."

"Yeah," I croaked, dragging myself upright. "Quick shower first."

"I'll have Minne start breakfast."

I grabbed fresh clothes, kissed her once more slow, lazy tongue, and stumbled out.

I headed for the common bathroom down the hall. Didn't want the one in our bedroom. The common one was bigger and had that one setting for the shower head.

The door was unlocked. Steam billowed out when I pushed it open.

Jasmine stood under the rainfall shower, eyes closed, shampoo foaming white down her back and over the curve of her ass. She heard me, cracked one eye, and grinned.

"Morning, stud."

"Morning. Hey, mind if I join?"

"You know the answer already."

I stripped fast, cock heavy but lifeless between my legs, and stepped in. Hot water hit my shoulders like heaven. Jasmine turned, suds sliding down her body, and pulled me under the spray with her.

Chapter 207: Chapter 207

She grabbed the body wash, squirted a generous amount into her palms, and started on my chest—slow circles, nails grazing my nipples, working lower. I returned the favor,

hands gliding over her slick tits, thumbs flicking the hard peaks, then down her stomach, between her thighs for a teasing second before moving to her back.

"So," she murmured, pressing closer until our bodies slid together, "I heard noises coming from your room this morning. Care to explain?"

I laughed against her neck. "Fucked Minne's thighs in those pink stockings. Then sixty-nined Nala until we both came. I'm running on fumes."

Jasmine splashed water at my face, laughing. "You absolute horny animal. That poor girl's never going to walk straight again."

"She asked for it," I said, catching her wrist and pulling her flush against me. Water cascaded over us. I kissed her—deep, hungry—and she kissed back just as hard, teeth nipping my bottom lip, hands sliding down to cup my ass.

We stayed like that a long minute, just making out under the spray, hands roaming, soap forgotten, bodies pressed tight. Eventually she broke away, breathless.

"If we keep going I'm bending over right here and you'll miss breakfast."

"Tempting," I groaned, "but I'm dead."

She turned off the water, grabbed a towel, and started drying me—slow strokes across my chest, down my abs, kneeling to towel off my thighs and cock with teasing little pats. I did the same for her, rubbing the towel over her tits until her nipples peaked again, down her back, squeezing her ass before wrapping it around her.

We stepped out, skin still steaming. She slipped into black lace panties first—bending over so I got the full view—then a matching bra that barely containing her. Stockings next, rolling them up those endless legs. I pulled on boxer-briefs, jeans, a simple black tee—nothing fancy, but the way she watched made me feel like I was dressing for a photoshoot.

Jasmine finished with a quick twist of her damp hair into a high ponytail, smacked my shoulders once, and winked.

"Ready, Magic Fingers?"

I stole one last kiss. "Eh, kinda."

We stepped out of the bathroom, steam trailing behind us like a bad decision.

Minne was already bustling around the dining table, hair still damp and curling at the ends from her own shower, wearing a simple white apron over a soft gray dress. The table looked like a five-star brunch had exploded: stacks of fluffy Belgian waffles

drowning in whipped cream and fresh berries, crispy bacon glistening with maple glaze, golden croissants still steaming, eggs benedict with perfectly runny yolks, smoked salmon roses on little toast points, fresh-squeezed orange juice in crystal pitchers, and a mountain of sliced fruit arranged like a damn rainbow.

I collapsed onto the couch, lit a cigarette, and took a long drag.

Tessa appeared out of nowhere, snatched it from my fingers, and crushed it in the ashtray.

"Hey," she said, hands on hips. "At least smoke after breakfast, sheesh."

"Aw..."

Kim dropped down beside me, stretched out like a cat, and laid her head on my chest. She scrolled on her phone, thumb flicking lazily.

"Morning," I said, glancing at the screen.

"Morning," she murmured. "What a night, huh?"

I chuckled. "I'm still dead."

"I bet you are."

She tilted her head up, eyes sparkling. "God, I wish I could've seen Guy's face when that video played. How bad was it?"

"Our baby-boy looked like he was having a stroke," I said, grinning. "Completely lost. Best day of my life."

"Deserved every second," Kim said darkly. "Bastard."

"Yeah. Can't believe someone can be that evil. Glad he's finally off our backs."

"For real." She stretched up and kissed me soft and slow. "No more drama."

"Don't jinx it," I warned, kissing her forehead.

"You're right, you're right."

My hand slid under her loose tank top, finding warm skin. I brushed my thumb over one nipple, slow circles, then pinched gently. She inhaled sharply, arching into my palm.

I rolled the hard little peak between my fingers, tugging just enough to make her squirm. "Like that?"

"Mm..." A soft moan slipped out, eyes fluttering. "You still got some fuel left?"

"Even if he does," Jasmine called from the table, "we're late. Hands off the merchandise, Marlowe."

"Breakfast's ready!" Minne announced, cheeks pink.

Kim laughed, stole one last kiss, and we moved to the table.

Everyone sat—Jasmine, Tessa, Kim, Nala, me. Minne stood politely, hands clasped, waiting.

Jasmine raised a brow. "Minne? You're not eating?"

"I always eat after," Minne said automatically. "You might want something while—"

"Shut up," Tessa interrupted, leaning over and yanking Minne into the empty chair beside her. "Sit."

"But—"

"Sit, girl," Kim added, smiling.

"A-alright... sorry."

"Sorry?" Tessa speared a chocolate-drizzled waffle. "No, I'm sorry for stealing the one with the most chocolate."

"Hey!" Nala's voice floated in as she finally appeared, hair perfect, blazer slung over one arm. "That was mine, you thief."

"Too bad, CEO. Be faster next time."

"Ugh."

We dug in. For a few minutes there was only the clink of silverware and happy little food noises.

Tessa stacked three waffles, drowned them in syrup, and moaned dramatically. "Minne, these are perfect."

Minne went scarlet. "M-Miss Tessa... thanks."

Kim stole a piece of bacon off my plate. I stole it back and held it over her head until she laughed and bit my fingers.

Jasmine leaned back, sipping coffee, watching us all like a satisfied queen. "This feels... weirdly normal."

"Normal is good," Nala said, snagging the last smoked-salmon rose. "Normal means nobody's trying to ruin our company today."

"Yet," I added.

Everyone groaned.

"Shut up, Evan," four voices said in unison.

Minne giggled—the softest, sweetest sound—and finally relaxed enough to pile fruit onto her plate.

Tessa nudged her with an elbow. "Eat, tiny. You earned it. We all heard you earning it."

Minne squeaked and hid behind a strawberry the size of her palm.

Kim reached over and ruffled Minne's damp hair. "Welcome to the chaos, babe."

I looked around the table—five beautiful, insane women laughing, stealing food, bickering, alive—and felt something settle warm in my chest.

Yeah. Normal was pretty fucking perfect.

♥◻♥◻♥◻

There she was again. That woman with the black umbrella. This time I was in the city, a neon-soaked nightmare, rain hammering down like bullets, every surface reflecting pink and violet signs. She stood across the street at the bus stop, umbrella tilted just enough to hide her face completely.

I stepped to the crosswalk. The light stayed red. One minute. Two. The rain blurred everything.

A bus hissed to a stop. People surged forward. She moved with them, swallowed by the crowd.

"Wait—" I muttered. "Hey, wait!"

I bolted into the street. A sedan swerved, horn blaring. I dodged, heart in my throat, but a motorcycle came out of nowhere—too fast, too close. The impact slammed into me like a freight train.

Then I jerked awake.

"Holy shit..."

Drool on my sleeve, arms numb from sleeping on them. I was slumped over my desk in the secretary station outside Nala's office. The dream clung to me like damp clothes. Same woman, same umbrella. Ever since the goddesses showed up, she kept appearing. Coincidence? I didn't believe in those anymore.

Footsteps. Marcus Hale strode off the elevator, clutching a thick folder stuffed to bursting—Phoenix Project docs, no doubt. The guy radiated stress and cheap cologne.

"Hey," he said, stopping at my desk. "Is Nala in?"

"Yep." I nodded at the folder. "Phoenix Project?"

"Yeah. Important." He was already moving.

"She's on a call right now," I called after him. "Might have to wait a couple minutes."

"It's urgent."

"I'll let her know, maybe—"

He was already marching past me. I grabbed the desk phone, hit the intercom, but the door to her office clicked shut behind him. Great. New guy gets ignored. Classic.

I exhaled, leaned back in my chair, and nearly jumped when Amelia appeared in front of me—sharp blazer, red hair pinned up, looking like she hadn't slept either.

"Evan." She gave me a tight smile. "Nala in?"

"Yep. Marcus just barged in."

Amelia sighed. "I need to talk to her too. It's..."

"Urgent?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah." She glanced toward the closed door, then lowered her voice. "We've got a mole."

I straightened. "A mole?"

"Someone inside the company is feeding confidential data to an outside competitor—schematics, financials, timelines, everything. Security flagged irregular access patterns two nights ago. Whoever it is has high-level credentials."

"Shit. Any suspects?"

"Not yet. Could be anyone with executive or R&D clearance. That's thirty-seven people, including Marcus, including me, including the board." She folded her arms. "We're locking down systems today. Nala needs to sign off on a full audit and temporary credential freeze."

"Phoenix Project files specifically?" I asked.

"Primarily. Whoever it is wants us dead in the water before launch."

"Damn..."

"I'll join Marcus. The more pressure we put on her at once, the faster we move."

"Be my guest," I said, gesturing toward the door.

She walked past me and disappeared into Nala's office without knocking.

I leaned back again, staring at the ceiling.

Chapter 208: Chapter 208

A mole, huh? Fuck. It couldn't be Sarah—she probably didn't even have that much clearance. So who was it? Marcus, maybe? Trying to throw us off by giving the news to Nala first so all the attention would land on him? Some reverse-psychology type of shit?

There were too many suspects. Hell, some people might even think it was me. Lucky for them, I had no clue what this Phoenix thing even was. I just knew it had something to do with AI and online protection... or something in that ballpark. I wasn't good with tech. I just used to play games a lot, that was it.

Man... the day I sold my consoles just to pay rent was fucking depressing. And now look at me. I could buy the latest model without it even making a dent in my wallet.

The system clearly agreed this was big.

NEW MAIN QUEST

=====

Title: Corporate Betrayal

Task: Find the mole in TechForge

Reward: +950 EXP, 1500c

Fifteen hundred credits. That was Ability Points, Mastery Points, Time Stops, whatever the hell I wanted. I accepted before I even finished reading.

- 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)
 - Main Quest Unlock (Bought)

=====

- Credits: 0c

Zero credits. If I could just finish this main quest, I'd be filthy rich. I was already planning what I'd do with all that money when my phone rang. Delilah was calling.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Evan," she purred. "Come over in an hour? We could... you know."

"Working. How about five hours?"

"Ivy will be home by then..."

I dropped my voice. "That's the fun part. Fucking you while your daughter's in the next room."

A soft moan on the line. "My God... you're evil."

"Five hours, Ms. Komb."

"See you soon, Mr. Marlowe."

She hung up, and I leaned back. I missed Delilah. It had been a while since I'd last seen her and tasted her pussy.

REPUTATION SYSTEM (LVL 11)

=====

VILLAIN  HERO

=====

Flirting with your friend's mother: -10

Ah, come on. Delilah and I were basically lovers. Everything between us was consensual, and she was the one who loved pushing the limits, even when her daughter was nearby. So why the hell would that count against me?

REPUTATION SYSTEM (LVL 11)

=====

VILLAIN  HERO

=====

Current Reputation: Bad

- More EXP gain when cheating
- Using degrading words during sex

boosts EXP gain.

Great. Villain path officially locked in.

Another buzz—Penelope this time.

I answered fast. "Hey."

"I'm gonna be quick," she said, no greeting. "I saw Mendy on her phone today. Searching your name on Instagram. She's been talking about you non-stop."

My brain short-circuited. "Oh?"

"She's falling for you, dumbass. Hard. So forget about that thing."

"That thing?"

"I showed you my tits at her house. Pretend it never happened. I'm not doing that to my best friend. If you want her, talk to her like a normal human. And you didn't hear this from me, or she'll actually murder me."

"I—this is sudden as hell."

"I know. If I were her I'd push you into traffic, but... it's Mendy. Big heart. Anyway, I'm out. Bye."

She hung up the call, and I stayed frozen with the phone still against my ear. God damn it. No more of Penelope's fake tits? I'd wanted one last go at them; fake or not, they were something else. And now Mendy was falling for me? She was the last person I ever expected to feel that way. She was pretty much perfect for everyone else—big-hearted, great personality, great body. And she'd been searching my name on Instagram, looking me up online? Shit, that definitely boosted my ego.

"Wow..." I muttered. "Mendy, huh?"

Nala stormed out of her office like a thundercloud, heels clicking sharp against the marble. She stopped right in front of my desk, eyes blazing.

"Cigarette, please."

I didn't argue. Pulled one from the pack, handed it over with my lighter. She took them without a word, spun on her heel, and marched back inside.

As she passed the threshold, she tapped something on the wall panel. The floor-to-ceiling glass walls instantly frosted over, shifting from crystal-clear to opaque black. Privacy mode engaged.

Amelia and Marcus emerged a second later, both looking like they'd aged five years in ten minutes. Amelia gave me a tight nod; Marcus didn't even glance my way. They disappeared toward the elevators without a word.

I waited a beat, then stood and walked to her door. Pushed it open and stepped inside.

Nala was behind her desk, hair now loose and a little wild from yanking out the bun, cigarette glowing between her fingers. Smoke curled toward the ceiling like a slow-motion explosion. She looked wrecked.

"A traitor, huh?" I said, closing the door softly behind me.

"Yup." She took a long drag, exhaled through her nose. "A fucking mole. Can't believe it. Guy would've had security drag the bastard out by the hair already. People were terrified of him."

I walked around the desk until I was right beside her chair.

"You're not Guy," I said quietly. "And that's exactly why you're going to crush this."

She gave a tired laugh. "Yeah?"

"You're smarter than he ever was. You actually give a damn about the people who work for you. That fear he used? It was cheap. Temporary. You build loyalty. Respect. That lasts."

I cupped her cheek, made her look at me.

"You're not just keeping his chair warm, Nala. You're building something better. And whoever this mole is? They're scared of you. That's why they're hiding in the dark, leaking scraps. Because they know when you find them, and you will, they're finished."

Her eyes softened, just a little.

I leaned down and kissed her. Slow, deep, tasting smoke and stress and the faint sweetness that was pure Nala. She kissed me back like she needed the air from my lungs.

When I pulled away, her shoulders had dropped a fraction.

I walked to the door, paused with my hand on the handle.

"You've got this," I said without turning. "And you've got us."

REPUTATION SYSTEM (LVL 11)

=====

VILLAIN  HERO

=====

Being there when they need you: +5

=====

She let out a small, tired laugh. I glanced back—she was smiling now, small but real, cigarette glowing as she waved with two fingers.

I waved back, stepped out, and closed the door behind me.

Back at my desk, I sat down, cracked my knuckles, and stared at the frosted glass.

"Fucking corporate bullshit..."

♥□♥□♥□

I raised my fist to knock, but the door eased open with a soft creak. Delilah pressed a finger to her lips, shushing me, eyes gleaming with wicked excitement. Behind her, Ivy was curled up on the couch, dead asleep, some cheesy family sitcom still playing on the TV.

I stepped inside, kicked the door shut with my heel, and grabbed Delilah by the waist. Our mouths crashed together, hungry and desperate. She moaned into the kiss, arms sliding around my neck as I walked us backward into the kitchen, keeping the couch, and Ivy, in plain sight.

"I fucking missed you, Delilah," I growled against her lips.

"Oh, fuck yes," she breathed, voice already shaking. "My pussy's been aching for your cock every single night."

I spun her around, bent her over the kitchen counter, and yanked her hot-pink yoga pants down in one rough pull. No panties. Her perfect ass and dripping pussy were right there, begging.

I dropped to my knees, spread her cheeks wide, and dragged my tongue up her slit in one long, filthy lick. She was soaked instantly, coating my lips, my chin.

"Fuck, Evan—" she whimpered, slapping a hand over her mouth to muffle the sound. "Lick me just like that... eat my pussy while my daughter's right there."

I groaned against her folds, tongue plunging inside, curling, tasting how sweet and desperate she was. She pushed back, grinding on my face, thighs trembling.

"God, yes... tongue-fuck me..."

My cock stirred, slow, sluggish, still drained from the marathon with the girls. But the danger, Ivy's soft breathing ten feet away, the TV laugh track masking Delilah's stifled moans, lit something primal in me. Blood started rushing south again.

I moved higher, tongue circling her tight little asshole, pressing inside. She jolted, a choked cry escaping despite her hand.

"Oh my God—yes—lick my ass, baby... get it nice and wet for that big cock..."

I kept devouring her, alternating between deep thrusts into her pussy and slow, filthy rimming, spreading her wider with every lick. Her legs shook harder, juices dripping down my chin, onto the floor.

My cock throbbed now, half-hard and climbing fast, the risk fueling me like gasoline on a fire.

Delilah reached back, fingers tangling in my hair, pulling me deeper.

"Don't stop... please don't stop... make me cum with my daughter right there..."

I kept my tongue buried deep in her ass, swirling slow, filthy circles while two fingers plunged into her dripping pussy, curling hard against that ridged spot that made her entire body jerk. Delilah's legs trembled violently, her hand clamped so tight over her mouth I could see the veins standing out on her wrist. The kitchen smelled like sex and danger, the TV laugh track mocking how close we were to getting caught.

"Fuck, Evan... right there... eat my ass like the dirty little secret you are," she hissed through her fingers, voice ragged and desperate. "Lick it deeper—make me your nasty fucking whore while my daughter's right there."

Nasty fucking whore? Delilah was getting into it, I could tell.

Chapter 209: Chapter 209

Her walls clenched around my fingers like a vice, fresh wetness pouring down my hand. I pulled my tongue from her ass with a wet pop, dragged it down, and sucked her swollen clit into my mouth, flicking it fast and merciless. That broke her. Her whole body seized, thighs clamping around my head like she wanted to crush me. A muffled scream vibrated against her palm as her pussy spasmed and squirted in hot, messy pulses, drenching my chin, my neck, the floor tiles beneath us.

I didn't give her a second to breathe. I shot to my feet, spun her around, and crushed my mouth to hers so she could taste everything—her pussy, her ass, pure depravity. She moaned into the kiss, tongue fighting mine, hands clawing at my belt like she was starving.

My cock was finally, painfully hard again. The danger of Ivy sleeping ten feet away had turned my exhausted body into a live wire. I shoved my pants down just enough to free myself, grabbed Delilah by the hips, and lifted her onto the counter. Her legs wrapped around my waist instantly, heels digging into my back.

"Put it in me," she begged against my lips, voice shaking. "I need that big fucking cock stretching me right now—please—"

I lined up and slammed home in one brutal thrust. She was so wet there was almost no resistance—just tight, molten heat swallowing every inch until my balls pressed against her. We both groaned, foreheads pressed together, breathing each other's air.

"Quiet," I growled, starting to move. Slow, deep, grinding strokes that dragged along every nerve inside her. Her eyes rolled back, mouth open in a silent scream.

Delilah bit her lip hard enough to leave marks. "Fuck me... fuck me while my daughter's right there... make me your quiet little slut."

I hooked my fingers into the neckline of her loose tank top and yanked it down. Her heavy, swollen tits spilled out.

"Shit, look at these," I rasped, palming one roughly, feeling how full and sensitive they were. "So fucking heavy already. Can't wait till they're dripping with milk."

I leaned in, sucked a nipple into my mouth hard, teeth grazing the peak. Delilah arched, a strangled whimper escaping as I flicked my tongue over it again and again, tasting the faint salt of her skin.

"One day soon," I whispered against her wet nipple, "I'm gonna drink straight from these fat pregnant tits while I fuck you senseless."

She shuddered violently, pussy clenching around my cock like a fist. "Fuck, yes, suck them harder—mark me while she sleeps—"

I switched to the other breast, biting down just enough to make her gasp, then soothing it with long, wet licks. Her hips started rolling on their own, grinding down to meet every thrust. I picked up speed, hips snapping hard enough that her ass slapped against the cabinets. Plates rattled in the cupboards, the sound barely covered by the TV.

I angled higher, pounding that spot again and again, and her second orgasm hit like a freight train—harder than the first. Her pussy clamped down so tight I saw stars, nails raking bloody lines down my back as she buried her face in my neck to muffle the scream. Her whole body convulsed, juices squirting around my cock with every brutal thrust, soaking my balls and the counter beneath us.

I was lost in it—lost in the wet heat, the danger, the way she was falling apart on my dick while her tits bounced against my chest, still glistening from my mouth—when we heard it.

"Mom...?"

Ivy's sleepy voice, thick and confused. The couch creaked.

Delilah's eyes flew wide open, panic and lust crashing together in a single electric second.

I didn't think. I just moved.

I grabbed her wrist, yanked her off the counter, and dropped us both to the kitchen floor quickly. My back hit the cold tile hard enough to knock the air from my lungs; Delilah landed straddling me, my cock never leaving her pussy. She gasped, hands slapping over her mouth again as I pulled her down flush against my chest, shielding her with my body.

Ivy sat up on the couch, rubbing her eyes, hair a wild mess, blinking in the dim glow from the TV.

"Mom...?" she mumbled again, voice small and groggy.

Delilah's pussy clenched around me in pure terror and thrill. I could feel her heartbeat hammering against my ribs, her breath coming in tiny panicked puffs.

Ivy yawned huge, looked around blearily for a few seconds, then flopped back down with a little whine. Within moments her breathing evened out again, soft and regular.

The second she was out, the animal took over.

I grabbed Delilah's hips with both hands—hard enough to bruise—and started thrusting up into her with everything I had. Punishing, desperate strokes that lifted her whole body off the floor with every snap. She rode the momentum, grinding down to meet fiercely, both of us chasing silence and release like our lives depended on it.

"Look at you," I whispered viciously against her ear, voice barely sound. "Dripping all over my cock while your daughter sleeps ten feet away. You love this, don't you? Love being a filthy, risk-addicted mommy who can't get enough of my dick."

"Yes—God, yes—" she whimpered, tears of overstimulation in her eyes. "Use me... fuck me raw... make me cum again with her right there... I'm your dirty little secret, Evan—please—"

I slammed up harder, one hand clamped tight over her mouth, the other bruising her hip. Her eyes rolled back completely, pussy fluttering wildly around me like it was trying to suck my soul out.

I wasn't done with her yet.

I slid my free hand down the sweat-slick curve of her back, fingers tracing the cleft of her ass until I found that tight little hole. I pressed one finger against it, slow circles, teasing.

Delilah's entire body jolted. A muffled, desperate whine vibrated against my palm.

"You want it here too, don't you?" I growled into her ear, voice barely a breath. "Want me to finger-fuck this perfect ass while I breed your pregnant pussy right under your daughter's nose."

She nodded frantically, eyes wide and glassy with lust and terror. I pushed in—one knuckle, then two—slow, relentless. Her ass clenched around my finger like it was starving, and her pussy spasmed so hard I almost lost it right there.

I added a second finger, scissoring gently, stretching her while I kept pounding up into her cunt. The double penetration made her shake like she was breaking apart. I could feel every flutter, every squeeze, every drop of slick that leaked out around my cock and down my balls.

"Fuck, you're so tight back here," I rasped. "Can't wait till these tits are heavy with milk and I'm drinking straight from them while I ruin both your holes."

I released her mouth just long enough to yank her tank top lower and latch onto one swollen nipple. I sucked hard—harder than before—tongue flicking, teeth grazing, imagining the sweet flood that would come in a few months. Delilah's back arched so violently she nearly lifted off my cock.

"Yes—yes—suck my tits, baby," she whimpered, voice cracking. "When they're full I'm gonna feed you every drop while you fuck me senseless—gonna let you drink from Mommy while you breed me again—"

That did it.

Her third orgasm hit like a bomb. She went rigid, pussy and ass clamping down in perfect, brutal unison, a silent scream tearing from her throat as she came harder than I'd ever felt. Juices flooded out of her, soaking my cock, my balls, the tile, everything in a hot, endless rush.

The feeling of her milking me in both holes, the filthy promise of her future milk still on my tongue; it snapped the last thread of control I had.

I thrust up one final time and buried myself to the hilt, cock pulsing as I unloaded. It wasn't the endless flood from the orgy—my tanks were still wrecked—but it was thick, hot, and felt like it would never stop. One, two, three, four, five heavy ropes painted her insides, each spurt making Delilah shudder and clench anew, milking me dry until I was jerking helplessly beneath her, vision whiting out.

We stayed like that—her trembling on top of me, my cock still twitching deep inside, both of us panting into each other's necks—until the world came back into focus. The TV laughed. Ivy snored softly. The kitchen smelled like sex and utter ruin.

Delilah finally lifted her head, eyes glassy, lips swollen and red. She kissed me slow and deep, tasting both of us, smoke and sin and satisfaction.

REPUTATION SYSTEM (LVL 11)

=====

VILLAIN:  HERO

=====

Betraying your friend: -15

"You're going to hell," she whispered, smiling against my mouth.

"Taking you with me," I whispered back, voice hoarse.

She laughed, breathless and wrecked, and rested her forehead against mine.

We were so fucked. And I'd never felt more alive.

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Delilah

EXP Gained: +197

Reputation-Bad Bonus: +20

Star Rating: 4.5 ★★★★★

Reason: -

Chapter 210: Chapter 210

Delilah slowly lifted off me, thighs trembling. The second my cock slipped free a thick river of cum started to drip down her leg. She slapped her hand between her thighs, cupping her pussy tight, fingers already slick.

"Shit," she whispered, laughing under her breath. "You really filled me up."

I pushed myself up on my elbows, eyes flicking to the couch. Ivy was still out cold, one arm dangling off the edge, soft little snores mixing with the TV. Safe.

I stood, tucked myself away, and offered Delilah my hand. "Come on. Shower."

Her eyes went wide. "Are you insane?"

I stepped close, cupped one heavy, bare breast, and rolled her nipple between my fingers until she shivered. "Come on, Delilah," I murmured, voice low. "It'll be fun. I'll wash every inch of you... and you can keep all that cum plugged inside while the water runs down these perfect tits."

She bit her lip, glanced at the hallway, then at sleeping Ivy. Common sense and lust had a quick wrestling match behind her eyes.

Lust won.

"You're the devil," she hissed, but she was already nodding.

We moved like thieves, Delilah waddling slightly with her hand still wedged between her legs, me right behind her, one hand on her hip to guide. We slipped down the short hallway and into the bathroom. She eased the door shut and twisted the lock with a soft click.

Clothes hit the floor fast: her tank top, my shirt, pants, everything in a careless pile. The shower was one of those big rainfall ones. Delilah turned the knob and hot water poured down from the ceiling like a summer storm.

She stepped in first, water instantly plastering her hair to her back, running in rivers over her swollen tits. I then followed, pulling the glass door closed behind us.

The second we were under the spray she was on me, mouth crashing into mine, hands everywhere. I pushed her gently against the tiled wall, kissing her deep and dirty, tasting the faint salt of sweat and sex. Water pounded down on us, steam filling the air.

My hands slid over her slick skin, cupping her tits, thumbs flicking her nipples until she moaned into my mouth. She reached down, wrapped her fingers around my half-hard cock, stroking slow and possessive.

"Still not done with me?" she whispered, lips brushing mine.

"Not even close," I growled, and pulled her tighter under the water.

The water poured down on us like liquid heat, steam curling thick around our bodies. Delilah's back was pressed to the cool tile wall, one leg hooked high around my waist, her slick tits crushed against my chest. My cock, already half-hard from the danger and the sight of her pregnant curves, had surged back to full attention the second the hot water hit it.

I pinned her wrists above her head with one hand and used the other to guide myself to her entrance. She was still swollen and dripping from earlier, cum and her own juices mixing with the shower water. One slow push and I slid inside her like I belonged there, stretching that perfect, greedy cunt again.

"Fuck," she gasped, head falling back against the tile, water streaming down her throat and over her heavy breasts. "You feel so good every time."

I pulled out slow, then slammed back in, hard enough that her whole body jolted. Water splashed everywhere.

"Quiet," I growled against her ear, biting the lobe. "Unless you want Ivy to hear her mommy getting fucked silly."

She whimpered, nails digging into my shoulders. I set a brutal rhythm, hips snapping, cock driving deep with every thrust. The wet slap of skin on skin mixed with the rainfall

shower, loud in the enclosed space. Delilah's tits bounced with every impact, nipples hard and dark, begging for my mouth.

I released her wrists and dropped my head, sucking one into my mouth hard, teeth grazing, tongue flicking. She arched into me, a choked moan slipping out before she bit her lip bloody.

"God, your tits are fucking perfect," I rasped, switching to the other nipple, biting just hard enough to make her cry out.

Delilah's cunt clenched so hard around me I saw stars. "Yes, yes, drink my milk, baby, drink it while you fuck me, fill me up over and over—"

I hooked both her legs around my waist and lifted her completely off the ground, pinning her to the wall with my body weight. The angle let me go deeper, harder, the head of my cock kissing her cervix with every thrust. She was sobbing into my shoulder now, trying so hard to stay quiet, her whole body shaking.

I slid one hand between us and found her clit, rubbing tight, fast circles. That did it. Her first orgasm crashed through her like a tidal wave, pussy spasming, squirting hard around my cock, mixing with the shower water and running down my balls. She buried her face in my neck to muffle the scream, nails raking bloody lines down my back.

I didn't stop. Couldn't stop.

I turned her around, pressed her front to the tile, and kicked her legs wider. Water poured down her spine, over the curve of her ass, dripping off her swollen pussy lips. I lined up and slammed back in from behind, one hand fisted in her wet hair, the other gripping her hip hard enough to bruise.

"Look at you," I snarled, pounding into her so hard her tits slapped against the wall. "Taking my cock like a desperate little breeding slut while your daughter's just down the hall."

She pushed back against me, meeting every thrust, moaning brokenly. "Harder, fuck me harder, I need it—"

I reached around and pinched her clit, rolling it between my fingers. Her second orgasm hit almost immediately, harder than the first, her whole body locking up, pussy milking me so tight I had to grit my teeth to keep from coming right then.

That's when the knock came.

Three soft taps on the bathroom door.

Delilah froze, eyes flying wide.

Another knock, then Ivy's sleepy voice. "Mom...?"

I didn't stop moving. I slowed to a torturous grind, rolling my hips so my cock dragged along every sensitive inch inside her.

Delilah's breath hitched. She tried to answer, but I thrust deep and she choked on the word.

"I—I'm in the shower, baby," she finally managed, voice shaking as I kept that slow, relentless rhythm. "Everything okay?"

I leaned in, lips against her ear. "Keep talking," I whispered, sliding one hand up to cup her breast, pinching the nipple hard. "Tell her you're fine while I fuck you."

Delilah moaned quietly. "W-what happened, sweetie?"

Ivy's voice came again, closer now, right outside the door.

"Hey, uh, did Evan ever fix your keyboard? The spacebar's still sticking and I have that paper due tomorrow."

Delilah's pussy clenched around me involuntarily, a hot, reflexive spasm. I smirked against her neck and started moving again, slow, deep strokes that dragged along every sensitive inch inside her.

"N-no, baby," Delilah managed, voice cracking as I thrust particularly hard. "He—he's... ah... he's 'cumming' by later to look at it. Again."

I reached down and rubbed her clit in tight, merciless circles. Her knees nearly buckled.

"You sure you're okay?" Ivy asked, concern creeping in. "You sound out of breath. And what's for dinner? I'm starving."

"I'm f-fine," Delilah gasped, slapping a hand over her mouth as I slammed in deep and held, grinding slow and filthy against her cervix. "Just—just the water's really hot, sweetie. Dinner's... mmph... lasagna. It's in the fridge, just needs the oven."

I pulled almost all the way out and spanked her ass, hard. The wet crack echoed off the tiles.

Ivy paused. "What was that?"

Delilah jolted, pussy fluttering wildly. "Dropped the shampoo bottle," she blurted, voice shaking as I spanked her again, harder, watching her ass ripple under the water. "Big plastic one. Clumsy today."

Another spank, sharp and loud. Delilah bit down on her own forearm to keep from moaning.

"You sure?" Ivy sounded suspicious now. "It didn't sound like plastic."

"Positive," Delilah panted. I spanked her twice in quick succession, the slaps ringing out loud and clear. "It's—it's fine, honey. Go preheat the oven to three-seventy-five, okay? I'll be out in five."

I leaned in, lips against her ear. "Good girl," I whispered, spanking her again, leaving a perfect red handprint blooming on her pale skin. "Lying so pretty while I wreck your pregnant little pussy."

Delilah's eyes rolled back, tears mixing with the shower spray.

"Okay..." Ivy said slowly. "Don't drown in there. Love you."

"Love you too, baby," Delilah called, voice breaking on the last word as I slammed into her again.

Footsteps padded away.

The second the hallway was silent, I lost every shred of control.

I grabbed Delilah's hips with both hands and fucked her like an animal, hard, fast, punishing thrusts that lifted her clean onto her toes. Water sheeted off us, the glass fogged solid. She came instantly, her third orgasm of the shower ripping through her without mercy, pussy clamping down so hard I couldn't have pulled out if I wanted to. A silent scream tore from her throat as she squirted again, juices mixing with the water and running down both our legs.

"Fuck, take it," I snarled, burying myself to the hilt and unloading. "I'm gonna cum. I'M GONNA FUCKING..."

Two weak, tired pulses leaked out of me, barely enough to coat her walls before my cock started softening inside her. It was all I had left in the tank, just a pathetic dribble compared to what I usually gave her.

Delilah glanced down between us, watching the thin trickle slide out and wash away instantly under the shower.

"Wow," she breathed, half-laughing, half-amazed. "You even get soft on me now."

I exhaled, resting my forehead against hers. "Yesterday was... a lot. Six girls. Nine, ten times. I lost count. My balls are officially on strike."

"Six?" She raised an eyebrow, then smirked. "That explains why it took you forever to get hard and why you came like a sad little teaspoon."

"Yup. Sorry."