

The Heart System #Chapter 21 - Read The Heart System

Chapter 21

Chapter 21: Chapter 21

Jasmine was down on all fours, ass up, back arched like a perfect curve. Her hair spilled around her face, her breath already ragged against the sheets. On top of her, Tessa stood tall on the mattress, legs spread, her cunt glistening just inches from my mouth.

I lined up behind Jasmine and pushed in, slow at first, my cock sliding into her soaked pussy with a slick, sinful sound. She moaned into the pillow, her hips pushing back to take me deeper.

"God, Jasmine," I groaned, gripping her hips tight. "You're so fucking tight."

"Mm—fuck yes, Evan! Harder!" Jasmine whimpered, rocking her ass back into me.

Above her, Tessa tilted her head back with a grin, grinding her dripping pussy against my face. "Eat me, Evan. Lick me like you're starving."

I buried my face into her cunt, licking deep, swirling my tongue around her clit. She gasped and grabbed my hair, forcing me tighter against her.

My hips slammed into Jasmine, faster now, the sound of my cock driving into her echoing through the room. "You're both fucking perfect," I panted, pulling back just enough to say it.

My dick was wet with Sensual Oil... I'd get the penalty again, but whatever. The pleasure was enough for me.

Jasmine's moans turned into high-pitched cries as she bucked against me, the oil doing its magic, her pussy squeezing my cock with every thrust.

"Shit—he's making me cum again!" Jasmine cried, her whole body trembling under Tessa.

"Good," Tessa moaned above, rubbing herself against my mouth. "Don't you dare stop, Evan. Make her scream while you drink me dry."

I pressed my tongue flat against her clit, flicking fast as I hammered into Jasmine harder, harder—each thrust jarring through her body.

"Fuck! Fuck, I'm—ahh!" Jasmine's legs shook violently as she screamed, cumming hard around my cock, her pussy clamping down so tight I almost lost it right there.

The taste of Tessa's wetness filled my mouth as she shuddered above me. I sucked on her clit, and the moment she let out a ragged scream, my body gave in.

"Fuck—I'm cumming!" I groaned against her cunt, slamming forward one last time into Jasmine. My balls tightened and then emptied, shot after shot spilling inside the condom as I ground my hips into her. I pushed again, slower this time, making sure every last drop filled the rubber before finally pulling out.

Panting, I leaned back on my heels, looking down at my slick cock glistening with oil and cum. I rolled the condom off carefully, tossing it aside, still catching my breath.

"Holy... fuck," I muttered, staring at the mess we'd made of the bed.

Jasmine stayed on all fours in the middle of Tessa's spread-out legs, her ass still glistening from the mess I'd left, while Tessa perched on top of her like a queen, her pussy open and wet, right above Jasmine's body.

Tessa reached back with both hands, spreading her folds, letting me see every slick inch.

The sight made my cock twitch back to life. I leaned in and pressed a hot kiss against Tessa's ass cheek, my tongue grazing her skin before I pulled back just enough to land a sharp spank across Jasmine's ass. She gasped, her body jerking forward.

I grinned, then finally collapsed onto the bed with them, chest heaving, sweat cooling on my skin.

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Threesome

EXP Gained: +19

Star Rating: 1.9 ★

Reason: Performance Assist Detected

Hey, at least I got EXP from that. That was good.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 2

EXP: 74 / 179

Jasmine rolled to my right, hair sticking to her damp cheeks, while Tessa curled into my left. They both lifted their legs and draped them over mine, closing me in, their warm thighs brushing against my cock and making it twitch painfully.

Jasmine reached down lazily, her fingertips tracing along my tip, teasing circles that made me suck in a breath. On the other side, Tessa cupped my balls with a playful squeeze, rolling them gently in her palm. My hips jerked without meaning to, and they both giggled.

"Fuck, I came too much again," Tessa groaned, her voice still shaky with leftover pleasure. "I might lose some brain cells from this much cumming."

Jasmine gave a lazy nod, her lips curling. "Yes. You and me both. He's... something else."

"I'm glad you introduced me to him," Tessa said. "I wouldn't forgive you if you hid this diamond from me."

Jasmine smirked, eyes half-lidded as her hand kept stroking my cock. "Just don't let the others know about him. Or they'll wanna get a piece of our little magician here too."

I chuckled. "Hey, I wouldn't mind more girls."

"Of course you wouldn't," Tessa muttered, her fingers tightening around my balls just enough to make me flinch. "You fucking pervert."

"Aw, sorry," I said with a crooked grin, even though the shiver running through me betrayed how much I loved it.

EVENT

Jasmine's Interest +5

Good, some interest points.

EVENT

Tessa's Interest +5

While I was distracted staring at the system screen, Jasmine slid closer and started grinding her thigh against my cock, her smooth skin stroking the length like she was trying to milk me dry. At the same time, Tessa's hand stayed busy on my balls, rolling and squeezing them with playful cruelty.

Damn. These two were absolute monsters.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

Jasmine: Interest: 12 / 20

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 15 / 20

Progress:

★☆☆☆☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★☆☆☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★☆☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

Select a woman to track progress.

Five more points with Tessa... then what? A fat pile of credits? Some other reward? Either way, I wasn't saying no. EXP was nice, but ability points and credits could change my life.

Sexual Activity Task Available

Title: The Wall

Task: Make Jasmine and Tessa kiss each other

while your cock is pressed between their lips.

Reward: +1 Ability Point

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

Fuck yes. An Ability Point—the one thing I needed most. But the task was brutal. How the hell was I supposed to convince two girls to kiss each other with my dick between their mouths? If I pushed too hard, I could lose interest points. The smart move was to ignore it... but I couldn't.

The second I even thought of pressing Yes, the choice locked in on its own. The quest slid into my list. No backing out now.

I cleared my throat. "Uh, hey—can I ask you two for a favor? Might sound weird, so don't hate me if it does. I've always kinda wanted to try something... different."

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Both Jasmine and Tessa looked at me, curious. I rubbed the back of my neck and get off the bed, trying not to grin like an idiot. "It's like—if you two kissed, but with my cock in between your lips. Just for a few seconds. If it's too much, we don't have to. Seriously. I'll shut up."

Jasmine blinked, then laughed. Tessa followed right after, shaking her head like I'd just told the world's dirtiest joke.

"Well," Jasmine said with a sly smile, "after making us cum like that, this is the least we could do for you."

My cock twitched at her words. They both slid off the bed, moving with lazy, sultry steps, and knelt on either side of me. My dick was standing tall, throbbing, slick from the Sensual Oil and still glistening with their juices. Jasmine leaned in from the right, Tessa from the left, their breaths hot against my shaft as they pressed their lips together—my cock trapped between their mouths.

The kiss started soft, their tongues brushing as they tasted each other, but every time their lips shifted, they dragged across my cock. Precum smeared on both their mouths, and Jasmine was the first to dart her tongue out, licking the bead right off Tessa's bottom lip before swallowing it.

"Mm," Jasmine hummed, going back for another kiss.

Tessa moaned into her, sliding a hand up Jasmine's cheek while the other stroked my balls. Their lips sucked and smacked, their tongues tangling as they kissed around my cock like it was part of the game. Every grind of their mouths sent sparks up my spine.

Jasmine moaned as she sucked the precum off the side of my shaft, then dove back into Tessa's lips, trading spit mixed with my taste. Tessa, not to be outdone, dragged her tongue from my base all the way up to the tip before pulling Jasmine into another sloppy kiss right over the head. Their moans vibrated against me, their mouths hot, wet, shameless.

By the time they finally pulled apart, my thighs were shaking from the effort of holding back. Jasmine's lips were shiny and swollen, her face flushed, and she looked up at me like she knew exactly what she'd done.

I tried to breathe steady, but my cock throbbed, angry and wet, standing like it was begging for mercy. Jasmine smirked, and before I could even form a word, she wrapped those slick lips around my tip.

"F-fuck!" I groaned, grabbing at the sheets as her warm mouth swallowed me down.

Tessa wasn't about to sit out either—she leaned in underneath, her tongue dragging over my balls, sucking one into her mouth as Jasmine bobbed her head, sloppy and eager.

"Holy shit, holy shit..." My hips jerked on their own, and Jasmine only moaned around my cock, the vibration shooting straight up my spine.

I was already teetering on the edge from that kissing game, and now? I didn't last another second. With a strangled groan, I spilled into her mouth—hot, thick, endless ropes of cum shooting down her throat.

Jasmine stayed put, swallowing greedily, her throat working around me, and every time I thought I was empty, she kept sucking, pulling more and more out until my balls ached. Tessa licked me clean from below, lapping at the mess, while Jasmine refused to stop until I was completely dry.

When she finally pulled off with a wet pop, strands of cum clung to her lips and chin. I collapsed back onto the bed, chest heaving, every muscle loose from the release.

"Jesus Christ..." I muttered, dazed.

Jasmine knelt back, her mouth dripping with my load. Then, with a teasing little smile, she tilted her head up, swallowed it all in one long gulp, and opened her mouth wide to show me it was gone.

My cock twitched uselessly at the sight.

My head sank into the pillow, chest still rising and falling like I'd just sprinted a mile. Every nerve in my body buzzed, my cock limp but twitching against my thigh.

Jasmine wiped her lips with the back of her hand, then smirked as if she hadn't just swallowed half my soul. "Okay..." she breathed out, cheeks still pink. "After that, I definitely need a shower."

I let out a laugh, weak and hoarse. "Yeah... no argument there."

She smiled, her ass swaying on the way to the bathroom, leaving me sprawled between the sheets.

Tessa stayed behind, resting her chin on my chest and trailing a finger down my stomach. "You should see yourself right now. Totally ruined."

"Mm," I muttered, eyes half-shut, still trying to recover. "I... uh, I should head out soon. Need to crash early. Big day tomorrow."

From the bathroom, Jasmine's voice carried over the sound of running water. "Gas station again?"

"Nope. Got hired as a masseur. Place downtown—Velouria Retreat. High-end stuff."

That perked Tessa right up. Her eyes lit like I'd just told her I won the lottery. "I fucking knew it. Magic fingers. You'll do fantastic there."

I chuckled, finally sitting up and grabbing my clothes. "Hope so. Beats scanning cigarettes, at least."

Tessa leaned in and gave me a soft kiss, her lips still tasting faintly of Jasmine. "Go make some rich women moan for money, yeah?"

I smirked. "That's the plan."

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Threesome

EXP Gained: +9

Star Rating: 1.3 ★

Reason: Performance Assist Detected

—

New job. New me. After handing in my resignation at the gas station, I was already working at Velouria Retreat just a few days later.

Oh, and that no masturbation quest? Done and dusted. Finally.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 2

EXP: 113 / 179

Susan had noticed my "performance dip" whenever I got assigned male clients—yeah, no shit—so with Kelin's recommendation, god bless that woman, she decided I'd only handle women from then on. My tips? Huge. Of course, half of it went straight into Susan's pocket thanks to some bullshit fine print in the contract, but even fifty percent of what these rich ladies gave me was more than I'd ever seen before.

Didn't matter. I was making real money for once.

SHOP

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)
- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)

Credits: 75c

Select item to purchase.

I opened the door to massage room #14. The air inside was warm, dim, smelling faintly of lavender and sandalwood. On the padded table lay a woman, already prepped with towels covering her chest and hips.

"Hello," I said softly, shutting the door behind me. "Sorry for the wait, ma'am."

She turned her head slightly. At least forty, maybe forty-five, but goddamn—she looked barely mid-thirties. Smooth skin, sharp cheekbones, full lips glossed pink, and those tits under the towel were clearly massive. Not one of the old hags I always got. Finally, someone I wanted to fuck.

"It's okay," she said calmly. "Are you the one they call Magic Fingers?"

I chuckled as I cracked open a fresh bottle of Sensual Massage Oil—burned thirty credits on two bottles earlier, worth every coin.

"I don't call myself that," I said, pouring the slick liquid into my palm. "Rumors have a way of spreading, though."

She gave me one last assessing look before closing her eyes again. "My shoulders are killing me. Focus on that area first."

"As you wish."

I spread the oil over her bare shoulders, pressing my thumbs into the muscles. The towel over her chest slipped slightly as she exhaled, but she didn't bother fixing it.

Almost immediately, she moaned. Low, surprised. Her eyes shot open, locking onto mine.

"Did that hurt?" I asked innocently, though I knew exactly what caused that reaction. "I can get another masseur if you'd like."

Her lips tightened. "No. You may stay."

I smirked. "Of course, ma'am."

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I kept working her shoulders, slow and firm, letting the oil seep into her skin. Her breathing deepened, chest rising and falling heavier, beads of sweat forming at her temple. My cock stirred just from watching her body soften under my hands.

I leaned closer to her ear, my voice dropping. "Should I move on to the lower parts, ma'am?"

Her stern gaze wavered, flicking down to my crotch. My erection strained against my pants, obvious, throbbing. She hesitated, then nodded once.

"I need you to tell me," I whispered, leaning in so close my bulge nearly brushed her cheek. "And 'please' wouldn't hurt either."

She bit her lip. "P-please... go lower."

That was all I needed. I shifted down her body, pouring more oil onto her thighs and working it in, kneading the soft meat. She trembled under my touch, little gasps slipping out despite herself.

Her abs clenched as I moved up to her stomach, fingers gliding just beneath the edge of the towel.

"If we lose the towels," I said, my tone playful but firm, "it'd be easier for me to do a proper massage, ma'am."

For a second, she resisted. Then, with the oil already dragging her nerves into bliss, she gave in. She parted her legs slightly. I slid the towel off her hips and set it aside.

Fuck. Pink, swollen, perfect. A neat triangle of trimmed hair crowned her mound, giving her that classy, mature edge. Normally I wasn't into hair, but on her? It just worked.

"You look tense, ma'am," I said, hands dripping with oil. "May I... indulge you with my special massage?"

She didn't speak, just gave the faintest nod. That was all the permission I needed.

I slid my palms down from her shoulders, trailing the slick warmth over the curve of her chest. My thumbs brushed the sides of her nipples under the towel, teasing just enough to make her gasp. "Sensitive, aren't you?" I murmured.

Her answer was a quiet exhale. I tugged the towel down and let it fall away, revealing her breasts—full, heavy, perfectly shaped. My hands grabbed them, kneading firmly, rolling her nipples between slick fingers. She arched into it, lips parting in a husky moan.

"Fuck, that's good," she whispered, surprising herself.

"That's just the start." I bent and flicked my tongue across one nipple while squeezing the other. Oil dripped down her stomach, sliding to the towel at her hips.

My hand followed the trail lower, pressing into her belly, slow circles, letting the anticipation build. She trembled under me. Then I reached the edge of her pussy. My fingers brushed her trimmed patch of hair, pinching gently, tugging until she gasped out loud.

"Y-you're... teasing me," she breathed.

"Exactly." I smirked, letting the hair slip from my grip. Her pussy... just looking at it made my cock pulse.

I didn't touch it yet. Instead, I went down to her foot, grabbing her ankle and lifting it. "Every part of you deserves attention," I said, massaging the arch, rubbing oil between her toes. She bit her lip, trying not to moan, but her hips shifted on the table.

She gave a shaky laugh. "You're... insane."

"Mm. Maybe. But you're enjoying it."

I moved back up, hand gliding over her calf, thigh, and finally, I pressed my palm against her bare mound. She jolted. I circled a finger over her clit, gentle at first, then harder as her hips bucked against me.

"God... yes..." she groaned, grabbing the edges of the massage table.

I slid one finger into her, curling it. The oil made it glide so easily she was dripping down my knuckles in seconds. Another finger joined, pumping faster, scissoring her open.

"Ohhh—fuck!" She arched, moaning loud.

Her pussy clenched hard, soaking my fingers as she came once, then again almost immediately when I pressed deeper.

"That's two," I whispered in her ear, fingers still moving. "Think you can handle more?"

She gasped, nodding frantically, sweat beading on her forehead.

I made her cum three, four, five times just on my fingers. Her thighs were shaking, juices running down to the towel under her, but I didn't stop. The oil amplified everything, making her hypersensitive, making her lose control. By the tenth orgasm she was begging—voice hoarse, chest rising and falling fast.

"P-please... please, fuck me."

That was all I needed. I dropped my pants, my cock already hard and shining with pre-cum. I spread more oil on it, stroking once, twice, before lining up at her soaked entrance.

She looked down, eyes wide at the sight of me. "Oh, god..."

"Relax, ma'am," I said, pressing the head inside. "This is the real special massage."

Holding her legs on my shoulders while she was still on the table, I pushed in deep, burying myself to the hilt in one stroke. She screamed into her hand, her pussy squeezing me so hard I almost lost it immediately.

"That's it," I groaned. "Take it all."

I set a rhythm—slow at first, then harder, my hips slapping against her ass as the table creaked. Her tits bounced with every thrust, and I grabbed them, kneading as I fucked her. She came again, clenching around me so tight I almost buckled.

"F-fuck, I can't... I'm losing count," she cried, tears at the corners of her eyes from sheer overstimulation.

"That's twelve," I grunted, slamming harder. "I'm not done with you yet."

I pulled out and flipped her over, putting her on all fours on the table. I grabbed her hips and shoved back inside, fucking her from behind, balls slapping her clit. Her ass bounced against me, slick and glistening with oil.

"Oh god, oh god, oh FUCK!" she screamed, cumming again and again.

I leaned over her, one hand on her tit swinging beneath her, the other smacking her ass, leaving red prints. "Count for me," I ordered.

"S-sixteen!" she sobbed, collapsing forward but still letting me hammer into her.

Her body was trembling violently, sweat dripping, pussy flooding around my cock. I knew I wasn't going to last long with how tight she was milking me.

"Here it comes," I growled, slamming harder, deeper, until my balls tightened. "You're getting my special oil now, ma'am."

"No, you wouldn't—" she gasped, but then I drove one last thrust deep inside and exploded.

Cum poured into her in hot spurts, filling her pussy until it overflowed. She collapsed fully onto the table, shaking with her final orgasm as I emptied every drop into her.

I stayed inside for a moment, grinding my hips to push it deeper, before finally pulling out. My cum leaked out of her, running down her thighs, mixing with the Sensual Oil glistening on her skin.

I collapsed back into the chair, breathless, cock softening as I watched her body trembling from the aftermath.

She turned her head, face flushed, lips parted. "That... was... not... a massage..."

I smirked, wiping sweat from my forehead. "No... that was a treatment. With my own special oil."

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: A customer

EXP Gained: +12

Star Rating: 1.5 ★★

Reason: Performance Assist Detected

Man... fuck this Performance Assist penalty.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 2

EXP: 125 / 179

I was still catching my breath, slumped in the chair, watching her body twitch with aftershocks, when the creak of the door cut the air like a blade.

Susan stood in the doorway. Her sharp suit, her cold eyes, her lips pressed thin. She didn't even need to say anything—the disappointment on her face said it all. She covered her face with one hand and let out a long, slow exhale.

"Evan," she said flatly, voice tight with control. "My office. Now."

"Fuck..." I muttered under my breath, scrubbing a hand through my sweaty hair. I pulled my pants back up quick, cock still sticky with oil and cum. My chest pounded like I'd just been caught red-handed—which, hell, I had.

"Okay," I sighed, forcing myself to stand. "Okay. I'm coming."

Susan didn't respond. She just turned on her heel, heels clicking hard against the hallway floor as she walked away.

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Chapter 24: Chapter 24

New job. New me.

Yeah, that didn't last. I got fired. Back behind the counter at the gas station, begging my boss for my spot like some washed-up loser. Apparently, fucking clients at a massage parlor was a big no-no. Who knew? Well—I did. Didn't stop me. And if I hadn't abused my powers, I'd be swimming in cash right now. But that was in the past.

Now I was here again, scanning candy bars and handing out change like nothing had happened.

Still... I had one quest left on my log.

Quest Available

Title: Club Temptations

Task: Go to a strip club and
make a woman have sex with you
without paying.

Reward: +76 EXP

+2 Ability Points

"Loads of EXP and two points," I muttered under my breath. "That's a level up right there. Five points total. Damn."

The sliding doors hissed open, snapping me out of my little daydream. In came my downstairs neighbors—Kim and her boyfriend Tom. Both of them smiling like nothing ever went wrong in their lives.

"Evan!" Kim beamed. "Didn't know you worked here."

"Yep. Guilty," I said with a fake grin. "How's it going?"

"Good." She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. "Hey, sorry we didn't invite you to dinner the other night. Tom and I were..."

"We were busy," Tom cut in, too fast.

Yeah, sure. Busy yelling about a damn table, judging from what I heard through the floors. But I wasn't about to call them out. Let them keep their pride.

"So," I said, raising a brow. "What brings you here?"

"There's a concert in town tonight," Kim said. "You didn't know?"

"Oh. That explains why the store's packed."

"Yeah, parking's insane," Tom added. "Had to leave the car four blocks down."

"Car problems," I quipped. "I stick to the bus. Honestly, how do you even afford a car and rent in that apartment?"

"We live in a decent place," Tom shot back. "Real question is, how can you work here? This dump?"

"Money." I shrugged. "Pay's good."

"Must be," he muttered.

Kim sighed, stretching her arms. "Anyway, we should go. Can you grab me a pack of those?" She pointed at the cigarettes behind me.

"Sure."

I rang it up, took her cash, and watched her tear the plastic right there at the counter. She tossed the wrapper into the trash and gave me a warm smile.

"Thanks. Tomorrow—dinner. For real this time."

I chuckled. "Eating off that hell-table of yours, huh? Sure."

They waved and left, just like that.

Silence again. Just me and the hum of the refrigerators. A concert outside, and I was stuck in this fluorescent-lit cage.

I let out a long groan, slamming the register shut. "God, I'm such an idiot."

The rest of the night crawled by in a blur of tired faces, snack wrappers, and the endless beep of the scanner.

By the time I finally clocked out, it was just past midnight.

I pushed through the glass doors, lit up a smoke, and took a long drag. The night air was cool, but I could still hear the muffled roar of the concert just a few blocks away—cheers, music, laughter. Everyone out there having the time of their lives.

I exhaled a cloud of smoke, pulled out my phone, and checked the time.

"Well..." I muttered. "While everyone else goes to the concert to socialize... I think I'll hit the strip club."

The grind never stopped.

I flicked ash off the tip of my cigarette, shaking my head at myself. "Time to fuck some strippers, Evan."

—

I stood in front of the club, cigarette almost burned down to the filter. Neon letters buzzed above the doorway, glowing Velvet Touch in pink and purple, the kind of sleazy glow you could spot a block away. The bass from inside thumped through the walls, rattling in my chest.

Two guys stumbled out the door, laughing with glassy eyes and lipstick smeared on their collars. I flicked my smoke into the gutter, squared my shoulders, and stepped toward the entrance.

The bouncer was a brick wall in black, arms folded, face carved from stone. He gave me a quick look up and down, then jerked his chin toward the door. No words—just a silent pass.

Inside hit me like a wave: perfume, sweat, alcohol, and the heavy thrum of music. The lighting was dim except for the spotlights on stage, where women spun on chrome poles with impossible grace, their bodies glistening under the glow. Men crowded close,

waving bills, tucking money into thongs, jaws slack as the dancers bent and arched in ways that made my cock twitch just watching.

I found a small table near the stage, dropped into the seat, and exhaled hard, eyes locked on the girl swinging upside down on the pole. Her hair hung like a curtain as she slid down slow, thighs gripping the metal, ass bouncing when her heels hit the floor.

"So," I muttered under my breath. "How do I have sex with a stripper?"

She twirled back up the pole, her tits jiggling free from a half-open top, and the crowd went wild. A drunk guy tossed a stack of bills that fluttered around her like confetti. She scooped them up with a sly smile, grinding her hips to the bass.

Waitresses floated between tables, almost as naked as the dancers. Tiny black skirts that barely covered their asses, matching lace bras that did nothing to hide their nipples, and thigh-high stockings hooked to garters. Each one was a walking hard-on, swaying her hips on purpose as she leaned down to take orders.

One of them came to me, long legs, hair in loose curls, red lipstick. Her voice was sultry, low enough to melt in my ears. "What can I get you, handsome?"

"Beer," I said, forcing my eyes off her cleavage.

She smirked, scribbled something on her notepad she definitely didn't need, then sashayed away with her ass bouncing like she knew I was watching.

I leaned back, still staring at the stage. The dancer crawled across the floor now, arching her back like a cat, sticking her tongue out as a man reached forward with a bill. She took it with her teeth, winked, and slapped her ass. The crowd howled.

The waitress came back, bent low to set the beer on the table so her tits were almost in my face. "Have fun," she whispered, brushing her fingers over my hand as she left.

I smirked, took a long pull of the beer, and muttered to myself, "Okay, Evan... what next?"

sipped my beer slow, eyes wandering past the stage. That's when I noticed it—off to the side, tucked behind velvet ropes, a heavy door with PRIVATE BOOTHS glowing red above it. A bouncer twice the size of the one outside stood guard, arms crossed, watching the crowd like a hawk.

I flagged down a passing waitress, her ass peeking from under her skirt as she leaned toward me. "What's behind that door?" I asked, nodding at the sign.

She smirked knowingly. "That's where customers go if they want a private lap dance." Her voice was husky, teasing.

I lowered my tone. "Be honest. Sex allowed?"

The waitress chuckled, shaking her head, curls bouncing. "Not officially. But if you're sneaky... and if the girl wants it? Well—" she winked, "—no one's stopping you."

I grinned. "Appreciate it."

"Enjoy yourself," she purred, swaying away with her tray.

I leaned back, beer in hand, and let my gaze drift around the club again. Two dancers sat on men's laps in a chair, grinding slow, pressing their tits to the guys' faces while bills rained down.

I drained the last of my beer, set the bottle down, and stood. My eyes locked back on the booth door. The quest marker in my head might as well have been glowing neon over it. That's where I had to go.

But then reality hit—entry fee. I couldn't pay, not if I wanted this quest to count. My stomach tightened. Damn. Think, Evan.

As I paced, another waitress drifted by, hips rolling with every step. I stopped her with a hand gesture, leaning close. "Hey," I whispered, pointing discreetly at a guy two tables over, his phone half-hidden under the table. "That dude? He took photos of you. Said he's posting them online."

Her eyes widened instantly. Panic flashed across her face. "What?!"

"Swear to God," I said. "Didn't look right to me."

She froze, breath quick. "My friends... they can't know I work here. And photos are against the rules." Her voice cracked.

Before I could say another word, she stormed toward the man, yelling. "Hey! You think you can take pictures of me?!" The guy stammered, caught off guard.

The bouncer guarding the private booths turned his head at the commotion, stepping forward to break it up. That was my chance.

I slipped past the velvet rope, heart hammering, and exhaled once I was clear on the other side.

The hallway was darker, quieter. A row of booths lined the wall, each sealed by a thick curtain of black velvet. Soft red lights bled from beneath the fabric, pulsing faintly with the beat of the music outside. I peeked inside one booth as I walked. A single padded chair sat in the center, meant for the customer, while the rest of the space was open—

intimate, shadowy, the kind of place where anything could happen if the curtains stayed shut.

This is it, I thought. Now the real game begins.

Heard heels clicking down the hallway, sharp against the floor. A woman appeared from the shadows, tall, curvy, long hair spilling over one shoulder. Her lips curved into a slow smile as she spotted me.

"Well, hello, handsome," she purred. "Jerry didn't tell me we had a customer waiting."

"I..."

I opened my mouth to explain, but she waved a hand dismissively. "It's fine. You go ahead into booth three. I'll be there shortly."

I nodded, heart pounding. Booth three.

Pulling back the velvet curtain, I stepped inside. The space was dim, bathed in soft red light. A single padded chair sat in the center, leather worn but comfortable. The air smelled faintly of perfume and sweat—intimate, like a secret about to be told.

I sank into the chair, trying to steady my nerves.

Chapter 25: Chapter 25

SHOP

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)
- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)

Credits: 75c

Select item to purchase.

"Hypnotic Perfume..." I muttered. "What was it again?"

Another window slid open:

Hypnotic Perfume

Effect: Increases Charm by

20% + User Level

Duration: 30 Minutes

I frowned. "Charm, huh? I should check that."

The stat page blinked on:

CURRENT STATS

Strength: 2

Charm: 5

Libido: 3

Pleasure: 2

So with my level being two... twenty percent of five was one, plus two from my level, that made three extra points. Eight charm total.

"Eight charm..." I whispered. "Enough to make her want me? No idea. But worth the gamble."

I hit purchase and opened the shop one more time to check my credit.

SHOP

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)
- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)

Credits: 35c

Select item to purchase.

"Damn... getting poor here."

No bottle appeared this time. Instead, a faint smoke curled up from my skin, shimmering before it vanished. The scent lingered—sweet, heady, like strawberries laced with something richer.

I inhaled. Even I felt a little lightheaded.

"Alright," I muttered, flexing my hands on the armrests. "Let's see if this is enough to get her on her knees."

The curtain lifted, and she stepped inside like sin wrapped in lace. Her outfit was barely there—black mesh clinging to her curves, tiny straps hugging her waist, and a thong that left nothing to the imagination. Her breasts were pushed high by the cut of her top,

nipples teasingly outlined against the thin fabric. Long legs in sheer stockings ended in gleaming heels that clicked softly against the floor.

Her eyes—dark, sly, hungry—landed on me, and her lips curled into a slow smirk. "Oh," she purred, voice like velvet and smoke, "aren't you a handsome one?"

I swallowed, trying not to stare too hard. "Guess I got lucky tonight."

She chuckled, a low sound that stirred heat in my gut. "Mm, we'll see just how lucky you are."

She moved toward me, hips swaying in a rhythm that already had my cock straining against my jeans. Then the music outside bled into the booth, and she started her dance—slow, sexy. She placed her hands on the chair's backrest behind me, leaning in close so her cleavage hovered right in front of my face, then rolled her hips as she backed away, eyes locked on mine the whole time.

Fuck. She knew exactly what she was doing.

She turned, lowering herself until her ass hovered inches from my lap, then grinding in a teasing circle without quite touching me. Her perfume—mixed with mine—made the air thick, electric.

"You like that?" she asked, looking back over her shoulder with a wicked grin.

"Hell yeah..." I breathed before I could stop myself.

Her body arched up, and she dragged her hands slowly down her sides, over her thighs, before snapping her hips forward, making her breasts bounce under the thin mesh.

I couldn't help myself—I reached out, brushing my fingers against the curve of her thigh.

Her hand shot out, catching my wrist, her smile sharp but playful. "Hands off, mister. You know the rules."

"Sorry," I muttered quickly, though my cock throbbed with the ache of wanting.

She tilted her head, eyes narrowing, but she didn't pull away. She lingered close, letting her breath fan against my ear. "Mm, eager, aren't you?"

Well, shit. The perfume was working, I could feel it—her body leaned closer, her pupils slightly blown—but not enough. Not enough to tip her over the edge. I'd banked everything on this. And I had no more points left. Fuck. I should've thought this through.

Still, she didn't back away. She straightened, smirking down at me, and ran her fingers along her own stomach, dipping lower, dangerously close to that thong. "You're watching every move I make, aren't you?"

"Can you blame me?" I shot back, forcing a grin.

Her laugh was low, breathless. "Mm, no. I like being watched." She turned again, slow grind, hair flipping over her shoulder as she bent, hands braced on her knees. Every curve, every sway of her hips was a deliberate torment.

She slowed her grind when her eyes dipped lower—straight to the thick bulge straining in my jeans. Her smirk widened.

"Well, well..." she teased, shifting her weight before lowering herself onto my lap. Her ass pressed against my cock, grinding slowly. The pressure made me grit my teeth.

"You're... playing dirty," I muttered, breath shaky.

"That's the point, handsome." She leaned back slightly, her hair brushing my cheek as she rolled her hips again. Then, almost absentmindedly, she inhaled and tilted her head. "Mm. You smell good. Different. Sweet."

I forced a grin, playing along. "Guess I'm not the only intoxicating one here."

Her laugh vibrated through her body into mine, low and warm. My hands hovered at her waist, dying to grab her, but I held back.

"Hey," I whispered, lips brushing the side of her neck. "How much for a blowjob?"

Her breath hitched for half a second, but then her lips curled into a knowing smile. "Fifty. And I'm all yours."

I was about to answer when the curtain ripped open.

The bouncer from before filled the doorway, arms crossed, eyes hard. "Knew I saw someone slip in here."

"Oh, shit."

"I knew it! I knew someone slipped past!"

He moved fast. One big hand pulled the dancer gently off my lap, setting her aside with surprising care. The other clamped onto my collar like a steel vice, yanking me to my feet before I could say a word.

"Wait, hey—!"

"Save it," he growled, dragging me out into the hallway. He shoved me toward the back exit, slammed the door open, and—fuck me—literally booted my ass out onto the concrete.

I stumbled forward, nearly falling on my face.

The door slammed shut behind me with a heavy clang. His voice came muffled through it: "Don't come back here, or I'll beat you to a pulp."

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" I shouted at the empty alley, rubbing my sore ass. "There goes my credit..."

And sure enough, the system chimed.

QUEST FAILED

Title: Club Temptations

Task: Go to a strip club and
make a woman have sex with you
without paying.

Reward: +76 EXP

+2 Ability Points

Result: You've been kicked

out from the Club.

"Agh, fuck it," I groaned, lighting up a smoke with shaking hands. "Just a slight obstacle in the road."

I exhaled, watching the smoke curl into the night sky. "Better be off before they call the cops or something. Damn it..."

Chapter 26: Chapter 26

SHOP

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
 - Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
 - Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
 - Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
 - Flirt Potion (20c)
 - Hypnotic Perfume (40c)
-

Credits: 20 c

Select item to purchase.

Jasmine was on all fours on the bed, looking back at me with that teasing little smirk. I didn't waste time. I shoved my cock inside her in one rough thrust, and her smirk shattered into a cry.

"FUCK!" I growled, slapping her ass so hard my palm stung. "Take it!" I pounded into her, hips slamming against her cheeks, every thrust fueled by anger.

"God!" Jasmine's voice cracked as her arms trembled under her. "So hard... fuck me! Fuck me!"

I gritted my teeth, digging my fingers into her hips. Her ass was red with my handprints, shining with sweat and oil, but she wasn't complaining. If anything, the Sensual Oil had her dripping, her pussy clamping down like she was begging me to ruin her.

I pressed her head down into the mattress with one hand, arching her back higher with the other, railing her like there was no tomorrow.

"Fuck—fuck! I could've done it!" I whispered under my breath, thrusting harder. "Could've had those goddamn points if I wasn't such a dumbass."

Jasmine moaned, face buried in the sheets. "Mmm—deeper! Yes!"

Her voice made me lose it. I slammed her down, my balls smacking against her clit as I roared, "I'm gonna cum!"

Her answer came muffled but desperate: "Cum inside!"

That was all I needed. I rammed into her once, twice, three times—then I exploded, my cock twitching as the condom ballooned with hot cum. My whole body shuddered, the frustration bleeding out of me in one messy release.

Still shaking, I thrust again, groaning as her slick walls milked me for every drop. Then again, slower, savoring the way she clenched around me.

Finally, I pulled out with a wet pop, the condom sagging heavy with my load.

Jasmine collapsed onto her side, hair stuck to her face, chest heaving. She gave me a tired smile. "W-what happened? You're angry tonight."

I tied the condom and tossed it in the bin. "Nothing," I muttered. "Just... some work stuff."

The system popped up.

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Jasmine

EXP Gained: +29

Star Rating: 2.6 ★★

Reason: Performance Assist Detected

Huh. Higher rating this time. Must've been because I used less oil—stingy as hell with credits lately.

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 2

EXP: 154 / 179

Close to leveling up. But I was drained, every muscle in me screaming. The clock read 2 AM, it was so late that I could barely keep my eyes open.

EVENT

Jasmine's Interest -1

Shit... too rough. She must've hated it.

"I'm sorry," I sighed. "I just... needed something."

Something? Or someone?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

I chuckled, scratching the back of my head. "Thought about calling Tessa... but—I wanted you."

Her laugh rang soft. "You're not falling in love with me, right?"

"Not yet," I smirked.

She shook her head, still smiling, and slid off the bed. I couldn't take my eyes off her as she dressed—panties stretched over her ass, bra cupping her breasts before she snapped it into place, then pulling her skirt up slow, smoothing it against her hips. Every motion made my cock twitch again.

"You're sexy as hell," I muttered. "Even just putting your clothes on."

"Such a horny one," she teased, blowing me a kiss.

EVENT

Jasmine's Interest +1

"Yes," I whispered under my breath, grinning. Finally—at least one win tonight.

I dragged myself off the bed, legs shaky, and started pulling my clothes together from the floor. My jeans were wrinkled, shirt half-damp with sweat, but I slipped them on anyway.

"Going home?" Jasmine asked, her voice lazy as she sat down on the edge of the bed and leaned back on her elbows. "You should stay here."

"Nah, I should go," I said, zipping up. "Gotta wake up in like six hours. Morning shift."

She tilted her head, teasing, legs crossing as she sat on the edge of the bed. The skirt hadn't made it back on yet—her pussy still peeking through, glistening. "You can't sleep while you're here with me?"

I smirked, sliding my shirt on and buttoning it. "What do you think? I wouldn't get a damn second of sleep."

"Fair," she said, laughing softly.

I hesitated, tugging at my sleeve. "Hey—again, sorry about earlier. I was kinda rough."

"It's fine," she said, brushing her hair back. "Just... give me a warning if you're gonna go full beast next time. So I can brace for it."

That made me grin. "Got it."

I leaned in and kissed her. She kissed back slow, tasting like sweat and oil and the faint sweetness of her lip gloss. My hand cupped her jaw, hers rested on my chest. It wasn't rushed—just enough to cool down the fire I'd been burning with all night.

When we finally pulled apart, she whispered, "Take care of yourself, Evan."

"Always," I said, though we both knew that was bullshit.

I left her home and walked to mine. My own place was dead quiet... I mean, what did I expect, anyway? I shut the door behind me and dropped into the chair at my tiny kitchen table. The hum of the fridge was the only sound.

I nodded to myself, jaw tight. "I'll find a better quest," I muttered, pulling up the menu. "And complete it. No strip club bullshit. No nonsense. This time, I'll do it."

EVAN MARLOWE

Stats Shop

Crafting Inventory

Quests Women

I pressed Quests and watched the screen pop up. Same as always—ten options, shuffled daily. I remembered seeing one about making out in a car, but that was gone now.

My eyes landed on something new. Risky as hell, but the payout was insane.

Quest Available

Title: Public Nuisance

Task: Have sex in

the gas station.

Reward: +70 EXP

2 Ability Points

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

A strip club screw-up was one thing—at least people could understand that. But a gas station? The one where I worked? If I got caught, I'd be ruined. Still... that reward. Two ability points. My fingers itched.

Before I could decide, muffled voices drifted up from downstairs—Kim and Tom, my neighbors. Same old routine: Kim yelling, Tom barely saying a word.

"Jesus," I grumbled. "Shut up already."

Through the thin walls, I caught Kim's voice, sharp and mean: "...you like it, don't you? You like it when they—"

Then it cut off.

I cracked open the fridge, pulled out a beer, and popped the tab. Cold hiss, bitter foam down my throat. Didn't matter what they were fighting about—it wasn't my business.

I collapsed onto the couch, exhaling. One sip turned into two. That's when my brow arched.

The shower was running.

My pulse skipped. Who the fuck was in my bathroom? Jasmine? No—she didn't have my keys. Nobody did.

"Shit."

I set the can on the counter and crept toward the sound. Steam poured under the door, heavy and wet. Each step closer, the water got louder. My fists clenched. A thief? No. What kind of thief takes a shower?

The water shut off. Silence. Then—footsteps.

I braced myself, teeth grit.

"Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit."

The door swung open, steam rolling out.

"Oh," the 'intruder' said casually, eyes locking onto mine. "You're back, huh?"

"It's you..."

Chapter 27: Chapter 27

Her. The blonde. The same height as me even barefoot. Wet golden hair clinging to her skin, piercing blue eyes, big tits perfect and swaying with every step. And she was naked.

"Yep," she said, padding out, dripping water across my floor. "Just wanted to check in."

"You—ate my fucking eyeball, you psycho!" I barked, backing up as she approached. "What's your deal?"

"You failed a quest, didn't you?" she purred, unfazed. "Pathetic. Can't even fuck a chick working in a stirp club."

"I..."

"How about a new one?"

"What?"

The air shimmered, and text bloomed in front of me:

Quest Available

Title: Lust

Task: Make her cum

without you cumming.

Reward: +999 EXP

999 Ability Points

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

I froze. "Wha—"

"Come on," she whispered, pushing me onto the couch and swinging a long leg over me. Her bare ass pressed down on my lap. "Fuck me. Fuck a Goddess, Evan Marlowe."

She unzipped my jeans, and my cock sprang free, throbbing. Just her fingertip brushing the head sent electricity surging through me. My whole body trembled on the edge.

She lowered her hips, my tip grazing her pussy lips—

And I lost it.

"F-fuuuuuck!" I groaned, hips jerking as cum shot out of me, splattering her stomach. My vision blurred. My whole body quaked.

She smirked, watching me twitch. "That oil you've been using," she said, sliding her hand down and stroking idly. "Did you ever wonder what's inside it?"

"I—"

She dipped two fingers into her slit, then pulled them out dripping with golden liquid. My eyes widened. What? It was her... juice?

She slid those same fingers into my mouth. My throat worked, and instantly—without touching myself—I came again, coating her thighs.

"My, my," she purred. "Failed already. Twice, even. How boring."

"You..." I gasped.

She snapped her fingers and the couch vanished under me. I slammed down on the floor while she landed gracefully, towering above me.

Her foot pressed against my cock, stroking lazily. Every touch sent me spiraling.

"Can't even fuck a stripper," she teased. "How pathetic are you?"

"Let me go..." I growled.

She pressed harder, heel digging into me, pain flaring through the pleasure. "Say it. Say you want to cum."

"I won't," I hissed. "Just—let me go."

"Beg," she whispered, toes tracing my balls. "Beg me to—"

I snapped, swatting her leg aside. I surged up, grabbed her by the throat, and slammed her against the wall. Her eyes widened—then she laughed.

"You're not disappointing me, Evan," she said, clapping lightly even as my hand squeezed. "Good job."

"Who the hell are—"

I blinked.

Suddenly I was back on my couch. Beer can on the counter. No steam. No wet footprints. The bathroom floor was bone dry.

I spun in place, breathing hard. No blonde. No goddess. Just me.

"What the fuck..." I muttered.

—

My morning shift ended—and surprise, surprise, no chick got fucked. No quest completed. I mean, how would I even pull that off? Customers everywhere. Maybe in the bathroom? But then who'd watch the counter?

Or maybe... I could sneak Jasmine in when Richard was on shift. Slip into the bathroom, rail her quick. Richard probably wouldn't even notice. Or if he did—he'd understand.

"Hey," Richard said as he walked in. "I'm not late, right?"

"Just in time." I stepped out from behind the counter. "Don't forget to punch in."

"Yup." He clocked in, then grinned. "Hey, by the way—did you get tossed out of a strip club?"

I scratched the back of my head. "I... kinda."

"Yeah. Jerry told me he saw you with me a couple of times" He smirked. "I know the guy. If you want, I could get you back in."

"Nah, I got a new ques—" I caught myself. "I mean, he'd just question me about why I was there. No, thanks."

"Why would he question you? You were just there for a lap dance."

"No." I cut him off, shaking my head. "Thanks, though."

"Fine," Richard chuckled. "Evan the perv."

"Rolls right off the tongue, huh?" I muttered, grabbing my jacket and stepping out.

Outside, I lit a cigarette, exhaled hard. That's when my phone buzzed. Unknown number. My chest tightened. Blondie again? The so-called Goddess? After what she pulled, I was half convinced she really was something supernatural.

"Hello?" I answered.

"Oh hey—it's Kim." My neighbor said. "Got your number from the cleaning lady."

"Kim," I said. "Yeah, hey. What's up?"

"I was gonna ask if you're okay with coming over. Dinner. In about three hours. It's time you try our hell table and eat on it like I promised."

"Yeah, that'd be awesome." I said, smirking. "Bored of noodles anyway."

Quest Available

Title: What table?

Task: Fuck Kim

Reward: 89 EXP

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

The same damn quest again. And it paid more than the gas station one. But she had a boyfriend. Their relationship was rocky as hell, sure, but was that really a reason for me to step in, fuck her, and blow it all apart?

...Still, those tits. Her smooth armpits. Those thick legs. God, I was already half-hard just thinking about it.

"Alright, great." Kim said. "I'll text you when it's ready, then you can come over, okay?"

"Yep."

"Thanks."

"No, thank you."

We hung up.

Dinner with Kim. That was gonna be... dangerous. I just hoped Tom wouldn't catch me ogling her again. He already had, more than once, and never said a damn word. Which almost made it worse.

"Damn..." I muttered, flicking ash off my cig. "I need to fuck Jasmine first. Get this out of me. Otherwise I'm gonna walk into Kim's place with a raging boner..."

—

I was, officially, broke after I bought Sensual Oil.

SHOP

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)
- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)

Credits: 5 c

Select item to purchase.

Jasmine's moans filled the room, echoing off the walls like music made just for me. I had her pinned standing, one leg hooked over my shoulder, my cock slick with the oil—or, rather, the condom had the oil, hammering into her pussy with every brutal thrust. Her body jolted forward with each stroke, tits bouncing against my chest.

"God, Evan—so deep!" Jasmine gasped, nails dragging down my arms.

Behind me, Tessa pressed flush against my back, soft tits squishing into my shoulders. Her tongue licked at my ear, my neck, teasing little wet circles that made me groan and push harder into Jasmine. She was urging me on, making me slam even deeper, hips snapping forward like I was trying to break her in half.

"Mmm, yeah..." Tessa purred, breath hot against my skin. "Use that cock... fuck her good for me. Make her scream."

I growled, teeth clenched, and lifted Jasmine's ass higher, pounding her so hard the wet slap of skin echoed through the room. She cried out, her whole body trembling, toes curling in the air while she clung to me.

"Evan!" Jasmine's voice broke into a moan. "I'm—I'm cumming again!"

Her pussy clenched tight around me, milking every inch of my shaft. I bit back a roar and slammed harder, my thigh muscles burning, sweat dripping down my temple. Tessa giggled behind me, biting my earlobe.

"Mm." She smacked my ass, firm and playful. "It's time for you to fuck me now, magic boy."

I let out a ragged chuckle, slowing just enough to kiss Jasmine's shoulder before pulling free with a wet pop. "Then let's change positions."

We stumbled toward the bed. Tessa hopped up first, laying on her back, legs spread wide like she'd been waiting for me all her life. Jasmine climbed right on top of her, tits pressed tight against Tessa's chest, their nipples rubbing together as they kissed.

"Fuck..." I muttered, climbing onto the bed too, staring at the sight. The two of them tangled up like that, moaning into each other's mouths, their hips rocking even without me. I lined myself up with Tessa's dripping pussy, and when I pushed in, she gasped loud, back arching off the mattress.

"Yes!" Tessa moaned, clutching Jasmine tighter against her. "God, you're big... stretch me more..."

I slammed in deep, hips snapping forward again and again, the bed squeaking under the rhythm. Tessa's legs wrapped around my waist, ankles locking behind me as if to trap me inside her. Jasmine was riding her chest, kissing her, moaning against her lips every time I drove forward. Their tits mashed together, slick with sweat, sliding with each thrust.

"Fuck, that's hot," I groaned, grabbing Jasmine's ass and pressing her down harder onto Tessa's body. The sight of their tits crushed, both of them gasping as I railed Tessa, was enough to make me lose my mind.

"Harder," Tessa begged, nails raking my back. "Don't stop—make me cum, Evan. Fill me up."

Jasmine moaned into her mouth and pulled back just enough to look at me, sweat dripping down her flushed face. "Yeah, Evan. Break her pussy with that cock. Show her what you did to me."

Chapter 28: Chapter 28

I gritted my teeth, slamming harder, feeling Tessa's pussy tighten around me like a fist. My mind flickered, uninvited, to Kim. Dinner later. Her thick thighs under the table. The way her tits strained against her tops when she leaned forward. What if I lost control and fucked her right there in front of Tom? What if that quest actually came true?

No, no, no. She wouldn't want me. She had a boyfriend.

"Focus, magic boy," Tessa panted, dragging me back to the moment with a sharp squeeze of her legs. "I want every inch. Don't hold back."

I snarled and gave her exactly what she asked for, pounding her until her voice broke into cries, each thrust making her tits bounce against Jasmine's.

"My turn!" Jasmine suddenly moaned, pulling herself off Tessa, rolling onto her knees beside us. Her ass swayed in the air, round and begging. She slapped it once, cheeks jiggling. "Come on, fuck me! I need that cock again!"

Tessa laughed breathlessly beneath me, still trembling from the pounding. "Go on. Give it to her. She's hungry for it."

"Hungry's an understatement," Jasmine said, shaking her ass harder, looking back at me with needy eyes. "Come on, Evan. Rail me 'til I can't walk."

I pulled out of Tessa, cock glistening, and grabbed Jasmine's hips. The second I slid into her from behind, she screamed into the pillow, and I knew I wasn't stopping until I broke both of them.

Jasmine's pussy swallowed me whole, hot and wet like it had been made just for my cock. I held her hips tight, pounding into her from behind, her ass slapping back against me with every thrust. She buried her face into the pillow, muffling those broken cries of pleasure.

"Evan! Harder—don't stop!" she begged, her voice trembling.

I growled and pushed deeper, hips snapping fast enough that the mattress squeaked under us. Behind her, Tessa sat up, smirking, her fingers tweaking her own nipples as she watched me rail Jasmine.

"God, look at you two," Tessa purred. "She's dripping all over your cock, Evan. You're making her lose her mind."

I grabbed Jasmine's hair, pulling her head back so her cheek pressed to the mattress, her mouth open wide with gasps. "You like watching her fall apart, huh?" I snarled, slamming harder.

"Mm, I like feeling it too." Tessa crawled closer, sliding her hand between Jasmine's legs, rubbing her clit while I pounded into her. Jasmine screamed, legs shaking, body convulsing as another orgasm ripped through her.

"Fuck! I—I can't—oh my god!" Jasmine wailed.

Her pussy clenched down tight, and I nearly lost it right there. But I wasn't done. I pulled out, cock glistening with her juices, and shoved Tessa onto her back again.

"Her turn again," I growled.

"Yes—give it to me," Tessa moaned, spreading her legs wide, waiting for me. I slammed into her, balls smacking against her ass, and her nails clawed at the sheets. "God—you're splitting me open, Evan! Don't stop!"

Behind me, Jasmine crawled up, still trembling, but hungry. She kissed my shoulder, bit my skin, her tongue tracing down my spine. "Mmh. Fuck us good, Evan."

I groaned, every muscle burning as I hammered into Tessa's soaked pussy, the sound of my cock sliding in and out filling the room. Her tits bounced wildly, sweat dripping down her chest, her head thrown back in pure bliss.

"Evan... harder... I'm cumming!" she screamed, legs shaking as she wrapped them tight around me.

Her pussy squeezed me so hard I thought I'd bust, but I pulled out and shoved back into Jasmine, flipping her onto her back this time. She gasped, legs spreading wide as I sank into her again.

"Yes! God, yes!" Jasmine cried, her nails raking my chest. "You're gonna make me cum again—fuck!"

I was losing it. Switching between them, pounding one until she screamed, then driving into the other until she clawed at me like she'd break. Sweat dripped down my back, my cock swollen, throbbing, every nerve on fire.

"Shit," I groaned, teeth gritted. "I'm close. I'm fucking close."

Jasmine's eyes lit up, wicked and desperate. "Cum for us, Evan. Don't you dare hold it."

"Yeah," Tessa moaned, rubbing her clit as she watched me rail Jasmine. "Blow that load all over us. I wanna feel it."

Jasmine pulled my cock out. "Come here, Tess," she said as she lay down on the bed.

Tessa lay down on top of her friend, both their pussies touching... the sight was just—
fuuuck.

I moaned, yanking the condom off. My cock slick and throbbing, I slid it between their pussies as they pressed together, grinding my shaft in the slick heat between their folds. Back and forth, the friction sent me over the edge.

"Fuck—fuck, I'm cumming!" I roared.

The orgasm tore through me, white-hot and unstoppable. My cock pulsed, thick ropes of cum shooting out, splattering across their tits, streaking their bellies, even landing on Jasmine's cheek and Tessa's lips.

"God!" Jasmine moaned, smearing it over her nipples with both hands. "You came so much..."

"Mmm..." Tessa licked a drop off her finger, eyes blazing. "Tastes good too. You're full of surprises, magic boy."

I collapsed back on my heels, chest heaving, cock twitching as the last spurts dribbled down their skin. Both of them giggled, sticky and beautiful, rubbing my cum into each other's tits like it was lotion.

"Holy fuck," I muttered, still catching my breath. "You two are gonna kill me."

"Not yet," Jasmine teased, wiping a streak off her chin and licking it with a smirk. "We've only just started."

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Threesome

EXP Gained: +9

Star Rating: 0.8 ★

Reason: Performance Assist Detected

"Bathroom?" I asked, smirking, still breathless, cock twitching between their slick thighs.

"Bathroom," Jasmine laughed, her eyes glittering.

Tessa's grin widened. "Mmm... under the water. Let's see how long you can last this time, magic boy."

I chuckled, shaking my head, but I wasn't about to back out. I grabbed the condom box off the nightstand, tore open another wrapper, and rolled one on.

We stumbled toward the bathroom, bodies pressed together, Jasmine clinging to my arm while Tessa walked ahead with that sway in her hips that made my mouth go dry. The door creaked open and steam greeted us, faint scent of soap lingering.

"Who took a bath before telling me?" I quipped.

"Ah, I was sweaty." Tessa said. "Shut up."

Jasmine reached over, twisted the knob, and the shower came alive, hot water spraying against the tiles and fogging up the mirror instantly.

I backed them both into the stall, water streaming down our skin, washing away sweat and cum. The heat made everything more intense—every kiss, every brush of a hand. Jasmine shoved me against the tiled wall, water soaking her hair flat against her back, her lips crashing into mine. Her tongue slid against mine, urgent, needy.

Tessa pressed herself behind me again, just like before, breasts against my back, her hands roaming down my chest, over my stomach, teasing toward my cock. I hissed at the contact, trapped between the two of them, water cascading down all of us.

"God, you feel so fucking good," Jasmine moaned against my lips, lifting one leg to hook around my hip. "I want you inside me again—right now."

Tessa chuckled low, licking the shell of my ear. "Greedy girl. You already had him twice. Don't I get a turn?"

"Fine," Jasmine panted, glancing at her with wild eyes. "But I'm not waiting forever."

"Here's how we do it," Tessa said, already tugging me toward the little built-in seat in the shower. "Sit down, Evan."

I obeyed, lowering myself onto the slick stone seat, water pouring down onto my shoulders. My cock stood hard, wrapped tight in latex, glistening with spray.

Tessa climbed into my lap first, facing me. She straddled me with a slow, teasing grind, the heat of her pussy pressing against the rubber barrier, making me groan.

"Ready?" she whispered, biting her lip.

I grabbed her ass, guiding her down, and the moment my cock slid into her, she gasped loud enough to echo off the tiles. "Fuuuck, yes!"

Her walls clenched around me, warm and slick, and she started bouncing immediately, water spraying over her bouncing tits. My hands gripped her hips, lifting and slamming her down, her moans filling the bathroom.

Behind her, Jasmine wasn't patient—she crouched down between my legs, water dripping off her chin as she leaned in and sucked one of Tessa's nipples into her mouth. Tessa threw her head back, grinding harder on me, every movement slick and slippery from the water.

"God—you're both—ahhh—killing me!" Tessa cried, shuddering as Jasmine's tongue swirled over her nipple.

I fucked up into her, hips snapping, balls slapping the seat. She came fast, clenching down on me, body shaking as she screamed out. "Cumming! Fuck—I'm cumming!"

Her orgasm soaked through the condom, pulsing around me, but I didn't stop. Jasmine switched sides, sucking the other nipple, her hand rubbing Tessa's clit while I drove deep. Tessa's legs trembled, her nails digging into my shoulders.

"Evan! Jasmine! Oh, god—I can't stop—I'm cumming again!" she wailed, squirting even under the water, her body jerking hard.

I gritted my teeth, barely holding on, but when Tessa slumped forward against me, panting, Jasmine shoved her aside. "My turn. Move."

Tessa slid off my cock with a whimper, collapsing to the side, legs still shaking. Jasmine climbed onto me next, facing me just like Tessa had, but she didn't waste time. She impaled herself down in one go, screaming as my cock filled her.

"YES!" she cried, her tits bouncing in my face as she rode me. "God, I needed this—fuck me, Evan! Fuck me hard!"

I grabbed her waist and thrust up, matching her wild pace. She clung to my shoulders, biting my neck, her nails raking my skin as she slammed down again and again.

Behind me, Tessa stirred, crawling up. She pressed her lips to my ear again, whispering, "Make her cum, Evan. Make her scream. She's dripping all over you."

I slammed into Jasmine, the seat beneath us squeaking, water pounding over our bodies. She wailed, clenching around me as her orgasm tore through her. "FUCK! I'm cumming—I'm cumming, Evan!"

Her pussy milked me, but I held back, gritting my teeth. Not yet.

Chapter 29: Chapter 29

She collapsed against me, trembling, but then Tessa tugged her off me. "Not done," Tessa smirked. She bent Jasmine over against the wall, water spraying across her ass, and looked back at me. "Fuck her like this. I want to watch."

I stood, cock still rock-hard, and positioned behind Jasmine. Her hands braced against the wall, water streaming down her back, her ass perfect and round in front of me. I pushed in, sinking deep, making her cry out again.

"Yes! God, yes!" she sobbed, pressing her forehead to the tile. "Don't stop, Evan—make me cum again!"

I pounded her, water splashing everywhere, my balls slapping her clit. Tessa crouched below us, rubbing Jasmine's clit with one hand, licking the tip of my cock every time it slid out. The combined assault made Jasmine lose it—she screamed, body convulsing, legs shaking as another orgasm rocked her.

"I—I can't—oh my god—I'm cumming again!"

Her pussy squeezed me so tight I almost blew, but I forced myself to hold on. Not yet.

We changed again—this time, Tessa bent over, ass to me, Jasmine sitting on the seat rubbing her own clit, moaning as she watched. I slid into Tessa from behind, gripping her hips and slamming hard. She screamed, clawing the wall.

"Evan! Yes—yes—don't stop! Oh my god—I'm—ahhh!"

She came again, squirting even under the shower, her thighs shaking uncontrollably.

I was at my limit now, hips pistoning, teeth clenched. "Shit—I'm close. I'm fucking close!"

Jasmine looked up at me, eyes wild. "Cum for us, Evan. Do it—fill that condom. I want to see you lose it!"

Tessa moaned in agreement, pushing back against me. "Yes! Cum! Cum inside me!"

I growled, slammed deep one final time, and the orgasm ripped through me. My cock pulsed hard, spilling into the condom, wave after wave of release. I held Tessa tight as my body shuddered, cum filling the rubber barrier while I buried myself to the hilt.

"Fuuuck!" I groaned, collapsing forward, forehead against Tessa's wet back.

She moaned, trembling from another small aftershock orgasm, while Jasmine reached up, kissing me hungrily.

The three of us stayed tangled under the water, steam thick around us, bodies sore, the scent of sex mixing with soap.

"God," Jasmine panted, laughing breathlessly. "This is... strangely good."

I chuckled weakly, still inside Tessa, my cock twitching as the last pulses faded. "Yeah... no fucking kidding."

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Threesome

EXP Gained: +11

Star Rating: 1.3 ★

Reason: Performance Assist Detected

Just a few more EXP and I'd level up...

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

Level: 2

—

Kim didn't invite me for dinner... again. But I didn't have to be a detective to know why... because she had a fight with Tom...

Again.

Ah, fuck dinner. This was an important day.

This was the day. I was going to have sex with Jasmine in the gas station and get my reward. And then—I was going to level up. But... first I had to make sure I wasn't ever going to get caught. And for that, I needed help.

"Come on, man," I said to Richard, who was standing behind the counter, scrolling lazily on his phone. "Help me out here. She'll be here any minute."

Richard lifted his eyes just enough to give me the kind of look only a man with zero patience could. "I cannot let you have sex in there. I mean, come on, what if someone sees that?"

"Just tell them that the bathroom is under maintenance. Put up a sign. Lie. I don't care, just cover for me."

His brows furrowed. "My god, just go and fuck in a bed like a normal person."

"She wanted us to have sex where I'm working to—" I scrambled for something that didn't sound pathetic. "To... understand me better."

"Understand you better," he repeated flatly. "By screwing in a toilet stall?"

"Yeah. Bonding experience. Real deep stuff."

Richard dragged his palm down his face. "Fucking hell..." He shook his head, sighed, and waved me off. "Fine. You have five minutes. If anyone complains, I'm sending them right back there to bust you."

"Yes!" I grinned, pumping my fist. "Thank you!"

He muttered something about losing brain cells just by knowing me, but I ignored it. My pulse was already quickening because I heard the soft hiss of the automatic doors open.

And there she was.

Jasmine.

Her hips swayed as she walked in. She wore a cropped leather jacket over a tiny black tank top that left just enough underboob to tease me. Her jeans clung tight to her thighs, frayed at the knees, and her heeled boots clicked with every step. She looked like sin dressed up for a casual Friday.

When her eyes locked on me, a smile spread across her lips, slow and knowing. I quickly walked to her, heart hammering, and forced a grin that probably looked too eager.

She leaned in, her lips brushing my ear, her breath hot. "You really want to fuck me there?" she whispered, tilting her head toward the dingy restroom sign glowing above the hallway.

"I, uh... cleaned the whole thing if that's what you're worrying about," I said, trying for casual but tripping over my words. "Always wanted to have sex in a place like this."

Lies, lies, lies. But what else could I do? I had to sell it. If I wanted that rush—if I wanted to win—I had to push through.

Her smirk widened. "Alright then. Lead the way, you horny boy."

I glanced back once more. Richard stood with his arms crossed, shaking his head in pure disappointment. He mouthed silently: Five minutes.

I gave him a thumbs-up and ushered Jasmine down the hallway.

The restroom door creaked open, and I ushered her inside. It was what you'd expect from a gas station bathroom: flickering fluorescent light, cracked mirror above a stained sink, faint bleach clinging to the air but not strong enough to kill the smell of piss hiding underneath. Two stalls sat at the far end, their flimsy metal doors dented and scratched with half-carved graffiti.

"Romantic," Jasmine teased, dropping her jacket onto the hook behind the door.

"You have no idea," I said, swallowing hard.

She grinned and without hesitation, tugged her tank top over her head. Her tits bounced free, full and round, nipples stiff before I even touched her. She wiggled out of her jeans in one smooth shimmy, and the fact that she wore nothing underneath made my cock twitch painfully against my zipper.

"Your turn," she said, her voice low, daring.

I didn't need to be told twice. I put our clothes into my bag, pants and boxers gone right after. My cock sprang free, already hard. Her eyes flicked down, lingering, then she bit her lip. That look alone nearly made me blow.

I forced myself to focus, grabbed a condom from my wallet, and ripped the wrapper open. She smirked as I rolled it on, her tongue darting across her lips like she was already imagining it inside her.

"Come on," she whispered, pulling me toward the far stall.

We ducked inside, barely enough room for the both of us. The metal door rattled shut and I slid the lock. My back hit the wall as her hands pressed against my chest.

"Fuck me already," she demanded.

I lifted her leg, hooked it over my shoulder, and lined myself up. Her pussy was slick, ready, and the moment I pushed inside, she gasped and clutched at me.

"God—" I hissed, pushing deeper. The stall walls shook with every thrust, metal rattling.

"Mm, you like this dirty shit, huh?" she whispered into my ear, voice dripping with mockery and heat all at once.

"Yeah," I grunted, pounding into her harder. "Fuck, you're so tight."

Her nails dug into my shoulders. "Don't hold back."

I didn't. I slammed into her, each thrust loud enough that if anyone came down the hall, they'd hear. My cock stretched her wide, every drive of my hips forcing a sharp gasp out of her throat. Her tits bounced against my chest with each motion, nipples brushing my skin, sweat already slicking between us.

"God, you're fucking me like an animal," Jasmine panted, clawing at my shoulders.

"You wanted this," I growled, my breath hot against her ear.

"I wanted you," she shot back, voice trembling as I hammered her against the stall wall. "I wanted this cock inside me."

The stall rattled. Metal clanged with every hard thrust. I didn't care. I couldn't stop. I was buried so deep in her I thought I'd split her apart, and still she was begging for more.

"Faster," she gasped. "Harder—fuck—just like that!"

I gave it to her, pounding harder, hips slamming into her ass until the sound echoed in the tiny restroom. My thighs burned from the force of it, but I couldn't get enough. Her pussy clenched around me like a vice, hot and wet, making me groan with every push.

And then—panic.

The bathroom door squeaked open.

Chapter 30: Chapter 30

We froze, my cock still buried inside her, my heart slamming against my ribs. Jasmine's eyes went wide, but a wicked grin tugged at her lips even as we held our breath.

Footsteps. Slow, casual. Someone walked across the tiles, the squeak of their shoes loud as gunfire to my ears.

The sink squealed on, water rushing. The stranger cleared his throat, humming softly to himself while he washed his hands.

Jasmine's nails dug into my back as if to say don't you dare move. But my cock was buried so deep, throbbing like it had its own heartbeat, and just staying there felt like torture. I couldn't help it—I pulled back an inch, then slid forward again.

Jasmine bit my shoulder to stifle a moan. Her breath was hot against my skin, her body trembling.

"Evan," she whispered, barely a breath. "You're insane..."

"Can't stop," I muttered against her ear, my hips making the tiniest movements, shallow thrusts that kept us joined but still grinding her walls.

The water rushed louder as the man scrubbed his hands. Jasmine clutched the back of my neck, her whisper sharp, urgent. "You'll get us caught, you idiot."

Her pussy squeezed me tight, betraying her.

"You love it," I hissed back, teeth gritted as I pushed just a little deeper, slow enough not to make noise. "You're wetter just thinking about it."

"F-fuck you," she whispered, but her lips curled into a smirk even as her eyes went wild.

"You already are." I kissed the corner of her mouth, then her jaw, careful not to let her moans slip free.

She arched against me, rolling her hips the slightest bit. Her whisper came ragged this time. "Harder. Just... slower. Please."

I obeyed, dragging my cock out until only the tip remained inside her, then pressing back in, slow but merciless. Her eyes fluttered shut, her teeth clamping on her lower lip to keep silent.

The faucet squealed off. My heart hammered. Still, I thrust again—slow, deep, stretching her walls around me.

Rustling of paper towels. Crumple. Trash bin clanging.

Jasmine's lips brushed my ear. "I'm gonna lose it if you keep going..."

"Good," I whispered. "Cum for me while he's still here. Quiet. I wanna feel you lose it."

Her pussy clenched so hard I almost groaned. She shook her head desperately, fighting to hold it in, but the thrill had her trembling.

The soft squeak of the door opening. Cold air rushed in.

Then—finally, silence.

We exhaled together, our chests pressed, her forehead against mine. She smirked, voice husky. "You bastard... you really were gonna make me cum with him right there."

I grinned, still buried inside her. "Next time, I will."

Relief hit me so hard I almost laughed, but I clenched my teeth and started moving again—slow at first, controlled thrusts, my cock sliding wetly inside her as her body welcomed me back.

I growled and slammed harder, making the stall rattle again, daring fate to send another customer through that door.

"God, you're gonna make me—" I hissed.

She pressed her hand over my mouth. "Not yet. Change it up."

I pulled out, set her leg down, and spun her around. Her hands pressed to the cold stall wall, ass sticking out. I slid back in, gripping her hips as I drove forward.

"Oh fuck, yes!" she moaned, pushing back against me. "You're fucking me so good."

The sound of her voice mixed with the raw slap of our bodies was almost enough to finish me. I clenched my jaw, fighting it, slamming harder.

The door to the restroom opened again.

"Still closed, pal. Sorry." Richard said behind the counter.

A frustrated grunt, then footsteps leaving.

Jasmine giggled breathlessly. "He's really covering for you. You owe him."

"Fuck, I'll buy him a steak dinner," I groaned, slamming into her.

Her tits mashed against the metal wall, the stall rattling with every thrust. My hips clapped against her ass, and her moans bounced back in echoes off the tiles. Sweat dripped down my temple, sliding onto her back as I buried myself deep, pulling out just to hammer her again.

"Goddamn, Jasmine," I growled, kneading her tits from behind, squeezing them like I owned them. "You're so fucking tight."

She gasped, eyes fluttering shut, pushing back against me. "You were such a shy boy before... look at you now. Railin' me like a goddamn porn star in a gas station bathroom."

I slapped her ass, watching the flesh jiggle, red blooming across her skin. "Thanks to you," I hissed, leaning close to bite her shoulder. "You made me this way."

"Mmm," she moaned, smirking as her cheek pressed against the metal wall. "Guess I created a monster."

"Damn right." I drove into her again, both hands gripping her hips so I could slam her back onto me, her ass meeting my thighs with filthy wet smacks. The sound alone made me crazier.

"You love this, don't you?" I rasped, pulling her hair back so she arched, her tits bouncing. "Getting fucked where anyone could walk in. Knowing I'm about to cum all over your perfect ass."

Her voice came in broken gasps, deliciously dirty. "I love it... love your cock... god, Evan, don't stop..."

I reached around and pinched her nipple, making her squeal, then rubbed her tits in greedy handfuls. My thrusts turned punishing, loud enough that if someone came back in, there was no hiding it. I didn't care. I couldn't stop.

"You made me into this," I said, teeth gritted, fucking her like she was mine. "And now you're gonna take it."

"Yes," she cried out. "Yes, give it to me. You're not that shy little boy anymore."

Her words lit something primal in me. I smacked her ass again, left my handprint glowing on her skin, then yanked her tighter against me so she felt every inch. My cock throbbed inside her, the condom stretched, every squeeze of her walls dragging me closer to the edge.

"Goddamn, I'm gonna—" I choked out.

"Do it," she urged breathlessly. "Come for me. Show me how much you want it."

I pulled out at the last second, tore the condom off, and slid between her thighs, stroking my cock between the slick lips of her pussy and ass. Fast, desperate strokes, her juices coating me, her moans mixing with my ragged groans.

"Fuck—fuck—" I snarled, and then I erupted.

Hot ropes of cum painted her ass, streaked up her back, dripping down her curves. She gasped, laughing breathlessly, looking over her shoulder with wild eyes as I milked the last drops onto her skin.

When it was over, I collapsed against the stall wall, panting, my chest pressed to her sweaty back. She let her head rest against the metal, hair messy, cheeks flushed.

"You..." she panted, still catching her breath. "You didn't make me cum. That's a first."

"Yeah..." I admitted, rolling the used condom off and tossing it into the toilet. "I think I was too focused on the scenario. You know, public... loud... I got carried away."

She chuckled, cleaning herself up with a wad of toilet paper. "It's fine. But next time? You make me cum. Or no more little shenanigans for you."

I smirked, tucking myself back into my pants, then caught her chin in my hand and kissed her, rough but lingering. "Duly noted."

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Jasmine MARQUEZ

EXP Gained: +20

Star Rating: 2.6 ★★

Reason: Your Partner Didn't Climax

Her lips curved into a grin against mine, then she kissed me back, softer this time.

Quest Completed

Title: Public Nuisance

Reward: +70XP

2 Ability Points

My cock still twitched, half-hard, still wet with her and with my cum.

She grinned wickedly. "You're not done yet."

I blinked. "What? Jasmine, I just came—"

"Exactly," she purred, pressing her hand against my chest and nudging me backward until the backs of my knees hit porcelain. "That's when you're most sensitive."

I groaned as she pushed me down onto the closed lid of the toilet. The cool seat pressed under me while my cock stood half-slack against my belly, still glistening.

"Wait, I'm—fuck, I'm really sensitive right now..." I hissed, shivering when her fingers wrapped around me.

"That's the point." She crouched down between my legs, hair falling forward as she stroked me back to life. Her tongue flicked out, tasting me, running along the underside of my shaft. My hips twitched involuntarily.

"Shit, Jasmine..." I muttered, my head rolling back against the stall wall. "You're gonna kill me."

"Mm, I taste my pussy on your cock," She chuckled. "Didn't know I tasted this good."

"That's why I love eating you out." I quipped.

Her lips slid over the tip, hot and wet, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked me deep. Every nerve in my cock screamed at once, the raw overstimulation almost painful, but fuck—it felt too good to stop her.

"Sensitive, huh?" she teased around my length, pulling off with a wet pop, saliva stringing from her lips. "Then you'd better hold still."

"Easier said than done," I groaned, fingers digging into the edges of the toilet seat.

She giggled, then sank her mouth back down on me, bobbing her head, twisting her fist around the base. Her tongue worked in swirls, dragging me closer and closer, while her other hand massaged my balls.

My thighs trembled. "God, Jasmine... f—fuck, I'm gonna—"

She looked up with those eyes, still sucking, urging me wordlessly to give in. That look alone broke me.

I choked out a curse, grabbed the back of her head, and thrust shallowly into her mouth. My whole body jerked as I came again, harder than I thought possible.

Cum spurted across her face, streaking her cheek, her lips, catching in her lashes. She laughed through it, stroking me until the last ropes painted her skin. A fat drop clung to her chin, another sliding down her neck.

"Damn," she muttered, swiping the cum from her left eye with a finger, smearing it off with a grin. "You still had that much, huh?"

"I guess so..." I panted, chest heaving, legs weak. "You really know how to satisfy me."

She leaned in and kissed the tip of my cock one last time, playful, before rising to her feet. Her hand reached for the small bag she'd tossed in the corner, fishing out her clothes.

"Come on," she said, still sticky with me, tugging her panties back up. "Let's get out of here before anyone comes."

"Yep," I muttered, pulling up my jeans and fastening my belt. "Good idea."
