

The Heart System #Chapter 231 - Read The Heart System Chapter 231

Chapter 231: Chapter 231

It was just past midnight.

I stopped the car in front of Stingy Ladies and stepped out.. The club was packed to hell, a neon hive of drunk idiots and girls sitting on the sidewalk with their heels off, a couple making out hard against a wall. The bass was so heavy the concrete felt like it was vibrating under my damn shoes.

I ignored the line and walked straight toward security. Normally they'd toss me like a ragdoll for that, but I guess stepping out of an expensive car made them hesitate.

"Hey," I told the bouncer checking IDs. "I need to talk to Charlotte."

"She ain't working today," he replied.

"Oh? Right..." I nodded. "You have her number or something?"

"Sorry, no. You can check again tomorrow."

"Mm." I grunted and turned back toward my car.

Shit. I wanted to give her the good news tonight, but this would have to wait. Emilia was safe at TechForge anyway. Nala handled it all with one phone call—doctor, private room, off the record. Girl was in good hands.

As I opened the door, a familiar voice barked out behind me.

Sophia.

She stormed out of the club dragging a drunk dude by the collar. She dumped him onto the snow and wiped her hands like she threw out trash. Her buzzcut glowed pink under the big neon sign, and her tank top left her shoulders bulging with muscle.

"H-hey!" I called out. "Sophia."

"Evan," she said when she noticed me. "The taxi guy."

"Yeah. Hey." I walked back toward her. "I need Charlotte's phone number. Do you have it?"

"I do. Why?" she asked, folding her arms. "She called me that night because you and your friend bothered her."

"Yes."

"Then why the hell would I give you her number?" she snapped. "So you can harass her more?"

I could use Time Stop, take her phone, find the number... but no. Had to save credits.

Honeyed Words then. Even before the UI popped up, I knew this was going to be brutal. Sophia wasn't just tough—she was allergic to bullshit.

"It's really important," I said.

"I'm asking again," she repeated. Arms still crossed. "Why?"



Persuasion Attempt: Sophia



Remaining Chances: 0/2



Five boxes. Two chances. I needed four.



Attempting Persuasion

"I really need to talk to her. It is
really important, Sophia. Really
damn important."



Base Chance: 20%

Honeyed Words: +30%

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Final Chance: 50%

Upon Succeeding:

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"I really need to talk to her. It's really important, Sophia. Really damn important."

She narrowed her eyes. "I feel like you're lying, Evan. What's so important that you had to show up at midnight for it?"

Persuasion Attempt: Sophia

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Remaining Chances: 1/2-FAILURE

Wow. Right off the bat, I failed to persuade her. My Charm skill was low, so the riskiest option was filling three boxes. And... well, three boxes wasn't enough to convince Sophia. It failed automatically. That was bad.

"Go home, Evan," Sophia said. "Before I drag you like I dragged that guy."

"Sophia, just listen—"

"Go." She turned and headed back inside. "I swear... some people."

"Damn it..." I muttered.

She vanished into the club, and I went back to the jeep. The heater blasted my face the moment I turned the engine on. Charlotte could wait.

I leaned toward the dash and called Nala. Pulled my seatbelt across my chest and reversed out of the parking spot. She picked up on the second ring.

"Hey, Nala," I said. "Everything good?"

"Yes," she replied. "Maeve said she'll be okay."

"Who's Maeve?"

"The head doctor here. She's handling everything. Quietly. Off the books."

"Good." I exhaled. "We need to keep her alive. Emilia's like that because of me. I took that video from her. Guy wanted it back... or—he wanted to just punish her."

"I know," Nala said softly. "You feel responsible."

"That I am," I muttered. "She got attacked because of me."

"Mm." She paused. "I'll stay the night at TechForge. Don't wait at the penthouse. I need to look over some things."

"I'll come."

"You don't have to."

"Too late," I said. "See you when I see you, CEO."

She let out a tired little laugh. "Alright."

I hung up as the light turned red and eased my foot onto the brake.

What a night this was turning into... and the headache wasn't helping. It felt like my skull was about to split open.

Those blood marks kept replaying in my mind. Not all of it belonged to Emilia. She actually fought off her attacker, or attackers, and ran to her landlord. Tough girl. I thought her dom persona was just for work, but damn, she was strong.

"My head... oh, fuck..."

I stopped at a red light and leaned forward, resting my forehead against the steering wheel. I shut my eyes for a few seconds, just trying to breathe.

I must've drifted, because a horn blasted behind me. I jerked my head up and saw the light was green. Great. Exhaustion hitting hard.

I pushed the pedal, and right then, Jasmine's name popped up on the dashboard.

"Hey," I said as I answered.

"Evan," she said, sounding worried. "Nala told me something, but I didn't get everything. What's going on?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow. Things got... complicated."

"Well—is everything alright?"

"Yup. For now."

"Where are you going? Here?"

"Nah. TechForge. I'm spending the night there. Since Nala and I have the cars, just call a taxi in the morning, okay?"

"Yes, okay. Let me know if you need anything."

"Yup. Night, Jas."

"Night."

I hung up through the dashboard and tightened my grip on the wheel. Another red light. Midnight traffic in this city was a joke. Probably because the roads were frozen.

The car beeped and the seatbelt tightened around me. Through the rearview mirror, I saw a car rolling slowly toward me. Before I could react, it bumped my bumper, shaking the whole jeep.

"Oh, for fuck's sake..."

I blinked the hazard lights and pulled over. The other car followed. Just what I needed.

I stepped out, walked to the back, and checked the damage. Just a scratch. Fine.

I heard the other door open but didn't look yet.

"Hey, man," I said while still inspecting the bumper. "Be careful."

"Sorry," a woman answered.

I glanced over.

Her.

Kayla's snow-stranded disaster. The woman who couldn't move her car two days ago. Kayla said she rear-ended someone else too. Hannah. Yeah, that was her name. Or was it Hanna?

"You didn't see me?" I asked. "Come on..."

"I'm so—"

"Hey!" I cut her off. "The car—"

"Mm?"

Her car was slowly rolling backward. She'd forgotten the damn handbrake, and the icy street wasn't helping. Hannah turned around with wide eyes.

I rushed forward. The driver's window was open, thank god. I leaned in, grabbed the brake, and yanked it up.

The sudden stop made me lose my balance, and I stepped wrong on the curb. My foot slipped, and I smacked the back of my head on a street lamp.

"Ah... fuck me..." I groaned, rubbing it. "It hurts... agh..."

"You okay?"

"No, I'm not!" I snapped. "Lady, where did you get your license, a butcher shop?"

"Sorry."

Her voice was calm. Too calm. Like she didn't just rear-end me, forget the brake, and cause me to headbutt a damn street lamp. She just stood there, arms crossed, glasses sliding down her nose, her sharp eyes on me, neatly-cut short black hair swaying in the wind... she was just—just staring at me like this was normal.

"Well," she said, "for the damage, I can call—"

"You know what?" I cut in. "It's fine. Shit happens. Let's just go."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah," I said, wanting to get away before she caused the ground to collapse or something. "Have a good night. And when you stop, pull the handbrake next time?"

I walked back to my car, still rubbing my head, got in, dropped the brake, and eased forward. In the side mirror, I saw Hanna standing with her arms crossed, watching me leave.

"Monster... traffic monster..." I muttered.

REPUTATION SYSTEM (LVL 11)

VILLAIN  HERO

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Helping Hannah with her car: +5

=====

Current Reputation: Good

- More EXP gain when making your partner climax.

Hey, at least I got some points for that.

Checking the mirror again, I saw her getting into her car and turning right. Good. At least we weren't heading in the same direction. That would've been bad... for me and for the poor car. And I took care of this thing better than I took care of myself.

I noticed a missed call, probably came while I was outside, dealing with that woman. I tapped the dashboard and saw it was an unknown number. Weird. Probably a scam.

"This night just keeps getting weirder by the second..."

While I kept driving, I passed a bus stop on the left and spotted someone standing there. That same someone I kept seeing in my dreams. The woman with the umbrella. My chest tightened. I slowed the car and stared harder.

Then she turned.

And "she" was actually a guy posing while someone took photos of him.

Great. Now I was hallucinating women from my dreams on the street. Paranoid much.

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Dierella was keeping me in the dark about that dream woman—no question. She definitely knew something, but she wasn't saying a damn thing. The worst part was that I couldn't do anything about it. She just appeared and disappeared whenever she wanted, like she was the one pulling the strings... eh, I guess she was pulling the strings, though.

The dashboard lit up again.

Unknown number.

Curious, I answered.

"Who is this?" I said. "It's midnight."

"Evan fucking Marlowe," a woman snapped. "You bastard."

"Who are you?"

"Sarah," she said. "Remember me?"

"Oh," I said, smirking. "Right. How's your night going? Did Guy finally tighten your leash? Good for him."

"This is not over," she hissed. "I swear, Evan. This is not over."

"I'm shaking," I said flatly. "What are you gonna do this time?"

"Just wait," Sarah growled. "I'll put you in your damn place. And I'm not as merciful as Guy. I swear to God."

"Right. Well, I gotta go, Sarah. Good talk. Let's catch up sometime. Bye."

"EVA—"

I hung up and couldn't help chuckling. She was desperate, furious, powerless. Felt fitting. After all the crap she pulled—threatening us, threatening Nala, trying to force millions out of the company every month—this was exactly where she belonged.

I turned left and finally reached TechForge. The parking lot security booth light clicked on. The guard inside stood up and slid open the tiny window of his little box—one of those small glass booths with the heater that never actually warmed anything, a desk packed with a coffee mug and a radio, and a big red button for the gate arm.

"Mr. Marlowe," he said. "Hello, sir. Ms. Nolin is inside."

"I know," I said as I rolled to a stop, waiting for him to raise the gate arm. "Have a good evening, man."

"You too, sir."

"Hmm."

The gate arm lifted, and I headed into the parking lot. I parked in the closest open spot and got out of the car. The cold air hit me right as the main doors slid open and Nala walked out.

We didn't say anything at first. She just came straight to me, and we hugged—tight. She smelled like stress, perfume, and paperwork.

"So," I asked as we pulled back a bit. "How's she doing?"

"Good," she said. "Maeve told me we shouldn't worry. She'll be up tomorrow... well—" she checked her phone—"technically this morning. It's already past midnight."

"Yep."

"Damn."

"We should just head home," I said. "Why stay here?"

"I still have files to read. Some papers to sign." Nala rubbed her temple. "I could leave it for tomorrow, but... I won't be able to sleep anyway."

"Then we're staying here," I said, already pulling out my phone. "Chinese? Pizza?"

"A big, fucking, juicy, disgusting burger," she said, finally smiling.

"Two big, fucking, juicy, disgusting burgers," I chuckled as I unlocked my phone. "Coming right up."

♥□♥□♥□

I woke up to the first light of the morning coming straight through the big window. I was lying on the couch in Nala's office, half my legs dangling off the edge since the damn thing was too small. Turning left, I saw Nala in her chair, a file open in front of her while she read through the papers. On the table were half-eaten chips, the empty burger bags, and our diet cokes.

I turned my head back up and stared at the ceiling. The AC was blowing warm air, thank God. Otherwise, with how I only had my t-shirt on—no jacket—I'd be waking up sick. My

boots were gone too. I definitely knocked out with them on. Nala must've taken them off me while I was out cold.

"Hey, CEO."

She jerked a little in her chair, then shot me a look. "Oh—God, you scared the crap out of me."

"Hey, I'm not dead. I was gonna wake up eventually, yeah?"

"Oh, I knew you weren't dead. With how you snored last night."

"I don't snore." I pushed myself up, groaning and yawning.

"Nope, you do." Nala chuckled as she went back to the papers. "Trust me."

I dragged myself to the closest chair at her table and sat down, leaning back. "You didn't sleep?"

"No. How could I?"

"Hmm."

I grabbed my phone and checked the time. Six a.m. I lay down around three. No wonder my brain felt like mashed potatoes.

"Any news from Emilia?" I asked.

"I was going to talk to you about that," Nala said, closing the folder, locking eyes with me. "Evan... you have a problem."

"Huh?"

"You feel responsible for everyone even when you shouldn't." She looked at me. "And that's a good thing, to a point. It means you're actually a decent person. Always looking out for others."

"Yeah?"

"But... why Emilia?" she asked. "She's not connected to us. She's not part of our life. Why protect her?"

"Because I was the reason she almost died," I said, raising an eyebrow.

"Okay... then explain this," Nala said. "Why did you help me back then? When Guy humiliated me in front of everyone. You didn't have to say anything. You didn't have to step in. But you did."

"Because it was wrong," I said. "What kind of question is that, Nala?"

"You—look, you have a big heart." She sighed. "But sometimes being selfish isn't a bad thing."

"What are you trying to say?"

"I know about Mendy." She nodded. "I know how terrible you've been feeling."

"It's—"

She cut in, finishing the thought. "Because of you she and Richard made up. And because of you she got stalked."

"Nala..."

"We—Evan," she said quietly. "You can't keep taking responsibility for everyone's life. It puts you in danger. Look at Richard. He could've seriously hurt you. Look at my brother. He could've ruined you. He could've taken your home. He could've—"

"Killed me," I muttered.

She nodded. "Exactly."

I didn't say anything. Just listened.

"I'm just... scared of losing you," Nala said. "For the longest time, you've been the only good thing that's happened to me. And I don't want to lose that."

I let it sit for a moment, then stood and walked over. She stayed seated as I reached down, gently cupped her chin, and kissed her. Soft, slow. She kissed back. Then I kissed her forehead, and she leaned into it just slightly.

"You're cute when you're worried."

"Ugh. Stop that."

I walked toward the door, stretching a bit. "Where did all that come from? The whole speech?"

"When you chased that mole," she said, rubbing her eyes. "I realized how scared I was. What if he had a gun? What if you didn't make it back? My brain just... started spiraling."

"Well," I said with a small smile, hand on the doorknob, "nothing's gonna happen to me. Don't worry."

"Where are you going?"

"Coffee run." I opened the door. "Because, holy hell, we're going to need it. A lot."

"Yeah... God, you're right."

I stepped out, stretching my arms. "Two coffees, coming up."

When I stepped out into the corridor, a few early-bird workers were already scattered around—two engineers carrying laptops, one sleepy guy with a hoodie rubbing his eyes, a woman balancing a tablet and a thermos. They all gave me small nods when our eyes met. I nodded back. Everyone looked tired. Guess the whole "mole running around the building" thing didn't help anyone's sleep.

TechForge had its own coffee setup, thank God. Not the cheap break-room machine that spits mud, but a full automated café station tucked inside a glass-walled nook on each floor. You could see it from far down the hallway—bright lights, chrome dispensers, digital panels glowing like a vending machine on steroids. The whole thing looked like a mini Starbucks someone shrunk and stuffed into the corner of a corporate building.

I walked down the corridor toward it, the floor-to-ceiling windows on my right showing the city still drowned in early morning gray. The place was quiet—just the faint hum of vents and distant keyboards. My boots echoed softly on the polished floor as I headed for the coffee nook.

When I reached it, someone was already inside. One of the finance guys, judging by the badge clipped to his belt. He was waiting for his latte, tapping his foot like the machine personally wronged him. I leaned against the glass wall and waited while he grabbed his cup and hurried off, barely muttering a "morning."

Once he left, I stepped in.

The air inside smelled faintly of roasted beans and overpriced syrup. Three machines lined the back wall; the middle one was the beast—the one that hissed, steamed, and brewed espresso strong enough to wake up a damn statue.

I scanned my ID on the panel so it wouldn't charge me, tapped "Large Americano x2," and waited. The machine whirred, clanked, sighed like it hated its job, then finally filled two big paper cups with something dark and angry. Strong enough to resurrect a corpse.

Carrying the two coffees, I walked back through the quiet hallway, pushed open the glass door of Nala's office, and stepped inside. I set the cups on the table and shut the door behind me.

Nala gave me this grateful little nod without breaking eye contact from her file. "Bless you," she muttered, grabbing her cup.

I pulled a cigarette from my pack and lit it.

"Crack open a window at least," Nala said, still reading.

"But we'll freeze."

"Then don't smoke. Sheesh, Evan. I swear."

"The AC'll push the smell out. Relax."

"Mm-hmm." She didn't even fight it this time.

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I sat on the chair closest to the table, took a long sip of the hot coffee, and leaned back. Cigarette dangling from my lips, eyes half-shut, just letting the warmth settle in. After yesterday's mess, this moment felt stupidly peaceful. Almost surreal.

"Did you see the weather report?" Nala asked around her sip. "The snowstorm starts this afternoon. Heavy one."

"Yeah." I exhaled smoke toward the ceiling. "Saw it. The guy on the TV last night looked like he was about to announce the apocalypse."

"Heavy winds, possible power outages..." She flipped another page. "Perfect timing."

"Mm. Love how nature always kicks you when you're already down."

She snorted. "Tell me about it."

"Think we'll get snowed in?" I asked.

"Probably." She exhaled. "God... I haven't slept in three days."

"I noticed," I said. "Your eye bags are legally a different department now."

"Shut up."

"Just saying."

She rolled her eyes and went back to her papers, blowing lightly on her coffee.

Outside, the wind brushed against the tall windows, making a low, cold hum. Inside, it was warm. Quiet. Just the two of us, sipping our coffees as the office slowly woke up around us.

Honestly? I could stay like that forever.

Nala was hunched over her folder again, tapping her pen against the margin without noticing she was doing it. Her brows were pinched together, lips pressed thin, eyes scanning the same paragraph over and over like her brain refused to absorb anything.

Yeah. She was stressed to hell.

I took a long drag of my cigarette, exhaled toward the ceiling, and sipped my coffee again. Bitter, hot, perfect. I watched her for a moment—the way her heel bounced, the way her other hand rubbed her temple in slow circles. She didn't even notice I was staring.

"You're frying your brain, CEO," I muttered.

She didn't respond. Just kept staring down like the paper was personally insulting her.

I pushed myself up from the chair, walked to the windowsill, tapped my cigarette twice over the ashtray, then set it there to keep burning. The cold leaking through the glass brushed against my skin.

I walked over to the wall panel right beside the doorframe. Every wall around us was clear glass—floor to ceiling—so anyone walking by could see straight into Nala's office from every angle. Meetings, arguments, her reading in silence... all of it was visible unless she manually changed it.

I tapped the panel.

A soft chime sounded, followed by a low hum rolling across the room. The entire office shifted—every glass wall turning milky white at once, frost spreading over the transparent panels like ice racing across a pond. In just two seconds the whole place was completely opaque, sealed off from any curious eyes in the corridor.

Then I walked to the door, turned the small metal latch, and locked it.

When I turned back, Nala had finally noticed. One eyebrow lifted. Just one. The what the hell are you doing now? eyebrow.

I smirked and walked behind her chair, resting my hands on the backrest while leaning down close enough that my breath brushed her ear.

"Come on," I murmured. "You're stressed enough."

She tilted her head a little, not pulling away—just watching me from the corner of her eye. "Oh? And what exactly do you propose, Evan?"

I slid my hand along her shoulder, slow, teasing, making sure she felt every inch of my palm before it settled. "Lazy sex? It's a thing Jasmine and I found."

Nala looked forward, then down, then back up at me like she was calculating something. She wasn't blushing—instead, she had that tired, fed-up look of someone who'd hit the point where stress and exhaustion blur into 'fuck it.'

She exhaled through her nose... then shrugged.

"Fuck it," she said. "Lazy sex."

Her voice was soft, tired, but there was this tiny curve at the corner of her mouth—the kind that said she needed this more than she wanted to admit.

I smiled back, slow and satisfied, the kind of smile that made her roll her eyes but secretly melt at the same time.

Nala rose from her chair, the city lights glittering behind her through the floor-to-ceiling windows. I met her halfway, cupped the back of her neck, and crushed my mouth to hers. She tasted like coffee and desperation. Before she could catch her breath I hooked my hands under her thighs, lifted her clean off the floor, and set her ass down on the edge of the table. Papers scattered, a pen clattered to the carpet; neither of us cared.

I yanked my belt open, shoved pants and boxers down in one impatient push. My cock sprang free, heavy, aching, already leaking at the tip.

Nala's fingers scrabbled at her pencil skirt. I beat her to it, bunching the tight fabric up around her hips, exposing black lace panties already soaked through. I hooked the crotch with two fingers and dragged them aside, baring her glistening pussy.

"Fuck, look at you," I growled. "So wet for me already, Miss CEO?"

She whimpered, nodding frantically.

I dropped to my knees, spread her thighs wider, and dragged my tongue up her slit in one slow, filthy lick. Nala's head fell back, a broken moan spilling out as I sealed my lips around her clit and sucked, hard.

One of her legs hooked over my shoulder, heel digging into my back; the other dangled off the table, stocking-clad foot swaying with every flick of my tongue.

"Evan... oh god, right there," she gasped, fingers tangling in my hair.

I teased her clit with quick little flicks, then slow circles, then sucked it between my lips and hummed. Her hips bucked against my face.

"You taste so fucking good," I rasped against her, sliding two fingers deep inside and curling them. "This pretty little pussy missed me all day, didn't it?"

"Yes... fuck, yes... don't stop—"

I didn't. I ate her like I was starving, tongue lashing her clit, fingers pumping in time until her thighs clamped around my head and she came with a sharp cry, back arching off the desk, pussy pulsing around my fingers.

I stood, wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, and lined my cock up with her dripping entrance.

"Look at me," I ordered.

Her eyes, glazed, gorgeous, locked on mine as I pushed in, until I was buried to the hilt. We both groaned.

I started slow, long strokes that dragged every inch of me against her walls, her legs spread wide over the desk, skirt bunched at her waist, blouse half-unbuttoned, tits spilling out of her bra. I hooked her knees over my elbows, folding her nearly in half, and picked up speed.

"Harder," she begged, nails raking down my back. "Fuck me harder, Evan."

I slammed into her, the desk rocking beneath us, her ass sliding an inch with every thrust.

"You love getting fucked on your own desk, don't you?" I growled, angling deeper. "Love knowing anyone could walk in and see the big bad CEO getting ruined on my cock."

She moaned louder, nodding, pussy clenching tighter.

I shifted again, pulled her hips to the very edge, and pounded into her missionary-style on the tabletop, one hand braced beside her head, the other rubbing tight circles over her clit.

I had her folded nearly in half, knees hooked over my forearms, heels digging into the small of my back while I drove into her with long, punishing strokes. Every thrust slammed the table an inch across the floor, papers fluttering to the carpet like wounded birds.

Her blouse had come completely open; the lacy cups of her bra were shoved down under her breasts, letting them bounce with every impact. The city lights behind her painted silver stripes across her flushed skin, her nipples hard, dark, begging.

I shifted my angle, grinding deep, the head of my cock dragging slow and deliberate over that perfect spot inside her. Nala's eyes rolled back, lashes fluttering, a choked gasp spilling from her lips.

Her orgasm crashed through her like a wave. A low, broken cry tore out of her as her pussy clamped down so hard I saw stars, walls fluttering and squeezing in rhythmic, greedy pulses that tried to drag me even deeper. I didn't let up, just kept fucking her through it, slow and relentless, letting her feel every thick inch while she shook and gasped beneath me.

I slid both hands up her ribs, shoved the lace cups of her bra down completely, and palmed both full breasts, squeezing hard. Her nipples were stiff, begging. I rolled one between my thumb and forefinger, pinched just enough to make her sob, then leaned down and sucked the other into my mouth. I lashed it with my tongue, grazing it with my teeth, tugging until she arched off the desk and pushed her tits harder against my face.

"Evan—" she whimpered, voice absolutely wrecked, nails raking fiery lines down my shoulders. "Inside... please, cum inside me—"

I released her nipple with a wet pop, gave the other the same rough treatment, then straightened just enough to watch her face while I slammed into her three more times, hard, deep, claiming.

That was all it took.

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I buried myself to the hilt and let go. My cock pulsed once, twice, then erupted. Thick, hot ropes of cum flooded her, filling her up until I could feel it leaking out around my shaft with every jerk of my hips. I stayed deep, grinding slow circles, one hand still kneading her breast, thumb flicking her nipple in time with every fresh spurt.

We stayed locked together, foreheads pressed, breathing ragged, sweat cooling on our skin. My other hand slid down to cup her ass, holding her exactly where I wanted her while the last tremors rolled through us both.

Slowly the haze faded. I eased back just enough to watch my cum start to drip from her swollen, flushed pussy, sliding in a slow, obscene trail over her asshole and onto the polished wood beneath her.

Nala laughed, breathless and dazed, and reached up to drag me down into a lazy, filthy kiss. Our tongues tangled, tasting each other, tasting sex.

"Welcome to the executive floor," she murmured against my lips, voice hoarse and satisfied.

I grinned, still half-hard inside her, and gave one last slow roll of my hips just to feel her shiver.

"Best office perk I've ever had."

"Best lazy sex I ever had," she echoed, fingers tracing the sweat on my neck.

I smiled. "That too."

Nala slid off the desk on shaky legs, thighs still trembling. She reached for her phone where it had skittered across the polished wood, turning her back to me as she bent forward to grab it.

The sight hit me like a punch: her ass high, skirt still bunched around her waist, panties twisted to the side, my cum dripping in thick white rivulets down the inside of her thigh. My cock, which had barely softened, surged back to full hardness in a heartbeat.

The phone started ringing. Nala straightened a little, thumb swiping to answer. "Dr. Maeve, hi—"

Before she could get another word out I stepped in behind her, lined up, and pushed back inside in one slick thrust. She was so full of me already that the wet sound of my cock sliding home was loud, obscene.

Clap. Clap. Clap.

Her free hand slapped the desk for balance as I set a slow, deliberate rhythm, each thrust nudging her forward on her heels.

"Emilia's awake?" Nala managed, voice cracking on the last syllable as I drove in deeper. "That's—ah—wonderful—"

I leaned over her, chest to her back, and pushed her gently but firmly down until she was hunched forward over the desk, one palm braced on the wood, the other clutching the phone to her ear like a lifeline.

Clap. Clap. Clap.

The rhythm was unmistakable now. I could hear Maeve's voice on the other end pause, then politely ask, "Ms. Nolin? Are you all right?"

"I'm—mmph—fine," Nala gasped, biting her lip hard enough I saw teeth marks. "Just—really busy—oh fuck—"

Another hard thrust stole the rest of her sentence. Her eyes squeezed shut, cheeks burning crimson.

Maeve cleared her throat delicately. "I... can call back—"

"No—no, I'll be there shortly," Nala blurted, voice shaking. "Thank you, Maeve. Bye."

She ended the call with a frantic stab of her thumb and tossed the phone aside.

"Evan!" she hissed, half-laughing, half-furious, trying to glare back at me over her shoulder while I kept sliding in and out of her dripping pussy. "That was the doctor!"

I just chuckled, low and unrepentant, hands gripping her hips as I gave her one more slow, deep thrust. "Sorry. When I saw you bent over like that, dripping my cum down your thighs... I lost the ability to be a functioning human being."

She groaned, but the way her hips pushed back against me told me everything I needed to know.

I kept her bent over the wide, polished wooden table, her palms pressed flat against the warm oak, fingers splayed and trembling. The skirt was still bunched high around her waist like a dark belt, blouse hanging open, bra shoved down beneath her breasts so they hung heavy and free, swaying with every hard, thrust I gave her from behind. The rhythm was perfect now: deep, wet, filthy doggy-style, my hips snapping forward, the slap of my skin against her ass echoing off the glass walls of the office.

I slid one hand up the elegant line of her sweat-slick spine, fingers spread wide, feeling every shiver that ran through her. Then I dragged it down again, nails lightly scraping, before gripping her hip hard enough to leave marks and yanking her back onto my cock with every stroke. I leaned over her, chest to her back, mouth tracing a hot path across her shoulder blades, kissing, licking, biting the tender skin at the nape of her neck until she whimpered my name.

The other hand snaked beneath her, cupping one bouncing breast, kneading the soft, full weight, rolling her stiff nipple between my thumb and forefinger until it throbbed. I pinched, tugged, twisted just enough to make her sob, then soothed it with the pad of my thumb while I pounded deeper.

"God, look at these tits," I rasped against her ear, voice rough. "Hanging and swinging every time I fuck you. You love being taken like this, don't you?"

She could only moan in answer, pushing back harder, meeting every thrust.

I dragged my thumb down the cleft of her ass, slow and deliberate, and circled that tight, untouched ring of muscle. The moment the pad of my thumb pressed gently, just teasing, she clenched so hard around my cock I nearly saw stars.

"Evan—" she gasped, voice cracking.

I kept the pressure steady, rubbing slow, filthy circles while I slammed into her. Pleasure 20 skill was singing through my veins; I knew exactly how deep to go, exactly how to grind against that spot inside her that made her lose her mind. Her whole body went rigid, breath catching, then shattered.

A sharp, desperate cry tore from her throat as she came again, pussy fluttering wildly, gushing around me in hot pulses, thighs shaking so violently the table rocked beneath us, wood groaning in protest.

"This isn't lazy sex anymore," she panted, half-laughing, half-sobbing, forehead pressed to the cool surface.

I grinned against her back, teeth grazing her shoulder. "Yep. Sorry."

I was right on the edge. The sight of her bent over the polished wood, dripping, trembling, tits swaying, my cum already leaking down her thighs from earlier, was too much.

"Want to cum on your face, Nala."

She didn't hesitate. "Do it. Cum wherever you want, Evan."

I pulled out with a wet sound, cock slick and throbbing. Nala dropped to her knees instantly, spinning to face me on the carpet, tilting her beautiful face up like an offering. Mouth open, tongue out just a little, eyes fluttering shut in total surrender.

Fuck.

I stroked once, twice, and let go.

The first thick rope shot across her closed eyelid, painting a white stripe over her lashes. The second hit her cheek, dripping slowly. The third landed heavy across her parted lips and waiting tongue, sliding down her chin. Pulse after pulse followed: one on her forehead, another streaking her other cheek, a final heavy spurt landing on her chin and dripping down her neck toward her heaving breasts. She was glazed, absolutely covered, gorgeous in the most depraved way.

My knees buckled. I collapsed back into her leather executive chair, chest heaving, cock softening against my thigh, spent and shaking.

"Shit..." I breathed, laughing weakly. "That was intense."

Nala smiled, slow and filthy, gathering the cum from her forehead and cheeks with two fingers and licking them clean like it was the sweetest thing she'd ever tasted. She hummed, eyes half-lidded.

"Your cum tastes delicious, I swear, Evan," she murmured, voice husky and ruined. "I'm not super experienced with other guys... is it always like this?"

"Nope. I'm special."

She laughed softly, crawled forward on her knees, and laid her head on my thigh, cheek pressed to my skin, arms wrapping around my leg like a contented cat. Cum still glistened on her face, but she didn't care.

"That you are," she whispered.

I stroked her hair gently, fingers combing through the dark strands, tracing the shell of her ear.

This... yeah. This was good.

But Emilia was awake.

We had to go.

Nala reached across the desk, opened the top drawer, and pulled out a pack of soft wipes. She tugged one free and started swiping the cum from her cheek and chin, laughing softly under her breath.

I stood, walked over, and took the wipe from her fingers. "Let me."

Gently, almost reverently, I cleaned the rest of it off her face: the stripe across her eyelid, the streak on her forehead, the drip on her chin. She closed her eyes and let me, smiling the whole time.

When she was clean again, she stood up, stretched like a cat, arms high over her head, back arching, tits lifting, until a satisfied little groan escaped her lips.

I glanced at the two abandoned coffee cups on the side table. "Welp. Coffee's officially cold."

Nala chuckled, low and warm. "We can buy the whole damn café another round on the way."

I buckled my belt, zipped up, and gave her ass a playful, resounding slap as I passed. She squeaked, spun, and punched my shoulder, light, teasing.

"Asshole," she muttered, but she was grinning.

I walked to the control panel on the wall and tapped the button. The frosted glass unfrosted with a soft hiss, turning transparent again. The rest of the executive floor came back into view, empty, mercifully.

I turned to her. "Let's go see Emilia."

"Let's go."

Chapter 235: Chapter 235

We stepped out of Nala's office together, the glass door sliding shut behind us. The early executive floor was quiet, just a few lights humming overhead and a cleaning bot gliding along the wall. Nala walked beside me, smoothing her blazer, while I stretched my shoulders, still feeling the exhaustion from everything we went through.

When we reached the elevators, she gestured toward the stairwell nearby. "Let's just take the stairs. It's only one floor."

"Hell no," I said immediately. "I'm tired as it is. Even breathing feels like work."

She smirked. "So what we did in the office didn't take that much energy?"

"...Yeah, okay, that's different," I muttered. "Let's just take the elevator."

"Lazy employee."

"Ouch."

I pressed the button and the elevator opened. We stepped in, and I hit the button for the floor above.

"This Maeve," I asked as we rose, "is she the same doctor who dressed my wound?"

"No, that was just one of the nurses. Maeve is our head doctor. She's good. Very good."

"Then Emilia's in the right hands."

"Yeah."

The doors opened and we stepped out into a hallway that was just starting to see early traffic. A few workers nodded at Nala with that "CEO spotted" stiffness, and she nodded back, keeping her expression neutral. We turned left toward the infirmary—small room, last door on the right, tucked away like an afterthought.

Nala pushed the door open and we stepped inside.

Emilia lay on one of the beds... and there was a tiny, a small problem.

"Uh... why is she handcuffed?" I asked.

"LET ME GO!" Emilia screamed, thrashing hard enough to rattle the bed frame.
"FUCKERS!"

She looked rough—hospital gown in that sick-washed green, hair a tangled mess sticking to her forehead, one eye swollen purple and half shut. Sweat plastered her hair down. Her eyes, one of the meanest pairs I'd ever seen, now blazed with even more fire.

Maeve, on the other hand, didn't even glance up. She sat at her desk with her back to us, earbuds in her ears, tapping away on her phone like having an injured hellcat in her infirmary was normal.

Only when she noticed us stepping deeper inside did she turn, slide her earbuds and stand.

She looked young, but exhausted—like life had hurled ninety years at her in one go. Long brown hair grew out from faded purple dye, tired eyes, and her lab coat hung slightly rumpled. Not someone easily rattled. Her frame was slender, but damn if her tits weren't huge.

"Sorry," she said politely. "Didn't see you come in, Ms. Nolin. Mr. Marlowe."

"Why is she handcuffed?" Nala repeated sharply.

"Because she tried to attack me," Maeve answered calmly. "So I cuffed her."

"Where the hell did you even get cuffs?" I asked.

Maeve shrugged, completely unapologetic.

I exhaled and ran a hand down my face. Then I walked closer to the bed to check on Emilia. She stopped thrashing for half a second, looked right at me... then spat in my face.

Her spit slid down my chin as she burst out laughing—mean, triumphant, like she'd just won an argument I didn't know we were having.

"Wow," I muttered as I wiped her spit off my chin. "Your customers usually pay for that, no? I'm lucky."

"Who the fuck are you?" Emilia snarled. Her laughter died as fast as it came. "One of Guy's dogs? That bastard send you to finish me off?"

"Yes," I deadpanned. "But I messed up the assignment and brought you to a hospital instead. I'm like John Wick but... the opposite."

"Enough sarcasm," Nala said, pinching the bridge of her nose. "Evan saved you, Emilia. He followed the blood trail from your apartment, all the way to your landlord's place. You wouldn't have survived there, so he brought you here."

Emilia's thrashing slowed. Her brows pulled together. "Bullshit. Guy would've cleaned the scene. There wouldn't be any trail."

"There was a droplet on the ceiling," I said. "Barely visible. You gave your attacker a harder time than you think."

She huffed. "I bit his ear off. Then stabbed him in the leg."

"But he still injured you," Maeve said with a tired tone. She stepped closer, hands tucked casually into her coat pockets. "He got your ribs good. Your eye's bruised. And that slash across your abdomen? Lucky it was shallow."

Emilia winced. "Yeah... feels great."

"I was worried about internal bleeding," Maeve continued, "but you're clear. And the stab wound wasn't deep, just messy. You did, however, break your toe. If you try to walk, you're going to scream."

"Cool," Emilia muttered. "Fantastic. Love that for me." She took a breath, calmer but still coiled tight. "Look... thanks. Seriously. But I can't stay here. I'm not safe in any hospital."

"You're not in a hospital," I said. "You're in TechForge. Nobody outside knows you're here. Guy can't get to you."

"Guy still has people in TechForge!" she snapped, yanking the cuffs until the bed creaked. "Are you insane? You brought me right into the fucking lion's den!"

"Guy is no longer here," Nala said. "I'm the CEO now."

"And if he tries anything else..." I added, leaning on the foot of her bed, "...our little baby-boy is gonna regret it."

Emilia went quiet. Really quiet. Her whole body loosened against the mattress, her head sinking back into the pillow. She shut her eyes like she needed a moment just to breathe without fire in her veins.

Maeve slipped one earbud back in, then looked at Nala, then at me—her expression shifting from clinical to tired.

"We should let her rest," she said gently.

"Yeah," Nala agreed, brushing a stray strand of hair behind her ear. "She needs it."

We both started heading for the door when Emilia's voice cut through—hoarse, but sharp.

"How?" Her eyes cracked open just enough to see us. "How did you get the videos from me, Nala?"

I stopped with my hand on the doorknob. "That was me," I said. "I stole it."

"You don't even know where it was," Emilia muttered, voice weak but still accusatory.

"You're lying."

"It was in your bedroom drawer," I replied simply. "Second one down."

That shut her up. Her jaw tightened, but she didn't have the strength to argue anymore.

"Rest," I said. "We'll talk tomorrow."

We stepped out, and I pulled the door closed behind us. Nala and I lingered in the hallway, both of us just... decompressing. The adrenaline, the fear, the relief—it all finally caught up.

"Well," I exhaled, rubbing the back of my neck. "Could've gone worse."

Nala let out a tired laugh. "Yeah. Actually..."

She turned toward me fully, arms folding under her chest, eyebrows raised.

"How did you really steal that phone?"

"I'm just that good," I said with a half-grin.

She narrowed her eyes. "Evan, no. Seriously. How? I honestly thought you hacked it or something. But the damn thing's ancient—it barely connects to electricity, let alone the internet."

I looked away, pretending to admire the hallway decor. Anything to avoid her eyes.

Yeah. Definitely wasn't going to tell her the truth—that I used Time Stop, snuck into Emilia's apartment, fumbled around like an idiot, hid under the bed while she dom-

played with a client, and only found the phone after watching the most awkward show of my life.

I shrugged, letting the silence answer for me.

Nala stared a few more seconds, then walked ahead, shaking her head in disbelief.

"You really have to tell me," she said again, softer this time, almost amused.

"Maybe one day," I replied as I hit the elevator button.

"No." She grabbed my arm and tugged me toward the stairwell. "We're taking the damn stairs."

"Nooo," I dragged the word out dramatically, laughing under my breath.

She smirked, pushing the stairwell door open. "Shut up."

I followed after her, still grinning. Even exhausted, stressed, and running on caffeine fumes, she managed to make my chest feel lighter than it should.

♥□♥□♥□

Five o'clock hit, and I was slumped behind my desk like a corpse pretending to work. The storm outside was a full-on apocalypse—snow falling sideways, thick enough that I couldn't even make out the buildings across the street. Not a single person outside. Just white. White everywhere.

I let my gaze drift left, past the blurred glass, into Nala's office. She was still buried in a folder, flipping pages. Marcus Hale stood beside her desk, waving his hands around while talking—clearly pissed about something, which wasn't new.

Footsteps approached. I turned and spotted Amelia walking up.

"Hey," I said. "Anything new from the mole?"

"No idea," she replied, rubbing her arms. "I'm here because Ms. Nolin called me. Thank God I was outside on a break when the mole showed up. If I'd been inside the building..." She sighed. "I'd definitely be on the suspect list."

"Mm," I muttered. "Yeah. Timing saved you."

Amelia nodded, brushing a few snowflakes off her hair. "I still can't believe you chased him. I would've let him go. Not worth getting stabbed."

"Yeah," I smirked. "Adrenaline hit. Brain went on vacation."

Inside Nala's office, Marcus finished whatever rant he was on and left. Nala gestured Amelia over, and she excused herself.

"See you," she said.

She walked away, and I couldn't help glancing at her ass. Pencil skirt, tight, round, full—way too distracting for a place with this much corporate drama.

Before I could enjoy the view too long, Marcus walked right into my peripheral vision. He shot me a look like I personally caused the storm, then trudged toward my desk.

"You should talk to her and get Adam fired," Marcus snapped. "We can't afford mistakes. And Adam is one big fucking mistake."

"He was alone because Jenkins was sick," I said. "Otherwise Jenkins would've been in the room too, watching the cameras."

Marcus shook his head, muttered under his breath, and stormed off again.

Chapter 236: Chapter 236

I leaned back, thinking. Jenkins was sick—sure. But how the hell did the mole know he wouldn't be in the room? Jenkins didn't leave his station normally. Maybe the mole chatted with Adam beforehand. Maybe he learned Jenkins wasn't working. Maybe he planned it around that. Fuck... maybe Jenkins was the suspect?

Definitely worth checking.

I texted Nala that I needed to follow up on something and got up. As I headed to the elevators, I glanced back. She'd just read my message. She looked up, caught my eye, and mouthed: 'Good luck.'

I gave her a nod and stepped inside the elevator, hitting the ground floor.

A few seconds later, the doors slid open. I walked through the lobby and toward the entrance, spotting Adam standing guard—chest puffed up, gun holstered at his side like he was posing for a magazine cover.

"Mr. Marlowe," he said as I approached. "Sorry, I can't give you your phone yet if that's what you're here for."

"I have my phone. Nala allowed it," I said. "I'm here to talk to you about that day."

His shoulders tensed. "Oh. Alright."

"Anyone come talk to you? Try to chat about Jenkins? Maybe ask if he was working?"

"A few people," Adam said, scratching his temple. "But everyone kinda knew Jenkins was sick. He ate a bunch of mussels in the cantina."

"We sell mussels in the cantina?" I asked, incredulous.

"Yup. Guy's idea."

I stared at him a second. "Of course it was..." I muttered. "Okay, look—can you make a list of anyone who asked you about Jenkins? Doesn't matter if you remember all of them. Just try."

"Sure," he nodded. "I don't have your number, but I can text Ms. Nolin?"

"That works. Thanks."

He nodded, relieved.

"What about that secret passage to your room?" I asked.

"Closed off," he said. "Maintenance sealed it. Ropes were cut. And we finally have a camera on the roof. I've been asking for one for years."

"That's good. Appreciate the help."

"No problem, Mr. Marlowe. Pleasure."

I gave his shoulder a quick pat and turned toward the entrance doors. The storm outside had only gotten worse. I could barely see the stairs leading down. Past that? Nothing. Just white wind and noise.

If I still lived in my old shitty place, the kitchen window would've snapped in half by now. The whole place would've been an igloo.

"Mr. Marlowe," a soft voice called behind me.

I turned to see Maeve walking over—purple faded hair, lab coat still on, tired eyes but gentle as always.

"Hey," I said. "What's up?"

"I wanted to update you about Emilia," she said. "We can send her home tomorrow. Everything looks good. She'll need to avoid walking too much because of the toe, but she'll manage."

"I doubt she has anywhere to stay," I muttered. "But good. Thanks, Maeve."

"Anytime," she said with a tired smile.

She headed back down the hall, and I exhaled, watching the storm crash against the glass again.

Man... what a mess. And the day, nah scratch that, the week, wasn't even close to over.

♥□♥□♥□

The storm outside had swallowed the city whole. Snow hammered the floor-to-ceiling windows in furious white sheets, wind howling like it wanted to tear the building apart. Inside, the bedroom was a warm cocoon of low light and the scent of sex.

I had Minne lifted clean off the floor, back pressed to the freezing glass, her perfect naked body pinned between the icy pane and my chest. Her slim legs were locked tight around my waist, ankles crossed at the small of my back like a living belt, pulling me deeper with every thrust. My hands gripped under her thighs, holding her weight easily while I fucked her slow and deep, dragging every inch out, then slamming back in until her breath fogged the glass behind her head.

Her small tits bounced against my chest with every stroke, nipples hard as diamonds from the cold glass at her back and the heat of my body at her front. I kissed her hard, messy, swallowing every broken moan, tasting snow-cold air and her sweetness.

"You feel that storm, baby?" I growled against her mouth. "That's how hard I'm gonna ruin this perfect little pussy every night from now on."

Minne whimpered, nodding frantically, pussy fluttering around me. "Yes, Master... please... harder..."

The door clicked open.

Nala stepped in, arms folded, eyebrow arched in perfect amusement. She took in the sight (Minneedy maid pinned to the window, legs wrapped around me like she'd die if I stopped) and smirked.

"There you are," she said, voice warm and teasing. "Delilah's here waiting for dinner. Just thought you should know."

I didn't stop, just broke the kiss long enough to answer, hips still rolling deep. "Delilah? Damn... be right there."

Nala's smirk widened. She blew Minne a playful kiss, mouthed good girl, and slipped out again, closing the door with a soft click.

I drove in once more, all the way to the hilt, then eased out and lowered Minne gently until her feet touched the floor. Her legs were shaking so badly she had to lean on me. I turned her around, pressed her palms high on the glass, and nudged her feet wide.

"Hands up. Arch that pretty back. Show me what's mine."

She obeyed instantly, spine dipping into a perfect, obscene curve, ass pushed out, cheek pressed to the cold pane, tits lifted away from the glass so they bounced freely with every breath.

I lined up and slid home in one smooth, brutal stroke. The new angle was devastating; she cried out, fingers squeaking on the glass, back bowing deeper.

"Look at you," I rasped, gripping her hips hard enough to leave fingerprints, pounding hard enough to make the massive window shudder in its frame. "Taking Master's cock while the whole city disappears. You love being fucked like this, don't you, baby?"

"Y-yes... love it... love you—" she babbled, voice cracking with every thrust, tits bouncing wildly now, nipples brushing my forearms whenever I pulled her back onto me.

I reached around, two fingers finding her swollen clit, rubbing fast, merciless circles. Less than two minutes and she shattered again. A high, desperate scream tore from her throat as her pussy clamped down like a vice, gushing over my cock, thighs trembling so violently I had to wrap an arm around her waist to keep her upright.

"Good girl," I praised, voice thick, not slowing for a second. "Now I'm gonna paint that gorgeous back."

The pressure built fast, white-hot. One final, punishing thrust, then I pulled out at the last possible second and jerked myself hard.

Thick ropes shot across her back in heavy stripes, from the nape of her neck down to the cute little dimples above her ass. One spurt caught high, splattering into her damp hair and clinging there in glossy white strands. Another landed between her shoulder blades and slowly slid down the curve of her spine. Pulse after pulse until her skin glistened under the bedroom lights, marked and claimed.

I panted, wiped sweat from my brow with the back of my hand, and gave her ass a sharp slap. The sound cracked through the room; she squeaked, then melted, smiling dreamily over her shoulder, eyes hazy and blissed-out.

"Thank you, Master..."

I leaned in, kissed the corner of her mouth, tasting salt and satisfaction. "I want you tonight," I murmured against her lips. "That tight little ass is finally mine. Hope you're ready."

Minne shivered from head to toe, nodding eagerly. "Anything for you, Master."

I gave her one last slow stroke down her cum-streaked spine, then pulled my clothes together.

Time to go and greet Delilah.

When I stepped into the living room, the heat from the AC washed over me first—then the noise. Delilah was planted dead-center on the big L-shaped couch, legs crossed like she'd claimed the whole place. Nala sat on her right, Jasmine on her left, both angled in as if they were keeping her company and interrogating her at the same time. Across the room, Tessa and Kim were setting plates on the long dining table, arguing quietly about fork placement for some reason.

"Hey," I said as I walked in. "You came here in this storm?"

Delilah adjusted her scarf and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. "I was close by. Went shopping with some friends this morning. But then the storm hit... this place was closer than my home, as you already know. Sorry I came in here unnoticed."

"You did good," I said. "Storm's only getting worse. You can wait it out here."

Kim groaned without looking up. "If only we had a maid who'd set the plates for us."

"Sorry," I said under my breath.

Delilah raised a brow. "Oh right... your maid. Where is she?"

"In the bathroom," I lied immediately.

Nala didn't even glance up. "That's a lie. He just had sex with her."

I stared at her. She shrugged like she didn't just drop a bomb.

Delilah's expression darkened, concern twisting into suspicion. "Evan—you're not forcing her, right? Just because she's your maid, you can't—"

"He's not," Nala answered again before I could even inhale. "Trust me. If he was, we'd all be taking turns kicking his ass."

Delilah eased back, though she still gave me a look sharp enough to slice through drywall. "Still... hearing that kind of talk is... strange."

Jasmine leaned closer to her, eyes drifting to Delilah's stomach. "Your belly still looks normal. When does it start growing?"

"Never, hopefully," Delilah muttered as Jasmine rested a gentle hand on her abdomen. "I don't want Ivy noticing I'm pregnant. I just wish... you know."

"Abortion?" I asked quietly. "But..."

"No, no, no." Delilah shook her head fast, then softened. "I... want to have the baby."

"Phew." I let out a long breath.

"I just don't know what to do when Ivy finds out," she said. "She's your best friend, Evan. And she's going to have a brother... from you."

"Brother?" Tessa said as she set down another plate. "You know the gender already?"

"I feel it's going to be a boy," Delilah said, touching her belly lightly.

"Watch it," Tessa said. "You might plop out quintuplets."

"Plop out?" I blinked. "Quintuplets? Tessa, I swear, you're going to jinx this. You unhinged woman."

"Shut up," she said, flicking my arm, "and help us get the salad."

"Riight..."

Chapter 237: Chapter 237

I headed toward the kitchen, stepping over one of Kim's abandoned throw pillows on the floor. Behind me, their voices blended into the usual messy pile of laughter, arguing, and inside jokes. Outside the floor-to-ceiling windows, the storm slammed the glass with sheets of snow, but in here... it was a whole different kind of loud.

Warm. Chaotic. Home.

For the moment, it was enough.

- Quest Available

=====

- Title: Creaking bed

- Task: Have a sevensome.

- Reward: 4 Mastery Point

=====

- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

Damn. Four mastery points for having a sevensome. Jasmine, Tessa, Kim, Nala, Delilah, Minne, and me. A sevensome. How the hell was I supposed to even suggest something like that? Just casually say,

"Dinner's done, who wants group sex?" Yeah, that would go great. They'd throw me over the balcony.

I pushed that thought away and helped set the table.

As I was placing plates down, Minne came out of the hallway. Her hair was tied neatly, and she had changed into clean clothes. She greeted Delilah first.

"Welcome, Ms. Komb."

She walked straight toward me and immediately took the plate out of my hand.

"I can take care of it, Master. Please sit."

"Alright," I said, stepping back.

She turned to Tessa and Kim next. "I'm sorry you had to set the table yourselves."

Kim smiled. "It's fine."

Tessa stretched her arms. "Honestly, I'm glad to move around. I sat at the office the entire day. If I stay still any longer, I'll gain weight."

"I can't accept that," Minne replied quickly.

Tessa slapped her right on the butt. Not hard, just firm. "Come on, maid. Don't make me repeat myself."

Minne froze for a second, face flushing bright red. "Okay... I understand."

Jasmine stood up from Delilah's side, making room for me. I took the spot she left, settling next to Delilah while Jasmine moved to the couch across from us.

She crossed her legs and looked at me. "So... how do you feel about becoming a father?"

I exhaled. "I still don't know how to feel. I'm definitely happy, though. Getting Delilah pregnant was something I used to imagine back in university."

Delilah slowly turned her head toward me, giving a look that was half amused and half curious. "Oh? You imagined that?"

"Not like that," I said, rubbing the back of my neck. "It was just... you know."

Kim placed forks on the table. "I still can't believe you knocked up Ivy's mom."

Tessa walked by with a stack of napkins. "Seriously. Ivy is going to be like, 'Evan, why is my mom glowing?'"

Jasmine laughed from the opposite couch. "She's going to have a little brother from Evan."

"Yeah." I said weakly.

Tessa pointed a spoon at me. "Honestly, knowing you, I bet you used to masturbate to the idea of getting Delilah pregnant."

I almost inhaled air wrong. "Tessa. What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Oh, come on," she said, walking past me with a grin. "Delilah is hot. She's older. She has that strict-mom energy. You can't tell me you didn't imagine bending her over her own kitchen counter."

Jasmine covered her smile with both hands. Kim laughed quietly. Even Nala smirked while pretending to read labels on the wine bottles.

Delilah looked at all of them, then at me, then gently tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. "Should I tell them about the bathroom?"

My stomach dropped. "Delilah. No."

"Oh no, now you have to," Tessa said, clapping once. "Come on, spill it."

Delilah crossed her legs and spoke with a straight face, as if she were reading a report. "He came over to our place once, back when he was still in uni. Ivy wasn't home. I went to look for him, because he was taking forever in the bathroom."

Jasmine leaned forward. "And?"

"And I opened the door," Delilah continued, "and found him staring at one of my panties I had left in the laundry basket."

Kim's eyes widened. "Oh my god."

"He froze like a deer in headlights," Delilah said, smiling now. "He held them like they were radioactive."

"I wasn't—I didn't—okay, I panicked," I tried to explain. "I was just... looking. I didn't touch them."

"You were gawking," Delilah corrected gently. "It was adorable, in the stupidest possible way."

Tessa whistled. "So our boy here was sniffing your panties before he ever put a baby in you."

"I wasn't sniffing them," I said quickly.

"You wanted to," Jasmine teased.

Kim nodded. "He definitely wanted to."

I held up my hands. "I hate all of you."

Delilah leaned closer to me, lowering her voice just enough that everyone could still hear. "I gave them to you, you know. Because the way you looked at them... you were so easy to read back then."

Tessa almost fell over laughing. "You gifted him your panties? This is the greatest thing I've heard all week."

Jasmine kicked her feet up on the couch. "Honestly? That explains the pregnancy."

Nala chimed in, placing the wine on the table. "At least we know his taste is consistent."

Tessa smirked. "Perveeert."

"That is not—" I started.

"It's exactly true," Kim said.

"Shut up," I replied, failing miserably to sound offended.

Delilah shook her head fondly, tracing a small circle on her stomach with her hand. "Well... whatever he imagined back then, it worked."

Tessa leaned over the back of the couch, eyes glinting. "So, Evan. Tell us. When you were jerking off to Delilah's panties... was it before or after you pictured her pregnant with your kid?"

"Oh my god," I muttered, covering my face. "I'm not answering this."

"It means yes," Jasmine said confidently. "Always yes."

The laughter rose again around the room. Even Delilah wasn't spared.

Right then, Minne peeked from the kitchen doorway. "Dinner is ready."

Perfect timing. I might survive the night after all.

The storm outside kept raging, but inside, everything felt warm and comfortable. The kind of chaotic home noise that made the place feel alive. Thanks to her, we managed to forget that mole, even for a moment. Being back to our normal lives felt... just right.

Outside, the storm was a full whiteout—wind howling against the glass, snow pelting the windows so hard the whole penthouse hummed. Inside, though, the place felt almost too warm. Soft lights, clinking plates, the smell of good food drifting everywhere.

The whole table was packed with dishes Minne had made... and wow they looked just... wow.

Thick ribeye steaks seared golden-brown with garlic butter dripping off the sides. Roasted baby potatoes coated in herbs and parmesan. A bowl of creamy mushroom risotto steaming like a fancy restaurant plate. Fresh salad with pomegranate, walnuts, and thin slices of pear. Two loaves of warm bread, the crust crackling when you touched it. And a pot of tomato bisque that smelled like heaven.

Welp, definitely better than noodles and bear, though.

Delilah sat down and blinked, genuinely surprised. "Wow... this looks expensive."

Jasmine grinned while reaching for her fork. "Minne's a hell of a cook. We basically kidnapped a Michelin chef."

Minne stood awkwardly near the wall, hands folded in front of her. There wasn't a free chair for her. "T-thank you, Miss Jasmine... I'm glad you like it." Her cheeks went pink from the attention.

I pushed back my chair and stood. "Come sit. I'll take the stool."

"I—I can't accept that, Master," Minne said quickly.

But it was too late—I'd already grabbed the little bar stool from the kitchen island, set my plate on it, and sat down. "Too bad. I'm already here."

Tessa rolled her eyes so hard the ceiling probably caught it. She reached across the table, grabbed Minne by the wrist, and tugged her into the empty seat. "Just listen to your Master, little maid. Sit. Eat."

"But he's eating on the stool, and I—"

"Bon appétit!" Tessa announced loudly, stabbing her fork into a steak before Minne could finish arguing.

REPUTATION SYSTEM (LVL 11)

VILLAIN  HERO

=====

Being a decent person: +5

=====

Current Reputation: Good

- More EXP gain when making your partner climax.

Minne slowly sat down, unsure but obedient. She glanced at me like she still felt guilty. I just nodded at her to relax and started eating.

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 13 / 60★

Tessa: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 35 / 40★

Delilah: Interest: 75 / 80★★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 6 /20

Nala: Interest: 66 /80★★★

Penelope: Interest: 5 /20

Minne: Interest: 23 /40★

Ivy: Interest: 2/20

=====

Progress:

★★★★★ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

=====

Select a woman to track progress.

Huh, three interest points from her. Nice.

The room filled with the sound of forks, soft laughter, and the storm pounding outside.

Delilah took a bite of the risotto and let out a long sigh. "God... this is so good. Minne, if you ever get tired of working for Evan, come work for me."

Minne panicked. "No! I mean—no, Miss Delilah! I don't want to leave!"

Jasmine giggled. "Look at you, already loyal. It's adorable."

Kim leaned back slightly, glancing toward the window. "The storm's worse than the forecast said. I can't even see the balcony railing."

"Yeah," Nala agreed, sipping her wine. "They said 'heavy snowfall.' This is basically the apocalypse."

"Good thing we're all stuck here," Jasmine said. "If we were at Tessa's place, we'd freeze."

Tessa snorted. "Hey. My heating is fine."

"You live above a bar," Kim reminded her. "I'm shocked you don't sleep to the sound of people vomiting."

Everyone laughed.

Tessa raised her hand. "Hey, I'm the one who pukes and wakes the entire damn block."

"No vomit talk," Nala groaned, rubbing her forehead. "Please."

Tessa leaned sideways with a dramatic sigh. "Our CEO is displeased. Whatever will we do?"

"Eat," Nala muttered dryly, earning another round of laughter.

Chapter 238: Chapter 238

The storm outside slammed wind against the glass, but the room was warm and bright, everyone packed around the long dining table in that messy, comfortable way only familiar people manage.

Nala was at the head of the table, straight-backed like she was chairing a meeting even while chewing steak. Delilah sat at the opposite end, queenly without trying, shoulders back, wine pushed aside. Jasmine was beside Nala, tucked close. Kim sat next to Jasmine. Tessa was beside Kim, practically lounging in her seat like she lived here. Minne ended up between Tessa and Jasmine, the safest place, apparently, eating tiny careful bites like she wasn't sure she was allowed to enjoy the meal. And me? They stuck me at the corner on a barstool with my plate balanced on my knee. Beautiful.

Kim glanced over and noticed I had no drink. She swallowed quickly. "Should I pour you some wine?"

"Nah," I said. "I'm more of a beer guy."

Jasmine smirked. "Obviously."

Tessa chuckled. "He absolutely looks like the type to bring a six-pack to a wedding reception."

"I did that once," I admitted.

The table erupted.

Meanwhile, Delilah gently pushed her untouched wine farther away from her. Jasmine noticed first.

"You're really not drinking at all?"

"No," Delilah said. "Bad for the baby."

Kim grinned. "Look at this mama bear energy already."

Nala nodded. "She really cares about Little Marlowe."

Delilah rested a hand over her stomach with a small smile. "Someone has to be the responsible parent."

Tessa pointed her fork at me. "And that someone is definitely not Evan. You must be real proud of your baby-momma, huh?"

I chuckled and kept eating.

Warm. Loud. Too many voices at once. The storm outside howled, but inside the penthouse, it felt like the safest place in the world.

- Quest Available

- Title: Creaking bed

- Task: Have a sevensome.

- Reward: 4 Mastery Point

- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

Damn. That quest flashing across my vision again. Four mastery points for a sevensome. How the hell was I supposed to bring that up? Delilah was still new to all this, and I didn't want to push her away.

But... we already had a sixsome once. We were one body short. Technically possible. Technically.

I kept eating quietly, pretending nothing was on my mind, but apparently my face betrayed me. Tessa looked up, froze, then slowly set her fork down. She leaned back, pointing at me like she'd just uncovered a scandal.

"I know that look," she said. "It's the same look he had when he asked Jasmine and me to blow him while he ate breakfast."

Jasmine snorted. "You got that just from one look at his face? Jesus, Tess, are you his instructional manual?"

Tessa ignored her completely. She kept her eyes on me, pupils narrowing like a cat stalking something dumb. "So? What do you want, oh mighty Master?"

"I wasn't going to ask anything," I said quickly. "I just... you know, you're imagining stuff. Sometimes you—"

"Oh god," Nala groaned. "He used 'you know' again. That means he's lying."

"I do not lie with 'you know.' That's not a thing. It's a myth."

"It's not a myth," Delilah said calmly. "Ivy told me the same thing years ago. When Evan lies, he says 'you know' at least once."

Tessa tapped her nails on the table, smirking. "Spit it out, cowboy. What are you trying to ask?"

"What I want isn't important," I insisted. "What's important is that we're all together and—"

"A sevensome," Delilah cut in. Her expression was almost unreadable. "That's what you wanted, right?"

"No," I said quickly. "Absolutely not. I don't want a sevensome. I'm very content with... uh... everyone being here. Eating food. Fully clothed."

Kim wiped her mouth calmly. "I'm on my period, so only blowjobs from me if this happens."

Tessa raised a hand. "Definitely not right after dinner. I need digestion time. At least an hour."

Jasmine turned to Delilah. "What do you think?"

Delilah studied me for a few long seconds. Her eyes didn't look angry, more like she was measuring me. My heart was pounding, my palms sweating. God, I was actually nervous.

"Fine," she said at last. "But I want a bath first."

My soul left my body. "Y—yeah. Fuck yeah. I mean—sure."

Tessa grinned like she just won a jackpot. Jasmine's eyes went wide. Kim laughed into her napkin.

Then Tessa turned to Minne. "What about you, little maid? You in?"

Minne's whole body stiffened. She held the hem of her skirt, cheeks turning bright red. When she finally looked up, her voice was tiny but warm and trembling.

"I... I bought new lingerie. For Master. I still want to show him..."

My brain short-circuited.

Oh. My. Fucking. God.

♥□♥□♥□

I stood in the center of the master bedroom, heart hammering so hard I could hear it over the storm. Snow lashed the windows in violent white sheets, turning the world outside into nothing but howling wind and static. Inside, the room was low-lit and warm, the massive bed stripped down to a single black fitted sheet and a mountain of pillows.

The door opened.

They walked in like they owned every filthy thought I'd ever had.

Jasmine first, black satin robe slipping off one shoulder, her eyes already burning.

Tessa next, hair loose and wild, wearing nothing but a tiny white crop top and a thong that disappeared between freckled cheeks.

Kim followed, hand low on her belly, rocking a sheer crimson babydoll that made her look like sin on legs.

Nala, barefoot and regal, in nothing but emerald lace panties, nipples hard and dark against her skin.

Delilah, poured into a deep purple corset that lifted her massive tits like an offering, hips swaying like she knew exactly what she was doing to me.

And finally Minne, shy and glowing, in the sheer black babydoll set she'd bought just for tonight, lace barely covering her nipples, garter straps framing her slim thighs.

Six women. One bed. One me.

I swallowed hard.

"O-oh, shit," I muttered.

Nala's lips curved. "Happy early birthday, Evan."

Jasmine stepped forward first, robe falling to the floor. "I mean it's not your birthday, but still."

My cock was already straining against my sweatpants.

Kim bit her lip, voice soft. "I'm out of commission downstairs... but my mouth still works just fine."

I exhaled a shaky laugh. "Get over here. All of you."

And then they moved.

Jasmine reached me first. Her hands went straight to my waistband, yanking my sweats down. My cock sprang free, heavy and aching. She dropped to her knees without a word and took me to the back of her throat in one smooth motion.

"Fuck—" My head fell back.

Tessa was behind me in seconds, pressing her tits to my back, arms around my waist, fingers tracing my abs while she kissed my neck. "We're gonna ruin you tonight, baby."

Delilah stepped in on my left, corset already unlaced, massive tits spilling free. She grabbed my hand and pressed it to one heavy breast. "Start here."

I squeezed hard, thumb flicking her nipple, and she moaned into my mouth as she kissed me deep and filthy.

Minne hovered shyly until Nala guided her forward by the small of her back. "Go on, baby. Show Master what you learned."

Minne dropped to her knees beside Jasmine, looked up at me with those huge eyes, and licked a slow stripe up the side of my shaft while Jasmine sucked the head.

I groaned, hips jerking.

Kim moved to the bed, lay back against the pillows, legs spread just enough to tease. "Someone come keep me company," she purred.

Nala smirked and crawled up the bed, kissing Kim slow and deep while sliding a hand under the crimson babydoll.

I lost track of who was touching who for a minute—just hands, mouths, heat everywhere.

Then I took control.

I pulled Jasmine up by the hair, kissed her hard. "On the bed. All of you. Now."

They obeyed like they'd rehearsed it.

Jasmine lay on her back in the center of the bed. Tessa immediately straddled her face, sinking down with a throaty moan. Delilah climbed over Jasmine's thighs, facing me. The second I dropped to my back, she sank onto my cock in one slick drop, tits bouncing right in my face, hands braced on my chest.

"Fuck, yes," she hissed, already rolling her hips.

Minne crawled up beside me, nervous but eager. I pulled her into a deep kiss, then guided her to straddle Jasmine's face next to Tessa. Two soaked pussies now grinding on Jasmine's tongue; she went to work like a woman possessed.

Kim stayed on the edge of the mattress, legs spread wide, fingers lazily circling her clit through crimson lace. "Don't forget about me, Evan."

I leaned sideways, claimed Kim's mouth in a slow, filthy kiss, tasting copper and raw need, then dropped lower. I pushed her thighs farther apart and sucked her swollen clit between my lips. She gasped my name, fingers yanking my hair, hips bucking hard against my tongue while Delilah kept riding me.

Delilah's rhythm faltered. Her thighs shook, breath hitching into desperate little cries. I gripped her ass with both hands and slammed her down harder, grinding her clit against me on every stroke.

"Evan—fuck—right there—"

Chapter 239: Chapter 239

She snapped. Back arched impossibly, massive tits thrust forward, a guttural scream tearing loose as her pussy locked down and gushed over my cock in violent, pulsing waves. Hot slick soaked my balls and thighs. I kept thrusting up into the clenching heat until she was sobbing, drooling, body jerking through the aftershocks. Finally she collapsed forward onto my chest, trembling, then rolled off and flopped beside Jasmine, thighs still twitching, cum dripping in slow rivers.

Nala crawled forward on all fours, slow and predatory, eyes locked on my cock, half-soft and shining with Delilah's cum.

She wrapped one elegant hand around the base and started stroking: long, slick pulls from root to tip, twisting gently at the head, thumb spreading the mess everywhere.

"Poor baby," she murmured, voice pure sin. "Can't have you going soft when every girl in this room is dripping for you."

She leaned in, pressed soft, open-mouthed kisses along the shaft, tongue flicking out to taste Delilah on me. "Look at them, Evan... Jasmine's tongue buried in two pussies, Kim's thighs shaking, Delilah still leaking you down her legs... all of us starving for this cock."

Another slow stroke. Another wet kiss right under the crown. My hips jerked; I was thickening fast in her grip.

I exhaled a rough laugh. "Christ, Nala... weeks ago you were a virgin."

She froze for a heartbeat, then looked up at me through those lashes, smiling slowly and filthy. She felt me surge fully hard in her hand, steel again, flushed and aching.

Nala's eyes glittered. She gave one last pump, leaned in, and breathed against the tip:

"I learned from the best."

Then she took me straight to the back of her throat in one smooth, perfect glide.

I growled, sat up fast, and flipped her onto her back beneath me.

"My turn."

I hooked her thighs over my forearms, spread her wide, and drove into her in one brutal thrust. Nala's back arched off the mattress, a low, filthy moan spilling out as I filled her completely.

"Fuck, you're still so hard," she hissed, rolling her hips to take me deeper.

Jasmine was still flat on her back, lips swollen and glistening, Tessa and Minne finally climbing off her face with shaky legs and dazed smiles. Jasmine licked her mouth slow, eyes locked on me, voice hoarse from all the screaming she'd swallowed.

"Evan," she rasped, spreading her thighs wide, fingers sliding down to part herself for me, "come wreck the girl who started this whole night."

I was on her in a heartbeat.

I shoved her knees to her chest, folded her almost in half, and slammed home in one brutal thrust. Jasmine's head snapped back into the pillows, a broken cry ripping out of her.

"Fuck, yes, give it to me rough," she snarled, nails raking down my back. "I want to feel you tomorrow every time I sit down."

I didn't hold back. I fucked her hard and fast, hips snapping, the wet slap of skin on skin loud even over the storm outside. Every thrust dragged a filthy sound out of her, half moan, half scream, her tits bouncing wildly, pussy clenching like she was trying to milk me dry.

"Look at you," I growled against her ear, biting the lobe hard enough to make her gasp. "Tongue in two girls five minutes ago, now begging for my cock like a desperate little slut."

"Only for you," she panted, legs locking around my waist, heels digging into my ass to pull me deeper. "Only ever this fucking desperate for you—"

I angled my hips, hit that spot that made her lose her mind, and she shattered.

Jasmine's whole body seized. A raw scream tore loose as her pussy clamped down in violent spasms, gushing around me in hot pulses. I kept pounding through it, drawing it out until she was sobbing, clawing at the sheets, tears streaking her temples.

I pulled out at the last second, fisted myself twice, and painted thick ropes across her stomach and tits. She arched into it, rubbing the mess into her skin like it was the world's most expensive lotion, grinning through the aftershocks.

"Goddamn," she breathed, voice wrecked, "I'm keeping you forever."

Tessa had been watching the whole time. The second I slid free of Nala she moved, dropping to all fours at the foot of the bed, back arched deep, ass high, red hair spilling over one shoulder. She looked back at me, biting her lip, eyes blazing.

I rose to my knees behind her, gripped her hips hard enough to bruise, and slammed home in one savage thrust.

Tessa's head snapped back, spine bowing, a raw scream tearing loose.

"Fuck yes, Evan—give it to me!"

I set a punishing rhythm, hips snapping hard enough that her whole body jolted forward with every stroke. One hand fisted in that fiery red hair, yanking her head back so her spine dipped deeper. The other slid under her, fingers finding her swollen clit and rubbing fast, tight circles.

Jasmine, never one to sit idle, slithered beneath Tessa on her back like a cat. She licked a hot stripe up Tessa's clit, then wrapped her lips around it every time I pulled out, tongue flicking my shaft on the way back in.

Delilah and Nala crawled over. Delilah knelt on my left, pressing her massive tits to my arm, reaching down to cup and roll my balls. Nala mirrored her on the right, kissing my neck, whispering filthy praise in my ear.

"Listen to her scream for you... look how wet she is... you own every single one of us tonight."

Tessa was babbling now, pushing back to meet every thrust.

"Harder—fuck—don't stop—gonna—"

I pushed more, slammed deep, and held there.

Tessa shattered. A loud scream tore out of her as her pussy clamped down like a vice, gushing in hot waves over Jasmine's tongue and my cock. Her arms buckled; she face-planted into the sheets, ass still high, freckled body shaking violently. I rode her through every spasm, slowing only when she started whimpering from overstimulation.

I pulled out, cock slick and aching. "Minne. Come here."

I caught her gently, flipped her onto her back in the center of the bed, and folded her nearly in half—knees pinned to her shoulders, ankles by my ears. The lace thong was soaked through; I shoved it aside and slid into her tight, dripping heat in one slow strokes.

Minne's back bowed off the mattress, a high, broken cry spilling out. "Master—oh god—too deep—"

I leaned down, kissed her hard, swallowing every sound, and started moving. Long, deep strokes that dragged over every sensitive spot inside her.

The others circled like beautiful predators, taking turns: Nala kissed Minne's mouth, Delilah sucked her nipples, Jasmine and Tessa licked her clit and my shaft in quick, alternating passes—never crowding, just perfect rotation.

Minne came hard thirty seconds later—tiny body seizing, pussy fluttering wildly around me, a desperate wail muffled against Nala's lips. I groaned, pulled out at the last second, and painted her stomach and tits with thick, heavy ropes until she was glazed and glowing, chest heaving, eyes rolled back.

I was still rock-hard as I let myself go on the bed.

Kim crawled between my thighs. One hand wrapped around the base, she licked a long, filthy stripe from balls to tip, then took me straight to the back of her throat in one slick slide.

"Fuck—" My head slammed back against the pillows.

She didn't gag once. Swallowed around me, throat fluttering, nose pressed to my pelvis, then pulled back slow, lips sealed tight, drool dripping down my shaft. She did it again—deeper, harder, cheeks hollowing, tears forming but never breaking eye contact.

Jasmine knelt behind her, grabbed a fistful of Kim's hair, and forced her head down until Kim's nose was buried again. "Take it all, baby. Show him what that mouth can do."

Kim moaned around my cock, the vibration shooting straight up my spine.

Tessa crawled up on Kim's other side, reached under, and cracked a sharp slap across her ass. Kim jolted forward, taking me even deeper, a muffled cry vibrating around my shaft.

"Fuck yes, choke on it," Tessa laughed, spanking her again—harder. "Look at you, period and all, still the filthiest girl in the room."

Kim ripped off just long enough to gasp, spit and pre-cum stringing from her swollen lips. "Your cum is fucking delicious, Evan—fuck, it's like a drug, I can't stop—"

Then she dove back down, sucking harder, faster, one hand pumping what she couldn't swallow.

I was gone. Cumming again.

My hips jerked up, cock swelling. "Kim, fuck—"

The first rope shot straight down her throat. She swallowed frantically, but there was too much. Thick streams leaked from the corners of her mouth, then her nose, dripping

down her chin in obscene white lines. She kept sucking, moaning like she was addicted, milking every pulse until I was shaking and oversensitive.

Jasmine finally let go of her hair. Tessa gave Kim one last playful slap.

Kim pulled off with a wet, filthy pop, cum still dripping from her nose and lips, and licked it off her fingers like frosting.

"Shit... fuck," she rasped, voice wrecked, grinning like a demon. "I need that every single day."

I collapsed in the center, chest heaving, surrounded by six wrecked, glowing women.

The storm outside kept raging.

Inside, we were just getting started.



CURRENT STATS

Strength: 6

Charm : 12

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□□□)

- Seductive Allure

Libido : 10

Pleasure: 20

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (Passive) (□)

=====

Unused Ability Points: 2

Unused Mastery Points: 4

♥□♥□♥□

Chapter 240: Chapter 240

Delilah was the last one still moving.

She straddled me reverse-cowgirl, massive tits bouncing, thick thighs flexing as she slammed down over and over, pussy so wet and swollen it made obscene sounds every time she bottomed out. Cum from earlier rounds already leaked down her thighs and coated my balls.

The others were wrecked.

Jasmine lay face-down on the rug, ass red from spanks, pussy dripping a steady stream of white onto the hardwood. Kim's head rested on the small of Jasmine's back, mouth open, cum still smeared across her lips and chin, chest heaving.

On the bed, Tessa and Nala flanked Minne like bookends. Minne was curled on her side, babydoll long gone, tiny body flushed and trembling, eyes half-lidded. Tessa lazily traced circles on Minne's hip while Nala played with her hair, both of them watching Delilah ride me with lazy, satisfied smiles.

Delilah leaned forward, hands braced on my shins, changing the angle so I hit even deeper. She looked back over her shoulder, dark hair sticking to sweat-slick skin, and grinned like a demon.

"This cock never gets enough, does it?" she panted, slamming down hard. "Constantly needs to be buried in pussy. You're such a fucking pervert, Evan. Look at you—fucking six of us, and you're still hard. You're even fucking your pregnant woman right alongside the rest of us like it's nothing."

My cock throbbed inside her at the words, betraying me completely.

She felt it instantly.

"Oh, I felt that," she laughed, breathless and filthy. "I'm right, aren't I? Come on, baby—cum inside me again. Fill me up. Fuck my brains out one more time."

She started riding faster, ass rippling, pussy clenching on purpose now, milking me with every bounce.

"Give it to me, Evan," she demanded, voice breaking. "Flood this pussy. Mark me again. You know you want to—know you can't stop yourself—"

Fuck, I was done.

I groaned loud and long, hips bucking up as I came, thick, heavy pulses shooting deep inside her. Delilah moaned with me, grinding down hard, taking every drop. She kept bouncing through it with slow jumps, until she'd wrung me dry, then finally collapsed sideways onto the bed with a shuddering exhale.

I lay there staring at the ceiling, chest heaving, legs dangling off the edge of the mattress.

To my left was Tessa, Minne, and Nala tangled together in a sweaty, glowing pile. To my right, Delilah, thighs still trembling, cum already leaking out of her.

The storm outside hadn't let up; snow still lashed the windows in sheets of white. The clock on the nightstand glowed 9:00 p.m.—pitch black beyond the glass.

"Fuck," I muttered, voice hoarse. "This was... oh..."

Delilah laughed weakly, reaching over to pat my chest.

"Yeah," she rasped. "That."

- Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Sevensome

EXP Gained: +810

+3 Ability Points

Reputation-Good Bonus: +50

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★

Reason: -

God fucking damn. I'd earned 810 points from that, plus fifty for good reputation? That was a total of 860 points. This was crazy. Plus, I'd gotten three ability points to spend. With the two I already had, that was perfect. Oh, and also that 'lazy sex' in the office. That got me a hundred EXP as well so... total of 960 experience points. Damn, nice.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 11)

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 74 kg

EXP: [██████] 2132/2970

Nice. I was getting closer to level twelve. Now, though, I could finally drop some points into either Charm or Strength. Strength felt like the viable option here—Richard and Guy made me want that edge.

I had six Strength, and I dumped three points from the sevensome into it. Total of nine. Solid. I could hoard the rest and reset Pleasure skill, pushing the max level to thirty, but it could wait. I was dominating just fine with Pleasure at twenty.

Now, Strength nine. And I still had four mastery points from that quest. I dropped three into Honeyed Words. The last one went into Erogenous Insight, the passive that lit up each woman's most sensitive spots like a goddamn roadmap.

"My pussy is sore as fuck," Tessa breathed, wincing as she shifted. "Oh my god. I knew this would happen."

"I'm filled to the brim," Nala exhaled, a lazy smile on her lips. "Leaking Evan's cum everywhere. Oh, and the sheets. Ugh."

"Damn..." Kim muttered, eyes dark with regret. "If I wasn't on my period..."

"Oogh..." Jasmine groaned, rubbing her ass cheek. "My butt... why'd you slap me that hard, Evan?"

I chuckled. "You begged for it harder. Said it yourself."

"It was in the heat of the moment..." She groaned. "Fuck me."

"Sure?" I quipped.

"Har-har," Jasmine shot back. "Shut up, you idiot."

CURRENT STATS

Strength: 9

Charm : 12

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□□)

- Seductive Allure

Libido : 10

Pleasure: 20

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (Passive) (□)

Unused Ability Points: 2

I still had two ability points left, but I wasn't wasting them yet. Next plan: reset Libido for mastery skills, or bump Pleasure higher? Higher Libido might let me keep railing these gorgeous girls for more EXP. Higher Pleasure would make them cum faster, stacking EXP quicker. Choices, choices. For now, I'd save every point I got. Then decide.

"I'll..." Minne murmured shyly. "Clean the sheets, Master."

"Bath first," I said, wiping sweat from my brow. "I'm drenched."

"No bathroom sex," Tessa warned, pointing a finger. "No. Bathroom. Sex."

"I can't even get hard," I chuckled. "Lucky girl."

"Fucking phew." Tessa exhaled. "We milked you dry, huh?"

"That you did."

The girls stirred lazily, bodies glistening with sweat and cum, every movement a reminder of the wreckage we'd made. They rose one by one, heading for the door.

Jasmine paused last, flashing me a wicked smile. She reached down, wrapped her fingers around my soft cock, and gave it a playful tug and squeeze, like she was testing if it had anything left. "Behave, big boy."

Tessa swung her leg in a joking kick to my shin, smirking. "Rest up, stud."

Kim leaned in close, her breath hot, and planted a soft kiss right on the tip of my dick. It twitched hard under her lips.

Nala bent down, pressing a tender kiss to my forehead. "You were perfect."

Delilah captured my mouth in a deep, lingering kiss, her tongue teasing mine one last time.

Minne bowed deeply, eyes shining with devotion. "Thank you, Master."

Then they were gone, the door clicking shut behind them.

I was alone.

I leaned over to the nightstand, grabbed a cigarette, and lit it with a flick of the lighter. Smoke curled up as I flopped back onto the wrecked bed, staring at the ceiling.

I took a long drag. "Wow. Fucking wow."

The door opened again and Delilah slipped inside, silk robe barely knotted, clinging to every damp curve.

"Every bathroom downstairs is taken," she said with a lazy smile. "Mind if I steal yours?"

I crushed the cigarette into the ashtray and stood. "Should I join you, or are you hogging all the hot water?"

She let the robe drop. "Get in here, handsome."

We stepped into the en-suite. Smaller than the main bath downstairs, but still pure luxury: black marble shot through with gold veins, warm amber sconces glowing low, a wide rain shower on one wall and a deep two-person jacuzzi opposite it.

Delilah flicked the gold taps. Water roared into the tub, steam rising instantly. She leaned back against the marble counter, arms crossed under her breasts, robe long forgotten on the bedroom floor.

"Come here," she murmured.

I closed the distance. She hooked her fingers into the waistband of the towel I'd barely wrapped around my hips and yanked me against her. Our mouths crashed together, slow, filthy kisses, tongues sliding, tasting smoke and sex and each other. Her hands roamed my back, nails dragging; mine slid up her sides and cupped her heavy tits, thumbs brushing over nipples that stiffened instantly.

"Been thinking about this all night," she whispered between kisses, nipping my lower lip. "You inside me again..."

I groaned into her mouth. "Keep talking like that and the tub's gonna overflow."

"Let it." She laughed softly, then pushed me back just enough to turn and bend over the jacuzzi, checking the temperature. The move put her ass right against my cock, and I didn't hesitate; I pressed forward, sliding between her cheeks, letting her feel how fast she had me hard again.

She glanced over her shoulder, eyes dark. "Save that thought, daddy. I want you nice and desperate when I'm riding you later."

The water was almost at the rim. She killed the taps, dropped a handful of bath oil that bloomed cedar and vanilla into the steam, then climbed in first. The surface lapped at her waist, then her ribs as she sank lower.

I followed. The heat swallowed us both. She settled back against the curved edge, arms spread along the rim, and let her head fall with a long, satisfied sigh. The jets kicked on, froth rising fast.

Her tits floated just beneath the surface, nipples peeking through the froth like dark, perfect secrets.

I slid in across from her. The heat hit every sore muscle like forgiveness. For a moment we just soaked, jets pounding our backs, the low rumble of the motor the only sound.

Then Delilah moved. She shifted forward onto her knees between my thighs, water sloshing, and poured body wash into her palms.

"Let me wash you, baby."