

# The Heart System #Chapter 241 - Read The Heart System Chapter 241

## Chapter 241: Chapter 241

Her hands started slow: gliding over my chest, thumbs circling my nipples until they stiffened, nails dragging down my abs. She lathered my shoulders, the column of my throat, then finally wrapped both slick hands around my cock. It twitched, already stirring.

"Still trying to get hard after everything we did to you?" she teased, stroking lazily. "Greedy boy."

I slid my hands up her waist and cupped her heavy tits, squeezing until water spilled over my knuckles. "Your fault for being naked and perfect."

She laughed, low and filthy, and leaned in until her breasts pressed against my chest. I rolled her nipples between my fingers, tugging just hard enough to make her bite her lip. She answered by tightening her grip, pumping me slow and firm, thumb swirling over the head on every upstroke.

"You know what I keep picturing?" she whispered, voice velvet and obscene. "A few months from now... when these are huge and swollen, leaking milk for you." She pushed her tits together, water cascading between them. "You're gonna latch on every night and drink me dry while I ride you exactly like this. Suck until I'm empty and aching, then fill me right back up."

My cock surged fully hard in her fist.

"That's it," she purred, jerking faster. "Imagine me waddling around the house, belly round with your baby, tits so full they hurt. Ivy's gonna come visit her mom and have no idea you're the one who knocked me up. She'll be in the living room while I'm in the kitchen leaking through my shirt because you fucked another load into me that morning."

I groaned, thumbs flicking her nipples harder.

"You're gonna keep me pregnant," she kept going, breath hitching with every stroke. "One after another. Keep these tits heavy and full for you forever. I'll pump milk straight into your mouth while I bounce on this cock, then beg you to breed me again. You'll drink from me, then put the next baby in me the second this one's out. I want to stay barefoot, swollen, and dripping for you, Evan. Want you to ruin me over and over."

"Fuck, Delilah—"

"Come on, daddy," she urged, twisting her wrist just right, other hand cupping my balls, rolling them gently. "Give me one more. Pretend you're shooting it straight into my womb. Pretend you're putting another baby in me right now."

That broke me.

I came with a loud growl, hips bucking hard. Thick ropes shot across the water, splattering her tits, her throat, her parted lips. She kept stroking through every pulse, milking me until I was shaking, then leaned forward and licked a stripe of cum off her own breast, eyes locked on mine.

"Good boy," she whispered, kissing me slow and deep so I tasted myself on her tongue.

We stayed tangled like that for a minute, breathing hard. Then she grabbed the handheld shower, rinsed us both clean with lazy, thorough passes—soaping each other again just for the excuse to keep touching. I washed her back, her ass, between her thighs until she shivered. She returned the favor, fingers lingering everywhere, until the water started to cool.

Finally she stood, water streaming down every lush curve, and offered me her hand. I took it, stepped out after her. We dried off slowly with thick towels, stealing kisses, hands still wandering like the night wasn't over.

She wrapped the towel around herself, smirked, and smacked my bare ass on her way out.

"See you in the living room, daddy."

I stood there in the bathroom for a moment, still trying to process... everything. A sevensome. A literal sevensome. Once my brain slid back into my skull, I got dressed and stepped out.

Delilah was just closing the door to the guest bathroom. When she saw me, she blew me a playful kiss and shut it behind her. God damn.

I headed toward the living room, and everyone was already settled in. The girls had clearly taken lightning-fast showers. Jasmine was on the couch drying Minne's hair with a towel, and Minne was sitting beside her with the happiest, dumbest smile on her face. Nala and Kim were at the dining table with laptops open, typing away at something. Delilah sat on the kitchen stool, elbows on the counter, eyes glued to the TV. Tessa was sprawled on the other couch, scrolling on her phone.

"The monster's back," Tessa announced without looking up. "Run while you can, ladies."

I snorted, walking into the kitchen and opening the fridge. "Beer, anyone?"

"We literally just drank wine," Jasmine said, still rubbing Minne's hair. "We're good."

"Alright then."

I cracked one open and dropped onto the couch next to Tessa, taking a long sip. Jasmine switched to brushing Minne's hair now, and Minne looked so content and cute I wanted to squeeze her cheeks.

Nala paused her typing, grabbed her phone, and lifted a brow as she read something. Then she shut the laptop halfway and looked directly at me.

"Hey," she said. "Adam just texted me a list. What is this about?"

"Oh, right." I leaned back. "I asked him to make a list of people who talked to him the day the mole was inside the company. Just to check who might've asked about Jenkins."

"He sent it," she said.

"Forward it to me? I'll dig into it later."

"Sure." She tapped her screen. "Done. Hopefully it's actually useful."

Jasmine looked over with a little smirk. "You really are the melancholic detective, huh?"

"Yep. Running around in snowstorms, chasing criminals," Tessa added dramatically.

"Criminals?" Delilah blinked, confused. "What criminals?"

Nala glanced at her. "You didn't hear what happened yesterday?"

Delilah shook her head.

Nala closed her laptop fully and crossed one leg over the other. "Evan went to the security room to check some footage... and found someone hiding inside the bathroom stall. The guy punched him, ran out, and Evan chased him across the parking lot, out into the street, through an alley, up a fire escape ladder, then onto the roof. Wait... did I mess up the order?"

"Nope," I chuckled. "Parking lot, street, an alley, and the roof. Damn, Hollywood can kiss my ass. I'm the new Jason Statham."

Delilah's eyes widened. "My god. What the hell?"

"Yep," Nala said. "I'm just glad he didn't break his neck."

"I'm more glad I'm okay," I said. "Guy made me run half the damn city. I swear, I nearly died from cardio alone."

"Why didn't you just call the police?" Delilah asked—then sighed. "No, wait. Never mind. I work at a company like yours. I know exactly what happens if cops show up. Investors panic. Stock drops. Shareholders scream."

"Exactly," Nala said. "We can't involve police unless we want TechForge on every news channel tomorrow. We have to handle this quietly and find the mole ourselves."

I took another sip of my beer, the storm hammering the windows outside.

Jasmine stopped brushing Minne's hair and gave her shoulder a gentle pat. Minne turned her head slightly, nodded once, then rose to her feet, smoothing her maid outfit down.

"I should get the sheets changed," she said softly. "And wipe the floor. It's quite... dirty, Master."

"Mm." I lifted my beer. "If you're tired, you can just rest now."

"I'm never tired." She gave me that sweet, earnest smile she always had—like being useful was oxygen to her.

I couldn't help smiling back as she disappeared into the master bedroom.

I checked my phone. Nala had forwarded Adam's list—thirty-five names. Twenty were men. A decent start, but it still felt like sifting through quicksand. The mole might not have talked to Adam at all. Could've found Jenkins some other way. Could've slipped past cameras entirely.

I took a long drink of my beer. Emilia... the mole... the chase last night... it all stacked up like someone dropped bricks onto my brain in slow motion.

"I need a vacation. Fuck me," Tessa muttered.

"Wow, not even a month in and she's already exhausted," Jasmine teased. "Such dedication."

Tessa grinned. "Yeah, right?"

Kim closed her laptop with a sigh, stretching her arms overhead until her back popped. "I am tired as hell."

"Evan really worked us," Tessa added, pointing at me. "Horny bastard."

"Not even feeling guilty in the slightest," I said.

They all laughed.

Then Jasmine's expression sobered. She looked toward Delilah. "You should stay the night here. Seriously. No way you're going out in this."

"Yeah, I know," Delilah sighed. "I'll call Ivy in a bit. Let her know. Sorry about this—I thought I'd wait out the storm here, not... survive the apocalypse."

"It's fine. This is your home too," I said. "Swing by whenever. Storm or not."

She smiled at that—soft, warm. "Thanks. I'll take you up on it."

They all laughed—right up until the lights snapped off with a heavy thunk.

A high-pitched scream came from the master bedroom. I immediately set my beer on the table and hurried down the short hall. I pushed the door open.

Minne stood in the dark room, mop in hand, trembling. The bucket was on its side, water spreading across the hardwood.

"Oh—Master," she breathed, chest rising and falling fast. "I... the electricity went off and I got scared. I tipped the bucket. I'm sorry."

"Hey, it's okay," I said, stepping forward and pulling her gently into a hug. Her body was shaking a little. "It's fine. Are you alright?"

"Y-yes, Master. Thank you." She swallowed hard. "I'll clean the floors and—"

"No," I said, rubbing her back once. "Wait until the electricity comes on. Come sit with us."

She hesitated, like she didn't want to inconvenience anyone. Then she nodded.

"A-alright, Master."

## **Chapter 242: Chapter 242**

I took her hand and guided her toward the living room, the sound of the storm hammering against the windows like the world outside had decided to crack open. Here, with everyone, it was warm. And for a brief moment, everything felt steady.

The girls, who had all stood up when the power cut, slowly settled back into their seats. Jasmine guided Minne to the couch and gently pushed her down beside her. Tessa, now sitting on the other side, gave Minne a soft pat between her shoulder blades.

"Don't tell me you're afraid of the dark," Tessa teased.

"Mm?" Minne blinked at her. "Oh, no. I'm not. I'm used to living in the darkness."

"Her old room," Nala said from the dinner table, the glow of her laptop lighting her face. "Didn't have proper lights. Freaking Guy..."

Jasmine clicked her tongue. "I swear I hate that man. No offense, Nala. I know he's your brother but—damn he sucks."

"I know," Nala replied with a shrug. "He's a bastard."

Tessa rubbed the back of her head, then sighed. She turned toward Minne, gently taking her by the cheeks and guiding her to sit sideways. My phone flashlight was on as I walked toward the coffee table to grab my beer, and from the corner of my eye, I saw Tessa's hands move through Minne's hair.

"My mom used to braid my hair when I got scared during storms like this," Tessa murmured. "Come on, let's braid you up."

Minne melted instantly. "T-thank you," she said, cheeks warm, eyes soft.

I smiled without even realizing it. Moments like this... damn, they hit.

I picked up my beer, cracked it open, and took a slow sip. Then I wandered toward the window and peered out. All I saw was my own reflection staring back. Outside was just a swirling wall of white. The city was gone—buried under snow and darkness.

Delilah lifted her phone, pressed it to her ear, then frowned and lowered it again.

"Damn it," she muttered. "Tried calling Ivy twice. The signal's dead."

"She'll get worried," Jasmine said. "Let me check mine."

"Hopefully you'll have some luck," Delilah sighed.

Jasmine pulled out her phone, unlocked it, then groaned. "Nope. Nothing. Not even one bar."

"We'll try again later," I said, walking back to an empty couch and sitting down. "Storm's gotta settle eventually."

Delilah nodded, slipping her phone back into her pocket. "Yeah. Hopefully before morning."

The storm howled outside, wind scraping against the tall windows like claws. Inside, though... the room slowly fell into a warm, heavy silence. The kind where everyone's breathing syncs up. Where the only light is from phone screens and the faint green glow of the router trying—and failing—to reconnect.

Strangely... it felt cozy. Safe. For a moment, everything else, moles, danger, chaos, just drifted away.



The clock showed eleven when I checked it. Jasmine was curled up on the couch under a thick blanket, hair messy, half-asleep but pretending she wasn't. Thankfully, the hotel's backup generator had kicked in, giving the living room a soft, dim glow. The AC, though, was dead—apparently the main generator was fried—and the whole building was running on the backup. At least we could see each other, even if we were freezing our asses off.

Minne was in her room, already asleep. Tessa as well. The only ones awake were Jasmine, Kim, Nala, Delilah, and me.

The TV was on, low volume, playing the weather forecast. More warnings. More red banners. The storm wasn't slowing down until morning.

Delilah sat on the double couch, wrapped in a thick blanket, sipping orange juice like it was whiskey. Jasmine and Kim shared the other couch, their legs tangled under a blanket. Nala was at the dining table, laptop open, typing furiously with stiff fingers.

"Thank god the windows are actually strong," Delilah said, staring at the glass as another wave of wind rattled it. "Just look at this storm."

"Hmm," I muttered. "My old apartment would've collapsed by now. One strong gust and poof—instant homelessness."

Delilah sighed, rubbing her arm. "I wonder how Ivy's doing. Damn signal..."

"Let me try this time."

I pulled out my phone and dialed Ivy. It didn't even ring—just dropped immediately. Signal dead. I shook my head at Delilah, and she exhaled in frustration before leaning back again, blanket pulled higher.

She'd changed into Jasmine's clothes—a long t-shirt and hotpants—and honestly, she somehow made it look like a designer set.

"Without the AC this place is cold," Nala muttered as she shivered, still typing. "This damn storm..."

"For real," I agreed. "I'm freezing my ass off."

Delilah's phone buzzed under the blanket.

I saw the screen light up with Ivy's name first. I smirked, slid my hand up Delilah's thigh, and gave her a slow squeeze.

"Answer it," I murmured against her ear. "Speaker."

Her eyes widened for half a second, part shock, part pure filth, then she obeyed. She swiped, set the phone on her thigh, and leaned into me.

"Mom? Mom, finally!" Ivy's panicked voice filled the room. "Are you okay? The storm—"

"I'm safe, baby," Delilah said, voice already breathy because my fingers had already slipped under the waistband of her hotpants and pushed the soaked fabric aside. "I'm at a friend's place. Where are you?"

I kissed her before she could say more, slow, deep, claiming. She melted into it, kissing me back just as hard while I slid two fingers inside her in one slick stroke. Her breath stuttered against my lips, but she never pulled away.

"Mom, you sound out of breath," Ivy said, suspicious.

"Just... getting comfy under the blanket, honey," Delilah managed, thighs trembling as I curled my fingers and rubbed that spot that made her eyes flutter. "It's freezing in here."

I kept working her, slow and deep, thumb circling her clit. Her hips rolled into my hand, tiny, greedy movements hidden by the blanket. Jasmine's jaw dropped; Kim slapped a hand over her mouth; Nala's typing stopped dead.

When Delilah's walls started fluttering hard around my fingers, I pulled them out, grabbed her waist with both hands, and leaned back against the couch. She rose up on her knees instantly, knowing exactly what I wanted, hotpants shoved to the side, and I guided her down onto my cock after I unzipped my pants. One smooth, silent drop until she was fully seated, stuffed full of me.

She exhaled a tiny, shaky moan right as Ivy asked, "Are you sure you're okay?"

"Never better, baby," Delilah said, voice cracking when I flexed inside her. "Just... really warm under this blanket now."

She leaned forward, tits crushed to my chest, arms around my neck like the most innocent hug in the world. Then she started moving, tiny, shallow bounces that dragged her slick heat up and down my shaft. I gripped her ass and thrust up to meet her, slow, deep strokes that made the couch creak just enough to be dangerous.

"Mom, you're breathing so weird—"

Delilah's voice came out shaky, riding the edge of a moan. "I'm fine, sweetheart... just... just really warm under this blanket now."

I dragged my lips up the side of her neck, teeth grazing the spot that always made her shiver, then kissed the corner of her mouth, her cheek, finally claiming her lips in a slow, filthy kiss. She kissed me back desperately, tongue sliding against mine while her hips kept rocking in tiny, greedy circles.

I slipped both hands under the blanket, shoved the borrowed t-shirt up to her collarbone, and palmed her heavy tits. I kneaded them hard, rolling her nipples between my fingers until they were stiff, aching peaks. Every pinch made her pussy flutter around my cock.

"Mom?" Ivy sounded confused now. "You said you were at a friend's house, right?"

Delilah broke the kiss with a tiny gasp when I twisted her nipples harder. "I—ah—I am at a friend's, baby. Yes. The roads around the city are bad. We're... we're stuck here until it clears."

I thrust up slow and deep, grinding against that spot inside her that made her toes curl. She bit her lip so hard I thought she'd draw blood.

"You sure you're okay?" Ivy pressed. "You keep making these little noises—"

"I'm perfect," Delilah panted, voice cracking as I started a steady, punishing rhythm—short, sharp strokes that barely moved the blanket but buried me to the hilt every time. "Just... just tired and... oh... really cozy right now."

I kissed her neck again, sucked a bruise just below her ear, then growled low against her skin, "Cum for me while she's listening."

Her whole body tensed. I felt it start—the flutter, the clench, the flood of slick heat as her orgasm coiled tight.

She put a hand over her mouth. "God... oh, fuck..." She whispered.

"Mom, seriously—"

"Gotta go, honey," Delilah rushed out, words tumbling over each other as her pussy clamped down hard. "Love you so much, I'll call tomorrow, stay safe—oh fuck—"

I slammed up one final time and came with a silent snarl, cock pulsing, flooding her in thick, heavy ropes. Delilah's back arched; she buried her face in my neck and

moaned—soft, broken, unmistakable—while every spurt painted her insides and Ivy was still on the line.

"Mom?!"

"Battery dying—love you—bye!" She smashed the end call button with a trembling thumb and let the phone fall to the floor.

The room erupted.

Jasmine actually moaned out loud. "I need to change my fucking panties. That was obscene, I'm wet as fuck."

Kim was fanning herself with both hands, laughing and gasping. "She one-hundred-percent heard that last part. You're going to hell and I'm buying tickets."

Nala's voice was pure smoke. "I just came in my chair. No hands. I hate you both."

Delilah stayed speared on my cock, shaking through the aftershocks, my cum already seeping out around us. She lifted her head, cheeks flushed crimson, eyes glassy, and gave the room the smuggest, most satisfied smile I'd ever seen.

"What can I say?" she purred, rolling her hips lazily to feel me twitch inside her ruined pussy. "Mama needed her medicine... and apparently the whole room just got off on it."

Oh, fuck. She was just... the best.

### Chapter 243: Chapter 243

REPUTATION SYSTEM (LVL 11)

VILLAIN ██████████ ██████████ ██████████ ██████████ HERO

=====

Betraying your friend: -10

=====

Current Reputation: Good

- More EXP gain when making your partner climax.

Another minus point to my Reputation. Well, of course. With Delilah, as long as Ivy didn't know about us, every time we had sex I'd get penalized like some cosmic morality system wagging a finger at me. Whatever. I'd just have to accept it.

"God, I just took a bath," Delilah muttered, still catching her breath. "Did you really have to cum inside me?"

"The couches would've gotten dirty," I said with a shrug. "So, yeah. Sorry."

"Right. That's why," Nala muttered without looking up from her laptop.

"Yup."

Delilah stood, stretching her arms. A warm trail of my cum slipped down her thighs, thick and slow. When one strand reached her knee and was about to drop to the floor, she swiped it with her finger—and popped it into her mouth.

Jasmine let out a soft impressed whistle.

Delilah blinked, looking at me. "Evan... your cum."

I raised an eyebrow. "Yeah?"

"It shouldn't taste this good," she said, licking her lips. "What even are you?"

"Right?" Jasmine said, nodding. "I swear, his cum tastes delicious."

If only they knew. Just wait until I hit thirty points in Pleasure. The stuff would probably taste like dessert by then. And hell, buying points from Shop to reset the Pleasure skill and pump it even higher... oh, it was tempting. But no. I was saving up. If some rare shit popped into the Shop unexpectedly, I wanted the points available.

Delilah headed to the bathroom, humming under her breath like she wasn't just filled to the brim with me. I exhaled and slumped back on the couch.

Fuck. Whatever this relationship was—it was chaotic, messy, dangerous... and addicting as hell.



I woke up... or maybe I didn't. It felt like I was still dreaming.

The rain outside was falling slow, heavy, almost lazy. I stood in the middle of a road, staring at her—the woman with the umbrella. Her face was hidden, the umbrella tilted

forward just enough to keep her features in shadow. I tried to move, take even one step toward her, but my legs wouldn't budge. It felt like my feet were fused to the asphalt.

Voices drifted through my head, layered and warped, nothing human about them.

"sv rh sviv ztzrm?"

"Rhm'g sv z szmwhlnv wvero?"

"Tvg srn lfg lu sviv. Sv hslfowm'g yv sviv."

The woman tilted her head slightly, as if she heard the voices too. Then she turned toward me—

And I woke up in my bed.

Nala was asleep on my shoulder, breathing slow. Jasmine was curled up next to me on the other side, her back to me. I stared at the ceiling, trying to hold onto that woman's face, even a detail—her eyes, her expression, anything. Nothing stuck. Just a vague impression of brown hair. The rest slipped away like it never existed.

I waited a few seconds, hoping the image would come back. No luck. Just frustration.

Quietly, I eased myself out from under them and left the room, shutting the door behind me.

When I reached the living room, I stopped.

Dierella stood by the window, wings moving lazily, watching the calmer streets outside. The storm had died down, and for the first time in hours, the city was visible again. She saw me in the reflection, smiled softly.

"Hello," she said.

"Hey." I stepped closer. "Will you please tell me who that woman is?"

"So direct," she said, amused.

"Yeah, well. Sorry. Can you tell me who she is?"

"No one," she said. "I have no idea which woman you're talking about."

"Bullshit."

She didn't turn around. "Why bite the hand that feeds you?"

"Why hide her from me?" I asked. "Who is she?"

"No one," she repeated. "I'm here for another reason, Henrik. Not to indulge your curiosity."

"Another reason?"

"You're doing good," she said. "Congratulations, Evan Henrik Marlowe. Keep going like that, and we might actually win."

"Win what?"

That finally made her turn. Half her face slipped into the shadow, her eyes glowing faintly. "Everything."

I blinked—

And she vanished.

Damn it.



I rubbed the back of my head as I flipped through the folder again. Twenty suspects and one Evan. This was the list Adam gave me—the people who talked to him on the day the mole slipped through. If I was lucky, maybe one of these names would lead somewhere. But realistically? Yeah. Long shot.

Still, patterns were patterns.

Ten names stood out. Out of twenty men, eight were over six feet, and the guy I chased was, at best, five-nine. Two others were older, the type who definitely weren't sprinting across rooftops. So that left me with ten people worth looking into. However, five of them were not here at the timeframe where I found the culprit. Adam put small notes that these five talked to him while they were leaving the company, and he didn't see any of them entering the building again. So... total of five people.

"What am I, Detective Gadget? Or... shit, was it Inspector Gadget?" I muttered, leaning back.

"Yo." A voice came from my left.

I looked up to see Jasmine standing in front of my desk, hands linked behind her back. Her hair was tied up neatly, pencil skirt hugging all the places my eyes shouldn't be staring at while on company time.

"Talking to yourself?" she asked.

"Kinda," I said. "Just trying to make sense of this mole crap."

She nodded toward the folder. "That the list you and Nala mentioned?"

"Yep. I managed to narrow it down to ten people who make sense."

"Good." She crossed her arms. "So what's the plan?"

"I talk to them. One by one." I shrugged. "Not like I've got a better idea."

"Is it going to be dangerous?"

"I'll talk to them here, in the building," I said. "So probably not. I mean, we get searched before coming in. They even confiscate our phones, Jas. I doubt he's sneaking in a gun."

"What if he stabs you with a pencil... in the eye?"

"Who is this guy, the Joker?" I asked. "Relax. I'll be fine."

She snorted. "I'm kidding."

"Sure you are."

She leaned on the desk slightly. "Anyway, I wanted to swing by and talk a bit. I'm on break."

"You heading out with the girls?"

"Yeah. Kim and Tessa too." Jasmine smiled. "Honestly, I'm glad we all work in the same place. Makes me feel safer."

"Even with a mole running around?"

"Especially with that fucking mole."

I smiled. "Happy to hear it."

She waved, I waved back, and she stepped into the elevator. Time for me to get to work.

I stood, grabbed the folder, and headed to Nala's office. She was already on a call. I slipped inside quietly. She looked up, smiled at me, then went right back to business.

"I have no idea where you got that information, Ms. Angle," Nala said calmly. "But it's not true. It is funny, though. A mole? In TechForge?"

A woman's voice answered over the phone's speaker. "Several of your employees reached out. We'd simply like an interview. Clarification."

"Not happening," Nala said.

"So you're denying a mole exists? And you're denying that someone is leaking information about Project Phoenix?"

"Project Phoenix is real," Nala said, fingers tapping her armrest. "But there's nothing to leak. We're in the planning phase. What would your 'leaker' even steal? PowerPoint slides?"

"Ms. Nolin—"

"I'm hanging up," she said. "I don't do fake news. Have a wonderful day."

She hung up and slumped back, exhausted.

"What was that?" I asked.

"Some of the staff talked," she said. "Probably by accident. But now the public knows Phoenix is real... damn. This was a matter of time."

"I thought they already knew? The public, I mean, about Project Phoenix."

"It was speculation," she said. "Rumors. Nothing concrete. But now it's confirmed—because someone couldn't keep their damn mouth shut."

"Were you serious, though? About Phoenix being in the planning stage?"

"Absolutely," she said. "Only a quarter of it exists. Maybe less."

She rubbed her temples.

"And that's the problem. We need to keep the project hidden because if this leaks too early, competitors will jump us instantly. And worse—governments will try to regulate us before Phoenix even exists."

"...Regulate?" I asked.

Nala nodded. "Phoenix isn't just some home-security gadget. It's an adaptive AI defense system. Think—physical security, digital security, internal threat detection, all

working together. It learns patterns, predicts danger, even stops cyber attacks before they start."

"So basically... a mini Skynet."

"With guardrails," she said. "But if governments hear too much too early, they'll either try to steal it, shut us down, or slow us with regulations. And if competitors hear about it? They'll race us—and maybe beat us."

I nodded slowly. "So if Phoenix leaks, TechForge gets screwed."

"Exactly." She closed her laptop. "That's why finding the mole matters."

"And that's why I have five idiots to interrogate," I said, lifting the folder.

"I thought it was more than that?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said. "I narrowed it down to ten. Then to five. Hopefully I'll get something useful."

She nodded. "I hope so." Then she leaned back, smirking. "So... am I going to be secretary-less for a few hours?"

"Yeah. Just came to let you know."

"You know, Evan Marlowe," she said, puffing her chest a little, "my people usually knock before they walk in."

"Do they?"

"And since you're my subordinate—"

"I'm stopping you right there." I pointed at her. "Did you just call me your subordinate?"

"Yes." She leaned forward, cleavage perfectly centered. "What are you going to do about it?"

I chuckled. "Nala... you have no idea. Just wait till we get home."

She grinned. "Looking forward to it."

## **Chapter 244: Chapter 244**

We both laughed, and I left her office, closing the door behind me. On the way back to my desk, I grabbed my jacket out of habit, and my hand automatically slid into my pocket. All I felt were a few coins. Right. They had my phone downstairs. As always.

I sighed and started walking. The first possible mole on the list worked on this floor, thankfully.

The far end of the corridor opened into the Localization and Language Processing wing—one of those departments that always felt slightly different from the rest of TechForge. Instead of the see-through glass everywhere else, this place used frosted panels that glowed softly when the lights hit them. The air was warm, quieter. You could hear the faint hum of people speaking into headsets, repeating the same sentences over and over for audio models. A whole wall on the left held a huge digital world map, pulsing with tiny red dots marking active language streams.

Desks were lined in rows, each one packed with dual monitors, translation pads, transcription pedals, and noise-cancelling mics. It smelled faintly like strong coffee and the plastic of heated electronics. The lighting here was warmer, more yellow than white, which made the place feel almost cozy despite all the tech.

I checked the first name on my list and stopped at the small office near the back.

The nameplate read:

MICHAEL TARN - Senior Linguistic Analyst

He was one of the ten suspects.

I took a breath, straightened my jacket, and reached for the door handle.

Time to play detective.

After knocking once, I pushed the door open and stepped inside Michael's office. It was small but packed—every inch of it looked busy. Three ultra-wide monitors wrapped around the front of his desk in a tight arc, each one filled with scrolling text, spectrographs, and audio timelines. Behind him, a laptop on a raised stand streamed a live feed of multilingual subtitles. Two tall shelves flanked the walls, full of language manuals, QA notes, mugs, and a stupidly large collection of novelty pens. A soft orange desk lamp cut through the room's dimness, giving everything a warm, studio-like glow.

Michael sat behind the monitors, one eyebrow arched.

"Um, hey?" he said, blinking behind thick rectangular glasses. "Who are you and why are you here?"

"I'm Evan Marlowe," I said. "Ms. Nolin's new secretary."

"Oh, right. The coffee guy." He nodded once. "What can I do for you, Mr. Marlowe?"

"I'm here because—"

"Let me cut in," he said, raising a hand. "You think I'm the culprit, don't you?"

"Well—"

"Just give it to me straight."

"Alright," I said. "I'm working through a list of people who talked to Adam the day the mole was discovered. And I won't sugarcoat it—you're one of them."

"Wow." His eyes widened. "Me?"

"Yes."

"Okay," he said calmly. "Then how do I prove I'm not your guy?"

"When I chased the suspect," I said, "were you in the building? Can anyone confirm it?"

"I was here all day," he replied. "My whole department can vouch for it."

"Are you sure?"

Instead of answering verbally, he pressed something under his seat. A loud metallic clank rang out, and then he tapped a button on his armrest. His "chair" moved—rolling out from behind the desk on two reinforced wheels disguised inside the base.

Only then did I realize what I was actually looking at: an electric wheelchair built to look exactly like a normal office chair.

He rolled right up next to me. "Should we go ask them together?"

"Damn," I muttered. "I didn't know you were... man, you should've said something. I feel like a jackass now."

Michael laughed. "No worries. I'm mostly confused why I'm on your list at all."

"Because you talked to Adam that day," I explained. "You asked about Jenkins. Jenkins was supposed to be in the security room watching the cameras, but he was sick that day. So I'm guessing the culprit asked around to learn if the room was empty."

"And you told Adam to send you a list of everyone who talked to him that day," he finished for me.

"Exactly."

"Well, sorry, Mr. Marlowe," he said as he reversed back behind his desk. "But I'm not the guy you're looking for."

I grabbed a pen off his desk, rested the folder on my leg, and crossed out his name. Then I stood and offered him my hand. He shook it firmly.

"Good luck, Mr. Marlowe," he said. "Keeping this internal is risky but needed. I hope we resolve it without needing outside help."

"Fingers crossed." I waved as I stepped out the door. "And, uh... sorry for the false suspicion."

"No problem," Michael said.

I closed the door gently and sighed. Great. That was a whole lot of nothing. Michael couldn't run if he tried—the wheelchair explained that clearly. Why Adam even put his name on the list was beyond me. Maybe Marcus was right and we should've fired him years ago.

Next name: Tyler Feynard. Worked just one floor below.

Time to pay him a visit.

I headed to the elevator, descended a floor, and stepped out into the Software Debugging and Maintenance wing. This place was the polar opposite of Michael's department. Bright white lights. Cold air. Cubicle rows stretching forever. The smell of energy drinks was practically part of the atmosphere. People hunched over code windows that flickered with error logs and red text like tiny digital fires.

No glass walls here—just endless fabric cubicles, each one cluttered with sticky notes, headphones, stress balls, and stacks of printed bug reports. The clicking of keyboards filled the air in a constant staccato rhythm.

About halfway down the row, I found him.

Tyler's cubicle was messy as hell. Half-finished snacks, two empty cans of RedBull, a jacket thrown over his chair, and three monitors stacked vertically like some insane digital totem pole.

He was hunched forward, headphones on, tapping away like he was trying to kill his keyboard.

Time to see if he was mole material.

I cleared my throat, but Tyler didn't budge. His headphones were blasting something so loud I could hear the bass from a meter away. Honestly, if the fire alarm went off right now, he'd probably just keep typing until he melted.

I tapped his shoulder.

Without turning around, he grabbed a paper off his desk and handed it back to me blindly. I looked down—some debugging report full of code and acronyms I didn't understand—then set it back on his desk and tapped him again.

This time he finally swiveled around, pulled his headphones down, and blinked at me.

"Uuh... are you new?" he asked.

"I'm Ms. Nolin's secretary," I said. "Evan Marlowe. I'm here to ask you some questions, Tyler. That's all."

He leaned back, resting his arms on the chair's sides. "Alright? What for?"

"Harmless questions," I said. "Nothing to be afraid of... unless you have something to be afraid of. Right?"

"Uh-huh." He crossed his arms. "Go ahead."

"When the mole was discovered in the security room," I said, "where were you?"

"In the toilet," he said flatly. "I remember hearing people shouting while I was pissing."

"Can anyone confirm that?"

He stared at me. "Confirm what—that I was taking a piss? Do you tell people every time you go take a piss, Evan?"

"It's just a simple question, Tyler."

"Yeah. And the answer's no." He exhaled. "No witnesses to my majestic bathroom break."

"Is there a camera that might've recorded you walking toward the restroom?"

"Yeah, that one." He pointed up at a dome camera mounted on the ceiling at the center of the floor.

"Camera 102," I read on the casing. "Alright. Thanks, Tyler. If anything comes up, I'll talk to you again."

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever."

He spun his chair around and slipped his headphones back on like I never existed.

I stepped into the nearest empty cubicle, grabbed the office phone, and dialed Adam, #1 on the internal line. A few beeps, then his voice.

"Hello?"

"Adam, it's Evan," I said. "I need the footage from Camera 102. The hour the mole was caught."

"Okay, hold on..." I heard him typing. "Yeah, 102—that's the Debugging floor camera. Where do I send it? You don't have your phone."

"Send it to this cubicle's computer," I said. "I'll watch it here."

"Alright. What's the device name?"

I clicked through the settings until I found the ridiculous sixteen-digit username, read it to him, and seconds later a file transfer request popped up. I accepted it.

"That's all, Mr. Marlowe?" Adam asked.

"That's all. Thanks."

When the video finished downloading, I scrubbed through the footage. People walking around. Coffee breaks. Someone dropping a stack of papers. Someone slipping on a cable. Pretty standard chaos.

Then, just before the timestamp where the mole entered the security room upstairs, I spotted Tyler. He was heading toward the restroom hallway... but the camera didn't cover the last stretch. It cut off just before the corridor turned.

Which meant two possibilities:

Either he really did go take a piss. Or he ducked into the emergency stairwell and booked it all the way up to the top floor, then to the rooftop... and entered through that vent that led to the security room.

"Fuck," I muttered.

I closed the video, erased it, and stood up.

From across the room, Tyler sat in his cubicle squeezing a stress ball lazily, half-lidded eyes glued to his monitor like nothing in the world existed except that line of code.

"You're not scratched off yet, Tyler," I said quietly.

Time for the next suspect.

Marketing Department, two floors down.

## Chapter 245: Chapter 245

I headed to the elevator, pressed the button, stepped inside, and descended. When the doors slid open, I turned right and followed the hallway toward the department's corner office.

This floor looked different than ours—brighter colors, posters of TechForge products on the walls, neon slogans like "Impact Through Innovation", plants everywhere, and a bunch of standing desks with people pitching things to each other loudly. Marketing energy. Horrible.

The Head of Marketing's office was at the end, a frosted-glass door with his name on it.

"Reid Marson - Chief Marketing Officer."

That was my guy.

I knocked once and stepped in.

The office was surprisingly neat—too neat. A dark walnut desk, an absurdly expensive ergonomic chair, two monitors angled toward him, a shelf full of marketing books nobody actually reads, and a little zen fountain trickling on the side table. He sat behind his desk in a navy sweater, circular glasses, and hair gelled so perfectly it looked illegal. Mid-thirties, maybe. Clean-shaven. Definitely the type to talk about "brand synergy" unironically.

He looked up as I shut the door behind me.

"Who are you?" he asked. Then squinted. "I do know you from somewhere..."

"Coffee boy?" I offered. "I'm Ms. Nolin's secretary."

"Ahh, right." He nodded slowly. "So, Mr...?"

"Marlowe."

"How may I help you, Mr. Marlowe?"

"I'm here to ask a few questions," I said, stepping closer to his desk. "Specifically: where were you when I found that culprit hiding in the security room?"

"In my office," he said instantly. "Right here. Taking a break. Sipping my black coffee."

"Anyone who can confirm that?"

"No." He shook his head. "I'm very strict about how many people I see in a day, Mr. Marlowe."

"...Why is that?"

"Too many people kills the brain." He held his fingers like a gun to his temple and mimicked pulling the trigger. "Boom. Dead neurons. That leads to Alzheimer's. And other... unpleasant things."

"R-right," I muttered. "So, no one saw you."

"Correct."

"How about cameras? Anything pointing at your office? Something that could confirm you didn't leave before I found the culprit?"

"No cameras here," he said casually. "Sorry, Mr. Marlowe. But I'm not the culprit."

"Hmm. Hopefully you're not, Mr. Marson."

He waved his hand dismissively. "I believe that's all. Please leave before you give me Alzheimer's, Mr. Marlowe. Goodbye."

I didn't say a word—just turned and left. Outside the office, I exhaled.

Fucking weirdo.

Something felt off about him. Too eager to get rid of me. Too rehearsed. Too smooth.

Then I lifted my gaze.

A dome camera was mounted high above his office, angled directly toward the corridor leading to his door. On the casing, printed in tiny white letters: "Camera 10B."

"So why lie about the cameras?" I muttered.

Everyone I'd spoken to so far had access to Project Phoenix. Each of them was important enough to be considered a threat—except Tyler, who was just a coding machine.

But Reid Marson lying about surveillance? That put his ass high on the list.

"Alright, 10B," I said under my breath. "You're next."

But before I checked the footage, I still had two more people to talk to.

My next destination was a floor below—Ali Mullen, who worked in Systems Calibration & Maintenance, the department responsible for monitoring hardware performance, server loads, and general system health checks. The kind of job that required caffeine in the bloodstream at all times.

I didn't take the elevator this time. I felt sleepy, and I needed to wake myself up somehow, so I headed for the stairwell instead. The cold metal railing, the echo of my footsteps, and the slightly cooler air helped a bit.

When I reached the floor, I turned left and followed the corridor until I found his door—half-open, a little crooked, like someone had bumped it too hard one day and nobody bothered fixing it.

I knocked lightly and stepped inside.

The office was... a mess. Papers everywhere. Stacks of circuit boards, screwdrivers, random cables, coffee mugs with dried-up bottoms, two monitors showing graphs I didn't understand, and a small fan trying its best to push warm air around the room. A toolbox lay open on the floor, and a jacket was tossed over the back of a chair like he had collapsed here last night and didn't care where it landed.

Ali himself looked like he belonged in the middle of that chaos. Full beard, thick glasses, tousled dark hair, probably early thirties. He blinked when he saw me, then adjusted his glasses.

"Mr. Marlowe," he said. "To what do I owe this visit?"

"I'm here to ask a few questions about the day the mole was found by me," I said. "If that's alright."

"Absolutely."

"Where were you when the mole was discovered in the security room?"

"Here, in my office," he replied immediately. "Why ask that? Are you implying that I might be the mole?"

"I'm not implying anything," I said calmly. "Just routine questions, Mr. Mullen."

"I was here all day." He rubbed his face. "And honestly? Half-asleep. Coffee is the only thing keeping me alive, and the machines broke."

"Huh?"

"The damn coffee machines! This floor and five floors up!" he groaned. "Can you believe that? I swear that's the mole's doing. Keep us off caffeine so our productivity dies, and the whole project collapses."

My fucking god, Guy. Why did you hire freaks to your company?

"Definitely," I said sarcastically. "That bastard."

"RIGHT?" He threw his hands up. "Damn son of a bitch. SON OF A BITCH!"

I exhaled. "Uh, okay... thank you for your time, Mr. Mullen."

"Anytime," he said cheerfully. "Bye!"

"Yeah. Bye."

I stepped out and closed the door.

He wasn't lying—no camera covered this hallway directly. Sure, one camera watched the elevator, but the stairway? Totally blind spot. I hadn't noticed before, but now that I had, I realized none of these floors had stairway coverage. We really needed to fix that.

The last suspect worked in Data Integration & Storage, the department responsible for syncing internal servers and handling classified data packets. Important enough for someone to keep a close eye on.

I needed to get to him before he went on break.

He worked on the same floor, just on the opposite wing. So instead of taking the stairs again, I just turned around and headed down the long hallway. The air here smelled faintly of burnt dust and old printer ink—typical office stuff.

His office was at the very end.

I was just about to knock when the door swung open and a guy stepped out.

"Oh," he said. "Um, hey?"

And holy shit—yeah, I remembered him.

He had neon pink hair, styled like he lost a fight with a paint bucket, and a long, thick beard that reached halfway down his chest. Hard to forget someone like that. I had seen him on the ground floor the day I chased the mole—he'd been standing there with a thermos, watching me sprint past like some cartoon character.

"Hey," I said. "I, uh... wanted to talk to you. I'm Evan Marlowe—Ms. Nolin's secretary."

"Oh yeah, I've heard about you," he said, stopping. "Why are you here though?"

"You talked with Adam the day the mole was found," I said. "Asked about Jenkins."

"Yes."

"I think I already know the answer," I continued, "but... were you on the ground floor when the chase started?"

"Yeah. I watched you go after him," he said casually. "Why?"

"I'm just going down a list of people who might be suspects," I said. "Thought I'd ask, just in case."

"Oh." He actually recoiled a bit. "You think I'm the mole? Wow."

"Not really. Like I said—just checking everyone."

"No problem, Mr. Marlowe," he said with a small shrug. "Hope you find the culprit so we can fire his ass."

Without waiting for anything else, he stepped around me and headed straight for the elevator.

Well. That was the last name on today's list.

Now... before heading home, I still had to check that 10b camera and see if it caught anything.



I plugged the USB into the port and leaned back. As the video started loading, Minne walked up to me with an orange juice in both hands like she was offering a peace treaty.

"Here you go, Master," she said, smiling warmly.

"Thanks," I said, giving her a small smile back.

She bowed her head a little and padded back toward the kitchen. The girls had gone out shopping—clothes, shoes, whatever the hell else they'd drag back. I told them I'd stay. I had this mole shit to deal with, and honestly? I didn't want to walk around a mall with five hyperactive women comparing skirts.

The loading bar crawled. God, Kim's laptop was slower than a damn fossil. I was definitely buying her a new one. Maybe two.

Finally, the video opened.

I took a sip of the orange juice and leaned forward. The camera covered Reid Marson's office doorway and the short hall around it. People walked past. Someone dropped a stack of papers. A janitor passed through with a mop bucket. Typical stuff.

Then Reid appeared.

He walked into his office—right around the time I cornered the suspect in the security room, a little before that, actually.

But then, not even twenty seconds later... he stepped out again. Looked both ways. And walked right out of the camera's view.

Fucking hell.

"So he went out," I muttered.

The timestamp lined up almost too perfectly. He could've taken the stairs up. Gone to the roof. Slipped through the vent. Reached the security room. It was tight, but doable.

My jaw tightened.

"I need to talk to him again."

If Reid Marson really was the mole, then maybe this entire shitstorm would finally end. And the best part? I'd get a mountain of rewards for rooting him out. Stats, bonuses, items—whatever the system felt generous enough to spit out.

---

## MAIN QUEST

=====

Title: Corporate Betrayal

Task: Find the mole in TechForge.

Reward: +950 EXP, 1500c

---

**Chapter 246: Chapter 246**

I closed the laptop lid and headed for the door. My jacket was hanging on the rack, and I slid a hand into the pocket, fishing out my cigarette pack. One cigarette between my lips, a flick of the lighter, and the first drag hit my lungs like a cold shower. God, I needed that.

Minne was at the dining table now, wiping it down and drying it with a towel.

"Why didn't you go with them?" I asked. "Would've been a nice change of air. Shopping and all."

"I need some stuff to take care of in the house, Master," she said. Then her eyes drifted toward the window. "And they say another storm might hit today. So... I'm scared a bit."

"Hmm." I nodded slowly. "Well, if there's anything you want, I can buy it for you online, alright?"

"Anything?"

That was... not the reaction I expected from her. But whatever. I shrugged, trying not to sound like I was bluffing.

"Yeah. Sure. Anything. What did you have in mind, Minne?"

She opened her mouth, then closed it again. "Umm... nevermind, Master."

"No, tell me," I insisted. "I'll—"

"Oh, I forgot to clean the kitchen," she blurted, too quickly. "I'll go do it immediately."

Definitely lying. But I wasn't going to pry it out of her. I just stood there for a couple seconds, then shrugged and walked back into the living room.

I pulled the ashtray closer, dragged again from the cigarette, and grabbed my phone from the chair next to me. It had been charging since I got home, the battery had died at work, in that graveyard of phone crates, and the moment it powered on, two notifications popped up. Two texts. One missed call.

Both texts were from Penelope.

The call was from Kayla.

I opened Penelope's messages first.

'Hey'

Second one: 'Call me when you can.'

Alright then.

I dialed her number and leaned back as it rang. Wind and traffic noise hit me the second she picked up.

"Evan," she said. "Hey."

"Just saw your texts, sorry," I said. "What's up?"

"Nothing dramatic," she said. "I just wanted you to know Mendy's doing fine. She was super happy after dinner. Kept talking about your boner and how funny it looked."

"Oh my fucking god," I groaned. "I was DREAMING, okay? I already apologized."

"Hey, you were saying my fucking name in your dream," she said. "Were you fucking me?"

"What? No!" I snapped. "It was just—you know—stupid coincidence."

She burst into laughter. "Uh-huh. Definitely."

"Is that why you called? To clown on me?"

"Yep." She didn't even hesitate. "That, and to tell you Mendy's fine."

"Great. Fantastic. I'm hanging up."

"Oooh, Penelope, go faster, pwease—" she mocked in a high-pitched, needy voice.

I hung up before she finished the sentence. Fucking hell. I took another long drag from my cigarette. That whole boner incident still made me want to bury myself alive. Why the hell did that even happen?

Shaking my head, I called Kayla next.

She picked up immediately.

"Evan. Hey. How are you?"

"Doing fine," I said. "You?"

"The storm was pretty shitty, not gonna lie," she said. "Nearly brought my damn house down."

"Yeah, for real."

She went quiet for a moment, then cleared her throat. "Well... I called because... I wanted to thank you."

"For what?"

"For not leaving me alone at the dinner thing," she said. "I have no idea what I would've done without you there. It'd be awkward."

"It wouldn't be," I said. "I'm sure you would've handled it."

"With Penelope breathing down my fucking neck?" she said. "Nah. I don't think so."

I chuckled. "Well, then I'm glad I helped."

"Yeah..." she said. Then a soft exhale. "You free? We should grab a coffee or something."

"Umm... yeah, sure. Burney's?"

"Okay. Should I take the bus or will you—"

"I'll get you," I said. "Just wait for my call and come down. Don't stand outside in this cold."

"Yep," she said. "I'll get ready now."

"Alright. See you soon."

"See ya."



I stopped the car and texted Kayla to come down. Just as I was about to close the screen, another message popped up—Kayla letting me know she'd need a few more minutes. Fine by me. I could wait.

I leaned back, shut my eyes for a moment, then turned on the radio out of boredom. Outside, the wind was starting to whip the snow sideways, the storm gathering itself like it was stretching before a workout. The cold bit through the car windows, but thank god for AC.

"And next," the man on the radio said, his voice too upbeat for the weather, "we're talking about TechForge and a possible leak involving some sort of... mysterious project."

I sighed. "Here we go..."

A woman joined in, her tone playful. "Oh, yes. The infamous Project Phoenix—or, as some online are calling it, 'the maybe-it's-real-maybe-it's-not super AI security system thing.'"

A ridiculous laughter track played, fake as hell.

I grimaced. "God, that laugh again..."

The man continued, "Sources say this supposed project could, if true, be a game changer in digital and home security technology. Facial analysis, environmental monitoring, integrated self-learning modules—sounds like sci-fi to me."

The woman chimed in, "Or a really fancy toaster. We don't know."

Another canned laugh followed.

I shook my head. "Kill me."

"But," the man said, lowering his voice dramatically, "here's where it gets interesting. An anonymous leaker provided what they claimed was information on who's working on the project. No names, but descriptions of several team members—engineers, coders, upper management. Of course, we can't verify any of this, but speculation online is intense."

The woman jumped in. "And the leaker's identity? Totally unknown. Shocker."

Fake laughter erupted again.

"However," the man continued, "we do have confirmed eyewitness accounts of a chase outside the TechForge building last week. A man, presumably an employee, was seen running after another individual through downtown."

"Oh yes!" the woman said, excitement rising. "I saw the online clip. That poor guy was sprinting like someone stole his lunch. Maybe the suspect took his sandwich."

Another explosion of corny laughter.

I groaned, rubbing my eyes. "One more laughter track and I'm breaking this dashboard..."

The man kept going, "Authorities have not commented, and TechForge released a vague statement dismissing the event as a 'misunderstanding.' But many wonder if this chase was connected to the rumored leak."

"Could be leak-related, or maybe the runner owed him money," the woman said. "Or maybe he just really wanted his sandwich back. We may never know!"

More fake laughter.

"They like to talk, huh?" I muttered.

Just then, movement caught my eye. Kayla came out of her apartment, hurrying toward the car. She had on a long coat, tight pants, gloves, and a purple beanie pulled low. Her cheeks and nose were red from the cold.

She yanked open the passenger door and hopped in. "Brrr—holy shit, I'm freezing. Turn on the AC!"

I chuckled. "It's already on."

"Make it more ON!" she laughed.

I turned the AC level from seven to ten. "More on it is."

"You're the moron."

"Huh? Oh... God, that joke," I groaned. "Just leave the car, please."

"Oh, shut up." She grinned, rubbing her hands together. "Come on, drive. I'm itching for an ice white chocolate mocha."

"You're drinking iced mocha?" I asked, easing the car forward.

"Yep. Problem?"

"It's freezing out there. Why not something hot?"

"Is there a rulebook saying I can't drink iced mocha when it snows?"

"Well, I mean..." I lifted both hands. "You know what? Nevermind."

I shot her a look. She was... different. Lighter. Looser. Happier. Like something inside her had finally unclenched. Guess that dinner with Mendy did more than patch things up—it flipped a switch in her.

She actually looked like a social butterfly for once.

"Penelope actually texted me, by the way," Kayla said as she fixed a strand of hair behind her ear. "She told me I was tolerable at the dinner. And get this, Evan—she actually thanked me for being on Mendy's side."

"She called me too," I said. "Penelope's a good friend, Kayla. She thinks for her people. Everyone needs one Penelope in their life, can't lie."

"For real," she nodded. "Wish I had a friend like her."

"You don't?" I asked. "Hey, what about me?"

"A friend who doesn't fuck me on a massage table," Kayla snorted. "Like a normal friend. Unlike you."

"Man..." I shook my head. "I'm sorry, okay?"

"Well, treat me to an iced mocha and I'll accept your apology."

"That's a deal."

At a red light, I leaned back and glanced over. Kayla had turned her phone camera on and was checking her makeup. Her nose and cheeks were still pink from the cold, and her lips were glossy. Then my eyes dipped... and yeah, those tight pants were working overtime. Her ass looked insane. Her thighs too. She could sit on me and I'd probably thank her for it.

Okay. Chill. We were grabbing coffee. Don't be a creep. Don't stare. Don't—

"Get those dirty eyes off my ass," she said with a smirk, not even looking away from her phone.

"Oh—shit," I muttered, caught off guard. "I thought I saw a fly or something. I was looking at that."

"Uh-huh," she said, unconvinced.

"I'm serious."

The light turned green. I drove. Kayla finished fixing her look, put her phone in her back pocket, and stared out at the snowy street.

"Did you know I actually got stuck to a street lamp once?" she said casually.

"Huh?"

"Okay, wrong wording," she laughed. "You know how in cartoons they lick the street lamp and get their tongues stuck? I thought it was fake. Tried it. Got stuck."

"Basic physics, one. Kayla, zero."

"I was ten."

We both laughed... man, this was good.

## Chapter 247: Chapter 247

A notification pinged on the dashboard—Nala texting that they were heading home and asking if I wanted anything. I tapped one of the preset replies: thumbs down.

Kayla flicked her eyes toward me. I did too. She looked like she was about to say something heavy, then backed out and shook her head.

"What?" I asked.

"I thought you were just a jerk," she admitted. "But you... managed to surprise me."

"I can be a jerk when I want to," I shrugged. "But I try to be a decent guy."

"More than decent." She reached out and rested her hand on my shoulder.

A stupid grin crept onto my face before I could stop it. Subtle? Not even a little. I cleared my throat and focused on the road again.

Snow drifted sideways across the windshield, lazy but constant. The streets were half-empty, the lamps casting long streaks of yellow across the wet pavement. We passed a car at the side of the road—a little black hatchback crooked against a tree. It didn't look wrecked, just nudged into it like the driver missed a turn.

As we rolled past the next block, a small black hatchback caught my attention—nudged into a tree, hazard lights blinking weakly. Huh. Same color and same model as Hannah's car. For a second, I wondered if it might've been her, the woman who rear-ended me a while back.

But when we got closer, I saw the driver standing beside it: an elderly lady in a massive gray coat, poking at her bumper with a cane.

Yeah. Definitely not Hannah.

Kayla exhaled, her breath fogging the side window. "This weather is crazy. First storm, then snow, then wind, now... whatever the hell this is."

"Yeah." I nodded. "Feels like the sky's having mood swings."

"No kidding. My building creaked all night. I thought the roof was going to fly off."

We rolled toward another red light. I slowed and stopped, tapping my fingers lightly on the wheel.

Kayla suddenly snorted. "You know what's been bothering me?"

"No," I said. "But I'm afraid to ask."

"Penelope's fake tits."

I blinked. "...What?"

"They don't match her body at all," she said, gesturing dramatically. "They're like... two balloons taped onto a stick."

I shrugged. "I'm not saying anything."

"Oh my god," she gasped, leaning back. "You love her fake tits, don't you? You men are so simple."

"I'm not loving it," I said. "But I'm not hating it either. It's just... tits."

"Fake, Evan," she insisted. "Those are fake tits."

"Doesn't bother me."

She groaned dramatically. "Men."

Then she huffed, unzipped her coat halfway, and pressed her breasts together through her sweater, looking right at me with raised brows.

"Alright then, genius," she said. "Who would you choose? Hers—" she lifted her shoulders, emphasizing her cleavage, "—or mine?"

My throat went dry instantly. I stared for half a second too long before I caught myself, shook my head hard, and muttered, "I'd rather jump off a bridge than choose between you two."

Kayla rolled her eyes, zipping her coat back up. "And once again... men," she said again, but this time with a crooked smile.

The light turned green, and I eased forward again.

A few more minutes of quiet driving, the snow falling soft and powdery now. The iconic Burney's Café sign came into view—warm lights glowing through fogged-up windows. I pulled into a spot close by and turned off the engine.

We stepped out. The cold slapped our faces instantly.

"Shit!" Kayla hissed. "So cold, so cold, so cold..."

"Global warming," I said dryly.

She shoved my shoulder as we hurried toward the café. I opened the door, and a wave of warm air washed over us—rich with coffee, chocolate, and pastries.

"Oh thank god," Kayla muttered.

We found an empty table near the window. She took off her gloves and rubbed her hands together.

A waiter approached, notepad ready. "What can I get you two?"

"Ice white chocolate mocha," Kayla said immediately.

He nodded. "Of course. And for you, sir?"

"Black coffee," I said.

"Coming right up."

The waiter walked off, leaving the two of us in the warm glow of the café lights. Kayla finally relaxed in her seat, letting out a long sigh.

"Okay," she said. "This is already better."

\_\_\_\_\_

- Quest Available

=====

- Title: Occupied!

- Task: Fuck Kayla in the restroom.

- Reward: 105 EXP

=====

- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

\_\_\_\_\_

Nah, no way I was fucking her in the restroom. Quest or not, I wasn't about to make the first move on her again. I'd already embarrassed myself enough thanks to that massage-table situation. 'Occupied!' was staying occupied.

"Been so long since I went out for drinks," Kayla said, rubbing her neck. "Bad weather kills my vibes."

"Hmm." I nodded. "Same."

"You a summer guy?"

"More of a spring guy," I said. "I don't like hot weather, don't like cold weather. So... spring."

"Fair enough. I like snow—just not this intensity."

"Yeah, they say another storm might hit today."

"Another one?" She whined. "I can kiss my flat goodbye."

Our drinks arrived. I grabbed my black coffee and took a sip. Kayla took one long pull of her iced mocha, then leaned back with a sudden look of regret as the steam from mine rose in little twisting ribbons.

"Okay, I'm having regrets," she said. "Should've ordered something hot."

"Told you." I nudged my coffee toward her. "Take mine."

"No, no. You drink it."

"Hey, I insist." I pushed it closer and took her iced mocha instead. "I like sweet stuff."

(\_\_\_\_\_)

EVENT

=====

Kayla's Interest +5

(\_\_\_\_\_)

Huh. Five points for something that small? Unexpected, but I'd take it. Her smile warmed even more as she took a sip from the black coffee.

"Damn," she said, stretching her arms. "This is good."

"Yup," I said, drinking her mocha. "This place can't make a bad coffee. It's impossible."

(\_\_\_\_\_)

## WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 18 / 20

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.

Just two more points until her milestone reward. Nice.

I blinked and found myself thinking again about Dierella... and that umbrella woman. Whoever she was. Another goddess? A threat? Dierella's "we might win" echoed annoyingly in my mind. I needed answers, and I wasn't getting any.

"You seem troubled," Kayla said. "What's bothering you?"

She'd probably caught the look on my face. "Nah. Just work stuff."

"I heard TechForge has a mole," she said. "Is that true?"

"Well... I can neither confirm nor deny."

She snorted. "Wow. So corporate."

"Hey, I was a gas-station clerk like two months ago," I said. "I'm still learning the ropes."

She laughed, sipping her coffee.

"What about you?" I asked. "You were a barista, right?"

"I switched places," she said. "Working at Mannymoon now."

"Never heard of it."

"It's new. Close to here, actually." She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. "Part-time for now."

"Good. Does it pay the bills?"

"Kinda." She grinned. "I don't live some crazy luxury lifestyle, so... works for me."

I felt my phone buzz in my pocket and fished it out without thinking. A message from Delilah—photo attached. Curious, I tapped it open... and nearly had a heart attack. Thank god my screen brightness was at minimum or the waiter behind me would've gotten an eyeful.

It was her—naked, smiling, standing in front of the bathroom mirror before a shower. Peace sign. Wink. Her tits pressed together beautifully, her ass in the reflection behind her. Perfect. Unreal.

"Fuuuck..." I whispered, grinning like an idiot.

I quickly typed: 'Damn. Wanna come over again tonight?' and hit send.

Kayla caught the expression immediately. "What happened?" she asked, leaning forward with raised brows.

"Nothing," I said quickly, tucking my phone away. "Just... work stuff."

Another buzz.

'I can't. Promised Ivy we'd have dinner tonight.'

I sent a sad face and locked my phone. When I looked up, Kayla was already halfway through the last bit of her coffee. Damn, she drank fast.

I picked up my mocha and took a slow sip. "So," I said, watching her wipe her lip with her thumb, "what's next for you?"

Kayla shrugged, slumping back in her chair. "Next? I guess I'll try not dying in the next storm. That feels like a solid plan."

"Nothing's gonna happen," I said with a small laugh. "You're overthinking it."

"My apartment?" She pointed at herself with her thumb. "Is shit, Evan. Shit. You have no idea."

"Well," I said, leaning my elbows onto the table, voice dropping a touch, "if you're scared or uncomfortable or whatever, you can stay the night with me." Kayla's forehead creased, so I added, "Not like that. Just... stay the night."

She smirked. "By 'nothing,' you mean nothing naughty?"

I breathed out through my nose. "Yep."

She spun her cup idly between her fingers, thinking... then nodded. "I'll think about it."

## **Chapter 248: Chapter 248**

We both settled into a comfortable silence. The window beside us was fogged from the contrast outside—snow drifting down lightly now that the wind had finally calmed. Peaceful. Calming. And for the first time in hours, my brain wasn't screaming mole, mole, mole.

But then the thought of that damn 10B footage shoved its way back in. Reid had lied—why? Was he really the mole? The one loose thread left to pull?

I pushed the thoughts away and finished my drink. Kayla noticed and glanced over.

"How's the mocha?" she asked.

"Cold," I said.

She flicked her finger against her steaming cup.

"How's the black coffee?" I asked.

"Hot."

She smirked. I chuckled.

"Well," I said, stretching a bit, "if I wake up with a sore throat tomorrow, I'm coming after you."

"Yeah, unless the storm kills me first," she teased back.

"Stop worrying about it," I said. "Is your apartment really that ba—"

"Yes." She cut me off immediately. "It is that bad."

"Well, my offer still stands," I said. "There's the penthouse, sure—but below it there's also a whole floor, two spare rooms. You can crash in one."

She narrowed her eyes. "Wait... why not the penthouse? You don't want me in there?"

There was no way I could tell her I was living with Jasmine and the others. So... I had to keep that to myself, or there'd be a huge misunderstanding. I guess I had to lie again.

"No, no," I said, lifting a hand defensively. "I just don't want you feeling uncomfortable. That's all."

She raised one eyebrow. "I wouldn't be uncomfortable with you. Would you be uncomfortable with me?"

"Of course not. I just—" I exhaled. "I don't want you to think I'm pushing anything."

"Says the guy who fucked me on a massage table," she deadpanned.

I leaned back and let out a long, defeated breath. "...Fair."

She laughed softly, shaking her head like she couldn't believe me. "You know what? I'll take your offer."

My eyebrows rose. "Yeah?"

"Yeah. But I need to grab some stuff from home first. Then we can go to the hotel."

"Works for me," I said, getting up and slipping my coat on. "Shall we go now?"

"Yep. Oh—and you're paying, right?"

I paused mid-zip. "Did you even bring your wallet?"

"Nope."

I sighed. "Then yeah. I'm paying."

She flashed a victorious grin and stood, pulling her beanie straight. Adorable, honestly.



I slid the room card into the slot, heard the soft click, and pushed the door open. Warm air spilled out. I stepped inside first, holding the door open with my arm.

Kayla hesitated for half a second, then walked in with wide eyes and her backpack still on her shoulders. She made a slow circle, taking in the high ceiling, the soft lighting, the wide windows.

"Wow," she breathed. "This is... bigger than my whole place."

"Yeah, you should see the penthouse," I said. "This is the cheap room."

"That's depressing," she muttered, half joking, half amazed.

"To the left," I pointed, "bedroom."

I swung the bedroom door open. And—god. A flash hit me. Delilah on that same bed, half-turned, ass up, cheeks pink, eyes shy. The rest of the girls waiting, like it was some kind of ritual for me.

My cock twitched and I forced myself back to the present.

Kayla stepped inside the room, hands on her hips, nodding softly to herself as she looked around. Then she dropped her backpack onto the desk, rolled her shoulders, and stretched her arms above her head. Her sweater lifted just enough to show a line of soft skin.

Outside, the wind screamed against the building. The storm was getting heavier—again. Forecasters hadn't lied this time. I was damn relieved Nala and the others made it back before things went to hell.

"If you need anything," I said, walking toward the bedside table, "just call number three on that phone. They'll bring you whatever you want."

Kayla's eyebrows raised. "Wow. This is... actually luxurious, Evan. You really live here?"

"Yup." I leaned against the doorframe. "If you need anything else, just text or call me. Oh—quick warning. Power might cut out. The main generator fried; they never replaced it. Backup only keeps the lights on in the room."

She nodded slowly. "Got it. And... thanks, Evan. Seriously. You didn't have to go this far for me."

\_\_\_\_\_

EVENT

=====

Kayla's Interest +5

\_\_\_\_\_

Finally. A milestone. And yeah, I hadn't done this for the points, but a reward wasn't exactly unwelcome.

"We're friends," I said. "You'd do the same for me."

Kayla snorted. "Mm... no, I wouldn't. But thanks anyway."

I clutched my chest dramatically. "Crushing. Absolutely crushing."

"Aww. Poor baby," she said with a crooked grin.

I laughed and clapped my hands. "Alright, I'll let you get settled. If you need anyth—"

"Dinner?" she interrupted, looking up at me from beneath her lashes. "Wanna have dinner with me?"

Dinner with Kayla. I'd planned on eating with the girls... but I couldn't exactly say no to her. But I also couldn't bring her upstairs—disaster waiting to happen.

"I can eat something light," I said. "What did you have in mind?"

She shrugged. "What's in the fridge?"

"Probably nothing," I said. "But you can order from room service. How about a salad?"

"Chicken salad?" she asked hopefully.

"Chicken salad it is." I stepped toward the bedside table. "I'll order—"

"Wait." She held up her hand. "Let me do it. I always wanted to try one of these fancy room-service phones."

I chuckled. "Alright. Go for it. I'll be in the living room, okay?"

"Yup," she said, already reaching for the phone with an excited grin.

She looked... happy. Comfortable. And somehow that made walking out of the room harder than I expected.

(\_\_\_\_\_)

## WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 23 / 40★

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.

\_\_\_\_\_

I walked into the living room and crashed onto the couch, the same one where Jasmine had edged me for twenty damn minutes. I still had no idea how I managed to hold it in. But I did... and it was terrible. No more edging. Ever.

\_\_\_\_\_

Milestone Reached!

Partner: Kayla

=====

Reward:

350c

\_\_\_\_\_

Damn, no experience points. But 350 credits were awesome. While Kayla was talking with room service, I opened the Shop and checked how much credit I had now.

\_\_\_\_\_

SHOP

=====

• Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)

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

=====

Credits: 1300c

\_\_\_\_\_

Shit, look at that. I had so many credits, but spending them felt... wrong. I liked watching the number grow. I'd wait for the next level, see what new toys popped up. If I got impatient, I'd just buy Ability Points and reset Pleasure or Libido later.

Kayla stepped back into the living room, coat gone now, wearing that tight black V-neck sweater and those insane black pants that made her ass look illegal. She paused in the middle of the room, glanced at the empty couch across from me, then walked straight over and sat right next to me. Thigh to thigh.

She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and gave me a little sideways smile.

"So," she said. "Living in a penthouse, huh?"

"Yep."

"You talked about a girl, Nala, right?" She tilted her head. "It's her place?"

"It is." I lied smoothly. "Why?"

"And you're in an open relationship with her. Half-open, whatever."

"Yeah?"

"Just..."

Her stomach suddenly roared like a starving lion. She slapped both hands over her face, mortified.

I opened my mouth; she pointed at me through her fingers. "You popped a boner in your sleep. You don't get to mock me."

"Hey, it was a mistake."

"So is this," she muttered, cheeks flaming. "I'm just hungry, okay?"

Wait... was I missing something?

I arched an eyebrow, staring at her, searching for some clue—some hint of what was happening here. Her gaze met mine for a split second, and then... she quickly looked away, her focus shifting down to the carpet like she couldn't hold my stare for longer than a heartbeat.

A quiet tension stretched between us, thick enough to feel like something was hanging in the air, waiting to fall. Was I really, really, missing something?

I didn't want to push it, didn't want to cross a line, but damn if the curiosity wasn't eating me alive. Was I reading this wrong?

I turned my body slightly toward her, my breath shallow as I met her eyes again. She didn't look away this time. Instead, she held my gaze, a small, almost playful smile curling at the corner of her lips, as if she was daring me to make the next move.

The moment stretched, thickening the silence between us. Slowly, almost against my better judgment, I leaned in. The air around us seemed to hum, vibrating with every inch that brought us closer. My heartbeat was deafening, thudding in my chest like it was about to burst. I could feel the heat of her breath just inches away, and yet there was something unspoken, something on the edge of a promise...

Then, just as our lips were about to meet, she stopped.

## **Chapter 249: Chapter 249**

Her finger, light as a whisper, pressed gently against my lips, halting everything. My heart skipped, suddenly thrown into confusion. Was that it? Had I crossed the line?

I froze, my breath caught in my throat.

"So Nala's really okay with this?" she whispered. "I don't wanna be a homewrecker. Again."

I kissed her fingertip, then her lips.

It was deep, wet, hungry. I grabbed her hips, lifted her onto my lap in one motion. She gasped into my mouth when my cock pressed hard against her through our clothes.

I unzipped fast, shoved my pants down just enough, and let my cock slap against the seam of her tight pants, leaving a fat streak of precum on the black fabric.

"Fuck, Evan..." she breathed, grinding down.

I squeezed that glorious ass with both hands, spread her cheeks, pulled her tighter. She moaned loud and shameless.

I yanked her sweater up and off, tugged her bra cups down, and her big tits spilled free, pink nipples already stiff. I groaned and sucked one into my mouth, tongue flicking, teeth grazing.

"Oh my God," she whimpered, fingers threading through my hair, holding me there. "Slow, slow down—"

"No chance," I growled, switching nipples. "You're fucking perfect."

"Kiss me."

I let her nipple go with a wet pop and crushed my mouth to hers again. She ground harder, soaking through her pants, my cock sliding between her clothed cheeks, painting everything slick.

This was just... no words. I was in heaven.

Kayla kicked off her boots, hooked her thumbs into those skin-tight black pants, and peeled them down her thick thighs in one slow roll. No panties. Her pussy was so wet it glistened, a clear string of arousal stretching from her lips to her thigh as the fabric pulled away.

"Fucking hell," I rasped, staring. "No panties?"

She grabbed my cock, lined me up, and sank down in one long, greedy glide until I was buried to the hilt.

"Oh my God," she moaned, head falling back, eyes fluttering shut. "I love your cock... it's so fucking good... so thick, fuck..."

My Erogenous Insight flared. A faint pink line glowed along the side of her neck, right where it curved into her throat. Perfect.

I sat up, wrapped one arm around her waist, and dragged my tongue up that glowing line, slow and wet. She shuddered hard.

"Right there, Evan, fuck, right there—"

I licked again, harder, then sucked the spot between my teeth grazing skin. Pleasure 20 hit her like lightning. Her pussy clamped down, spasming wildly.

"OH FUCKKK!" she screamed, nails raking my shoulders as she came, gushing around my cock, thighs shaking uncontrollably.

I kept licking, kept thrusting shallow through her orgasm, growling against her neck, "That's it, baby... cum all over me... this ass is fucking unreal."

She was still trembling when I crushed my mouth to hers again, swallowing the aftershocks.

Then I pulled back just enough to rasp, "I need a better view of that ass. Now."

We moved in a blur. I stood, spun her around, and bent her over the armrest. She planted her hands on the cushions, arched her back hard, and shoved that perfect, fat ass high in the air, legs spread, dripping for me.

I stepped up, dragged my cock through her soaked folds once, twice, then slammed home in one brutal thrust.

"Fuck yes!" she cried, shoving back to meet me. "Wreck me!"

I set a punishing rhythm, hips snapping, the wet slap of skin on skin filling the room. Every stroke made that glorious ass jiggle, made her tits swing beneath her.

"Look at this fucking ass," I groaned, gripping both cheeks hard, spreading them wide so I could watch myself disappear inside her over and over. "So fat... so perfect... made to take my cock."

I slapped one cheek hard. The crack echoed; she jolted forward and moaned louder.

"Again, please—"

I slapped the other even harder, leaving a bright red handprint. "You love that, don't you? Love getting this perfect ass spanked while I fuck you stupid?"

"Yes, fuck, yes! Harder!"

I gave her everything, deep, brutal strokes, sharp spansks that turned her ass cherry-red, filthy praise about how gorgeous she looked bouncing on my dick. She was already climbing again, pussy fluttering, breath coming in desperate sobs of my name.

My phone buzzed on the couch beside us like a fire alarm.

Kayla's eyes flicked to the screen, Nala's name glowing bright. A wicked smirk curled her lips. Before I could move she snatched it up.

"Wait, what the hell are you doing?" I hissed.

"Let's see if you're really telling the truth," she teased, and swiped answer.

She put it on speaker.

"Hey, Evan," Nala's velvet voice filled the room, "we're waiting for you. Dinner's getting cold."

Kayla didn't even hesitate. She rolled her hips once, slow and deep, then purred into the phone, "Hey, Ms. Nolin. Evan's balls-deep in my pussy right now. He can't come to dinner, sorry."

I froze, cock twitching inside her. "What the fuck—"

"I'm Kayla," she continued, voice breathy but smug. "We never met properly before... oh, God, right there, Evan, push that cock deeper—"

I snatched the phone, laughing despite myself. "Hey, uh, sorry. Got tied up with a friend."

Nala's tone went from curious to amused in half a second. "Downstairs, huh? And who exactly is Kayla?"

"Like I said, a friend."

"Where are you?"

Same floor you girls and Delilah... well, you know."

A low, filthy chuckle. "Are you really fucking her right now?"

"Yeah."

"Is she tight?"

"So fucking tight."

"Tighter than me?"

I grinned. "Is that a trick question?"

Nala laughed, soft and dangerous. "I think I'll... mm. Nevermind. Guess we'll talk later."

Click.

Kayla tossed the phone aside and slammed her ass back against me. "Holy shit, how did you even land a woman like that? And in an open relationship? You're living the dream."

I grabbed her hips and started pounding again, hard, wet slaps echoing off the walls. Every thrust forced another thick drop of her arousal to the marble floor, leaving a growing puddle beneath us.

"Look at you," I growled, leaning over her back, licking that glowing pink line on her neck again. "Dripping like a faucet while I'm on the phone with my girlfriend. Such a dirty little slut."

She moaned loud, pushing back to meet every stroke. "Your cock feels unreal... fuck, I might get addicted. This is nothing like that massage table. You're so much bigger now, harder... what the fuck did you do to yourself?"

I smiled against her skin. "Hey, I just get better at sex. What do you know?"

I grabbed both her wrists, yanked her arms behind her back, and pinned them at the small of her spine. The new angle arched her harder, ass high and proud.

And God, that ass.

Fat, round, flawless. Every brutal thrust sent perfect ripples across both cheeks, the flesh bouncing and jiggling like it was made for porn. Red handprints glowed on the pale skin; the sight alone almost made me lose it. She looked obscene bent over the armrest, tits swinging, back bowed, pussy swallowing my cock over and over, wetness streaking down her thighs and splattering the floor with every slam.

"Fuck, look at this perfect fucking ass," I rasped, slapping it again, watching it quake. "Built to be fucked, built to be owned."

Kayla screamed into the cushion as another orgasm tore through her, pussy spasming, squirting hard enough to splash my thighs.

I didn't stop. Just kept railing her, wrists locked in my grip, that glorious ass rippling endlessly, her broken moans filling the entire room.

I pulled out with a filthy, wet plop and spun her around. Kayla barely had time to gasp before I hooked my hands under her thighs and hoisted her into the air like she weighed nothing. She locked her ankles behind my back instantly, arms around my neck, and we crashed into another bruising kiss as I slammed back inside her in one smooth thrust.

Her back hit the wall beside the door with a soft thud. I pinned her there, hips snapping, fucking her standing, deep and relentless. Her tits bouncing wildly with every stroke, her soaked pussy making obscene squelching sounds that echoed off the marble.

"Fuck, yes, just like that," she panted against my mouth. "Keep fucking me, Evan, don't you dare stop—"

I drove into her harder, the wall shaking, her ass slapping against my hips with every brutal thrust. "You love this cock, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, yes. Keep going. Keep fucking goin. Oh..."

She screamed into my shoulder when I hit that perfect angle, pussy fluttering around me again.

Her phone started buzzing in the pocket of her discarded pants, vibrating against the floor.

I grinned, wicked. "Your turn."

Still holding her in the air, cock buried deep, I leaned down, fished the phone out with two fingers, and saw Mendy's name flashing.

Kayla's eyes went huge. "No, Evan, don't you fucking dare—"

"Too late." I swiped answer, put it on speaker, and held it up beside her head. Then I licked a slow stripe up her glowing weak spot and started pounding her again, harder than before.

"H-hello?" Mendy's voice, sweet and nervous. "Kayla? Hope it's not a bad time..."

"N-no," Kayla choked out, voice already cracking as I slammed into her. "What's up, Mendy?"

Her tits bounced like crazy, nipples brushing my chest with every thrust. I dragged my tongue up her neck again, sucked hard on that pink line, then dropped to bite one stiff nipple. She slapped a hand over her mouth to muffle the moan.

"I was going to... talk about Evan," Mendy said shyly.

I slowed just enough to listen, cock throbbing inside Kayla's spasming pussy.

"What about him?" Kayla managed, breath hitching every time I bottomed out.

"I, um... did I call at a bad time?"

"No, no," Kayla laughed, high and desperate. "I was just... running. Doing squats. Oh—"

I slammed in deep and held there, grinding against her clit. Her eyes rolled back.

"Oh, right," Mendy said, voice suddenly small and nervous. "Well... um... I've been thinking about Evan a lot lately and... God, this is harder than I thought..."

I slowed my thrusts to a cruel, teasing grind, letting Kayla feel every inch while she tried to stay coherent.

"Mendy?" Kayla managed, breath hitching as I rolled my hips once. "It's okay... what's wrong, honey? You can tell me..."

Mendy took a shaky breath. "... I think I'm falling for him. Like... really falling. I know it sounds crazy, but every time I see him I just... my heart goes stupid and I can't think straight and—"

Another slow, filthy thrust. Kayla's eyes fluttered, her pussy clenched hard around me.

"—and I keep replaying that night. The dinner, I mean. how gentle he was, how safe I felt, and I... I think I love him, Kayla. I'm in love with Evan."

## **Chapter 250: Chapter 250**

We both froze for half a second, my cock buried to the hilt, her legs locked around me, pussy clenching like a fist. Then I smirked, leaned in, and started fucking her again, slow, filthy rolls of my hips that made her whole body jolt against the wall.

"That's... so nice," Kayla gasped, voice breaking as I sucked her weak spot again. "Evan's a good guy, Mendy..."

I bit down on her neck, then dragged my tongue over the mark. She whimpered into her own hand.

"You and Evan are just friends, right?" Mendy asked. "I think I'll invite him to dinner tomorrow... tell him how I feel."

"That'd be... very wonderful, Mendy," Kayla sobbed out, eyes locked on mine, pussy gushing around my cock as I railed her through every innocent word.

The sheer fucked-up perfection of it, Kayla pinned to the wall, legs spread wide, getting destroyed while the girl who just confessed her love to me chatted away, sent fire

straight to my balls. I kissed her hard, swallowed her moan, and pounded faster, the wet slap of our bodies loud enough that I was shocked the phone didn't pick it up.

Kayla came again, violently, pussy milking me in hot, rhythmic waves, tears pricking her eyes from the intensity. I didn't stop. Just kept claiming her, licking that glowing spot, marking her neck with my teeth while she talked with Mendy.

"Oh my God, um... what should I even wear tomorrow?" Mendy asked, voice wobbling with nerves. "I have this little black dress, but I don't know if it's too much, or maybe the red one with the slit—"

I didn't slow down. If anything I fucked Kayla harder, pinning her to the wall, hips snapping, cock driving deep with every word Mendy said.

"M-Mendy," Kayla tried, voice cracking as I slammed in again, "the red one would look gorgeous on you—oh fuck—"

"I'm gonna cum." I whispered into her ear. "I'm gonna cum inside your pussy."

"Oh, fuck," She whispered. "Oh..."

"I'm gonna... oh... fuck... I'm..."

I felt it building, hot and unstoppable. One more thrust, two, and I buried myself to the root and came, thick, heavy ropes flooding her pussy. Kayla's whole body seized.

"OH FUCK!" she screamed, loud and raw, head thrown back against the wall as her own orgasm crashed through her.

Mendy went dead silent for a second. "Kayla? What happened? Are you okay?"

I crushed my mouth to Kayla's, swallowing the aftershocks. She kissed me back sloppy and dazed, eyes rolling, words mushy against my lips.

"Spider," she slurred, giggling deliriously as another wave hit her. "Big fucking spider... scared the shit out of me..."

I kept pumping lazily, milking the last pulses of cum into her while Mendy bought the excuse.

"O-okay," Mendy laughed nervously. "Um... can you help me pick tomorrow?"

"Of course, babe," Kayla panted, voice wrecked. "Send me photos of the dresses and I'll... oh, God... I'll tell you which one makes you look like a goddess..."

"Thank you so much," Mendy said, relieved. "You're the best friend ever."

"N-no problem, Mendy. Take care of yourself."

"You too, Kayla. Thank you again."

Call ended.

I finally let her slide down the wall until her feet touched the floor. My cum immediately started dripping out of her, thick white streaks running down her inner thighs in slow, obscene rivers.

Kayla looked up at me, hair wild, face flushed, still trembling.

"What the actual fuck, Evan?" she whispered, half-laughing, half-horrified. "Mendy just told me she's in love with you... and you came inside me while she was talking about her feelings?"

I shrugged, wiping a bead of cum off her thigh and sucking it off my thumb. "I'm going to let her down easy tomorrow. Gentle rejection. She already knows about Nala; it'll just be dinner between friends. I'm not leading her on."

Kayla bit her lip, watching more cum leak out of her. "You better. She's been crushed once by Richard. I don't want her heart broken again."

"I'm not Richard," I said, cupping her cheek. "I'll be straight with her. Promise."

She exhaled, shaky, then looked down at the mess running down her legs.

"Hope so..." she muttered, voice soft but serious. "Because right now your cum is literally dripping out of me while she's picking out dresses to confess to you."

I pulled her into one last slow kiss, tasting her.

"Then let's go clean you up," I murmured. "Before round two."

=====

REPUTATION SYSTEM (LVL 11)

VILLAIN ██████████ ██████████ ██████████ ██████████ HERO

=====

Being a jerk: -5

=====

Current Reputation: Good

- More EXP gain when making your partner climax.

\_\_\_\_\_



I pushed my hips one last time and came hard, groaning loud as thick, hot ropes flooded Kayla's pussy. She shuddered on top of me, half-eaten chicken salad forgotten on the table. When the last pulse left me, she melted back against my chest, head on my shoulder, breathing slow and satisfied.

I kissed the side of her neck. She giggled lazily, turned her face, and kissed me deep and slow. Fuck, she felt perfect. And that ass pressed against me? Untouchable.

\_\_\_\_\_

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Sevensome

EXP Gained: +310

Reputation-Good Bonus: +70

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★★

Reason: -

\_\_\_\_\_

Damn. Good EXP gain.

\_\_\_\_\_

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 11)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 74 kg

=====

EXP: [REDACTED] 2512/2970

\_\_\_\_\_

"You really need to talk to Mendy," Kayla murmured, my softening cock still inside her. "I'm serious, Evan."

"She already knows about Nala," I said, tracing circles on her hip. "It'll just be dinner. Nothing more."

Kayla sighed, lifted off me, and my cum immediately started dripping down her thighs. She slapped a hand between her legs and waddled toward the living room for tissues, ass jiggling with every step, skin shiny with sweat and me.

A sudden, sharp knock rattled the door.

I lifted a brow. Kayla's eyes went wide; she slapped the tissue between her legs and scurried sideways, pressing her back flat against the wall so whoever was outside wouldn't catch her naked and dripping.

I zipped up quickly, wiped my hands on my shirt, and padded to the door. One glance through the peephole and my stomach flipped.

I opened it slowly.

Six women stepped in like they'd rehearsed the entrance a hundred times. Long winter coats hit the marble floor in a single, synchronized wave, and the sight underneath stole every ounce of air from the room.

Jasmine led the pack in a black lace bodysuit so sheer it was basically painted on, completely crotchless, her nipples peeking through tiny satin bows that looked one breath away from falling off.

Right behind her came Tessa, poured into a fire-engine-red mesh teddy that left nothing to the imagination, the high-cut hips and black garters making her freckled thighs look endless.

Kim followed, wearing nothing but a whisper-thin emerald babydoll and matching thong; the fabric was so delicate her dark nipples and the outline of her pussy showed clear as day.

Delilah glided in next, deep purple satin corset cinching her waist and thrusting her massive tits up like an offering, sheer stockings clipped to garter straps that framed her hips perfectly.

Minne shuffled in shyly, drowning in soft pink lace: a tiny bralette that barely contained her chest and a micro-skirt so short the lower curve of her ass peeked out with every step, a thin pink thong disappearing between her cheeks.

Last came Nala, midnight-blue silk harness bra crisscrossing her torso, high-waisted garter belt riding low on her hips, and nothing, absolutely nothing, covering her pussy except a delicate silver chain that dipped between her slick lips and swayed with every slow, deliberate step.

Six sets of eyes turned to Kayla, still pressed against the wall, tissue clutched between her thighs, my cum streaking down her legs.

The room went deliciously, dangerously silent.

"Hey," Nala said sweetly, strolling toward her. "You're the girl I spoke to on the phone, right?"

"Y-y-yes...?"

"Oh my God!" Tessa crowed, circling Kayla. "That ass is even bigger than Nala's. Tell me I'm dreaming."

Nala spun, looked at me with a raised brow, both her and Kayla's hips touching side by side. "Well? Verdict, Evan. Whose ass reigns supreme?"

I pretended to think, then grinned. "Gotta give it to Kayla tonight, CEO. Sorry."

"One way to get demoted," Kim laughed.

"What... the fuck is happening?" Kayla squeaked.

Delilah stepped to my side, took my hand, and placed it on the slight curve of her belly. "Next time you disappear to fuck someone else, tell me first, okay?" she whispered. "You're the father of this baby. Act like it."

"You... you were supposed to have dinner with Iv—"

"Are you listening to me?"

My throat went dry. "I... okay. I'm sorry."

"M-Master," Minne said, blushing scarlet, twisting her fingers. "I... I got ready for anal tonight... but you weren't home..."

Guilt punched me. "I'm sorry, baby girl. My fault."

Tessa crossed her arms, smirk lethal. "You're a dog. A horny, uncontrollable dog. And dogs get punished."

Jasmine clapped once, eyes gleaming. "All right, ladies. Let's punish this bastard who can't keep his dick in his pants for five minutes."

I swallowed, cock already twitching again.

"Oh boy," I muttered, half-laughing, half-terrified. "My poor dick."