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I just stared at the scene unfolding in the living room, my cock already stirring again despite the marathon with Kayla. Six women in lingerie that looked like it was designed to kill a man, and Kayla still half-naked, tissue in hand, my cum trickling down her thighs. The air was thick with perfume, sweat, and pure, unfiltered lust. Kayla's mouth hung open, her eyes darting from one girl to the next like she couldn't believe this was real.

"What the actual fuck is going on?" she repeated, voice squeaking a little higher this time. She backed up a step, the tissue falling forgotten to the floor as more of my load dripped from her pussy. "Who are you people? Evan, what the hell?"

Nala turned to her with a warm, predatory smile, stepping closer until she was inches away. "We're Evan's girls. And from the looks of it, you're the new 'addition' who's been keeping him busy. I'm Nala—the CEO you heard on the phone."

Tessa chuckled as she put some sort of bottle of lube on the coffee table. "Addition. Love it."

Kayla's face flushed crimson, her thighs pressing together as if to hide the evidence. "I... this is insane. You all just... walked in like that? And you're okay with... with him fucking me?"

Jasmine laughed, low and filthy, sauntering over to flank Nala. Her black lace bodysuit hugged every curve, the crotchless design leaving her pussy exposed, already glistening. "Okay? Honey, we're here to join. But first, this dog needs his punishment for sneaking off without telling us."

Tessa nodded, her red mesh teddy stretching taut over her freckled skin as she crossed her arms. "Yeah, horny bastard couldn't wait five minutes. We're gonna make you beg, Evan."

Kim grinned, her emerald babydoll shifting as she moved, the sheer fabric doing nothing to hide her hard nipples. "And you, new girl? Kayla, right? You're part of this now. That ass is too good to waste."

Delilah squeezed my hand one more time, her purple corset pushing her massive tits up so high they nearly spilled out. "Remember what I said," she whispered, then stepped back with a wink.

Minne hovered near the edge, her pink bralette and micro-skirt making her look like a shy doll, but her eyes were dark with need. "M-Master... please..."

I swallowed hard, cock fully hard now, tenting my pants. "Alright, ladies. What's the punishment?"

Jasmine's eyes sparkled. "Strip. Now. And sit on that couch. We're going to make you work for it tonight."

Kayla's eyes went even wider. "Make him work? With all of us? I... I don't even know you people!"

Nala chuckled, taking Kayla's hand gently. "Come on, it'll be fun. Think of it as initiation."

"Is this some sort of a fucking cult?" Kayla asked.

"Just shut up, fucking hell," Tessa said. "Come on join us. It'll be fun."

"I... I just... God..."

The girls moved like a pack, pushing me back onto the couch. I stripped fast, shirt off, pants gone, cock springing free, still slick from Kayla. They surrounded me—Jasmine and Tessa on either side, Kim and Delilah at my feet, Minne and Nala pulling Kayla into the circle.

Jasmine dropped to her knees first, wrapping her hand around my shaft with a firm squeeze. "Look at this cock, girls. Already leaking after fucking her. Greedy boy. You think you can just sneak off and bury this in some new pussy without telling us? We're going to remind you who it belongs to."

Tessa leaned in from my left, her red teddy brushing my arm as she licked a long, slow stripe up the side. "Mmm, tastes like fresh cum. Kayla's, right? We're gonna make you pay for ditching us, Evan. You're going to fuck every single one of us tonight until we're all dripping like her."

Kayla stood there, baffled, but her nipples were hard, her pussy still leaking. "This is crazy... you're all just... okay with sharing him? And me? I don't even know what's happening."

Delilah smiled at her, kneeling between my legs and cupping my balls gently, rolling them in her palm. "More than okay, sweetie. Watch and learn. This is how we keep him in line—by draining him until he can't think straight."

Kim licked my balls, her tongue flat and hot, sending jolts up my spine. "And that ass of yours, Kayla? It's going to look so good bouncing on him later. But first, let's get him begging."

Nala pulled Kayla closer, whispering in her ear, "Join in, girl. He owes you for starting without us. Feel how hard he is already—it's all because of us."

"Fuck," I groaned, head falling back as Jasmine's hand started moving, long, teasing pulls that had pre-cum beading at the tip. "You girls are going to kill me tonight."

"That's the idea," Jasmine purred, speeding her hand just a little, twisting at the head to make me hiss. "You cum when we say, dog. Not a second before. Tell us how bad you want it."

Tessa sucked the tip into her mouth, hollowing her cheeks with a wet slurp, her tongue swirling around the head like she was savoring ice cream. "Mmm, he tastes so good after fucking her. Kayla, come taste your own pussy on him."

Kayla hesitated, then knelt beside Delilah, her fat ass sticking out as she leaned in and licked a tentative stripe up my shaft. The girls cheered softly, Nala's hand sliding between Kayla's thighs from behind, fingers dipping into her leaking pussy.

"Good girl," Tessa said, popping off my cock with a wet smack and stroking the base while Kayla sucked the head. "See? You're one of us now. Suck him deeper—make him moan for it."

Kayla did, her mouth hot and eager, bobbing lower with every pass, her bafflement turning to lust as Nala fingered her slowly. "This is... oh God, this is insane," Kayla mumbled around my cock, pulling off to stroke me fast. "Your cock tastes so good with my cum on it, Evan. How do you have all these women?"

"Because he's ours," Kim said, sucking my balls into her mouth one at a time, tongue rolling them while Delilah kissed my inner thighs, her breath hot against my skin. "And we're his. Now make him edge, girls—don't let him cum yet."

The teasing intensified. Jasmine's hand flew faster, Tessa deep-throating me until her nose pressed to my pelvis, gagging softly but not stopping. Kim's tongue worked my balls, Delilah nibbling the sensitive skin where thigh met groin, sending shivers through me. Minne kissed my neck, her small hands pinching my nipples. Nala whispered filthy things in my ear while fingering Kayla, "Look at her ass jiggle while she sucks you. We're all going to take turns riding that cock tonight, Evan. You're going to fill every one of us."

I was right there, balls tight, cock throbbing. "Fuck, I'm close—please—"

They all pulled back at once. Hands off, mouths gone, leaving me throbbing in the air, hips bucking at nothing.

"No!" I groaned, gripping the couch. "Come on, that's cruel."

Jasmine slapped my cock lightly, making it bounce. "That's the punishment, baby. Bad boys don't get to cum until they've made us all scream."

They did it again. And again. Building me up with mouths, hands, tits pressed around my shaft, Delilah's massive ones sliding up and down, slick with spit. Kayla got bolder, deep-throating me while Tessa licked my balls. Minne straddled my thigh, grinding her wet pussy on me while kissing my chest.

After the fifth edge, I was begging. "Please, girls... let me... agh, fuck this..."

Nala smirked. "Okay. But you make us cum first. One by one."

I pulled Minne onto my lap first, flipping up her micro-skirt and pushing her thin thong aside. She sank onto me with a whimper, her tiny body taking every inch slowly, eyes wide. "M-Master... you're so big tonight..."

I gripped her hips and thrust up, her small ass bouncing in my hands. "Ride me, baby girl. Show the new girl how you cum for me."

Minne bounced faster, her pink bralette slipping down, nipples hard and pink. I leaned in, Erogenous Insight glowing a faint pink on her collarbone. I sucked it hard, tongue swirling.

Pleasure 20 kicked in; she shattered almost instantly. "Master! Fuck, I'm cumming—yes, yes!"

Her pussy spasmed around me, gushing wet and hot, her cries high and desperate. The girls watched, touching themselves.

"Good girl," I growled, lifting her off and setting her trembling beside me.

Tessa shoved Minne aside and straddled me reverse cowgirl, her red teddy pulled to the side, pussy dripping. "My turn, stud. Fuck this pussy like you mean it."

I gripped Tessa's hips hard enough to leave marks and slammed up into her, reverse cowgirl, watching that perfect ass ripple with every thrust.

"Fuck, Evan," she moaned, head thrown back, red hair swinging. "Your cock's stretching me so good... keep pounding me just like that."

I didn't answer with words. I just fucked her harder, the wet slap of skin on skin loud in the room.

Jasmine crawled up beside us, smirking, and reached under Tessa's bouncing tits. She slapped one lightly, then the other, making them jiggle even more. "Look at these little big jumping. Such a needy slut aren't you?"

Tessa laughed breathlessly, pushing her chest out. "Shut up and play with them. Hey, maid, lick my nipples, come on."

Minne, still flushed from her own orgasm, crawled forward on her knees, eyes huge. "I... can I bite your nipples a bit, Ms. Tessa? Please?"

Tessa rolled her eyes, grinning. "You and your oral fixation. Fine, but don't bite hard, baby. Just enough to make me feel it."

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Minne didn't need to be told twice. She latched onto Tessa's left nipple, sucking hard, then grazing it with her teeth. Tessa hissed, hips jerking down onto my cock.

"Fuck, yes, just like that," Tessa groaned. "Bite a little harder, Minne, good girl."

Minne obeyed, teeth closing gently, tugging, then soothing with her tongue. Jasmine took the other nipple between her fingers, pinching and rolling it in time with my thrusts.

I rubbed the glowing pink spot on Tessa's lower back with my thumb, pressing hard while I railed her from underneath.

The combination hit her like a freight train.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, Evan, right there, don't stop—" Her voice cracked. "Minne, harder, Jasmine, twist it, fuck—"

Her pussy clamped down like a fist, spasming wildly. She screamed, guttural and raw, grinding back so hard her ass slapped my stomach as she came, soaking my cock and balls in a hot rush.

"That's it, Tessa, cream all over him," Jasmine purred, slapping her tit one last time for good measure.

Tessa's whole body shook, riding the aftershocks, freckled skin flushed bright red, breath coming in ragged gasps.

I kept thrusting slow and deep through her orgasm, letting her milk every second of it, her ass still rippling beautifully with every lazy roll of my hips.

When she finally slumped forward, panting, Minne released the nipple with a soft pop and kissed it gently. Jasmine gave the other a final pinch.

Kim took Tessa's place like she'd been waiting her whole life for it. She hiked the emerald babydoll up to her waist, snapped her thong off with one sharp tug, and sank

down onto me facing forward, tits bouncing right in my face, dark nipples hard and begging.

"God, Evan," she moaned, already rolling her hips, "your mouth... fuck my pussy harder."

I latched onto one nipple, sucking hard, tongue flicking, teeth grazing just enough to make her gasp. My hands gripped her ass, guiding her faster, deeper.

Kim looked over her shoulder at Kayla, who was still stood half-dazed, thighs shiny with cum, and grinned wickedly.

"Come on, Kayla, use that big, fat ass of yours. Twerk on Evan while he fucks me. Give him something pretty to watch."

Kayla's eyes went comically wide. "What the fuck? No!"

I pulled off Kim down harder, thrusting up, and gave Kayla my best pleading look. "Please? Just a little. For me?"

Kayla groaned, face flaming, but the hunger in her eyes betrayed her. "God... fine. Okay. You're all insane."

She turned around, planted her feet wide, and started slow, then found the rhythm. That legendary ass began to clap and twerk, cheeks bouncing and rippling in perfect waves, inches from my face while Kim rode me.

"Holy shit," I rasped, staring, cock throbbing inside Kim.

Jasmine let out a low whistle and stepped up behind Kayla, delivering a sharp, playful slap to one cheek. The smack echoed; Kayla yelped, but didn't stop, if anything she twerked harder, the flesh jiggling even more.

"Fuck yes," Jasmine laughed, slapping the other cheek. "Look at that thing move. Evan, you seeing this?"

Tessa, still flushed and breathless from her own orgasm, leaned against the couch and chuckled. "She's gonna kill him before the night's over."

Kim threw her head back, riding me faster, tits bouncing wildly in my face. "Feel that, Evan? My pussy squeezing you while you watch that perfect ass clap for you? You love it, don't you?"

"Fuck, yes," I growled, sucking her nipple harder, one hand sliding to the glowing pink spot on her inner thigh. I squeezed it hard, thumb pressing right into the sensitive bundle of nerves.

Kim's rhythm stuttered. "Oh shit, right there, don't stop—"

I thrust up brutally, hitting deep, rubbing that spot in tight circles. Kayla kept twerking, Jasmine kept spanking, the room filled with wet claps and moans.

Kim broke.

"Fuck, Evan, I'm cumming!" she screamed, pussy clamping down, as her whole body shook. Hot slick gushed over my cock, dripping down my balls while she rode the waves, voice breaking on my name in a long, filthy wail.

"Mommy's turn." Delilah said as she gently pushed Kim aside. "Make a room, honey."

"Mommy?" Kayla asked, stopping.

"She is pregnant with his baby," Nala said.

"Ho-ly, shit."

Delilah was next.

She stood over me, fingers working the laces of her deep-purple corset just enough for the satin to loosen and her massive tits to spill free, heavy and perfect, nipples already dark and hard. The faint curve of her belly caught the light, and the sight alone made my cock jerk.

She straddled me slowly, knees sinking into the couch on either side of my hips, and lowered herself inch by torturous inch until I was buried to the hilt inside her velvet heat. Her eyes never left mine.

"You're mine too, daddy," she whispered, voice low and possessive, rolling her hips in slow, filthy circles that made us both groan. "Fuck me like you love me."

I cupped her tits, thumbs brushing over her nipples, kneading the soft weight of them. A faint pink glow pulsed in the valley of her cleavage, Erogenous Insight showing me exactly where she needed it most. I leaned in and licked a slow stripe up that glowing line, tasting salt and her skin.

"This pussy's so perfect," I growled against her breast. "Cum for me, mama. Let me feel you."

Delilah's gaze drifted to the side, catching Minne watching us with huge, awestruck eyes, lips parted, cheeks pink. Delilah smiled, slow, wicked, maternal, and reached out one hand toward the tiny girl still trembling from her orgasm.

Minne took it shyly, letting Delilah pull her closer until she was kneeling right beside us.

"I bet you want to milk Mommy's tits too, don't you, baby?" Delilah purred, still rolling her hips on my cock, slow and deep. "When they're full and heavy for Daddy... you want a taste of it, too, sweet girl?"

"Mommy. No Ms."

Minne's voice barely came out. "Y-yes, Mommy. I want to. But only... only after Master drinks first. And only if he lets me."

Delilah's eyes flicked back to me, dark with lust and amusement. She never stopped moving, grinding down in perfect circles, pussy fluttering every time I bottomed out.

"Well, Daddy?" she asked, voice husky. "Will you let little Minne drink from Mommy's tits when they're leaking for you? When they're swollen and dripping?"

I groaned, thrusting up hard enough to make her gasp. "Only if she makes me cum first. Earn it, baby girl."

Minne's eyes lit up, shy but starving.

Delilah laughed softly, cupped the back of Minne's head, and guided her down to one heavy breast. "Then let's practice, honey. Open that pretty mouth."

Minne latched on instantly, lips sealing around Delilah's nipple like a hungry little kitten. She sucked gently at first, then harder, cheeks hollowing, tiny moans vibrating against the sensitive flesh.

"That's it," Delilah cooed, still riding me slow and deep. "Just like that, baby. Suck Mommy's nipple. Pretend it's full of milk for you. Good girl..."

Minne whimpered around the nipple, eyes fluttering shut, one small hand coming up to knead the other breast while she nursed greedily.

I watched the whole thing, Minne latched on like a baby, Delilah's tits bouncing with every roll of her hips, her pussy squeezing me rhythmically, and nearly lost it right there.

"Fuck, you two are gonna kill me," I rasped, thrusting up harder, licking that glowing spot again and again.

Delilah's head fell back, a low moan spilling from her lips as Minne kept sucking, switching nipples now, tiny tongue flicking the hard peak. "That's it, baby... practice for when Daddy breeds me full again... suck harder..."

The sight and sound and feel of it, Delilah riding me, Minne nursing at her breast like she was already feeding from her, sent me spiraling. I slammed up one last time, hands gripping Delilah's hips, and she shattered.

She came with a broken cry, back arching impossibly, pussy gushing hot and wet around my cock, soaking my lap as she screamed my name and Minne kept sucking through every pulse, tiny hands clutching Delilah's breast like it was the only thing keeping her grounded.

Jasmine didn't wait for Delilah to fully slide off. She shoved her aside with a playful growl, swung one leg over me, and lined up my slick cock with the open crotch of her black lace bodysuit.

"Look at you," she taunted, hovering just out of reach, letting the head nudge her entrance. "So close already. Bet you'd love to blow that load right now, wouldn't you?"

I groaned, hips jerking up involuntarily, trying to sink into her. She laughed, low and wicked, and lifted higher, denying me.

"Uh-uh. Not yet, greedy boy."

Then she dropped, fast and hard, taking every inch in one brutal slam. The sudden wet heat swallowed me whole; her ass slapped my thighs with a sharp crack that echoed through the room.

"Fuck!" I barked, hands flying to her hips.

Jasmine wasted no time. She started bouncing like she meant to break me, fast, filthy, merciless. Her thick ass clapped against me on every downstroke, the lace of her bodysuit scratching my skin, tits heaving under the sheer fabric.

"This cock is ours, Evan," she snarled, nails digging into my chest. "You don't get to hide it in some new pussy without paying the price. Pound me until I break."

I thrust up to meet her, hard, angry strokes that made her whole body jolt. Sweat beaded on her skin, dripping down between her tits. The room filled with the wet, obscene sound of her riding me, her pussy so tight it felt like it was trying to strangle my cock.

I was right there, balls tight, spine tingling, vision going white at the edges.

"Jasmine, fuck, I'm gonna—"

She felt it. Of course she did. Right as I started to swell inside her, she lifted clean off me, ass high, letting my cock slap uselessly against my stomach.

"No!" I roared, hips arching desperately, chasing that heat, eyes squeezed shut, every muscle locked as I teetered on the brink.

She hovered there, laughing breathlessly, watching me writhe. "Not yet, baby. Hold it."

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I exhaled a ragged, shaking breath, the orgasm retreating like a wave pulled back out to sea. My cock throbbed angrily in the open air, slick and twitching.

Jasmine's eyes glittered with pure sadistic delight. "Good boy."

Then she sank back down, slow this time, inch by torturous inch, letting me feel every flutter of her walls as she took me again.

I grabbed her hips, flipped the rhythm, and started driving up into her with everything I had, hard, punishing strokes that made her gasp and curse.

She leaned forward, ear brushing my lips. The faint pink glow pulsed right there on her lobe.

I bit down, sucked the soft flesh between my teeth, and flicked my tongue over the spot.

Jasmine shattered.

She came screaming, nails raking bloody lines down my chest, pussy spasming wildly around me in violent, milking waves that almost dragged me over with her.

Nala took her time.

She stood over me, midnight-blue silk harness bra framing her perfect tits, high-waisted garter belt riding low on her hips. With deliberate slowness she reached between her legs, unhooked the thin silver chain that had been the only thing covering her pussy, and let it fall to the floor with a soft clink.

Every eye in the room was on her.

She straddled me like a queen claiming her throne, knees sinking into the couch on either side of my hips, one elegant hand braced on my chest, the other guiding my cock to her entrance. She didn't sink down yet. She just hovered there, letting the head nudge her slick lips, teasing us both.

"My turn, baby," she murmured, voice velvet and dangerous. "Show me why you ditched dinner for her. Prove this cock is still mine."

I gripped her ass hard, fingers digging into firm muscle. "It's always yours, CEO. Now fucking take it."

She smiled, slow and filthy, then dropped.

One smooth, merciless glide and I was buried to the hilt inside her, her pussy so hot and tight it stole my breath. She let out a low, satisfied moan, head falling back, long black hair cascading down her spine.

"Fuck... still so thick," she breathed, rolling her hips once, twice, grinding her clit against my base. "You stretched every one of them tonight... but this pussy remembers exactly how you feel."

I thrust up hard, meeting her roll with a sharp snap of my hips. She gasped, nails raking down my chest.

"That's it," I growled, hands sliding up to grip her waist. "Oh, fuck."

She started moving, slow at first, luxurious circles that dragged her walls along every inch of me, then faster, rising and falling with perfect control. Her tits bounced in the harness bra, nipples hard and dark against the silk.

The girls watched, breathless. Kayla's mouth hung open. Delilah bit her lip, hand drifting between her own thighs again.

I licked the glowing pink line on Nala's throat, right where her pulse hammered under flawless skin. She shuddered, pussy fluttering around me.

"Right there," she hissed. "You know exactly where I need it, don't you? You always do."

I sucked the spot hard, teeth grazing, tongue flicking in time with my thrusts. She sped up, riding me harder, ass slapping my thighs, the wet sound obscene and perfect.

"This CEO pussy..." I rasped against her neck, thrusting up brutally, "so tight for me... so greedy... cum on my cock, Nala. Show them who really owns it."

She laughed, breathless and filthy, then slammed down one last time and ground deep.

The orgasm hit her like a storm.

Her back arched, head thrown back, a low moan tearing from her throat as her pussy clamped down impossibly tight, pulsing in violent waves. She came hard, soaking me, thighs shaking, nails digging crescents into my shoulders.

"Fuck, Evan... yes... fill me later, but right now... just feel me cum..."

I almost lost it, cock throbbing inside her clenching heat, but she rode it out, licking that glowing spot through every shudder, every filthy moan, until she finally collapsed forward, forehead against mine, breath ragged, pussy still fluttering with aftershocks.

Kayla stood there the whole time, one hand pressed between her thighs, fingers lazily circling her clit as she watched the chaos unfold. Her face was a mix of total bafflement and raw arousal—eyes wide, lips parted, cheeks flushed like she'd just run a marathon. Cum still leaked from her pussy in slow, thick drops, streaking down her inner thighs, pooling at her feet on the marble floor. She couldn't tear her gaze away from the pile of bodies, the way each girl had ridden me to shattering orgasms, their screams echoing off the walls.

"You all just... wow," she breathed, voice shaky, her fingers dipping inside herself now, chasing the aftershocks of her own earlier climaxes. "This isn't real. You're all so..."

The girls laughed softly, a chorus of wicked amusement. Nala, still glistening from her own ride, locked eyes with Kayla and extended a hand, her midnight-blue silk harness bra framing her tits like a work of art. "Oh, it's real, ass queen. And now it's your turn again. Ride him while we watch—show us why Evan couldn't keep his hands off you."

Kayla hesitated, biting her lower lip, her free hand hovering uncertainly. "I... I don't know if I can. After all that? You all just took turns like it's nothing, and now me again? This is crazy..."

But her body betrayed her—nipples hard as diamonds, pussy visibly clenching, more of my cum dripping out as she shifted her weight. Nala didn't give her time to overthink. She grabbed Kayla's wrist gently but firmly and pulled her forward, the other girls parting like a sea to make space on the couch where I lay, cock still rock-hard and slick from Nala's juices.

"Come on, new girl," Jasmine purred from my side, her black lace bodysuit disheveled, one satin bow untied to let a nipple peek free. "That fat ass of yours is begging to bounce. Don't make us wait."

Tessa, flushed from her orgasm, knelt nearby and gave Kayla an encouraging smack on the thigh. "You'll love it. He hits spots you didn't know you had."

Kayla's breath hitched, but she let Nala guide her. She straddled me slowly, knees sinking into the cushions on either side of my hips, her fat ass hovering just above my cock. My earlier load was still leaking from her, a thick white trail dripping right onto my shaft, making it glisten even more.

"Fuck, Evan," she whispered, eyes locked on mine, a mix of nerves and need. "You're still hard? After fucking all of them? How...?"

I grinned up at her, hands sliding up her thighs to grip that glorious ass, spreading her cheeks wide. "For you? Always. Now sink down, baby. Let them see how well you take me."

She exhaled shakily, reached down, and guided the head of my cock to her entrance. With a soft, wet sound, she lowered herself, taking me inch by inch until I was fully sheathed inside her again. The mix of our cum made it slick and messy, her pussy clenching around me like it was starved.

"Oh God," she moaned, head falling back, hands bracing on my chest. "You're so deep already... feels even fuller now..."

The girls closed in immediately, surrounding us like beautiful predators. Jasmine knelt to my left, her hand sliding up Kayla's back to tangle in her hair, pulling her head back gently to expose her neck. "That's it, new girl. Ride him slow—let us help you feel every inch."

Tessa mirrored her on the right, fingers pinching Kayla's nipples through the air, twisting just hard enough to make Kayla gasp. "These tits are perfect... bounce for us, Kayla. Show Evan what that ass can do."

Kim dropped behind Kayla, her emerald babydoll whispering against skin as she kissed the small of Kayla's back, hands spreading her ass cheeks wider so she could watch my cock disappear inside her with every slow roll. "Look at that pussy swallow him... so wet, so messy. You're leaking his cum everywhere, slut."

Delilah leaned in from the front, her massive tits pressing against Kayla's side, one hand stroking Kayla's thigh. "Breathe, sweetie. Let it build. He's going to make you explode."

Minne, shy as ever, knelt close and kissed Kayla's shoulder, her small hand reaching under to rub Kayla's clit gently. "You look so pretty riding Master... cum for us, please..."

I thrust up hard, gripping Kayla's fat ass like a lifeline, fingers digging into the soft flesh. "That's it, Kayla... ride me. Show them how good you take it. Cum for me—let them hear you scream."

Kayla started moving, slow at first, her ass bouncing in hypnotic waves, the clap of skin on skin growing louder as she found her rhythm. The girls' touches overwhelmed her—Jasmine and Nala alternating licks on her weak spot, which was her neck, sending shivers through her body; Tessa pinching and rolling her nipples until they were red and aching; Kim slapping her ass lightly with every downstroke; Delilah whispering filthy encouragement in her ear; Minne's fingers flying on her clit.

"I can't... oh fuck, Evan, your cock... it's too much," Kayla panted, eyes glazing over, bafflement turning to pure ecstasy. "All of you touching me... watching... God, I'm gonna cum..."

"Do it," I growled, thrusting up faster, deeper, my cock hitting that spot inside her that made her whole body jolt. "Cum for me, Kayla. Show these girls how you soak my cock."

The first orgasm hit her like a wave. Her pussy clamped down hard, spasming around me, hot slick gushing out with every pulse. She screamed, high and broken, "Fuck, Evan, your cock... I can't stop cumming... oh God!"

But I didn't let her stop. I kept thrusting, the girls kept touching, licking, pinching. Nala sucked her weak spot hard now, teeth grazing; Jasmine slapped her ass in time with my strokes; Tessa tugged her nipples until Kayla sobbed.

The second orgasm crashed right on the heels of the first. Kayla's body seized, back arching, ass grinding down as she flooded my lap again, screaming louder, "Evan! Fuck, yes, don't stop—I'm cumming again!"

I exploded inside her right then, the overload too much. My cock swelled, pulsing hard, thick ropes blasting deep into her pussy, mixing with the loads already there, overflowing and dripping down my balls in hot streaks. I groaned loud, hips bucking wildly, filling her until she was overflowing.

"OHHH FUCK!" I screamed. "OHH..."

"Not done," Jasmine smirked.

"Get up, Kayla." Delilah said. "He is not done."

"Minne, honey," Jasmine said. "Come on. Do the 'thing.' I'll get a blanket on the ground."

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Minne crawled on the ground, her tiny pink micro-skirt flipped up over her back, thong already gone. She dropped to all fours, lowered her chest to the floor, and reached back with both trembling hands. Slowly, deliberately, she spread her perfect little ass cheeks wide, revealing the tight, pink rosebud that winked nervously in the low light.

"Master..." Her voice was small, but steady, eyes glassy with tears and devotion. "I'm ready for you. Please... please take me in the ass. I want to feel you everywhere."

"Take?" Delilah whispered. "You were supposed to say..."

Minne gulped. "F-fuck me in the ass, Master."

The room went still for half a heartbeat, then every girl moved at once, surrounding her like a protective circle.

I knelt behind her, cock slick and throbbing from the last round. Nala dropped beside Minne first, stroking her hair. "Breathe, baby. We've got you. Delilah, you got the lube, right?"

"Yep."

Delilah poured warm lube over Minne's hole, letting it drip down her crack and over my cock. Jasmine and Tessa knelt on either side, each taking one of Minne's hands to squeeze. Kim rubbed slow circles on her lower back.

I pressed the head of my cock against that impossibly tight ring. Minne whimpered, body tensing.

"Relax for me, baby girl," I murmured, rubbing the tip in small circles. "Push back when you're ready."

She nodded against the blanket, took a shaky breath, and pushed. The head popped past the first ring with a soft, wet sound. Minne let out a high, broken cry, knuckles white in Jasmine and Tessa's hands.

"Oh, it hurts," she sobbed, tears spilling, but she didn't pull away. "But I want it... please don't stop, Master..."

I stayed still, letting her adjust, stroking her hips. "You're doing so good, Minne. So fucking perfect."

Nala leaned down, kissed her cheek, then reached under to circle her clit gently. "Focus on my fingers, sweetheart. Let it feel good."

Delilah added more lube, working it around where we joined, her fingers brushing my shaft. "Breathe out, baby. Open for him."

Inch by inch, I sank deeper. Minne's whole body shook, little pained whimpers turning into breathy moans as the stretch turned from burning to something fuller, overwhelming. When I was halfway in, she let out a strangled cry and pushed back herself, taking another thick inch.

"Good girl," I groaned, voice rough. "Look at you taking my cock in your tiny ass like a perfect little maid."

Tears streamed down her cheeks, but she smiled through them, nodding frantically. "Yes... yes, Master... more..."

I started moving, slow, shallow thrusts at first, letting her get used to the rhythm. Every push drew a fresh sob-moan from her throat, her ass clenching around me like a vice. The girls never stopped touching her: Nala rubbing her clit, Delilah stroking her back,

Jasmine and Tessa whispering praise, Kayla kissing her shoulder, Kim licking the tears from her cheeks.

"Feels so big," Minne whimpered, voice cracking. "So full... hurts so good..."

I picked up speed, the lube letting me slide deeper, until my hips finally met her ass. She screamed into the blanket, body shaking, but pushed back greedily.

"Fuck her ass, Evan," Jasmine urged, eyes dark. "Make our baby girl cum from it."

I did. Long, deep strokes now, pulling almost all the way out and slamming back in, her tiny hole stretched obscenely around my cock. Minne's cries turned into one continuous, broken wail of pleasure-pain, her whole body trembling.

"I'm close," I growled, gripping her hips hard enough to bruise. "Gonna fill this perfect little ass."

"Already?" Jasmine asked. "Wow."

"Must be tight." Kim commented.

"Lucky you, Minne," Tessa smirked. "He won't last long."

"Do it," Delilah commanded, fingers flying on Minne's clit. "Breed her ass, Evan."

One final thrust and I buried myself to the root, coming with a roar. Thick, hot ropes painted her insides, pulse after pulse, until I could feel it leaking around my cock. Minne screamed, her own orgasm hitting from the stretch and Nala's fingers, pussy untouched but gushing onto the blanket, body convulsing.

I stayed locked inside her, breathing hard, until the last shudder left us both. Slowly, gently, I pulled out. Her hole gaped, pink and fluttering, my cum already starting to drip out in thick white streams.

Minne collapsed forward, spent and sobbing happily, the girls immediately curling around her, kissing her tears, stroking her hair, telling her how perfect she was.

I dropped to my knees, pulled her into my arms, and kissed her forehead. "You were incredible, baby girl. So fucking proud of you."

She smiled through tears, voice tiny. "Thank you, Master..."

♥□♥□♥□

I had Delilah on all fours in the middle of the king bed, her purple corset long gone, back arched deep, massive tits swaying with every thrust. Every time I slammed home her

ass rippled in perfect waves, soft flesh bouncing and jiggling like it was trying to hypnotize me.

Above me, Kayla planted her feet wide on the mattress, knees slightly bent, back arched like a goddess. Then she started to move.

It wasn't just twerking; it was a slow, filthy show made just for me. She rolled her hips in perfect figure-eights first, letting those thick, heavy cheeks circle and clap softly. Then she sped up, popping one cheek and then the other in a hypnotic rhythm, the flesh bouncing and rippling like waves that started at the top of her ass and rolled all the way down her thighs. Every drop made them slap together with a wet, meaty sound, the heat radiating off her skin warming my face before she even touched me.

I tilted my head back, mouth open, letting those glorious globes brush my cheeks, my nose, my forehead on every bounce. The scent of her arousal, clean and sweet after her bath, filled my lungs. She looked down between her legs, biting her lip, watching my tongue already out and waiting.

Delilah, on all fours in front of me, pushed back hard to meet every thrust, her ass rippling in perfect counter-rhythm to Kayla's dance. Every time I slammed home, her cheeks jiggled and spread, the sight driving me insane.

"Fuck, Evan," Delilah moaned, voice low and wrecked, "you're fucking me doggy while your baby's growing inside me... and you've got that fat-ass rookie dancing on your face like a private stripper. You love this, don't you? Love knowing I'm carrying your kid and still getting railed like a slut while she shakes that perfect ass for you..."

Kayla heard her and went harder, dropping lower so her cheeks actually smacked my face on every bounce, the soft weight slapping my cheeks, my chin, my nose. She switched to full claps now, both cheeks popping together loud and obscene, then isolating them again, one at a time, making the flesh wobble like jelly.

"God, look at her go," Delilah laughed breathlessly, pushing back to take me deeper. "Keep twerking for him, Kayla. Smother him with that ass while he breeds me again. He's gonna cum so fucking hard with your pussy dripping on his tongue and my pregnant cunt milking him."

Kayla dropped even lower, thighs trembling, cheeks spreading naturally from the angle so I could see her pretty pink pussy lips glistening above me. She rolled slow and nasty now, grinding the air just inches from my mouth, teasing.

Delilah kept talking, voice shaking with every thrust. "That's it, baby daddy... fuck your pregnant girl raw while she dances for you... gonna fill me up again, aren't you? Gonna watch this ass clap while you pump another load into the mother of your kid..."

Kayla finally gave in and dropped the last inch, planting that perfect, dripping pussy right on my mouth. I groaned into her, tongue plunging deep instantly, lapping and sucking like a starving man.

I was right there.

One last brutal thrust and I exploded inside Delilah, groaning loud into Kayla's folds. Thick, endless ropes flooded her, pulse after pulse, so much it leaked out around my cock with every spasm. I kept licking Kayla, tongue fucking her through it, feeling her thighs quake as another small orgasm rippled through her.

One final, deep push emptied the last drop into Delilah. I pulled out slowly, cum immediately pouring from her swollen pussy in a thick white river, and collapsed onto my back, chest heaving, the storm outside roaring like it was trying to match us.

Delilah rolled over with a satisfied sigh and curled into my side, head on my shoulder. Kayla stayed standing on the bed, looking down at me, still dazed, thighs shiny, face flushed and baffled.

I reached up, grabbed her wrist, and yanked her down beside me. She landed with a soft yelp, sprawling half across my chest. I kissed her cheek, and exhaled.

"So," I panted, grinning, "how was it, Kayla?"

"It's still..." she started, voice hoarse, "I don't know... I lost count after the tenth orgasm."

Delilah chuckled, tracing lazy circles on my chest with one finger. "More like twelve, sweetheart. You were screaming loud enough to wake the dead."

"Well... I'd never had group sex before," Kayla muttered, burying her face in my neck. "It's... a lot."

Jasmine strolled out of the bathroom, towel-drying her long black hair, naked and glowing. "Welcome to the club, babe."

Tessa, sprawled on the floor staring at the ceiling, dripping sweat, suddenly sat up. "My turn for the shower!" She scrambled to her feet and disappeared into the bathroom.

Nala, perched on the single couch, in nothing but her silk harness bra, exhaled dramatically. "We should probably eat dinner now. I'm hungry as a wolf."

I laughed, still catching my breath. "You're right." I turned my head, kissed Kayla's temple again. "Join us for food?"

She groaned, half-laughing, half-mortified. "Ugh... well... sure? I don't think my legs work anymore, but sure."

Chapter 255: Chapter 255

- Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Eightsome

EXP Gained: +1354

Reputation-Good Bonus: +132

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★

Reason: -

Damn, look at that EXP I gained. It was worth it every second, every millisecond of it. Honestly, even if there were no rewards, I'd still do it again without hesitation. Just look at that—fucking wonderful.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 12)

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 74 kg

EXP: [██████████] 1028/3491

Level twelve, finally. After getting a total of 1486 EXP, of course I'd level up. I couldn't help but think about the first time I ever got this system and how I used to struggle during sex, relying almost entirely on that massage oil like an idiot. Now with Pleasure

20, I barely needed help at all. And I could go even higher if I wanted to—which I probably would next.

Before that, though, I needed to check the Shop. Just as I was about to pull it up, Delilah grabbed my chin, turned my face toward her, and kissed me. I kissed her back and kept playing with Kayla's nipples.

"You were wonderful," she whispered.

"You too," I said, kissing her again. "I love you."

I smiled faintly and looked up at the ceiling where the UI waited. Mentally, I selected Shop and watched the window appear. And—yeah. New item.



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)
- Desire Aura (100c)

Credits: 1300c

Desire Aura.

Out of pure reflex, I lifted my hand and tapped it; to anyone watching, it looked like I was just pressing thin air. Lucky for me, no one was watching. Quite literally, they were all too fucked silly to notice anything at all.

Desire Aura

=====
Effect: Surround yourself with an
aura of irresistible attraction,
causing women around
you to become more
susceptible to romantic
or sexual advances. It can be turned
on and off without a penalty.

=====
+75% to Charm skill effectiveness.
-50% to Strength while active.

Cost: 200c

So, a 75% boost to Charm, basically pushing me into the twenty-something range temporarily. The downside was annoying—the Strength reduction would drop me to four or five. Still, since it could be turned on and off instantly, it was actually a pretty good ability overall. I'd just need to be smart about it.

I decided to hold off on buying it for now. No rushing. I could always grab it later after thinking more clearly.

With that done, it was time to handle my stats. I had two points stored, and with this new level I now had five total. So I added one point to Strength to finally hit ten.

CURRENT STATS

Strength: 10

Charm : 12

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□□□)

- Seductive Allure

Libido : 10

Pleasure: 20

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (Passive) (□)

Unused Ability Points: 4

"I think Tessa is done," Delilah said, getting up. "I'll have a shower next."

"Hmm," I nodded, watching as she went.

I guess I had to just... wait for dinner now. There was no way I could go for another round; I was spent. Even if I dumped all my Ability Points into Libido, there was no saving me after being edged like that. Hell, even Libido 20 wouldn't fix the kind of burnout I was feeling. I couldn't even remember how I managed to calm myself when they took turns with me.

Erogenous Insight had carried me hard. The weak spots changed depending on the situation, but from what I remembered: Jasmine's was her tummy—she always reacted when I licked her there. Kim's were, weirdly enough, her armpits... which I didn't touch, not wanting to freak the others out, but yeah—I definitely wanted to. The rest was... a blur. Didn't matter; the skill always kicked in when I needed it.

"Crazy," Kayla muttered against my shoulder, still trying to catch her breath.

"Crazy good?" I asked. "Or crazy bad?"

"Both?" she said, her voice half-laugh, half-shock. "You told me you were in an open relationship with Nala. Not... with a whole squad."

"I maybe lied to not weird you out," I admitted. "Sorry."

"Well, too late," she said. "I'm weirded the fuck out now."

"You... didn't like it?" I asked. "Wait—no one forced you, right?"

She exhaled, rubbing her forehead. "No, Evan. It's not that. I wasn't forced. It's just... holy shit. I need a day or two to process what just happened."

I chuckled softly and let go of her, easing myself upright. My whole body felt like wet noodles. I stretched, rubbed the back of my neck, trying to get some sense back into myself.

The girls were sprawled out on the carpet and blankets, breathing like they'd just finished a marathon. Minne, though, was on her knees, holding her lower back and wincing as she tried to push herself upright.

"Ouch..." she whispered.

"You good?" I asked, stepping over to her.

"Y-yes, Master," she said, cheeks flushed, hair messy. "I didn't know... anal sex would be this painful."

"You did great," I told her, gently touching her cheek. "Thank you."

She smiled shyly, eyes lowering. "It was my pleasure, Master."

"Good girl."

"Master..." Kayla repeated from the floor, lifting her head just enough to look at me.
"Even your maid. Wow."

I smirked, then slapped Minne's ass gently. "Especially my maid."



The dinner was awkward at best.

Minne had outdone herself: the long table was loaded like a five-star restaurant. Perfectly seared filet mignon with truffle butter, lobster tails split and grilled with garlic and lemon, creamy truffle risotto, grilled asparagus drizzled with aged balsamic, a colorful heirloom tomato and burrata salad, and fresh-baked rosemary focaccia still steaming from the oven. Crystal wine glasses sparkled, the girls swirling deep red Cabernet while Delilah and I stuck to fresh-squeezed blood-orange juice in tall flutes.

There weren't enough seats at the dining table, so Delilah and I ended up side-by-side on the kitchen island stools, plates balanced on the marble counter. Everyone else filled the table, laughing and passing dishes, still flushed and glowing from earlier. Kayla sat between Nala and Jasmine, looking like she'd been dropped into an alternate universe. Her fork hovered over her lobster, eyes wide, that same stunned expression she'd worn since the moment six coats hit the floor.

"Can you pass the salad, please?" Kim asked her, smiling.

Kayla blinked, stared at her plate for a long second, then jolted. "Huh? Oh, yeah, sorry, here."

Delilah leaned in, voice low so only I could hear. "It's awkward, huh?"

"A little," I admitted, cutting into my steak. "Look at her face. She's still rebooting."

Delilah hid a grin behind her glass. "I had the same expression the first time I walked in on you with three of them. Takes a minute."

I smirked. "Speaking of... you never gave me a straight answer earlier. Weren't you supposed to be having dinner with Ivy tonight?"

"It was a surprise," she murmured, eyes twinkling. "The girls and I were going to wait for you in the bedroom, all dressed up in the new sets. But someone decided to ditch us for a secret fuck-session."

"Yikes. Sorry."

"It's fine," she said, voice dropping to a sultry whisper. "Punishing you felt really good, I can't lie."

"Yeah... parts of me are still recovering."

Delilah's smile turned wicked. While I took another bite, her hand slid casually onto my thigh under the counter, then higher, fingers tracing the seam of my pants. She found my zipper, tugged it down slow and silent, and slipped her warm hand inside.

My cock twitched instantly, already swelling against her palm.

She arched a brow, squeezing gently. "Seriously? You can get hard again already?"

I exhaled a quiet laugh, shifting on the stool. "When it's you touching me? Different rules, mama."

She stroked once, slow and teasing, thumb brushing the head. "Good answer, daddy."

The high marble counter hid everything below our chests from the dining table. To the girls, we just looked like two people enjoying a quiet dinner. In reality, Delilah had already freed my cock from my pants, letting it spring hot and heavy into her waiting hand.

She wrapped her fingers around the shaft and gave a slow, appreciative stroke, thumb tracing one thick vein that stood out like a ridge.

"God, Evan... I can feel every vein," she whispered, voice low and filthy, eyes locked on mine. "They're pulsing. So hot against my palm. You're still half-wrecked and they're already throbbing for me."

I exhaled through my nose, trying to keep my face neutral while the girls laughed about something at the table. "Yeah... they get like that when the woman touching me is carrying my kid. Blood knows where it wants to go."

Delilah's smile turned wicked. She stroked again, slow and deliberate, twisting at the head. "Mmm, look how angry it looks. All swollen and red, veins standing out like they're begging to pump me full again. I love how it jumps when I squeeze right here..."

She tightened her grip just under the crown. My hips jerked involuntarily.

"Careful," I muttered, voice rough. "I'm still sensitive as fuck. You're gonna make me—"

"Cum in front of everyone?" she finished, stroking faster now, slick with the bead of pre-cum she'd coaxed out. "Do it. I want to feel you lose it while we're all eating like a normal family."

I was already there, balls tight, spine tingling. One more stroke and—

Delilah's fork slipped from her fingers and clattered onto the floor.

"Oh—oops," she said, way too casually.

But she didn't bother climbing down like a normal person. Instead, still sitting on her counter stool, she simply leaned forward, bending at the waist, her upper body disappearing between my knees under the high counter.

From the outside, it looked like she was just stretching to grab her fork.

No one glanced twice. Jasmine was scrolling through her phone. Kim was picking at her salad. Nala was still talking about the storm. All of them too tired to care.

But Delilah's hand slid between my thighs.

Then her mouth wrapped around the head of my cock.

I sucked in a breath sharply, gripping the counter edge. She didn't move her stool—didn't stand—just stayed half-bent over, hidden by the countertop, taking me into her mouth slow and deep.

No one noticed a damn thing.

Delilah bobbed her head in a small, tight rhythm, the kind she could get away with without her shoulders moving too much. Her tongue teased the underside, her lips sealing tight around me. I felt my pulse hammering instantly.

A sharp swirl of heat shot through me, and before I could even brace myself—

I came hard, straight down her throat.

My whole body tensed on the stool. Delilah swallowed every drop without a sound. No gag. No cough. Nothing.

She slowly pulled off, wiped her lips with two fingers, and finally grabbed her "fallen" fork from the floor before sitting up straight again.

Not one person at the counter reacted.

She leaned over, whispered with a tiny smirk only I could hear:

"Wow... you came so little."

I let out a shaky breath and took a long sip from my orange juice.

"Yeah... I wonder why."

Outside, thunder cracked and rain hammered the windows like fists. The storm raged on.

Inside, seven women kept eating like nothing happened. Warm lights. Warm food. Warm air. And Delilah casually licking a stray drop from her thumb.

Cozy. Relaxing. Perfect.



Chapter 256: Chapter 256

Without knocking, I pushed the door open and stepped inside. Nala followed right behind me. Reid shot up from his chair like I'd shoved a gun in his mouth—ready to bark at me for barging in—until he saw her.

The second his eyes landed on Nala, the frustration melted clean off his face and turned into dread. His shoulders tensed. His jaw twitched. He swallowed hard.

Good. He understood the gravity.

Nala walked right up to his desk and stood there, arms folded under her chest, gaze sharp enough to cut steel. She didn't say a word. Didn't need to.

I set Kim's laptop on his desk after closing the door, flipped it open, and hit the spacebar.

The paused frame of camera 10B started to play, showing him stepping out of his office.

"Why lie?" I asked, pointing at the screen. "You told me you didn't leave."

Reid rubbed his face with both hands like he was trying to scrub the panic off. "I... I must've—forgotten. What's this about, Ms. Nolin?"

"Answer him," Nala said flatly. "Not me."

"Where did you go?" I pressed, tapping the screen. "When you left your office, where did you go?"

"I... I don't know. Why are you asking me this?"

"Are you the mole?" I asked. "Did you run across the damn building and hide in the security room before I found you?"

"That's bullshit!" he snapped, voice cracking. "After the mole was caught, the whole building went into lockdown! How would I get inside again?!"

"Maybe there's another entrance we don't know about," I said. "Like the roof vent."

Nala stepped closer, her expression turning colder. "You left your office just before the intruder was found. Then you disappear for nearly forty minutes."

"And you come back right after the chase ended," I added. "You were gone almost an hour, Reid."

"Explain," Nala said. "And prepare your resignation by this evening."

Reid sank into his chair, then stood back up, then sat again—unable to stay still. Sweat formed at his temples. His left leg bounced like a jackhammer under the desk.

"I'm not the mole," he said, shaking his head. "I swear."

"Prove it," I said, closing the laptop.

He inhaled sharply, held it, then exhaled in a shudder. His hands trembled. He couldn't meet either of our eyes.

"Okay," he muttered. "Fuck. Fine. I was..."

"Yes?" I said. "Speak."

He rubbed his face again, then sighed heavily. "I was doing cocaine in the bathroom, alright? I must've used too much. Knocked me out cold inside the stall."

Nala's voice cracked like a whip. "Cocaine? In my building?"

I stepped forward. "Do you have any on you?"

Reid bit his lip, hesitating. Then he reluctantly reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a cigarette pack. He popped it open and slid out a tiny clear bag tucked along the inside flap—compressed powder wrapped in plastic. He held it up between his fingers like it was no big deal.

Motherfucker.

"Are you out of your mind?" Nala asked. "If this leaks—"

"I know you won't rat me," he said quickly. Too quickly. "If you do, Ms. Nolin, the whole team will walk. They love me. You fire me, they go with me."

"Are you threatening us?" I asked, stepping closer.

He sneered at me. "Shut up, coffee-boy. You only have a job because your girlfriend hired you. Now go lick her cunt like a good little pet."

My jaw tightened. Every instinct in me wanted to break his nose across the desk. But I didn't move. Not yet.

"If he's not the mole," I said calmly, "then this whole list was for nothing."

Nala extended her hand. "Give me the packet."

Reid handed it over with a roll of his eyes. "Anything else?"

"For now, no," she said coldly. "But I'm disappointed in you, Reid. Severely."

"I'm disappointed someone like you became CEO," he muttered. "But you don't hear me complaining."

Nala didn't reply. She turned and walked out the door, spine straight, controlled fury radiating off her. I followed her, closing the door behind us.

The second we were in the corridor, she stopped. Her hands curled into tight fists at her sides as she tried to steady her breathing. Her chest rose and fell sharply. She was angry, rightfully so.

I understood. If this were my company, I'd be punching holes in the wall.

"That arrogant drug-brain prick," I muttered. "He's lucky you're the one in charge. I'd have put his head through a window."

"Save that energy," Nala said, still trying to calm herself. "I'll arrange a drug test immediately. We'll confirm whether he's telling the truth."

"Today?" I asked.

"This very second," she said.

"Good."

We walked toward the elevator together, leaving Reid—and his coke-fueled bullshit—behind us.

♥ □ ♥ □ ♥ □

The day dragged by without anything worth mentioning. No drama, no breakthroughs, no sign of that slippery mole. Reid's drug test had been done; the results would arrive tomorrow. Until then, the board was holed up in a meeting about what to do with him now that we knew he'd been snorting coke on company time.

Fun day.

The elevator dinged. The doors slid open—and Kim stepped out like she'd just walked through a nightmare. Her face was pale. Eyes wide. Breathing shallow.

I straightened behind my desk. "Kim?"

She walked toward me slowly, heels clicking on the floor with that stiff, tight rhythm people get when they're holding themselves together by a thread. Her denim skirt hugged her hips, her white blouse slightly wrinkled—as if she'd been running her hands over herself in anxiety. Her ponytail was so tight it looked painful.

She stopped at my desk, swallowed hard, and let out a shaky breath.

"Evan," she said. "God..."

I pushed my chair back. "What happened? Something wrong? Is it about the mole?"

She shook her head immediately. "No. Not the mole." She hesitated. "...It's Tom."

My eyebrows shot up. "Tom?"

"I told you he was back in the city," she said quietly. "But now... he found out where I work."

I leaned forward, elbows on the desk. Her hands trembled as she reached behind her head and yanked the band off her hair, letting it fall around her face. She looked exhausted—more than that, rattled. Tom coming back was already bad enough. Him finding her workplace? That was worse.

"How did he find out?" I asked.

"He saw an online post," she muttered. "Something I posted weeks ago. About working at TechForge. I swear I blocked him. He must've made a new account."

"Well..." I rubbed my neck. "Did he message you?"

She nodded, lips tightening. "Yeah. He wants to meet." Her voice cracked a little. "Evan, I don't want to see him. At all. He threw me out. He didn't care that I'd end up homeless when his mother took the house."

"And he still listened to her," I said. "Yeah... I know. But why the hell would he want to see you now?"

She shook her head helplessly. "I have no idea."

"Just block the new account too," I said. "We don't need him in our life."

"I already did," she murmured. "I just... I don't know. I panicked."

I reached out and gently touched her shoulder. "Hey. Calm down. Everything's going to be fine."

Before she could answer, the phone on my desk rang. I picked it up.

"Hey, you two," Nala's voice came through. "Come to my office."

I turned around. Through her glass wall, Nala stood at her doorway, one hand holding the phone, the other gesturing sharply for us to come over.

I hung up and stood. "Let's go."

Kim nodded, still shaken, and we walked together toward Nala's office. She kept her head down the whole time, arms wrapped around herself, her steps smaller and slower than usual.

I pushed the door open, and Kim slipped in behind me, closing it softly. Nala looked up from her desk—and the second her eyes landed on Kim, she froze. She could smell something was wrong. I just gave her a tiny shake of my head and headed for the couch.

I sat down and pulled out my cigarette pack. Kim quietly settled beside me. When Nala approached us, she didn't bother hiding the concern on her face.

"Kim?" she asked gently. "Are you okay?"

Kim exhaled shakily. "Eh... I don't know, really."

"What happened?" Nala sat beside her, resting a hand on her shoulder. "Tell me."

Kim swallowed. "You remember Tom? I told you about him, right?"

"Yes," Nala said. "You and Evan used to... well—" she smirked a little "—let's say you two 'cucked' him. I think that's the correct term here."

"Yeah. Him." Kim's voice turned bitter. "He found me. Found where I work. He wants to meet."

Nala's expression softened. She rubbed Kim's arm reassuringly. "Ah... Kim. I'm sorry. I know how persistent some guys can be. Ask Richard."

"He's not like him," Kim said quickly, shaking her head. "This is different. And that's not even the point. I just... I don't want anything from my past showing up in my life again. Not after meeting Evan. Not after finally feeling okay."

Nala pulled her closer. Kim rested her head on Nala's shoulder while Nala shot me a look that basically said 'well, shit—what now?' I took a long drag of my cigarette and just shrugged. I didn't know either, truly...

"If he comes near you," Nala said softly, "we'll handle it. Okay? Don't worry."

Kim nodded, smiling weakly. "Thanks..."

"We'll beat his ass up and toss him into the street," Nala added with mock anger. "Just like he did to you."

Kim let out a small laugh. "I'll kick him first."

Chapter 257: Chapter 257

They shared a chuckle. I inhaled again and glanced out the window. Snow was falling, slow but heavy. The storm had finally ended, but the damage outside was bad. A street lamp had toppled over and smashed into a storefront window. One of the traffic lights below had short-circuited from the storm, and a motorcycle had skidded right into a tree to avoid hitting someone. People were gathering around it, and an ambulance had just pulled up.

Nala kissed Kim's hair before getting up. She walked behind her desk, opened her laptop, and started typing. I leaned forward and put out my cigarette in the small table's ashtray.

Then Kim reached out.

Before I could react, she pulled me into a tight hug—her whole body leaning against me, her cheek pressed to my shoulder.

"Woah," I murmured. "Where did that come from?"

"I just realized how lucky I am to have met you," she said with a soft smile, burying her face into me.

I smiled back and rubbed her arm. "I'm twice as lucky meeting you."

"Well, I'm triple."

"Quadruple."

"Quintuple."

"Sextuple."

She smacked my arm, laughing. "That's not a thing. You're pulling nonsense out of your ass."

"No?"

Kim looked over. "Nala, is sextuple a thing?"

"No," Nala answered without looking up. "I think he's trying to hint at something. Subliminal message. Sex-tuple."

"Wow." I scoffed. "Surrounded by uneducated peasants. I need to leave."

Nala's smile faded as she finally looked at me.

"Actually," she said quietly, "I needed to talk to you, Evan."

I straightened. "About what?"

"Reid," she said. "I looked into him more. He has a brother."

"And?"

"I want you to go talk to him. Get a read on him. See if he knows something."

"No problem," I said. "He work here?"

"No. He owns a hot-dog stand on Meryl Street." She tilted her head. "You know where that is?"

"Yeah. It's close." I shrugged. "Reid's at TechForge and his brother runs a hot-dog stand? Sounds like family drama. Bet they don't talk."

"I have no idea," she said. "That's why I want you two to go. Maybe his brother knows something we don't."

"Alright," I said, already standing. "I'll check it out."

"Thank you," she said, her tone softer. "Really, Evan. This whole mole situation... it means a lot to me."

EVENT

Nala's Interest +5

I smiled. "I know. Text you when I'm done."

Nala nodded. "Good."

Kim stood up as well. "Can I come too? I could use some air. And... distraction."

I grinned at Nala. "You're the CEO."

"You don't even have to ask," Nala said. "Go. Both of you."

Kim perked up. "I'll grab my stuff and meet you in the lobby, Evan."

"Yep."

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: 71 /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 left the room and headed back to my desk, grabbing my jacket from the coat hanger before walking to the elevator. A few seconds later, the door chimed open, and Amelia stepped out. She gave me a polite smile, but it seemed a bit forced. Or, rather, it seemed waaay too forced. But I didn't mind, I just stepped into the elevator.

"Oh," Amelia said, turning back. "Evan?"

I put a hand to the elevator door to keep it from closing. "Yeah?"

"Is Ms. Nolin busy right now?"

"No, you can go ahead and talk to her." I replied.

"Thanks." She nodded.

I grunted in response.

I let my hand fall away, and the door closed behind me. As it did, I glanced at her backside one last time. Damn. Nearly as big as Kayla's, but not quite. Kayla's... fuck. Her ass had to be from heaven or something. She had to be working out—had to be.

I cleared my throat, looking up as I pressed the ground floor button. That night... Jasmine, Tessa, Kim, Nala, Minnie, Kayla, Delilah... what a night it was.

"Fuck..." I muttered under my breath. "Nah, focus, Evan."

♥□♥□♥□

Kim and I stepped out of the car, breath blooming in the cold morning air. Even though it was almost two in the afternoon, the street felt like a slow, cozy winter morning—the kind where time moved lazily.

Snow drifted down in soft flakes, floating instead of falling. The sidewalks were crowded with people bundled in coats and scarves, hands tucked into pockets, steam rising from paper cups of coffee. Soft chatter, distant car engines, and the crunch of snow under boots... this part of the town was crowded. A row of old brick cafés lined the street, their windows foggy, orange lights glowing behind them.

Kim pulled her coat tighter. "Is it him?" she asked, nodding toward a hot-dog stand by the curb.

I grabbed my phone and checked the photo Nala had sent. Short brown hair. Tall. Broad shoulders. Tattoo of 63 with a teardrop under the left eye.

"Yeah," I said, pocketing my phone. "That's him."

Kim squinted. "He looks... weird."

"Yeah," I muttered. "Let's hope he's not as weird as his brother."

She laughed. "Here's hoping."

We crossed the street carefully, stepping over slushy patches of snow. The closer we got, the worse the hot-dog stand looked. The metal cart was dented, one wheel crooked, the umbrella overhead half-torn. The smell was... questionable at best—burnt meat, onions, and something else that probably shouldn't be legal.

The guy himself wasn't any better. Pale skin, dark circles under his eyes, patchy stubble, skin breaking out, and dirty fingernails that screamed health inspector's nightmare. Honestly, the stand should've had a sign saying you will get diarrhea.

He handed a hot-dog to a customer, then wiped his nose with the back of his hand. Kim and I shared one last "ready?" look before approaching.

"Hey," I said, giving him a small nod. "You're Havalante, right?"

"Yes?" He eyed our clothes—coat, slacks, clean shoes. "You probably ain't here for a hot-dog in those fancy pieces, ay?"

"Nah," I said. "I'm here about your brother. Reid Marson."

His eyes twitched. "Why?"

"To ask some questions," I said. "Are you two close?"

"You a fed?"

"No," I said with a faint smirk. "Just want to talk."

He snorted. "Then fuck off with your girlfriend, mate. Or buy a hot-dog before fucking off."

Kim raised an eyebrow, silently judging his entire existence.

"Did you know your brother is using drugs?" I asked.

"Reid?" He blinked, genuinely surprised. "No fucking way, bro. No way."

"You do drugs?" Kim asked bluntly, tilting her head.

"That doesn't matter, does it?" He waved her off, still laughing. "Reid doing drugs? That a joke?"

"Why's that impossible?" I asked.

He scoffed. "He treats his body like a temple, man. He doesn't eat red meat, doesn't smoke, doesn't drink. He's lactose intolerant, runs five kilometers every damn morning, avoids people because he thinks talking too much gives him Alzheimer's. This guy doing drugs?"

I stared at him, gears turning. Shit... that did not line up. Reid wasn't the type to lock himself in a bathroom and snort coke. So what the hell did we find?

"He told me the coffee tasted bad," I muttered. "Shit, I remember now. But the machine was broken that day. Ali told me."

Kim looked at me. "Mm?"

"He lied," I said. "Again. This guy keeps... just fucking lying. I don't understand."

"What do we do?" she asked quietly.

"Just what the fuck is happening with my brother?" Havalante asked, starting to sound nervous.

"We found cocaine in his pocket," I said. "You know anything about it?"

"Shit... so that's what it was for."

"What?" I asked sharply.

"Nothing," he shrugged quickly, eyes darting away.

Yeah—he was hiding something. Time for Honeyed Words.

Persuasion Attempt: Havalante

=====

□□□□□

=====

Remaining Chances: 0/3

Total of five boxes. Three chances. I could do that. I just needed to be careful.

Attempting Persuasion

"Your brother is in serious trouble.

It would be in your best interest to

speak, Hav."

Base Chance: 30%

Honeyed Words: +50%

=====

Final Chance: 80%

Upon Succeeding:

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"Your brother is in serious trouble," I said, leaning in slightly. "It would be in your best interest to speak, Hav."

He swallowed. "Trouble? W-what trouble?"

Persuasion Attempt: Havalante

=====

=====

Remaining Chances: 1/3

He was starting to sweat.

"Wh... just what the fuck happened?" he asked, voice cracking a little.

"You have no idea," Kim said, shaking her head. "No fucking idea."

Attempting Persuasion

"Tell us what you know. And we
will leave your name outside of this."

=====

Base Chance: 20%

Honeyed Words: +50%

=====

Final Chance: 70%

Upon Succeeding:

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"Tell us what you know," I said, voice calm but firm. "And we'll leave your name out of this."

He narrowed his eyes. "You're lying. F-fuck off."

"You're not listening," Kim cut in. "Just tell us, Hav. And it'll be over."

"Fuck you! You lying pieces of shits!"

Persuasion Attempt: Havalante

=====

=====

Remaining Chances: 2/3

Good. Even though he sounded defiant, he was cracking under the pressure.

Chapter 258: Chapter 258

I glanced at the next dialogue option, then exhaled, never breaking eye contact with him. I needed him to feel fear. I needed him weak. And thanks to the points I'd invested in Honeyed Words, persuasion had become easier, smoother, more effective. If I added more to my Charm ability, it would be as if things had never been difficult at all.

Okay. Last push. Screwing up meant it was over. I had to make him talk.

I stepped closer, meeting his eyes head-on. Snow fell behind me, quiet and slow, but the air between us tightened.

Attempting Persuasion

"One last chance. Think about it."

=====

Base Chance: 30%

Honeyed Words: +50%

=====

Final Chance: 80%

Upon Succeeding:

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"One last chance," I said quietly. "Think about it."

He cracked.

Persuasion Attempt: Havalante

=====

=====

Remaining Chances: 3/3-SUCES!

"Fine..." he exhaled shakily. "He—he asked me for cocaine this morning. I told him no, thought he was joking."

"And?" I pressed.

"Then he... he punched me. And took some from my stash." he muttered. "Didn't know why. I swear."

"So he didn't do drugs in the bathroom?" Kim asked. "But he..."

"Naaah," I said, the realization hitting me like a punch. "He was in the security room."

I clenched my jaw.

"He's lying," I said. "Son of a bitch."

"H-he told me they were onto him," Hav stammered, his voice shaky. "Said he needed a distraction. He was... going to plant a bag of cocaine in someone's coat. A guy named Evan."

"Me?" I repeated, my anger bubbling to the surface. "This Reid... fuck. Cunt. CUNT!"

Without another word, I spun on my heel and started walking toward the car. Kim followed closely behind, her footsteps quick and light, but there was hesitation in her pace.

So that was it. He knew I was getting close to the truth about the mole, and to take me out of the game, he was going to plant that bag of coke on me, set me up, and watch me fall. But we'd already beat him to it. We got to his office first. He didn't stand a chance. Now, he was scrambling, trying to cover his tracks with some half-assed excuse about doing a line of coke in the bath.

"Wait." Kim's voice cut through my thoughts. She grabbed my arm, pulling me to a stop. "What's going on?"

"Call Nala," I said, my voice low and sharp. "Tell her not to let Reid leave the building."

"O-okay. I'll call her," Kim stammered, her voice tight with panic.

"Move," I urged. "We need to get to the company, now."

We crossed the street without waiting for the light to change, and I nearly got us hit by a car. The driver slammed on the brakes, honked, and flipped us the finger. I barely glanced at him as I unlocked the car and slid inside. Kim followed right after.

The engine roared to life as I shifted into reverse, backing out of the parking spot. A quick U-turn, and I slammed the pedal down. Reid... I knew a guy like him wouldn't use drugs. It didn't make sense. But damn, this whole thing was a mess.

"He tricked us," I muttered, gripping the wheel tighter. "He knew I was getting close to figuring him out. So he planned to plant that bag of coke in my jacket. But we beat him to it, caught him before he could make his move."

Kim raised an eyebrow. "So he just made up some lame excuse and tried to distract us with the cocaine?"

"Exactly." I nodded, my jaw tight. "The drug test will clear me. I'm sure of it. He lied through his teeth. Motherfucker... I swear..."

"Damn," she shook her head, still processing it. "This corporate drama's starting to get to me, Evan."

"Yeah..." I sighed, exhaustion creeping in. "Same here, Kim. Same here..."

♥ □ ♥ □ ♥ □

Nala sat behind her desk, arms crossed tightly, her jaw set so hard I could see the muscle twitch from where I sat. Marcus stood at her side, hands clasped behind his back, his stare locked onto Reid like a hawk studying a mouse. The storm had cleared outside, but in this office? The air was heavier than ever.

I sank into the couch, exhaling smoke as Reid sat opposite us—wrists on his knees, shoulders stiff, eyes darting around the room like he was searching for an exit he knew didn't exist.

Our mole. The one who nearly fucked the entire company. The man who lied through his teeth while Project Phoenix, TechForge's biggest asset, was bleeding from the inside.

Nala didn't respond to him. She kept her eyes on the snowfall outside, the cold light outlining the tension in her shoulders.

Reid swallowed and forced himself upright in the chair. "You deserve to know the real reason. The one I didn't say yet."

Marcus crossed his arms. "Then speak."

Reid took a shaky breath. It started with my team."

Nala turned her head slightly at that.

Reid continued. "Three months ago, two of my senior developers got offers from Valentrix. Huge offers. Salary doubled. Signing bonuses. Relocation packages. They turned them down because they believed in Phoenix. Because they believed in you." He paused. "I didn't get an offer."

He rubbed his arms nervously.

"Instead," he said, "they approached me with something else. They told me my team members were on a watchlist. That Valentrix planned to poach them again in a few months. That if Phoenix failed, my team would scatter to other companies and all of us would be separated. They told me I wasn't respected here. That I'd be replaced. That I didn't matter."

Nala's eyebrows drew together. "Reid, who told you this?"

"A recruiter," Reid said. "A guy named Lucien. Smooth talker. Told me he used to be in HR for Phoenix's competitor projects." He shook his head. "He knew everything about our internal progress. He knew my team's names. Their past salaries. Their resumes. He even knew who was fighting with who. I thought he was bluffing, until he mentioned my arguments with Sara in testing. That was internal. No one else knew."

Marcus frowned. "So he had intel inside this company."

"Yes," Reid said quietly. "Enough to make me doubt everything."

He wiped his palms on his pants.

"He showed me predicted charts—team loss projections if Phoenix stalled. He showed me what would happen if two senior devs quit. Phoenix would collapse under its own workload. And he said Valentrix could protect my team. Keep them together. Fund them properly. Give them stability."

"And you believed that?" Marcus asked.

"I wasn't thinking straight," Reid said. "My team is the only thing I have. I don't have family. I don't have friends. I don't have anyone waiting for me at home. My team was my life. When they told me Phoenix might break apart and everyone would scatter, it scared the hell out of me."

Nala slowly turned away from the window. "So you leaked Phoenix... because Valentrix convinced you TechForge would abandon your team?"

Reid nodded miserably.

"They told me if I cooperated, they'd take the entire Phoenix development group. Every one of us. Same roles. Same structure. Better pay. No one would have to start over alone. They said Phoenix could continue without interference. That we'd stay together."

"And you bought it," Marcus said.

Nala stepped around the desk and walked toward him. Her expression wasn't angry now—only exhausted.

"You endangered an entire division," she said. "You jeopardized the work of hundreds of people. You lied repeatedly. You broke protocol. You stole. You sabotaged." She paused. "And you did it because you were afraid of losing the only people who made you feel useful."

Reid squeezed his eyes shut. "I know."

Marcus approached him with controlled restraint. "You understand what happens now."

Reid nodded weakly.

"I'll cooperate," he said. "I'll tell you everything. Every message. Every contact. Every file I sent. I'll sign whatever you need. Just... don't take it out on my team. They didn't know anything. Not one of them."

Nala's voice softened, but only barely. "Your team isn't the one on trial here. You are."

Reid opened his eyes slowly, relief and despair mixing together.

Then Nala straightened her posture.

"Marcus," she said. "Begin the internal investigation protocol. Lock every account Reid used. Pull his entire access log from the last ninety days. Evan, stay. I need you for the reconstruction report."

No idea what that was but I just shrugged.

Marcus nodded and stepped forward.

Reid slowly rose to his feet, shoulders slumped. He glanced at me, then at Nala.

"I'm sorry," he repeated quietly.

Nala didn't answer him. This time, she didn't need to.

Marcus placed a hand on Reid's shoulder and guided him toward the door. Reid didn't fight. He didn't even look up.

And when the door closed behind them, the entire room fell into heavy, suffocating silence.

Main Quest Completed

Title: Corporate Betrayal

Reward: +950 EXP, 1500c

As the UI hovered in front of me, flickering faintly in the warm office light, I crushed the cigarette into the ashtray and leaned back. The scent of smoke drifted up and clung to my clothes. Nala walked toward the window, boots soft on the carpet, her shoulders rising and falling with a long breath as she stared outside.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 12)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 74 kg

=====

EXP: [] 1978/3491

Chapter 259: Chapter 259

Fucking hell, finally. This quest had me crawling through vents, sprinting across rooftops, chasing a guy through traffic like some underpaid stunt actor. But the rewards made every bruise worth it. Buying the Main Quest from the Shop turned out to be the best investment I'd made.

If my calculations were right, I was sitting on 2800 credits. Filthy rich. I could reset Pleasure, raise the cap to thirty, and go wild. But not now. Not when Nala still looked like she was holding the whole damn company on her shoulders.

"Nala," I said quietly.

I stood, walked up behind her, and slid my arms around her waist. She let out a small, tired breath the moment my hands touched her. When I kissed her neck, she tilted her head slightly, her hair brushing against my cheek. She leaned back, resting her weight against me like she'd been fighting gravity all day.

"So... this is over," she said, her voice soft, almost unreadable.

I rested my chin on top of her head, watching snow drift down the glass like falling ash. "Yeah. Finally."

She squeezed my forearm gently, almost absentmindedly, the gesture warm and grounding. "Thank you, Evan," she murmured, turning her head just enough to kiss the back of my hand. "I wouldn't have gotten through this without you."

EVENT

Nala's Interest +35

I smiled, lowering my hands to her hips and pulling her a little closer. "Hey. I wouldn't be here without you either. So I'd say we're even."

She let out a quiet laugh, the kind she only did when she was finally letting tension bleed out of her. "By the way, I knew sextuple was a thing."

"Oh, so you're not some uneducated CEO?" I teased, nudging her gently with my chin.

She grinned. "Yeppers."

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: 100 /100★★★★★

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.

We stood there for a moment, just watching the snowfall blur into white streaks. She leaned her head back against my shoulder again, and I felt something warm spread through my chest. Hitting the milestone with her felt different. Not just like I unlocked a reward. It felt like she finally trusted me with something... dunno, precious.

I wasn't just some guy drifting through life anymore.

—————
Milestone Reached!

Partner: Nala

=====

Reward:

750c

—————

Not bad. Could've used some EXP too, but with 3550 credits total, I wasn't exactly hurting.

"Let's head home," Nala said.

She turned around fully, sliding her arms around my torso this time and holding me close, almost burying her forehead into my collarbone. I wrapped her up, her body warm against mine. I could feel her relax, really relax, for the first time today.

"Sure," I said, brushing my hand along her back as she stepped away.

"Phew..." She walked toward her desk, heels clicking lightly.

"No surprises are waiting for me, right?" I asked with a smirk.

"You never know," she said, giving me a slow, tired smile over her shoulder before grabbing her coat.

This woman... fuck. I was the luckiest man alive.

♥ □ ♥ □ ♥ □

—————

REPUTATION SYSTEM (LVL 11)

VILLAIN  HERO

=====

Helping Nala: +50

=====

Current Reputation: Big-Hearted

- More EXP gain when making your partner climax.
- Mystery Chest for each Sexual Activity completed.

=====

Nice. I was apparently in the Big-Hearted reputation rank now. And with that came a perk I could absolutely get behind. For every intimate encounter, I'd get a Mystery Chest. Sign me the hell up.

I sat on the bed, pushing a pillow upright so I could lean back against it, sinking into the soft cushion. The UI hovered in front of me like some floating hologram tablet. I flicked the reputation screen away, fingers moving through the glowing menus, and opened the Shop again. 3550 credits to my name. Time to burn through them before I second-guessed everything.

I didn't even let myself think. I bought ten Ability Points in one go and slammed the UI closed with a swipe.

"Now," I muttered under my breath, stretching my legs out across the bed. "Let's see..."

Four points already. Ten more purchased. Fourteen total. And with my Pleasure sitting at twenty before the reset, I'd get ten refunded when dropping it back to one. Ten refunded, ten repurchased, plus the fourteen I had—easy math. I pulled up the stat window.

=====

CURRENT STATS

=====

Strength: 10

Charm : 12

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□□□)

- Seductive Allure

Libido : 10

Pleasure: 25

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (□□□□□□)

=====

=====

Good. Twenty-five points dumped into Pleasure. Felt nice seeing those numbers go up. Next goal? Libido. If I wanted the stamina to actually keep up with... well, everyone, I needed that shit higher. That night with Kayla and the others proved it. I hit the wall because Libido was too low, not because I was satisfied.

And there it was: another skill tree under Pleasure. Not locked this time. Bliss Multiplier. I tapped it.

=====

Bliss Multiplier

=====

After each intimate encounter,

you earn a percentage of the XP

gained as credits. The more

intense and fulfilling the experience,

the greater the reward.

=====

Level 1: 10% of EXP gained as credits.

Level 2: 15% of EXP gained as credits.

Level 3: 20% of EXP gained as credits.

Level 4: 25% of EXP gained as credits.

Level 5: 30% of EXP gained as credits.

Holy shit. Credits based on sex-earned EXP? That was basically passive income from orgasms. I bought one Mastery Point without hesitating and dropped it straight into Bliss Multiplier.

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)

- Desire Aura (100c)

=====

Credits: 1890c

After buying one Mastery point, I put that into Bless Multiplier and exhaled. Now, I had to test this on someone. And since Jasmine was in bath, Nala, Kim and Tessa was working... Minne.

CURRENT STATS

=====

Strength: 10

Charm : 12

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□□□)

- Seductive Allure

Libido : 10

Pleasure: 25

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (□□□□□□)

=====

"Minne!" I called. "Can you come here for a second?"

A few seconds later, the master bedroom door cracked open after a polite knock. Minne peeked in first before stepping inside, hands folded neatly in front of her apron, cheeks already slightly pink.

"Yes, Master?" she said, closing the door quietly behind her. She stepped closer with small, light steps, looking up at me with that shy smile that could melt metal.

"May I borrow some of your time, Minne?" I asked, giving her a soft grin.

"Of course, Master! Always." She nodded quickly, her fingers fidgeting with the hem of her apron.

"This isn't something you have to do," I said gently, getting up. "You can always say no."

She shook her head instantly. "If Master wants it, I'm always ready," she murmured, her voice tiny but sincere.

And that—shit. That didn't sit right. The way she said it made something uncomfortable twist in my chest. It felt like she thought she owed me something. Like I was pressuring her even though I wasn't trying to. I rubbed the back of my neck, looked at her soft expression, then stood up.

No. I wasn't going to treat her like a guinea pig for a new skill.

I stepped close and rested my hand gently on her shoulder. "How about we go outside?" I asked. "Buy you some new clothes?"

She blinked, surprised. Her hands froze mid-fidget, and she looked down with a shy flush. "Oh... I wouldn't want to steal your time, Master."

"Come on," I laughed, nudging her shoulder lightly. "It'll be fun. And we'll take the others too. Group shopping."

"I'm... do you really think I'm worth that kind of treatment, Master?" she whispered, tilting her head down while her eyes flicked up at me, nervous and hopeful.

I cupped her cheeks with both hands and leaned in until our foreheads nearly touched. She stiffened in surprise, then slowly relaxed into my hands. I kissed her forehead softly.

"You're worth more than you know, Minne," I said with a small smile, releasing her gently as I stepped toward the door. "Go change out of your maid outfit. We're heading out."

Nala's voice reached us from the dining table. "Outside?"

"Yep," I called back. "Girls, come on. Enough work. We're going out. Shopping. Fun. All that good stuff."

"Shopping, yes!" Jasmine shouted from the bathroom, her voice echoing slightly. I heard a hair dryer click off. "There's that dress I wanted to try on. Pretty sure it's on discount now!"

"Well, then." I clapped my hands once, grinning as Minne walked into the living room with a bounce in her step. "Everybody get ready. We're about to become the slaves of capitalism for a few hours."

A knock came at the door. Not loud, but sharp enough to cut through the chatter inside. I walked over, rubbing my palm against my thigh as I leaned toward the peephole.

What the hell?

Chapter 260: Chapter 260

Eleanor.

Guy's favorite call-girl. The woman who tipped me off about Charlotte and Emilia. She stood there bundled in a long dark coat, brown pants tucked into snow-wet boots. Her hair looked a bit messy from the wind, and she hugged herself like she'd been walking outside for too long.

I opened the door.

She looked up at me, her breath fogging in the hallway. "Evan," she said, voice flat but tense. "You stirred up some shit."

My eyebrows shot up. "What?"

"Did you know Guy contacted me?" She stepped slightly closer, lowering her voice. "He asked how you, Evan, you, knew about Charlotte and Emilia."

My stomach tightened. "What did you say?"

"I told him I had no idea," she said, shrugging stiffly. "He didn't buy a word of it."

"Ah... shit." I stepped outside with her and pulled the door shut behind me so the girls inside wouldn't overhear. "Did he do anything?"

She let out a humorless laugh. "Apart from freezing my bank accounts and taking away my apartment?" She raised one eyebrow. "Not much. Pretty tame for him if you ask me, really."

"Damn..." I rubbed my face with both hands. "I'm sorry, Eleanor."

"I've been crashing at my mother's place," she said. "At thirty-eight. Thirty-fucking-eight. I shouldn't be living in my childhood bedroom next to outdated wallpaper and a closet full of old stuffed animals."

I winced. She wasn't wrong.

"So," I asked quietly, "why'd you come to me?"

She exhaled slow, her breath steaming in the cold, hands disappearing deeper into her coat pockets. "I need money, Evan."

I wasn't a charity. And I wasn't her savior. But she helped me take Guy down when she didn't have to. She pointed me toward Charlotte and Emilia, and she paid the price for it. Whether I liked it or not, I owed her big time.

"You can stay downstairs," I said.

She blinked. "What? You mean..."

"This floor and the one below are mine," I explained. "There are two rooms downstairs. Well... we sometimes use one of them. The other one is yours until you get back on your feet."

Her lips parted slightly in disbelief. "Are you... serious?"

"Yeah," I nodded. "But one condition." I lifted a finger. "If you live under my roof, you're done with prostitution. No more clients."

She stared at me, stunned. "What even—Evan, what are you saying?"

"I know someone," I said. "You can work with her. She's good people. That's the deal."

Her expression softened—surprise mixed with something like relief. The tension in her shoulders eased a little.

"Why are you doing this?" she asked, voice quieter now.

"You helped me bring Guy down," I said. "That's my debt paid. You helped me. I help you. Fair trade."

She looked away for a moment, blinking hard. "I... okay. Yeah. Okay."

REPUTATION SYSTEM (LVL 11)

VILLAIN  HERO

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Helping Eleanor: +5

=====

Current Reputation: Big-Hearted

- More EXP gain when making your partner climax.
- Mystery Chest for each Sexual Activity completed.

I turned, opened the door again, and reached over to the drawer by the entrance. I rummaged through it until my fingers closed around an extra keycard. I stepped back out and handed it to her.

"Here. This opens the downstairs unit." I held it out until she took it, her fingers brushing mine lightly.

Her lips trembled into the smallest smile. "I... don't know what to say, Evan. I really don't."

EVENT

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Eleanor's Interest +5

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"You don't have to say anything." I shrugged with a grin. "Just drop your phone number off with Minne tomorrow. She's the maid. I think you know her already, no?"

"I—yeah," she said softly. "I remember her. Okay. I'll do that."

I nodded once and opened the door fully. Warm air spilled out from inside.

"Take care, Eleanor," I said. "And don't forget my condition."

She held the keycard against her chest with a small nod. "I won't."

Then she walked off down the hall, coat swaying around her knees, boots leaving faint wet prints on the tile.



I parked the car and stepped out, stretching my back as the sound of the engine faded into the echoing underground. The mall's parking lot was huge—concrete pillars spaced evenly like a grid, each painted with yellow numbers. Fluorescent lights hummed overhead, casting a cold, pale glow over parked cars. The floor was still damp from the melting snow people tracked in, leaving long streaks of water that reflected the lights above. Distant engines, footsteps, and occasional honks bounced softly around the cavernous space.

The girls climbed out one by one, each adjusting jackets, bags, or hair.

Jasmine shut her door and pulled up her beige knit sweater, straightening her light blue jeans. She had her hair in a half-twisted bun, strands framing her face as she bounced on her heels.

Kim hopped down next, pulling her brown leather jacket tighter around her ribs. She wore black leggings and ankle boots, her hair in a messy ponytail that made her look more tired than usual, but cute.

"Did we close the living room window?" Kim asked Jasmine.

"Yep. I closed it myself."

"Oh, right."

Tessa stretched her arms high above her head, her oversized black hoodie sliding up enough to expose her stomach. She wore simple grey joggers and white sneakers, smirking as she cracked her neck.

Minne closed the back door carefully, holding her own elbows shyly. Casual was new for her—soft pink sweatshirt, black skirt down to her knees, dark stockings, and her hair

tied into a loose braid. She looked like she wasn't sure she was allowed to breathe in public.

And Nala—well, she somehow made casual look high-end. Black coat, white turtleneck, dark jeans, and ankle boots. Her red hair was tied neatly behind her back, snowflakes still melting off her shoulders.

"Thank fuck we have a big car," Tessa said with a low laugh, cracking her spine. "I don't know how I breathed on the backseat."

"Well, I suggested taking two cars," Jasmine shrugged, hands in her sweater pockets. "But you guys said nooo, let's go together, it'll be fun."

"Come on, stop whining," I said, locking the car. "Let's go already."

"Fiiine..." Jasmine said dramatically.

We headed toward the glowing entrance sign, our steps echoing against the concrete. Automatic glass doors slid open with a soft whoosh, letting in a wave of warm air mixed with the faint smell of popcorn and perfume from inside.

We stepped into the metal detector area. One guard nodded at us lazily as we walked through—Jasmine beeping because of the ridiculous number of metal accessories on her belt. She raised her hands jokingly until the guard waved her along.

We took the escalator up, the moving steps humming under our feet as the mall came into full view. It was early in the night, so the place was packed.

Bright storefronts lined both sides of the ground floor—Nuppia, Kiko, Vierre, Lumex, all glowing with those fancy LED frames.

"Alright, girls," I said, glancing around. "Where do we start first?"

"Nuppia," Jasmine chirped instantly, eyes sparkling. "Now that I can actually afford Nuppia, I want new clothes from there."

"Same," Kim said, already scanning the brand logos. "I've always wanted to wear Nuppia."

Nuppia...

The second she said it, my mind flashed back to Anotta. That laugh she let out in the meeting room—so out of character it still felt like a hallucination. The kind that sticks to you afterward, clinging like a wine stain on a white shirt.

I shook it off. She had her own problems. I had mine. And I hoped to god she stayed in whatever hole she crawled into.

"Master," Minne whispered, pulling lightly on the hem of my jacket. "I... don't have enough money to buy anything from Nupia. Could I wait outside instead?"

"Oh, no you're not," Tessa said immediately, looping an arm around Minne's shoulders. "I'm buying this little maid some lingerie and a garter belt."

"E-eh?" Minne squeaked, face turning pink. "I... I don't know... I am... I just..."

"I'm paying for your stuff," I said with a grin, patting her head gently. "Go nuts. If I go broke, we have TechForge's CEO here. I'm sure she can make a few calls and get us out of trouble."

EVENT

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Minne's Interest +5

"Right," Nala scoffed with a laugh. "I'll definitely do that and absolutely not run straight back to the car."

The girls laughed as we stepped deeper into the mall, warm lights and polished floors welcoming us like a whole different world.

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: 100 /100★★★★★

Penelope: Interest: 5 /20

Minne: Interest: 28 /40★

Ivy: Interest: 2/20

Eleanor: Interest: 5/20

=====
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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.