

# The Heart System #Chapter 261 - Read The Heart System Chapter 261

## Chapter 261: Chapter 261

We made our way through the mall's ground floor, walking past perfume counters, glowing storefronts, and couples strolling arm-in-arm. The air smelled like vanilla, fresh fabric, and pretzels from the snack stand near the escalators.

Tessa walked beside Minne, purposely bumping her hip against her every few steps. Minne tried to keep her composure, but Tessa knew exactly how to break her.

"You look too tense," Tessa teased, wiggling her fingers menacingly.

"Mhm?" Minne blinked innocently.

Tessa struck immediately—light, quick tickles at Minne's sides.

Minne squealed, twisting away. "No—Ms. Tessa—! P-please, stop!" She giggled so hard she almost stumbled.

Kim chuckled behind them. "Tessa, don't bully the maid."

"I'm not bullying her," Tessa said proudly. "I'm emotionally preparing her for lingerie shopping."

Nala shook her head, amused. "That is not emotional preparation. That is torture."

I couldn't help but smile as Minne clung to my sleeve for safety, cheeks flushed, breath shaky from laughter.

Eventually, we reached Nuppia's storefront—tall glass walls, gold-lined frames, and mannequins wearing clothes that definitely cost more than my first car.

"Alright, girls," I said, holding the door open. "Welcome to the land of overpriced cotton."

Inside, Nuppia was packed. People moved shoulder to shoulder, flipping through racks, holding outfits against mirrors, or rushing toward the fitting rooms. The store smelled like perfume, new fabric, and money.

Jasmine's eyes widened the second we stepped in.

"Oh my god—" she breathed. "That's the dress."

She pointed across the store at a silver-blue satin piece with a slit down the side and a soft shimmer under the lights.

"I've wanted that for weeks," she said, tugging my sleeve like an excited kid. "I'm trying it."

"Go for it," I said with a nod.

She snatched the dress carefully from the rack and hurried toward the fitting rooms, weaving through people like she'd trained for this moment.

The rest of us stayed near the dressing area, browsing through clothes while waiting for her.

Kim ran her fingers over a rack of sweaters. Nala looked through coats, checking stitching like she was evaluating its manufacturing quality. Minne lingered close to me, still recovering from Tessa's "emotional preparation."

Meanwhile, Tessa disappeared into a section behind us.

She came back with a devilish grin—and her hands full.

The garter belt was delicate, paired with lacy panties featuring 'strategic' openings. The bra? It looked like it had been designed by someone who despised the idea of modesty. If a woman wore this, every private part would be exposed—and, just imagining it, I couldn't deny how incredibly hot that sounded.

And, this set was all in Minne's size.

"I'm buying these for you," Tessa announced proudly. "They'll look perfect on you."

Kim leaned in. "Oh, those are hot. Do they have my size?"

Minne stared at the lingerie like it was a weapon. "They look... obscene..."

Tessa smirked. "But 'Master' will love them."

Minne's eyes flicked to me, her fingers curling shyly around the fabric. "D-do you... like these, Master?"

I rested a hand on her head, smiling warmly. "I love them."

Her cheeks warmed immediately, and she nodded shyly. "Um... then I'll... wear them."

Before I could tease her, the dressing room curtain slid open.

Jasmine stepped out.

And holy hell.

The dress hugged her waist perfectly, the satin catching the store lights and giving her a soft glow. The slit on the side showed just enough leg to be teasing, and the neckline framed her shoulders beautifully. Her hair, still slightly damp from her earlier shower, fell down in loose waves that made the whole look seem effortless.

Kim's eyes widened. "Wow. Jasmine. You look incredible."

Tessa whistled. "Okay damn. Buy it. Immediately."

Minne smiled sweetly. "You look so pretty..."

Nala nodded. "It suits you. Very well."

Jasmine spun once in the mirror, grinning at her reflection. "Yeah... I'm buying this."

She disappeared back into the dressing room, practically glowing.

The girls continued browsing, Minne holding her sinful lingerie set like it might bite her, and everything just felt warm and cozy—like a strange little family shopping together.

Nala picked up a crisp white button-up from a rack, held it against herself, then stepped in front of one of the tall mirrors. She lifted her chin a little, adjusting the collar with her fingers, trying to imagine how it'd look with her usual outfits.

Before I could join her side, Kim drifted over, hands in her pockets, studying the reflection like an impatient fashion consultant.

"Hm..." Kim tilted her head, then reached forward and pinched the hem of the shirt between her fingers, pulling it back to mimic a more tailored fit. "Meeeh. I think a gray one would fit you better."

"You think so?" Nala asked, still turning slightly left and right.

"Yep. One sec."

Kim spun around and moved through the racks, fingers brushing over each hanger like she was scanning an inventory list. She plucked a soft gray blouse from the middle of the row, slightly satin, slightly structured, then returned to Nala.

She took the white blouse off Nala's shoulder and replaced it with the gray one like a stylist dressing a model. Nala held it up, smoothing the fabric with her palm.

Kim tugged the hem again. "See? This tone brings out your eyes. And it makes your hair look extra warm."

"Yeah," Nala said with a satisfied nod. "I think you're right. This one looks better."

"I know, right?" Kim grinned. "Gray is your shirt color. Or blouse. Whatever."

Jasmine stepped out from the fitting room at the perfect moment, hair bouncing a little as she tightened her ponytail. "I'm done. Let's keep going."

"I'll buy this," Nala said, turning toward Jasmine, lifting the blouse. "What do you think?"

Jasmine leaned in, inspecting it like she was checking fabric quality with laser precision. "Mm... Good with your black pencil skirt, yes. But it won't go with those dark brown pants you wear sometimes."

"Oh, I have a cream blouse for the brown pants," Nala waved off. "This one would just be for the skirt-and-heels days."

"Then yeah," Jasmine nodded. "Go for it."

They moved deeper into the store, weaving through crowds, heat from all the bodies mixing with blasting air freshener. The coat section was a little quieter, and Jasmine immediately perked up.

"Ooh, coats," she muttered, already grabbing three from the rack.

She held them against herself one by one.

"This one?" she asked.

"No," Tessa and Kim said at the same exact time.

She huffed, grabbed another one. "This one?"

"Maybe," Nala said.

Kim shook her head. "Too stiff."

"Try it on," Minne suggested softly.

Jasmine shrugged and threw it on, spinning toward the mirror. It hugged her shoulders nicely but made her look slightly older.

"Hm... I don't know," she said.

"Hey," I said. "If you like both, just take both."

Jasmine froze. Then a slow smile spread across her face.

"Oh. Yeah. I can do that now." She puffed her chest dramatically. "Financial freedom. Yay."

Everyone chuckled. Even Minne giggled behind her hand.

Kim drifted toward a long rack filled with winter jackets and pulled out a long beige one with a thick collar. "Tessa. This is so you."

Tessa took it, rubbing the sleeve between her fingers. "Mm... nah. Texture's weird. Feels like plastic pretending to be fabric."

Kim tossed it back onto the rack. "Fine. Picky."

"I'm not picky," Tessa argued. "I just want something with a hoodie. A big one. Like criminal-on-the-run vibes."

"This?" Jasmine asked, appearing from behind her with a dark forest-green hoodie-coat hybrid, the hood oversized and soft.

Tessa's eyes lit up. "Gimme."

She slipped into it, pulling the hood over her head dramatically before turning to the mirror. The coat hugged her waist but still looked comfortable—kind of badass, honestly.

"How's it look, maid?" Tessa asked, hands in her pockets.

"P-perfect, Ms. Tessa," Minne said, smiling shyly as she hugged the lingerie bag she was carrying.

"Perfect indeed," Jasmine said. "Very you."

Kim nodded. "Yeah, that's the one."

"I'll buy it then," Tessa said proudly, pulling the hood back and flicking imaginary dust off her shoulder.

I guided them out of the coat section and toward the shoe stores lining the next corridor. The floor tiles changed from creamy marble to that rubber-textured flooring every shoe shop uses. Bright lights, mirror walls, the faint smell of leather and disinfectant.

"Alright," I said, clapping my hands once. "Boots for Minne. Yours are old, look at them."

Minne froze halfway into the store, like a small animal crossing a highway. She looked around at all the shelves stacked with boots—ankle boots, knee-high boots, combat boots, suede, leather, glossy, matte.

"M-Master..." she whispered, clutching her coat like she needed armor. "These look... expensive."

Tessa threw her arm over Minne's shoulders and dragged her a few steps inside. "Everything looks expensive when you look at it too long. Don't overthink it. We're upgrading you today."

Jasmine grabbed a chunky black combat boot from a shelf. "This looks cute. And durable. Good for winter."

Kim grabbed a brown suede one. "This one feels more her style. Soft. Warm. Also... girl-next-door energy."

Nala picked a sleek black ankle boot with a tiny gold buckle. "This one is elegant. She could wear it with dresses."

Minne stared at all three pairs like they were mythical relics. Then she found the price tags.

Her soul left her body.

She took a physical step back. "No, Master. Absolutely not. This is like... like two months of groceries."

I stepped beside her, lightly touching her back. "Minne."

She looked up at me with wide, panicked eyes.

"Don't worry," I said softly. "You're with us. Pick the one you like. Not the price."

"But—"

"No buts," I said. "You deserve something nice. I'm paying."

She swallowed, nodding slowly, still shy, still overwhelmed.

A worker approached at that moment, a tall woman with perfect hair, a corporate smile, and an apron with the store's logo. "Hi there. Need help finding a size?"

"Yes!" Jasmine said instantly, pointing at Minne like she was presenting a contestant on a game show. "She needs boots. Cute ones."

"I—Ms. Jasmine—" Minne covered her face.

The worker chuckled politely. "Alright. What size are we looking for?"

Minne murmured her size, and he nodded. "I'll get these three in that size."

Man, she was just the cutest.

## **Chapter 262: Chapter 262**

When the worker returned with three boxes, Minne perched nervously on the small bench, her hands shaking just slightly as she tried to unlace her shoes. She fumbled with the laces, her nerves making the task harder than it should have been, and only managed to knot them tighter somehow.

Kim, watching with a soft smile, knelt beside her and gently took over. "Hey, no worries," she said, her fingers moving with ease as she untangled the laces. "I've got you."

"Alright, maid," Tessa said as Kim got up after helping Minne. "Let's try the badass boots first."

Minne slipped her feet in—the combat boots looked adorable and completely oversized on her delicate frame.

Jasmine tilted her head. "Cute, but too heavy for her. She looks like she's going hiking in Antarctica."

Minne stood, trying to walk, wobbling like a baby deer.

"Okay, next," Kim laughed.

They tried the brown suede ones next—Minne's eyes genuinely sparkled when she looked down at them.

"These... these are soft..." she whispered.

"And warm," Kim added, pressing the material gently.

"They look good," I said. "Really good."

But before we could conclude, Nala appeared behind Minne with the sleek black ankle boots.

"Try these," she said softly. "Just once."

Minne slipped them on, stood, and...

Oh. Yeah.

That was it.

She looked taller. Confident. Elegant.

"Wow..." Minne said quietly, turning her ankle to see the gold buckle catch the light. "These feel... perfect."

"That's because they are," Nala said warmly.

Minne looked down at the price again.

Her soul left her body again.

"M-Master—these are—these are—"

I held up a hand. "Minne. Pick the one that makes you happiest."

She hesitated only a second longer, then looked down at the black boots and whispered:

"These."

"Done," I said.

The worker nodded and took the box to the counter.

But as Minne set the boots down, Nala drifted away—quietly, casually, walking toward the lingerie section tucked in the far corner of the store. Not making eye contact. Acting like she wasn't absolutely doing something sneaky.

I watched her for a second. The way she checked over her shoulder... Yeah. She was up to something. I excused myself and walked over.

She was holding a lingerie set—dark burgundy lace, delicate, borderline sinful. She was pretending to check the stitching when she noticed me approaching and nearly dropped it.

"Oh—Evan—hi." She cleared her throat. "Didn't realize you were—uh—right there."

I smirked. "Burgundy, huh?"

"It's... nice," she said, totally failing to act casual. "Just looking."

"Just looking?"

She pressed her lips together. "Maybe."

I stepped a little closer. Close enough that she had to tilt her head up. "You buying it for me or for yourself?"

"Why would I buy lingerie for you?" she muttered.

"So you can wear it for me."

Her cheeks flushed instantly. She looked away, clutching the hanger like a lifeline. "You're unbelievable."

"And you're cute when you're embarrassed."

She elbowed me lightly in the ribs. "Shut up. I'm not embarrassed."

"You're blushing."

She covered her cheek with her hand. "I'm not blushing because of you."

I coughed. "Do you want it?"

"...Maybe." She rubbed the lace between her fingers. "It's expensive though. I don't usually buy unnecessary expensive stuff."

"Then it fits right in with everything else we're buying today," I said. "Get it."

She rolled her eyes, but there was a smile tugging at her lips. She placed the lingerie set on her arm and nudged me. "Fine."

We walked back to the others, and Minne stood up from the bench, black boots shining slightly under the lights.

"I... made my decision," Minne said shyly.

"We know," Tessa teased, bumping her shoulder lightly. "Your face said it before your mouth did."

Minne's cheeks warmed as she looked at me. "Thank you, Master."

"You're welcome," I said, ruffling her hair gently. "Alright. Let's keep going."

Minne relaxed a little, then hurried back to us.

We drifted deeper into Nuppia, passing racks of coats and knit sweaters until the layout opened into their accessory section. The lighting changed slightly here, softer and warmer, reflecting off glass cases filled with earrings, necklaces, bracelets, and a whole wall of perfumes arranged by scent family.

The girls spread out immediately.

Kim leaned over one of the jewelry trays with a quiet hum of interest. Jasmine slid right toward a rotating stand of dainty silver rings. Nala checked a display of minimalist necklaces, running her fingers along a thin gold chain. Minne stuck close to me at first, eyes darting between shelves like she wasn't sure she was even allowed to look.

Tessa was the only one who knew exactly what she wanted. She walked straight toward the perfume counter, flipping her hair back confidently as she picked up a slender bottle with a dark purple ribbon tied around the cap.

"Evan," she called over her shoulder. "Come here for a second."

I stepped beside her. She uncapped the bottle and sprayed a bit into the air, waving her hand through it. Vanilla and... huh... something spicy.

She turned to me with a smirk. "Since you're the one who'll be smelling me in bed, you choose."

Kim snorted from the jewelry case. "God, she has no shame."

"I have plenty of shame," Tessa said. "I just ignore all of it when I feel pretty."

I chuckled, then reached for a different bottle. I didn't even read the label, since I knew this one. The smell just felt right: warm, floral, a hint of citrus, clean but soft. I offered it to her.

"Try this one."

Tessa raised an eyebrow, sprayed her wrist, then sniffed. Her lips curled into a slow grin. "Oh, that's good. Alright, I'm buying this one. If I attract too many men you'll have to take responsibility."

"I'm sure I'll manage," I said.

Nala glanced over with an amused shake of her head. Jasmine joined me next, lifting a simple necklace with a small circle pendant.

"You think this would look cute on me?" she asked.

"It would," I said. "It fits your style. Clean but a little playful."

Jasmine smiled proudly and added it to her armful of small items. Kim followed suit, picking out two pairs of earrings and a slim bracelet. They compared pieces with each other for a minute, holding them against their necks or ears, checking the mirror, swapping opinions.

Meanwhile, Minne carefully lifted a small pair of pearl earrings, then set them down again like she was afraid to break them.

"You like those?" I asked.

"They are beautiful, Master," Minne whispered. "But they're too expensive."

"Girl," Tessa muttered, half-angry, half-smiling. "I swear, if you say 'but it's expensive' one more time, I'm gonna tickle you to death. Or choke you to death. Depends on my mood."

I picked them up and placed them gently in her hands. "Let me worry about the price."

She stared at the earrings for a moment, then nodded shyly and tucked them into her small shopping basket.

Minne exhaled a small breath of relief and kept browsing.

Nala eventually brought over a thin bracelet for me to see. "What do you think? Too much?"

"It's subtle," I said. "It suits you."

She looked away but I saw the small smile she tried to hide.

After a good while of comparing and choosing, the girls gathered their selections and headed toward the checkout. The counter was wide, with several clerks scanning clothes, perfumes, jewelry, and a dozen small items.

Jasmine set her pile down, humming happily. Kim placed her selection neatly beside it. Tessa tossed hers with a smirk. Nala placed hers carefully while Minne hesitated until I gently nudged her forward.

One by one, the girls paid for their things, tapping their cards, smiling at their totals.

When it was Minne's turn, the worker brought the shoe box from behind the counter. "Here you go. Ready to check out."

Minne's hands went stiff when she saw the final price pop up on the screen. She looked up at me like she was reconsidering everything.

I tapped my card before she could say anything.

"Master, I—" she started.

"Don't worry about it," I said with a warm smile. "I told you to go nuts."

Jasmine leaned closer with a teasing grin. "You should feel lucky, Minne. He knows me more than he knows you, and even I can't get him to pay for my shopping. You're his favorite, clearly."

Minne's eyes widened slightly. "N-no, I don't think—"

"Oh, she's totally his favorite," Kim said, giggling as she grabbed her bags.

Nala looped an arm around Minne's shoulders. "Enjoy it while it lasts, sweetie."

Minne's face turned bright red, but she smiled anyway.

The worker handed me the bag with Minne's boots, and we all stepped away from the counter together, bags in hand, the warm smell of perfume trailing behind us.

I looked toward the escalators. "Coffee break?"

"Yes," Jasmine said instantly.

"God, yes," Kim agreed.

"My feet hurt," Tessa added. "Need to sit down, like ASAP."

Nala nodded. "A break sounds good."

Minne hugged her small bags to her chest and smiled. "Um... I would like that too."

"Alright then," I said, motioning toward the café upstairs. "Let's go."

The group moved as a unit, laughing, bumping shoulders, comparing outfits and perfume choices, and drifting comfortably toward our next stop.

A cozy little café break before the second round of shopping... now that sounded good.

### **Chapter 263: Chapter 263**

We headed toward the elevators, weaving through clusters of shoppers with bags piled up their arms. The girls chatted quietly behind me, still buzzing about their finds from Nuppia. When the elevator arrived, we all stepped inside. Jasmine leaned her shoulder against the glass panel, Nala checked one of the necklaces she bought, Kim fixed her hair, and Minne clutched her small bag like it was a treasure.

The elevator rose smoothly to the next floor, opening into a hallway full of tiny kiosks and café scents drifting through the air. We walked toward the coffee shop tucked in the corner of the atrium, its warm lighting spilling out over the tiled floor.

And then I saw her. Julia, my ex.

Standing near a shoe store, holding two boxes in a shopping bag, her long black hair falling over her shoulders in straight, sleek curtains. The same sharp eyes behind the same sharp glasses. Walking alone, absorbed in her own world—until she looked up.

Her steps halted.

"Oh..." she murmured, eyebrows rising slightly. "Evan?"

"Y-yeah." I gave a small, awkward smile. "Hello, Julia."

She scanned me first, then the girls behind me. "What... are you doing here?"

"Shopping. Casual stuff."

"Mm." Her gaze flicked over each woman, calculating and confused. "And who are these?"

"You've met some of them already," I said. "But anyway—Jasmine, Tessa, Kim, Nala, Minne. This is Julia."

Julia lifted her chin. "His ex that he dumped," she said calmly. "He always leaves that one detail out."

Nala's eyes widened. "Dumped?"

"Long story," I said quickly.

"We met online," Julia said before I could control the narrative. "Hung out for a bit, things were fine at first, then it didn't work out. Because of his man-pride."

"That wasn't man-pride or whatever you call it," I said, rubbing my face. "I failed making you happy, so I decided the best thing was—"

"Dumping me," she finished with a small laugh.

"Jesus. Don't make me talk about this in front of them, Julia."

She wasn't wrong, though. Her parents had money, not outrageously wealthy, but wealthy enough that she got whatever she asked for. I tried to keep up, tried to give her the same kind of life she was used to. She'd talk about these expensive clothes, all the things she loved, and I wanted so badly to give her at least some of it.

But eventually, it wore me down.

I still remember working ten-hour shifts at the grocery store just to buy her that laptop she wanted—second-hand, but still the best I could manage. When the newer model came out, she bought it without a thought. And the old one? I ended up using it. Never told her. I was afraid she'd laugh at me.

"Who are you people?" Julia asked sharply. "Evan's friends? Is he allergic to male friends now? Something I missed?"

"We are his friends," Jasmine said.

"M-master," Minne said, stepping closer to me as if seeking permission. "May I go to the bathroom?"

"M-mast..." Julia blinked, her stern composure cracking. "I'm sorry—what? Are these prostitutes?"

Tessa moved before I even processed it, stepping forward with murder in her eyes. "I'll bash your head in if you call us that again."

I landed a hand on her shoulders to stop her. "No. No. Not here. Minne, go ahead. And Tessa, please calm down. Wrong place for this."

Tessa huffed. "Calling us prostitutes, unbelievable. I'm coming with you, Minne."

"Y-yes..." Minne followed her quickly.

When they disappeared into the restroom hallway, silence settled over everything.

"Wait," Julia said, squinting. "Isn't that the woman from the news? TechForge's new CEO?"

"Yep," I said quickly. "We're, uh... doing an office—day... shopping... thing. We're all friends here."

Man, fuck me. Worst lie ever. But she had to buy it—no way she'd believe I somehow scored the company of these women.

"Huh..." she murmured, clearly unsure. "O-okay."

"We shouldn't take more of your time," Nala said as kindly as possible. "Take care, Julia."

"Right... you too."

We parted ways, the girls moving with me toward the railing overlooking the mall's open center. People milled around below, holiday lights scattered across the railings, music drifting from different stores.

Nala leaned slightly against the railing beside me. "So," she said quietly, "why did you dump her?"

I sighed. "She was rich. I was poor. That's it."

Nala blinked. "Wow. That's idiotic."

"That's the same thing I said when I heard it the first time," Tessa muttered as she and Minne rejoined us, walking from the restroom. "Honestly, Evan."

Minne nodded shyly. "Um... I agree."

"Yeah, yeah, okay. Even Minne says I'm an idiot." I said, shaking my head with a small laugh. "Let's stop roasting me and get coffee."

We walked together toward the café, the smell of roasted beans and warm pastries calling us in. The place was wedged between two clothing stores, its soft yellow lighting spilling out onto the hallway like a warm invitation. Inside, every table seemed taken—college students hunched over laptops, couples sharing desserts, families juggling strollers and muffins. The hum of chatter blended with the occasional whirr of the espresso machine.

Despite the crowd, a group of seats opened up in the corner just as we stepped in. Jasmine darted forward and claimed it.

"Mine," she said, then laughed as the rest of us followed her to the table.

We sat around the wide wooden table—Nala beside me, Kim and Jasmine on one side, Tessa and Minne across from us. The chair squeaked slightly under me as I settled in, stretching my legs from all the walking.

A waiter approached with a polite smile and a notepad. "Hello, what can I get for you?"

"Caramel latte," Jasmine said immediately.

"Flat white for me," Kim added.

"Mocha," Tessa chimed in, leaning back comfortably.

"Chamomile tea," Minne whispered.

Nala glanced at me, then at the menu. "Cappuccino."

"And for you, sir?"

"Black coffee," I said. "No sugar."

"Of course." The waiter nodded and left through the crowd.

As soon as he was gone, Tessa grinned at Minne, mischief all over her face. "So, little maid... that lingerie set is going to look amazing on you."

Minne's face went scarlet instantly. She tugged at the edge of her sleeve. "I... I still cannot believe you bought that for me, Ms. Tessa."

"Oh, don't thank me," Tessa teased. "Thank Master. He's the one you'll be showing it off to."

Minne peeked at me shyly through her lashes. "Mm..."

I smirked. "Well, I hope to see it on you tonight, Minne."

She straightened slightly—still shy, but glowing with embarrassment. "Of course, Master. I... I hope you like how it looks on me."

I leaned in slightly, lowering my voice just for her. "Minne, you'd look good in anything. Or nothing. Trust me."

She squeaked and hid her face behind her hands while Jasmine and Kim snickered.

"Look at her," Jasmine said. "She's about to melt."

"She's adorable," Nala agreed, smiling softly.

We kept chatting while waiting for the drinks. The girls compared their Nuppia bags, holding up their new clothes for each other like excited kids.

"I can't wait to wear this jacket," Tessa said, lifting hers by the hanger. "It fits like a glove."

"That necklace you bought is cute," Kim added, pointing at the little box in Jasmine's hand.

"Oh, that?" Jasmine wiggled her eyebrows. "I'm wearing it to work tomorrow. First thing."

Nala looked at the gray blouse she picked. "I'm glad Kim suggested the gray. The white one was too bright."

"I know," Kim laughed. "But still—you're going to look like a whole boss in that thing."

"I am a boss," Nala said with a smirk.

"Yeah, and you shop like one now," I added.

She elbowed me gently.

The waiter finally returned with a tray full of drinks. The table filled with warm steam and the smell of chocolate, cinnamon, and rich coffee.

"There you go," he said as he set each cup down.

The warmth of my black coffee seeped into my hands, the mug radiating just enough heat to melt the cold from the mall's AC. Around us, the café buzzed with life—but our little corner felt almost insulated, like the world softened for a moment.

Jasmine blew on her latte before sipping. "God, this is good."

Minne cupped her tea with both hands like it was the most precious thing she owned. "This is... very nice," she whispered.

Nala relaxed back in her chair, gaze softening. "We needed this."

Damn right we did.



I unlocked the door and stepped in, letting the shopping bags thud into the hallway. My legs were done. I staggered into the living room and collapsed face-first onto the couch, exhaling like I'd just climbed ten flights of stairs.

"I'm beat."

"What?" Tessa's voice floated in from the hallway. "We shopped for three hours, not three days."

"Yeah. And I'm beat," I mumbled into the cushion again.

"Ya wuss."

A soft shuffle of feet. Minne's shy voice appeared above me. "A-are you going to sleep, Master?"

I rolled over and looked up at her. She was hugging her little pink bag to her chest like a shield, eyes huge and sparkling with hope. That look alone could resurrect a dead man.

I smiled, slow and warm. "Not a chance, baby."

"Yes!" She did the tiniest, cutest hop, then slapped both hands over her mouth like she'd been too loud. "S-should I... um... t-try the thing now?"

"Oh fuck yes you are," Tessa crowed, appearing in the doorway with a towel slung over her shoulder. "Right, oh mighty Master?"

I sat up, grinning. "Yes, ma'am."

Jasmine sauntered over, leaned down, and pressed a soft kiss to my forehead. "Rest up a sec, handsome. We'll get ready."

"Get ready?" I asked, brow raised.

She bent to my ear, voice a velvet whisper that shot straight to my cock. "You're fucking all our tight little asses tonight, Master. Give us a minute to prep."

My throat went dry. My dick throbbed so hard it actually hurt.

Jasmine straightened, winked, and disappeared toward the common bathroom. The others scattered as well: Nala heading to the master bedroom with a knowing smirk, Kim and Nala hauling bags.

Tessa grabbed Minne's wrist. "Come on, Maid. Let's get that backdoor squeaky clean for your Master."

"Y-yes!" Minne squeaked, cheeks flaming, letting herself be dragged toward her own bathroom.

## **Chapter 264: Chapter 264**

I sat there a second, pulse racing, then bolted for the balcony like I needed oxygen. I slid the glass door shut behind me and leaned on the railing, trying to calm myself down.

The same sunbed where I'd taken Nala's virginity sat to my right. I smiled at it, soft and a little stunned. If I hadn't stepped in that day at the anime convention, if I hadn't stood up to her brother, I'd still be rotting in that old apartment, living a life I hated. Funny how one decent moment changed everything.

My phone buzzed. Mendy.

I answered and sank onto the sunbed. "Hey."

"H-hey, Evan," she said, soft and nervous. "Hope I'm not calling too late."

"Nah, perfect timing." I rubbed the back of my neck. "What's up?"

A long pause. "I... was going to ask yesterday, but stuff came up. Would you maybe want to have dinner tomorrow?"

"Penelope coming?" I asked quickly, hoping.

I wanted her to say yes desperately. Because there was no way she'd confess to me with Penelope around.

"Um, no. Just us. She has... some business to take care of tomorrow."

My stomach flipped. "Uh... yeah, sure. Your place?"

"If that's okay," she said, brighter. "Eight work? I know you're with Nala a lot, so—"

"Eight's perfect," I cut in gently.

"Cool, cool. Eight."

"Yep... so... see you?"

"Yep. See you, Evan."

We hung up.

I stared at the phone for a long minute, then exhaled hard, dropped my head into my hands, elbows on my knees. I sat there like that, hunched forward on the sunbed, the weight of tomorrow pressing down on me.

The balcony door slid open behind me.

"Hey, handsome."

Jasmine stepped out wrapped in a barely-there black silk nightgown that ended high on her thighs. The fabric was so sheer it was practically liquid shadow, clinging to every curve, plunging deep between her breasts, thin straps the only thing keeping it up. A high slit flashed thigh with every step. No bra. No panties. Just silk and sin.

"It's freezing," I said, voice rough. "Get a blanket or something."

"Brr. You're right."

She grabbed the thick throw blanket from the couch in the living room, draped it over both our shoulders as she settled beside me, and tucked it around us. I slipped an arm around her waist, pulling her close. The silk was cool against my palm; her skin was

warm. My fingers brushed her nipple through the fabric, already hard from the night air, and she shivered into me.

"It's hard to believe," she murmured, resting her head on my shoulder, looking out at the city lights with me. "That this is our life now."

"Right?" I smiled, sliding my hand fully under the silk now, cupping her breast, rolling her nipple gently between my fingers. "From that shitty apartment to... this."

She turned her face up to me, eyes soft. "I never knew that you, the quiet guy next door, would be the hero of my life."

"Hero?" I chuckled, pinching her nipple lightly, making her breath hitch. "That's a hell of an exaggeration."

"It is not," she said firmly, pressing closer, her hand tightening on my cock through the fabric. "You saved me, Evan. You're everything I ever wanted."

I kissed her. "Same goes for you, Jas. You're mine. And I'm yours. Always."

We stayed like that for a moment, watching the city lights. Then, she chuckled.

Her fingers squeezed me harder, feeling me throb. "Someone's ready to destroy some asses tonight," she teased, voice low and playful.

"Needed fresh air or I was gonna pass out from excitement," I admitted, laughing against her lips.

"As if you don't fuck us every day," she scoffed, but her smile was pure love, warm and real.

"Still get butterflies when I look at you," I said, voice softer now. "All of you. You girls are my whole world."

"Evan!" Tessa's voice echoed from inside, impatient. "Where's that idiot?"

Jasmine's eyes sparkled, wicked and tender all at once. "I guess we're starting, 'Master.'"

She stood, let the blanket fall, and walked back inside—hips swaying, silk clinging to every curve.

I followed, heart pounding, ready for whatever came next.

Tessa was waiting in the living room, leaning against the couch, completely naked. Her hair was still damp from the bath, little droplets sliding down her shoulders and chest. She smirked when she saw us.

"There you are. We thought you got scared and ran away."

I grinned, walking past her. "Not a chance."

She fell in step behind me, Jasmine already glued to my back. I pushed open the master-bedroom door and stopped dead.

Kim and Nala were already on the bed, gloriously naked, legs lazily tangled. Minne stood in the center of the room in the set Tessa had chosen: a snow-white garter belt with thin straps framing her tiny waist, sheer stockings clipped high, and the most sinful "bra" I'd ever seen, two delicate lace triangles that covered exactly nothing, her pink nipples poking straight through the openings. The matching panties were crotchless, a single strip of lace running up the middle, leaving her smooth pussy and tight little rosebud completely exposed.

Jasmine and Tessa slipped in behind me and shut the door with a soft click. Jasmine's arms snaked around my waist from behind, fingers already unbuckling my belt, tugging my pants and boxers down in one smooth motion. My cock sprang free, rock-hard and aching. She wrapped her hand around it, stroking once, possessive.

"You girls..." I muttered, voice hoarse. "Wow."

Minne fidgeted, cheeks burning. "H-how do I look, Master?"

"Perfect."

I crossed the room in three strides, cupped her chin, and kissed her—slow at first, letting her melt, then deeper, coaxing her tongue out to play with mine. She whimpers vibrated against my lips as she surrendered completely.

Tessa clapped her hands. "Decision's obvious. Minne's ass gets destroyed first. Come on, maid—bed, now."

Minne obeyed instantly, crawling onto the mattress and lying on her back, eyes locked on me, wide and trusting. I climbed up between her spread legs and hooked my hands under her knees, lifting them until her cute, heart-shaped ass was tilted perfectly upward. Her pussy was perfectly pink and glistening... fuck. She was so, so, so cute.

Tessa slid in behind Minne's head, sat cross-legged, pulled Minne's head and rested against her bare tits. She leaned forward, rubbing slow circles over Minne's clit. "Easy, maid. Just breathe. Let him open that pretty little hole."

Jasmine and Nala flanked me on the bed, both naked and glowing. Jasmine grabbed the base of my cock, Nala the head, and together they guided me forward until the tip kissed Minne's tight ass.

Kim appeared with a bottle of lube, drizzling a thick stream over my shaft. Jasmine and Nala spread it together, hands sliding up and down, grinning like devils.

"Look at this, Minne," Nala purred, pressing the head a little harder against her. "This fat cock is about to split your ass wide open. You're gonna feel so full, baby."

Jasmine gave my shaft a slow twist. "Gonna ruin this perfect little hole, maid. Stretch you until you're crying and begging for more."

Kim knelt beside Minne, rolled one exposed nipple between her fingers, and leaned down to whisper, "Moan loudly all you want, sweetheart. We love hearing how much 'Master' wrecks you."

Minne whimpered, thighs trembling. "M-master... I want it... please..."

"Easy, baby," I said, voice gentle, rubbing the head in tiny circles to spread the lube. "Breathe for me."

She inhaled shakily.

I pushed.

The tight ring resisted for a heartbeat, then gave. The head popped inside with a slick, obscene pressure. Minne's mouth fell open in a silent scream, tears already gathering at the corners of her eyes, fists clutching the sheets.

Jasmine and Nala hands slid to Minne's thighs to hold her open.

Minne's body tensed like a bowstring, her back arching off the mattress, a high, pained whimper escaping her lips. Her eyes squeezed shut, tears beading at the corners, but she didn't pull away. Her small hands clutched Tessa's thighs for dear life, knuckles white. She was so petite, so delicate—barely five feet tall, her skin pale and flawless, the pink lace bralette still clinging to her small but perky tits, nipples hard against the sheer fabric. The garter belt and stockings framed her slim hips like a gift, her exposed pussy pink and glistening, untouched but already wet from the anticipation and Tessa's gentle rubbing.

"Shh, shh, you're doing so good, honey," Tessa murmured from behind her, voice soft and soothing.

Tessa's hand never stopped moving between Minne's legs, fingers circling her clit in slow, steady patterns, dipping lower to trace her slick folds, keeping the pleasure building to counter the pain.

Minne gasped, breath hitching. "M-Master... it hurts... but... don't stop..."

I stayed still, just the head inside her impossibly tight ass, the ring clenching around me like it was trying to push me out. I rubbed her thighs gently, leaning down to kiss her knee. "Breathe for me, baby. In and out. You're my brave little maid—taking this cock in your ass like you were made for it."

Nala smiled. She leaned in and kissed Minne's forehead, then trailed her lips down to whisper in her ear. "That's our good girl... look how wet your pussy is, Minne. You love the pain, don't you? Love knowing Evan's stretching that tiny hole just for him. Such a perfect little anal slut."

Jasmine mirrored her on my right. She stroked Minne's arm in soothing patterns. "Fuck, look at that ass swallow him. You're so tight, Minne... gonna feel so good when he's balls-deep."

## **Chapter 265: Chapter 265**

Kim sat on Minne's other side, skin glowing under the low lights. She cupped one of Minne's small breasts, pinching the nipple through the lace with just enough pressure to make Minne gasp. "You're perfect, sweetie. So pretty when you cry for that cock. Relax that hole—let Evan claim it. You're our dirty little cum-hungry maid, and we're so proud of you."

The compliments and dirty words washed over Minne like a warm wave, easing the tension bit by bit. Her ass relaxed just a fraction, letting me push forward another inch. She cried out, a mix of agony and need, her tiny body shaking, but she pushed back against me, desperate to please.

"You're doing amazing, honey," Jasmine cooed, leaning down to kiss Minne's tear-streaked cheek. "Such a good girl taking that fat cock in your hole. We're all so proud—you're our perfect little anal princess."

Nala bit Minne's earlobe gently. "Imagine when he's all the way in... filling your ass like a dirty little cumdump. You want that, don't you? Want Master to breed your backdoor while we watch you fall apart?"

Minne nodded frantically, whimpers turning to moans as Tessa's fingers worked faster, slipping two inside Minne's pussy now, curling against her G-spot while her thumb pressed hard on the clit. "That's it, maid," Tessa whispered, voice husky. "Let go. Cum for Master so he can fuck you deeper. You're our good little anal whore tonight—scream for us."

"You're so good, honey," Kim purred, twisting Minne's nipple harder. "Feel that stretch? That's Master owning you."

Jasmine slapped Minne's thigh lightly, encouraging. "Fuck, look at that stretch. You're opening up so nice for him, maid. Such a tight little hole—gonna look so pretty leaking his cum."

The words worked. Minne's breath steadied just enough, her ass loosening a fraction more. Tessa's fingers flew faster, plunging deep, thumb on her clit. Minne's hips bucked involuntarily, her small tits heaving under Kim's hand.

"I... I feel it... oh Master, Tessa, I'm—" Minne's voice broke.

She came like a dam bursting, a high-pitched scream tearing from her throat as her pussy spasmed around Tessa's fingers, gushing slick onto the sheets in hot pulses. Her ass clenched rhythmically around my cock, pulling me in deeper without me even pushing, the tightness turning from painful to exquisite.

"That's our girl," Tessa purred, kissing her temple. "Cum so pretty... such a good anal slut."

As the orgasm faded, Minne went limp in Tessa's arms, panting, tears drying on her cheeks. Her ass had relaxed more, letting me sink another inch with a slow push.

I started moving a bit more faster, shallow thrusts at first, building a gentle rhythm. "Good girl... taking me so well. This ass is heaven, baby."

The girls kept the praise flowing. Tessa pulled her fingers out, slick and shining, and fed them to Minne. "Taste how wet you got for us, honey. You're our perfect little cum whore."

Minne sucked obediently, eyes on me, a shy smile breaking through.

I went a little faster, sinking deeper with every thrust, her tiny hole stretching beautifully around me. The tightness was brutal—every thrust a fight, every pull back making her whimper and clench.

"Fuck, you're too tight," I groaned, gripping her thighs harder. "Gonna make me cum already, baby girl."

"Do it, Master," Minne whispered, voice breaking. "Cum in my ass... please..."

I couldn't hold back. I thrust deeper, faster, her small ass bouncing with every slam, the girls watching with hungry eyes.

The climax hit like a damn bus. I buried myself to the hilt one last time and exploded, roaring her name as thick ropes flooded her ass. Pulse after pulse, hot and heavy, filling her until it overflowed, white cum bubbling out around my cock with every spasm.

Minne screamed, another orgasm ripping through her from the sensation, her body convulsing, ass milking me for every drop. Damn, Pleasure skill was doing wonders for me. She climaxed just from my cum?

I pushed one last time, grinding deep to empty the final spurts, then pulled back slowly, watching my cum leak from her stretched hole in thick streams.

Tessa grabbed Minne's ankles and pushed them back, folding her in half so her ass lifted high in the air.

I gaped her gently with my thumbs, spreading her cheeks. The opening was pink and ruined, clenching and relaxing in rhythmic breaths, winking like it was alive, cum still oozing out with every flutter.

The girls cooed compliments, stroking her trembling body.

"You were perfect, baby," I whispered, kissing Minne's sweaty forehead as she trembled.

I slid two fingers into her still-gaping ass, slow and gentle, pushing the thick load of cum deeper before dragging them back out. A wet, obscene sound filled the room as more of my release spilled onto the sheets in heavy globs. Minne gasped, sharp and pained, but she didn't move an inch—just took it like the good girl she was, thighs shaking, tiny fists clenched in the blanket.

I pulled my fingers free and sat back on my heels to look at her.

God, she was a vision. Tiny, flushed pink from head to toe, chest heaving under the ruined pink lace bralette, nipples still poking through the sheer fabric. Her garter belt and stockings were twisted from all the movement, framing the most adorable, freshly-fucked little body I'd ever seen. And that ass—round, pale, and now beautifully wrecked, the tiny hole still fluttering open and closed, glossy with lube and cum, a slow river of white leaking out every time it clenched.

Tessa let go of Minne's ankles and eased her down gently. "Alright, enough cuddling the rookie. My turn. Let's get this over with, Evan. Fuck my ass."

Nala scooped Minne up like she weighed nothing, carrying the limp, blissed-out girl to the other side of the massive bed and laying her down on fresh pillows. Minne curled up instantly, watching us with dazed, adoring eyes.

Tessa shoved me flat on my back, climbed over me, and crouched above my hips—knees bent, feet planted on either side of my waist, ass hovering right over my cock. She was completely naked, skin still somewhat damp from the bath, her short hair falling in messy waves over her face.

"Jas," she said, voice rough, "lube my ass up, baby."

"Your orders are my command," Jasmine laughed, already grabbing the bottle. She knelt behind Tessa, poured a thick stream of lube right over her tight hole, some of it dripping to my legs, and worked it in with two fingers—slow circles at first, then pushing inside, scissoring gently. Tessa hissed, thighs flexing, but pushed back greedily.

The sight was obscene: Tessa crouched and ready, ass glistening, Jasmine's fingers disappearing into her again and again. Tessa's pussy was already soaked, lips swollen and pink, dripping onto my shaft with every breath.

"Alright," Tessa said, voice strained with need, reaching back to spread her own cheeks. "You ready, cowboy?"

I grinned up at her. "Always for you."

"Smooth talker—"

"Yes, I am a smoo—"

Before I could finish, Tessa dropped.

Half my cock speared into her ass in one brutal motion. Her eyes went wide, mouth falling open in a silent scream as the tight ring stretched around me.

"Fuck!" she finally gasped, hands slapping down on my chest for balance. "Damn it, I hate anal sex, but your cock actually feels good in there—what the fuck—"

I smiled, gripping her hips. "Don't get mad at me, because I'm about to do something."

"What? No—what are you think—"

I lifted my hips off the bed and slammed the rest of the way in, one hard thrust that buried me to the root in her ass.

Tessa moaned in pain and pleasure, collapsing forward, her forehead hitting my chest with a thud.

"You fucking animal," she moaned, voice muffled against my skin, ass clenching hard around me. "Oh god, I fucking hate you."

"Says the girl whose pussy is leaking like a faucet," Jasmine teased, crouching right beside us.

She wedged her face between Tessa's thighs and mine, tongue flicking out to lick where my cock disappeared into Tessa's ass every time I pulled back, then dragging up to swirl around Tessa's dripping pussy.

I began to move: slow, deep strokes at first, letting Tessa adjust, then harder, faster, the bed creaking under us while Jasmine licked us both clean on every thrust.

Tessa straightened up with a gasp, sitting fully upright on my cock, her back arching as she rolled her hips in tight circles. Her hands braced on my chest, nails digging in, blonde hair falling wild around her face.

Minne watched from the edge of the bed, still in her ruined lingerie, big eyes wide and glassy.

I caught her gaze. "Minne, come here, baby. Suck Tessa's tits."

Minne crawled forward instantly, kneeling beside us. She looked up at Tessa with those huge puppy eyes. "C-can I suck them?"

Nala, kneeling nearby, laughed softly. "You really love putting things in your mouth, huh?"

Minne giggled, shy and flushed. "It... it feels good sucking on something..."

Nala's smile turned wicked. "How about we do it together?"

She joined Minne, both of them leaning in toward Tessa's chest. Nala took the left nipple first, tongue swirling slow and gentle, while Minne hesitated, then latched onto the right with soft, eager licks. Jasmine reached over and guided Minne's head. "Don't be shy, baby. Lick it like you mean it."

"Let us suck the same one, honey," Nala said.

Their tongues touched, slid together, both swirling around Tessa's hard nipple in perfect sync. Nala's dark hair spilled over Tessa's pale skin; Minne's lighter strands tangled with it, the difference was just fucking gorgeous.

Tessa moaned loudly, head thrown back. "God, Evan... your cock feels different today."

"It is?" I quipped, thrusting up hard enough to make her bounce. "Guess I'm extra hard tonight."

Well, I wasn't about to tell them I'd dumped points into Pleasure.

## Chapter 266: Chapter 266

Nala and Minne were a sight: Nala all sharp curves and confident grace, Minne tiny and doll-like, both naked except for Minne's ruined lingerie. Their tongues danced over Tessa's nipple, occasionally meeting in soft, wet kisses before returning to their task.

I looked at Minne while driving into Tessa in perfect rhythm. "You really loved Delilah, don't you, Minne?"

Minne paused licking, looking up with those big eyes. "She... acts like a mother. I like her."

"Well, she is a mother now," Kim laughed from the side, idly stroking herself.

Jasmine grinned. "Guess Evan's got competition for who gets to suck Delilah's milk first, huh, Minne?"

Minne went scarlet, shaking her head frantically. "N-no! I don't! It belongs to Master!"

Tessa moaned, grabbing the back of Minne's head and pressing her face harder into her breast. "Suck my tits, maid. Bite them—just not too hard. Fuck, that feels good."

"Y-yes! Gladly!" Minne chirped, latching on again, teeth grazing gently.

Jasmine kept licking where I entered Tessa, tongue flicking my shaft and Tessa's stretched rim on every stroke. Kim crawled closer, kissing Tessa's neck, pinching her free nipple. Nala switched sides with Minne, both of them now licking the same nipple, tongues tangling openly.

I was losing it. My legs started shaking, balls drawing tight.

Tessa felt it. "Fuck, Evan—give it to me—"

I slammed up one last time and exploded, thick ropes flooding her ass as I roared. The second she felt me cum, Tessa shattered—screaming, pussy squirting hard, soaking Jasmine's face and chest in hot bursts.

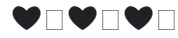
Jasmine sputtered, laughing. "Girl, what the fuck... I never thought you'd cum from anal! Did you fake it?"

"No," Tessa panted, collapsing forward onto my chest, my cock still buried deep, twitching inside her. "It's... god. I love this dick so much. What even are you, Evan?"

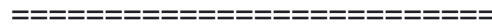
I smirked, sat up slowly, and grabbed her ass cheeks, spreading them wide while I kissed her—slow, deep, filthy, tasting her moans and the faint salt of sweat. Our tongues slid together lazily, her body still trembling around me.

I broke the kiss, looked around at the five glowing women, and grinned.

"Now," I said, voice rough, "who's next, girls?"



- Sexual Activity Completed



Partner: Sixsome

EXP Gained: +1020

Good-Hearted Bonus: +100

Star Rating: 4.7 ★★★★★

Reason: -



Bliss Multiplier: 112c

Mystery Chest Earned



Holy crap.

I woke up to the first light bleeding through the curtains, that soft pale glow that always came before the city really woke up. Jasmine lay curled up on my left—hair messy, breathing slow—while Nala slept on my right, one leg thrown over mine. We'd crashed in one of the spare bedrooms since the main one was... yeah, unsalvageable after last night.

I stared at the ceiling for a second, letting everything settle in my brain. Last night had been absolutely insane. My body felt like it had been run over by a truck made of breasts and orgasms.



Evan Marlowe (Lvl 12)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 75 kg

=====

EXP: [██████████] 3098/3491

\_\_\_\_\_

Damn. I really raked in the experience. And Bliss Multiplier giving me that extra credit boost? Chef's kiss. If that skill was max level, I'd be sitting on 560 credits, not 112, but... whatever. Free money is free money.

"Mm... you awake?" Jasmine's voice came quiet and groggy, her back still turned to me.

"Yep," I murmured.

"My ass is sore," she said flatly. "I tried lying on my back but my anus hurts."

"Ouch. Sorry—was I too rough?"

"I guess we were all too rough," she said, smiling into the pillow. "But you kinda smacked my ass like it owed you rent, so..."

She rolled over with a wince. Even in pain, she still somehow looked cute as hell. Blanket slipped, she was fully naked under it. I pulled her close and kissed her.

"We need to get up," she said against my lips. "Or we'll be late for work."

"You're right. I guess you won't be sitting in your office today."

"At least for a few days." She chuckled. "You really went to town on us."

"You girls were impossible to resist."

"Yeah, well," she said, lifting a finger. "No more anal nights. For, like, two weeks."

"Make it six days?"

"Ten."

"A week."

She stuck her hand out from the blanket. "Fine, lowballer. Seven."

I shook her hand. "Deal."

A UI blinked open in front of me—three Mystery Chests floating in the air. I tapped the middle one mentally.

100 credits.

Add that to the 112 from 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: 2102c

Nice. Richer and richer. Maybe I should hold off on Libido and Pleasure for now and dump credits into Mastery Points instead. Bliss Multiplier could turn into a damn money printer.

Jasmine leaned over me suddenly. "Hey, CEO," she whispered, nudging Nala. "Wake up."

"Mmh..." Nala didn't budge.

Jasmine grabbed the blanket and tugged it away. Nala groaned and tried to reclaim it with sleepy hands, her hair an adorable mess.

Jasmine stretched and shook her shoulder. "Come on, CEO. Wake up. It's seven."

Nala finally peeled her eyes open, stared at us, then face-planted into her pillow with a dramatic sigh. Her strawberry shampoo hit me instantly—sweet, clean, warm. She was naked too, her body stirring my cock even though I had nothing left.

"I don't want to go..." she mumbled into the pillow.

"You're the CEO," I said, sitting up. I was also fully naked, too. "You should be the example of what an adult, a team leader, looks like."

Nala cracked one eye open. "Do you fuck your 'example' in the ass like that, secretary boy?"

I shrugged. "Sometimes."

"Funny guy," she muttered. "Be a comedian."

"And you two should put something on before I get hard again."

Jasmine snorted, got up, and headed into the bathroom. The sound of water splashing followed.

I slid closer to Nala and wrapped my arms around her, then pulled the blanket over us. She melted into me, lifting her face so her nose brushed my chin. Hard to believe she'd been a virgin not long ago. Now she was... this. Soft, warm, confident, mine.

"Last night was wonderful," she said, eyes half-open, voice sleepy and sweet.

"It was," I agreed. "You girls were incredible."

"I never thought I'd end up in a poly relationship," she said quietly. "But here I am."

"Are you happy?" I asked.

"Yes," she whispered. "Happier than I've ever been."

I kissed the tip of her nose. "Then we're good."

She smiled, closing her eyes again for one last moment of peace before the day started.



I knocked once before stepping inside. Maeve, TechForge's head doctor, stood by the window with her arms loosely folded, the morning sun outlining her tired posture. When she heard the door close, she turned and offered me a small, worn-out smile.

"Hey," I said quietly.

"Hello, Mr. Marlowe." Her voice was soft, a little hoarse. "You're here for Emilia?"

"Yes." I glanced at the bed. Empty. "Where is she?"

"Toilet. She'll be out in a minute."

Emilia was supposed to be discharged yesterday. Maeve wanted her here one last night—just to be sure—before clearing her. She'd done more for Emilia than half the hospitals in the damn city would've done for free.

I dropped into one of the chairs and crossed my legs, pulling out my phone. A few seconds of scrolling later, I sniffed and narrowed my eyes at her.

"...Were you smoking?"

Maeve froze for half a second. Then she let her shoulders slump. "Caught, huh?"

"Not very doctor-like," I teased. "But don't worry. I won't tell Nala."

"Thanks," she sighed. "She hates that kind of stuff."

I pocketed my phone and gave her a quick glance—careful not to stare. Her lab coat was half-open, clinging to her hips, and she looked absolutely drained. Dark circles. Slouched posture. The kind of fatigue that lived in her bones.

I didn't want her to feel self-conscious, so I looked away and leaned back. My mind drifted—last night's insanity flashing across my head like a fever dream. Jasmine... Tessa... Kim... Nala... Minne.

Jesus. No wonder my dick was on strike this morning.





She covered her face with both hands, elbows on her knees. Her breathing trembled before she let it out slowly. After a moment, she lifted her head—still exhausted, but calmer.

"What's done is done," she said. "Now you need to clean your mess, Evan."

"My mess?" I asked, confused.

"I have nowhere to stay," Emilia said, eyes sharp again. "Charlotte told me my house was picked clean. Nothing left."

"You talked to Charlotte?" I asked.

"Yes. I called her." Emilia folded her arms. "She told me she knew you. And that you were trouble. And, also, that you kidnapped her."

Maeve turned sharply at that, eyes widening. Then she silently looked back out the window like she wanted no part of this conversation.

I sighed. Hard.

Because of Cora, because of that night... Charlotte didn't trust me. Not completely. Not yet.

"I'm sorry," I said again. "But it was necessary at the time."

Nala swung the door open so fast it nearly smacked the wall. Her heels clicked sharply as she walked in, her expression tight. First she looked at me, then Maeve, then Emilia sitting on the bed, then back at me—eyes narrowing in that we needed to talk.

She jerked her head toward the hall.

"Come," she said.

A little confused, I followed her out. She shut the door behind us and crossed her arms, shifting her weight to one hip like she was bracing herself.

"Evan," she said, voice low but tense. "Why is there a prostitute staying in the downstairs rooms of the penthouse?"

I blinked. "Oh. That's Eleanor."

"You need a prostitute now?" she asked, eyebrows rising. "Seriously, Evan?"

"No—no, I don't!" I said quickly, lifting my hands a little. "She helped me take down Guy. Because of that, he froze her bank accounts and kicked her out of her home. She was staying at her mother's place. She came to me for help."

"And your help was giving her our room?"

"We were only using one of the rooms," I said. "I figured she could stay in the spare one for a bit. Just until she gets her life back together."

Nala's shoulders loosened a bit. She dragged a hand over her forehead and exhaled, the tension slowly dropping from her posture. She looked more relieved than angry now, but still shaken.

"I thought..." she said quietly, "you hired a prostitute."

I stepped closer and softened my voice. "Hey. I promised I wouldn't hide other relationships from you. If I was going to bring someone into... whatever we have? You'd know. You don't need to be scared of that. Trust me."

"I do trust you," she said, meeting my eyes. "It's just—Evan... why are you so helpful toward others?"

"This talk again?" I smiled a little, leaned forward, checked the hallway, and pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead. She closed her eyes at the touch, letting herself relax into it. "You don't have to worry. I'm careful."

"So... are you thinking of using Eleanor's services?"

I frowned, shaking my head. "No. Of course not. I'm not going to pressure her into anything just because I gave her a place to stay," I said, my voice firm. "You know I'm not like Guy."

Her smile lingered, but there was something more calculating in it now. "Let me rephrase that," she said, her tone smooth, almost teasing. She cleared her throat. "If Eleanor was... okay with you, would you take her to bed?"

I exhaled slowly. "I don't pay for sex. You know that."

She didn't back down, her eyes locking onto mine with an almost predatory focus. "Let me rephrase it one last time," she said, her voice dropping lower, almost a whisper. She cleared her throat again. "If she was okay with having sex with you... no money involved, just... you and her... would you sleep with her?"

I swallowed hard. "I think I'll pass this question."

She punched my shoulder, not hard but definitely not soft, either. I pretended to wince, then laughed, and she shook her head in amused frustration.

"Even my brother was charmed by Eleanor," Nala said. "She really is a beautiful woman."

"A total milf, right?" I teased.

Nala smirked. "I think Delilah is the milf for me. You saw how she acted toward Minne? Like a mom swooping in to protect her." She leaned in close enough that her breath hit my ear. "Can't lie... that made me wet as hell."

I blinked. "Did it now?"

She pulled back with a wicked smile. "You have no idea."

We chuckled for a moment longer, the sound filling the room before gradually dying down. Maeve stepped up to the door and opened it, her white lab coat swishing around her as she slid her hands into its pockets, her posture effortlessly professional.

"Ms. Nolin," she said, her voice calm and direct. "Emilia is all set. But... she doesn't have anywhere to stay."

I glanced over at Nala, my mind already working. "Can we arrange a place for her? A house or something?"

"My brother had a property, a place for his... most esteemed guests," Nala explained, a slight, almost amused edge to her voice. "Mostly CEOs from overseas, you know, important people. We can put Emilia there for a few weeks—nothing permanent."

"That works." I nodded, satisfied. "Thanks, Nala."

Maeve gave a curt nod in return. "I'll let her know. But... she'll need someone to stay with her."

"Charlotte," I replied without hesitation. "I was planning to talk to her about finding Eleanor a job at Stingy Ladies. She can stay with her for now, no problem."

Nala considered this for a moment before nodding in agreement. "Okay. You're free to leave early, Evan. Talk to Charlotte and sort things out."

I smirked, a touch of sarcasm in my voice. "Yes, bossman."

Nala rolled her eyes, the smile tugging at the corners of her lips. "Oh, shut up. Chop-chop, Marlowe. You don't get paid to sit around all day."



I pushed the door open and stepped into Stingy Ladies. The place was quieter than usual—no pounding bass, no dancing crowd—just a handful of tables occupied by people sipping orange juice and soft drinks. Daytime mode.

Behind the counter, Charlotte was lining bottles on the wall shelves, her red-dyed hair falling in a curtain around her face. When she heard my footsteps, she turned.

The moment her eyes landed on me, her whole expression shifted. Her face tightened, shoulders squared, jaw clenched.

"You," she muttered. "What do you want?"

"Emilia called you," I said. "Good."

"Yeah, no thanks to you." She slammed a bottle onto the shelf and shot me a glare. "Why didn't you let me know she was alive, you moron?"

"I tried." I walked up to the counter. "You weren't here, and the bouncer at the door refused to give me your number."

Charlotte finished her bottle arrangement and leaned forward on her palms. She didn't look like she wanted me anywhere near her, but the fact she hadn't kicked me out yet meant I'd climbed my way out of the 'enemy' zone—barely. Considering I'd kidnapped her by proxy thanks to Cora's vampiric insanity, and she nearly got her breast ripped off... honestly, I was surprised she wasn't throwing punches.

"So?" she asked. "Why did you come? You want some applause because you saved Emilia?"

"No." I shook my head. "Emilia's getting placed in a temporary home, but she can't be alone. I thought you might want to stay with her."

Charlotte's expression softened just a bit, then went neutral again. She shrugged like it didn't matter, but I could tell it did.

"Fine," she said. "Whatever."

"Give me your number. I'll text the address."

She pulled her phone from her pocket, tapped the screen, and we exchanged numbers quickly. When that was done, I slid my phone away and let out a breath. One major task down.

Now for the next one: Eleanor.

If she was staying with me, I wasn't letting her go back to prostituting herself. She needed a job. A stable one. And I knew exactly where she could start.

"I need to ask you something else," I said. "You need a waitress? Or a bartender?"

"No." She didn't even blink.

"Well, you will." My voice dropped, firm. "I've got someone who needs the work. She's a good sort."

"No."

I leaned forward and slapped my palm on the counter. "Then Emilia can fucking enjoy living on the street and freezing to death. Good day, Char."

I turned toward the door, yeah, bluffing hard, but before I reached it, her voice cut through the room.

"Stop!"

I looked back. She was standing there with a hand on her hip, her chest rising as she tried to calm herself. She knew I was bluffing, and yet... not enough to risk calling it. Thank fuck.

"I know you wouldn't throw Emilia out," she said. "But fine. I'll take your second. She can help behind the counter."

I nodded. "Thank you."

"She's not getting full salary," Charlotte warned. "And no tips."

"That's fine."

"I'll need her number."

"I'll text it."

"Mm."

I turned to go, but something nagged at me. "How'd you know I wasn't actually going to abandon Emilia?"

Charlotte smirked—sharp, annoyed, but genuine. "I'm good at reading people. Now get the hell out of my club. Motherfucker..."

I held my hands up. "Going."

## Chapter 268: Chapter 268

Another fire put out. Now all that was left was the dinner with Mendy. The one thing I dreaded more than a mob boss or a demon. If she confessed tonight, I'd have to turn her down, and there was no universe where she'd be fine with me sleeping with half the people she knew—especially Kayla.

I stepped outside, breathed the cool air, and rubbed my face.

"Oh boy," I muttered. "Long day ahead."

\*I was on my way to the car when someone stepped directly into my path. Sophia appeared out of nowhere, tossing the last drag of her cigarette aside and grinding it into the slush with the heel of her boot. Her hoodie cast a shadow across her buzzcut, and the scars on her cheeks were barely visible beneath it. She stood with her arms crossed, looking like she'd been waiting there for a while.

I hadn't even noticed her at first. She must've been leaning against the wall next to the exit, watching me leave.

"Evan," she said as her eyes narrowed on me. "I see you here again."

"Sophia." I forced a small smile. "Hey."

"Why are you here this time?" she asked. "Did you cause more trouble for the Stingy Ladies while I was taking a break?"

"Just came to talk to Charlotte," I answered. "That was it."

"No ill intentions?" Her stare sharpened.

"No ill intentions," I repeated.

She looked me up and down slowly, sizing me up like she was evaluating whether I was lying. With those heavy black boots she wore, she actually stood a little taller than me. Muscular legs, dark skin, sharp jawline—she fit the internet's definition of a tomboy perfectly. And it worked on her. A little intimidating, a little dangerous, definitely attractive.

When she finally finished judging me, she uncrossed her arms and jerked her chin toward my car. That was her way of telling me I could go.

I didn't argue. I walked over, opened the door, slid into the driver seat, and started the engine. She watched me from the parking lot as I reversed, her hands tucked into her hoodie pockets while snowflakes drifted around her. She was intense, but not in a bad way. More like a locked diary you weren't supposed to open.



She jumped a little, then let out a breath. "God, you scared me. Hi."

"You're using the wrong elevator," I told her. "Ours is over here."

"Oh." She blinked, a little embarrassed. "Right. Sorry. I'm just... all over the place today."

"Your head's full, that's all," I said, carrying the bags toward the correct elevator. "You doing okay?"

"I'm trying," she said as she followed behind me. "But I can take some of the bags. You don't have to carry all of them."

"It's fine," I said while pressing the button with my elbow. "Come on."

The doors opened, and we stepped inside. I tilted my head toward my jacket pocket.

"Grab the keycard and swipe it?" I asked.

She nodded and reached into my pocket carefully, taking out the card. She swiped it under the button panel, the lights turned on, and soft elevator music started playing from above.

I pressed the P-1 button. The elevator began rising, the hum steady and quiet.

"Getting used to living upstairs?" I asked.

"I'm adjusting, slowly," she said with a small shrug as she put the card back. "It's strange living somewhere new after... everything. But I'm trying."

"Good," I said. "I found a job for you. You know Stingy Ladies?"

She nodded immediately. "Of course. Why?"

"You'll be working there," I said. "They're not sure if it'll be bartending or waitressing yet, but you're hired."

She stared at me, surprised. "That's... actually really good. I mean, I can do that. I just don't understand why you're so against me continuing my old work."

"No particular reason," I said. "I just don't want you going back to that."

Her eyes softened a little, like she wasn't expecting that answer.

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

## EVENT

=====

Eleanor's Interest +5

\_\_\_\_\_

Huh, that got a point from her? I'd take it.

\_\_\_\_\_

## 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: 10 / 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.

\_\_\_\_\_

The elevator kept gliding upward, warm lighting reflecting off the mirrored walls. Eleanor looked down at her gloves, then at her bags, then finally back at me. She looked calmer than she had when I first saw her at the lobby.

A little hope went a long way.

The elevator doors slid open and we both stepped out. Eleanor led the way down the quiet hallway, rummaging through her pockets as she walked. When we reached her door, she patted herself down again, then let out a frustrated groan.

"I forgot the card inside."

"Got it," I said as I set her bags down. I pulled my own card from my pocket, tapped it against the lock, and the LED turned green.

"Thank you," she breathed with a relieved smile.

"No problem."

I picked the bags back up, and we went inside. I carried them to the kitchen and set everything on the counter. Eleanor slipped out of her coat and hung it neatly on the rack before moving beside me. She gave a small, warm nod, the kind of grateful smile that made her look years younger.

"Really," she said softly, "thank you."

I shrugged lightly. "Mm. I should go. Take care, okay?"

"Hey," she said quickly, stopping me mid-turn, "would you... mind having a drink with me? Just a glass of wine?"

I checked my phone. I still had time before meeting Mendy. "Sure. But if you've got beer, I'll take that."

"You don't like wine?"

"Wine tastes like wet wood," I said. "Sorry."

She let out a breathy laugh and opened the fridge. "I have beer. Not sure if it's your kind, though."

She pulled one out, then froze when she realized it needed a bottle opener. She glanced around the kitchen, patting drawers, checking behind jars.

"God, I'm really all over the place today," she muttered.

"It's fine," I said, taking the bottle from her. I wedged my lighter under the cap, popped it clean off, and tossed the cap neatly into the trash by the counter.

Then I walked to the living room and dropped onto the couch. Eleanor poured herself a glass of warm wine and joined me a moment later. She sat close, not touching, but close enough that I could smell her perfume, soft and warm like vanilla with something darker beneath.

She took a small sip. The curve of her lips and the way her throat moved made it hard not to look. Her body didn't match her age at all; she was stacked, curvy, and the way she settled into the couch made her chest rise and fall in a way that made my brain hiccup.

"Your surname was Marlowe, right?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said, raising my beer. "Yours?"

"Katelm."

"Weird surname," I teased as I took a drink.

"As if Marlowe is normal," she laughed.

"Hey, Marlowe sounds good."

"I'll give you that," she said with a smirk.

I reached into my pocket, pulled out a cigarette pack, and offered her one. She took it delicately and placed it between her lips. I lit hers straight from mine, then lit my own after. We both inhaled slow and exhaled at the same time, the smoke drifting upward in lazy spirals.

"You really took down Guy," Eleanor said, her eyes narrowing a little. "That still blows my mind."

"I did," I said. "Wouldn't have managed without you."

"Me?" She blinked, genuinely surprised. "I just gave you a name."

"You pointed me to Charlotte and Emilia," I reminded her. "If you hadn't, I'd never have found that video."

She grimaced. "So you watched it."

"Unfortunately."

"So pathetic, right?" she muttered.

"Completely," I said. "But it's done now."

"Yeah... finally." She leaned back, letting her head rest against the couch cushion. "His sister can actually breathe now."

"Nala," I said. "And Minne too."

Eleanor nodded slowly. "Minne... poor girl. I saw her a few times back when Guy was still around. She looked like she was fading. Like she wasn't even present."

I hummed in agreement and took another sip of my beer.

"But now?" Eleanor continued. "She looks alive. Happier. Like someone finally opened a window in a stuffy room." She glanced at me with a warm, thoughtful look. "You're good for her. I can tell."

"I try," I said quietly. "She deserves better than what she went through."

My phone buzzed in my pocket. When I checked the screen, Minne's name flashed across it. She must've been wondering where the hell I was; I'd told her to prepare something for me until dinner with Mendy.

"Hey," I answered. "Sorry, Minne. I'll come now."

"T-there's a lady here, Master," she said in a tiny, nervous voice. "She wants to talk to you."

My stomach tightened. "Who is it?"

"Umm... Carrie."

"Never heard of her," I said.

"She told me she is... Tom's mother."

Oh, fucking fantastic.

### **Chapter 269: Chapter 269**

Tom's mother. At my door. In my penthouse. Now? How the hell did she even get in? Shit.

"I'll be right there," I muttered, ending the call.

I gulped down the rest of my beer in one swallow and set the bottle on the coffee table. Time to handle this shitstorm.

"Sorry," I told Eleanor as I rose to my feet. "Have to run. Thanks for the beer."

"Thank you for helping me with the bags," she said softly, walking with me to the door.

We exchanged a small nod, then I stepped out to the hallway and started climbing the stairs two at a time. Halfway up, I slowed and saw her, Carrie, standing right there in front of my door.

Fuck. Hell. This woman.

She had to be early forties. Tall. Curvy. Thick in that expensive-rich-lady way where she probably drank champagne for breakfast. Her brown hair was cut short, exposing her sharp cheekbones. She wore sunglasses indoors like she owned the world. And her dress—tight, wine-red, slit all the way up her left thigh—showed cleavage that refused to fully sag despite gravity doing its best. No bra either; her nipples pressed through the fabric, practically outlined.

She looked like a woman who used money as a blunt weapon.

"There is someone in there," she said bitterly, pointing at my door. "I knocked, but the girl on the other side refused to open."

"Carrie, right?" I asked, stepping closer. "What do you want?"

She pulled down her sunglasses just enough to glare at me. "Are you... Evan? The boy who cucked my son?"

"Wow," I said. "Tom tells you everything?"

"He tells me everything. I'm his mommy, after all." She smiled like that was something to brag about. "Now I'm here to bring Kim back home. I'm sure you've had your fun with her, but she belongs to my son."

"Kim isn't an object," I said flatly. "She doesn't 'belong' anymore."

"Oh, spare me your feminist bullshit," she snapped.

"That's just called common sense," I said, stepping until I was right in front of her. "Leave, Carrie. And tell your son to grow up and find someone else."

"I tried," she said with a smug little smile. "But he insists on Kim. For some reason."

"Boo-hoo," I muttered. "Please leave. I don't know how the hell you got inside the building, but leave."

Her smile dropped. "Evan. Give me back Kim. And we won't have to go through the bad route."

"I'm not handing anyone to you," I said. "Go home."

She inhaled sharply, her nostrils flaring. "Evan. Give. Me. That. Whore."

"Bad language," I said lightly. "I'll wash your mouth with soap at this rate."

"Is that your final decision, Evan Henrik Marlowe?"

My blood chilled. How the fuck did she know my full name?

"Yes," I said. "What's next, you going to tell me my mother's maiden name too?"

"Buqe."

Jesus Christ.

She started walking past me but stopped at my shoulder. Her hand came up, not gentle at all, and she squeezed my shoulder with fingers that could bruise.

"You'll see me again, Evan Henrik Marlowe."

She whispered it like a threat, then turned and strode to the elevator. She pressed zero with the flick of her manicured finger, and the doors slid shut.

I stared after her, frozen for a moment. What the hell was she? How did she know so much? Tom's family was rich, sure—but this was something else. Something darker.

I shook off the chill and turned back to my door. I knocked once, and Minne immediately pulled it open. She must've been watching everything through the peephole; her face said she'd heard every last word.

"Master..." she whispered as she shut the door behind me. "What are we going to do?"

"Nothing," I said. "She's all talk. You know how rich people are."

"She was scary..."

"Yeah. She was." I ruffled her hair gently. "You did good not letting her in. Really good job, Minne."

Her shoulders relaxed a little.

Carrie... great. Another name added to my list of rich assholes I now officially hate. And hopefully the last one.

But knowing my luck?

Probably not.

♥□♥□♥□

I sat at my desk in the master bedroom, pushing the last of my salad around the bowl while Kim's laptop hummed quietly in front of me. Her homepage was still open. I typed 'Carrie Beldenway' into the search bar and pressed enter.

Results flooded the screen instantly.

Old charity galas. Fundraisers. Award ceremonies. A dozen pictures of her on red carpets, in gowns that probably cost more than my car. One with the mayor. Another with the chief of some hospital. Her name popped up more than I expected.

"Damn," I muttered as I shoveled in the last bite of lettuce. "Didn't know Tom's mother was this rich."

I shut the laptop with a soft click and leaned back. It made sense now—the confidence, the connections, how easily she dug up info on me. Rich didn't even cover her. She was entrenched.

Before I could think more on it, the front door opened.

"We're home!" Jasmine called out, her voice bright but exhausted. "Man, I'm tired."

I stood up and left my room.

The girls were stepping inside, arms full of handbags, coats draped over their arms. Jasmine kicked off her shoes first and dropped her handbag next to the shoe rack. Tessa tossed her scarf onto a chair with zero care. Kim carefully hung her coat, smoothing it out like it was glass. Nala locked the door behind them, rolling her shoulders like they were sore from carrying half a mall.

They headed toward the living room, laughing among themselves about something from work.

Jasmine slowed when she passed me. She stopped completely, turning her head with a frown.

"You look down," she said, brow furrowed. "What happened, Evan?"

"Nothing," I said. "Just tired."

"Huh."

She didn't buy it. None of them ever did. I cleared my throat quickly, changing the subject. "Hey. I'm having dinner at Mendy's, by the way."

"Oh? Why?" Nala asked from the living room as she stretched and set her handbag on the sofa. "With her friend too? What was her name? Pen... Penelope."

"Yeah," I said, lying without flinching. "Both of them. I'll go in three hours."

They nodded like it made perfect sense.

But the truth? No chance in hell was I telling them that Mendy might confess to me tonight. They'd eat me alive with questions or—worse—show up. So I lied. I hated lying to them, but this was different. I didn't have a choice.

Minne stepped out of the kitchen with a stack of plates in her hands, carefully placing them on the dining table one by one. She adjusted each plate like it was part of a ritual, lining them up perfectly straight, then hurried back for the utensils.

"I'm gonna have a quick shower before dinner," Nala said as she slipped off her heels and stretched her neck. "I feel gross."

"Yeah, I need to as well," I replied.

Nala turned her head toward me, smirking as she lifted her brow. "Wanna join me, handsome?"

I didn't hesitate. "Of course."

I walked up to her and slipped my hand around her waist, pulling her close. The girls in the living room didn't look surprised at all. Jasmine only snorted through a laugh. Kim shook her head with a soft smile. Tessa raised her hands in surrender.

"There they go again," Jasmine said.

"Like rabbits," Tessa added. "I swear."

Minne, setting down the last fork, glanced over at us shyly. Her fingers fidgeted with the hem of her maid outfit, her cheeks going pink.

I pressed Nala against the door of the master bedroom and kissed her deeply. She let out a soft breath against my lips, her hands on my chest. When she broke the kiss, she opened her eyes and glanced toward Minne.

"Minne," Nala said with a warm little smile. "Wanna join, honey?"

Minne nodded instantly, almost too quickly, her whole face lighting up in pure happiness.

Nala and I both chuckled.

Minne practically hopped toward us, her steps light, almost bouncing, like she'd been waiting the whole day for that invitation.

Behind us, Tessa let out a dramatic sigh. "Wow. We have a maid who's running off to fuck her Master while the table isn't even set. Incredible. Fucking incredible."

Kim nudged her with her elbow. "Shut up. She's happy."

Jasmine giggled under her breath. "Honestly? Good for her. Like, really. Good for her."

I wrapped one arm around Nala's waist and the other around Minne's as they reached me. They pressed into my sides, warm bodies fitting perfectly against me as we walked into the master bedroom together. We crossed the room slowly, their hips brushing mine with every step, and headed straight for the bathroom door. I pushed it open with my shoulder, and we stepped inside.

I kicked the door shut behind us and turned to them.

**Chapter 270: Chapter 270**

Nala didn't waste time. She unbuttoned her new gray blouse, letting it slip off her shoulders to reveal nothing underneath—no bra, just her perfect, dark nipples already hard. She stepped out of her pencil skirt next, kicking it aside, then peeled off her soaked panties in a slow, teasing roll. Completely naked now, she stepped under the warm spray, water cascading over her toned curves, dark skin glistening as rivulets ran down her breasts, her stomach, between her thighs.

Minne stood shyly at the edge of the shower, still in her maid outfit. The black-and-white frilly dress clung to her tiny frame, the skirt so short it barely covered the curve of her ass, the white apron tied tight around her waist, stockings clipped to delicate garters. Her cheeks were flushed pink, eyes wide and nervous, lower lip caught between her teeth.

I crooked a finger. "Come here, baby."

She padded forward, barefoot on the warm tiles, biting her lip harder. I reached behind her, found the zipper at the small of her back, and dragged it down slowly, the sound loud in the room. The dress loosened and slipped off her shoulders, pooling at her feet like spilled cream. Underneath she wore only a tiny white lace thong, already soaked, and the garter belt with sheer stockings. I hooked my fingers in the thong and peeled it down her trembling legs, kissing the soft skin of her inner thigh as I went. Then I unclipped each garter, rolling the stockings down inch by inch, kissing every new patch of skin I revealed until she stood completely bare.

I guided both of them under the wide rainfall showerhead.

Water poured over us in a hot, heavy sheet. Nala pressed her back to the dark marble wall, water streaming down her perfect breasts, nipples hard and dark. I pinned her there, mouth crashing into hers, tongue deep and claiming. My hand slid between her thighs, found her already drenched, and pushed two fingers inside without warning.

She moaned into my mouth, legs spreading wider.

"Missed this pussy," I growled against her lips.

"Then fuck it," she shot back, voice low and filthy. "Show me how much you missed it."

I spun Nala around, bent her forward, palms flat on the slick marble wall. Water pounded over her back, running in rivers down the perfect curve of her spine and over that flawless, round ass. I lined up and slammed home in one hard thrust. Nala cried out, pushing back greedily, the wet slap of my hips against her ass echoing off the tiles like gunshots.

Minne watched from the side, eyes huge, one hand pressed between her thighs, rubbing herself through the falling water.

"Get on the ground, Minne. Suck my balls. Now."

She dropped instantly, kneeling on the warm, wet tiles, her small body folding perfectly. Her face nestled right under me, soft hands cupping my sack as she took one ball into her mouth, then the other, sucking gently, tongue swirling. The heat of her mouth combined with the warm water streaming down my back was unreal; every lick sent a jolt straight up my spine.

Nala moaned loud, pushing back harder, her ass slamming into my hips with every thrust. "God, your cock feels so fucking good today... thicker, harder... don't stop, Evan, wreck me."

Her voice cracked on the last word, breath hitching every time I bottomed out. Water streamed down her back in sheets, dripping off the curve of her ass and running down her thighs in rivulets. She looked over her shoulder at me, dark eyes glassy, lips parted.

"You're splitting me open... I can feel every inch... fuck, I'm already close..."

I spanked her ass hard, the crack sharp and ringing even over the pounding water. The flesh jiggled in perfect waves, a bright red handprint blooming instantly on that flawless brown skin. She yelped, pussy clenching around me so tight I saw stars. I did it again on the other cheek, harder, watching the ripple travel all the way up her back.

Then I gripped her hips with both hands, fingers digging bruises into her flesh, and went even harder. Full, brutal strokes, pulling almost all the way out before slamming back in, the wet slap of skin on skin deafening in the enclosed space. The shower echoed with it, crack, slap, crack, slap, like a filthy rhythm only we could hear. Her ass bounced obscenely, cheeks spreading with every thrust so I could see myself disappearing into her over and over.

Minne never stopped. Her small tongue lapped at my balls with perfect devotion, tracing the seam, sucking one gently into her mouth, then the other, humming soft little moans that vibrated straight through me. Water poured over her face, but she didn't care—just kept worshipping, cheeks hollowed, eyes closed in bliss, tiny hands cupping whatever she couldn't fit in her mouth.

Nala's whole body started shaking, thighs trembling, breath coming in broken sobs. "Fuck... I can't... oh my God, I'm gonna—"

I spanked her again, harder, the print glowing angry red. "Good CEO. Scream for me. Let the whole penthouse know I'm fucking you senseless."

"FUUUUCK!"

A raw, broken scream tore from her throat as she came, pussy clamping down like a fist, squirting hard against my thighs. Her legs buckled; she laughed, dizzy and silly from the intensity, and let herself sink to the wet tiles in a boneless heap.

I looked down. Minne was still there, licking faithfully, eyes shining up at me.

"Come on, honey," I said, voice gravel from exertion. "It's your turn."

I crouched, guided her forward onto all fours on the shower floor, water pouring over her small back. Her perfect ass was up, face down, waiting.

I positioned behind her, rubbed the head of my cock through her soaked folds once, twice.

"Jesus, Minne," I muttered, sliding in with almost no resistance. "You're so wet I just slipped right in. Look at you, dripping for Master's cock."

She buried her face in her arms, shy smile peeking through, ass pushing back greedily as I bottomed out in one smooth stroke.

I leaned down, water still pouring over us, and brushed Minne's soaked hair from her face. "I'm gonna fuck you hard now, Minne, okay? Can you take it for me?"

She glanced back over her shoulder, cheeks flushed, big eyes shining with absolute trust. A warm, shy smile spread across her lips. "Anything... f-for you, Master."

That single sentence shattered the last of my control.

I grabbed both her tiny wrists, yanked her arms behind her back, and pinned them at the small of her spine. Her chest dropped lower, ass tilting higher, perfect little body folded and offered up completely.

Then I let go.

My hips snapped forward like a piston, brutal, relentless, the wet slap of my pelvis against her ass echoing off the tiles so loud it drowned out the shower. Minne's high-pitched cries filled the steamy air, half-sob, half-moan, her small frame jolting forward with every savage thrust.

Nala slid down the wall until she was sitting on the wet floor, legs spread wide, one hand cupping her own breast, pinching the nipple, the other buried between her thighs as she watched us with dark, hungry eyes.

"Fuck, Evan," she breathed, voice husky, fingers moving faster. "Look at you destroying our little maid. She's so new to this and you're already fucking her like a ragdoll... her tiny pussy's gonna be ruined for days."

Minne's cries turned into one long, broken wail. "M-Master... yes... harder..."

I was lost. I pulled her arms tighter, arching her back until her cheek pressed to the floor, ass high, and hammered into her with everything I had. The sound was obscene: skin on skin, water splashing, her tiny body shaking like a leaf.

Nala moaned, circling her clit faster. "Fuck, listen to her scream for it. You're splitting the poor baby in half and she loves it."

"I'm... I'm gonna..." I muttered. "OH SHIT!"

Minne's voice cracked, desperate and sweet. "Cum in me, Master! Please... I want to get pregnant like Delilah did... I want your baby inside me!"

Nala's fingers froze. My eyes snapped wide. The words hit me like a lightning.

Everything went white.

I roared, hips slamming forward one last brutal time, burying myself to the root as I exploded. Rope after thick rope shot deep inside her, so much it felt endless—one, two, three, four, five heavy pulses, flooding her womb while her pussy spasmed wildly around me, milking every drop.

Minne screamed through her own orgasm, body convulsing, squirting hard against my pelvis. "Master! Yes! Fill me... give me your baby!"

Nala's jaw actually dropped, hand still between her legs, eyes huge. "Holy fuck..."

I stayed locked inside her, grinding deep, emptying the last spurts until I had nothing left. Slowly, carefully, I pulled out. A thick river of cum immediately poured from Minne's stretched, fluttering hole, mixing with the water and running down her thighs.

Minne stayed on all fours for a few seconds, panting, trembling. Then reality hit her. Her whole face turned tomato-red, eyes wide with sudden shyness. She tried to hide her face against the wet floor, mortified.

I cupped her cheeks gently, and turned her to look at me. Water streamed over both of us.

"Thank you, Minne," I said, voice soft, and kissed the tip of her nose.

She squeaked, eyes glassy. "I... I didn't mean to say that out loud, M-Master... I was just... I'm sorry..."

I tilted her chin up, forcing her to meet my eyes. "Would you really carry my baby?"

Her blush deepened to an impossible shade, but she gave the tiniest, most sincere nod, barely a whisper. "Y-yes... if y-you wanted..."

I smiled, heart pounding for a whole new reason, and kissed her forehead again, slow and reverent.