

The Heart System #Chapter 291 - Read The Heart System Chapter 291

Chapter 291: Chapter 291

I drove fast but controlled, knuckles white on the wheel. The weather was completely clear now. No snow. No wind. The sun was breaking through the clouds, like the world was mocking me. Every clear patch of sky felt like a countdown.

I pushed harder.

A red light flashed ahead. I barely registered it until a pedestrian stepped onto the crosswalk.

I slammed the brakes.

The car skidded on leftover ice, tires screaming as I fought the wheel. It slid, then stopped inches short of the crossing.

My heart hammered in my chest.

"Fuck," I breathed. "That was close."

I exhaled slowly, forced my grip to loosen, then eased forward when the light changed.

No more mistakes.

Kim was there.

And I wasn't going to be late.

I drove like a menace.

I cut between lanes the second I saw a gap, barely signaling, tires hissing against wet asphalt as I passed slower cars like they were standing still. Horns blared behind me, headlights flashed, and I didn't care. I leaned forward over the wheel, jaw clenched so tight it ached. The weather was clearing fast now, too fast. The clouds were thinning, the road drying by the minute, sunlight breaking through like a bad omen.

I took a hard left without slowing much, the car swaying as the tires fought for grip. Thankfully, muscle memory kicked in. I knew this road. I knew every bend, every stretch. The summer house was burned into my head. I didn't need a map.

Then the dashboard lit up.

Incoming video call.

Carrie Beldenwary.

My heart dropped straight into my stomach.

"No," I muttered, already easing off the gas. "No, no, no."

I pulled over hard to the side of the road, barely missing the curb. The engine kept running as I grabbed my phone with shaking hands and answered.

"Hello, Marlowe," Carrie said brightly, waving at the camera. "How are you?"

"Carrie," I said, my voice tight. "Where are you?"

She didn't answer right away. Instead, she turned the camera.

My breath left me in a rush.

A helicopter sat in front of the summer house, rotors idle but ready. The familiar wooden exterior filled the frame, and behind the glass doors, I saw them. Tom. The pilot. And Kim, seated inside, hands folded in her lap, looking small and trapped.

Carrie turned the camera back to herself. She was standing inside the living room, framed by the window, the helicopter visible behind her like a final punctuation mark.

"Carrie," I said, swallowing hard. "Please. Let Kim go."

She smiled, slow and indulgent. "No."

"Let her go," I said again, more force this time. "She has nothing to do with this."

"You should consider yourself lucky," she replied calmly. "You caused quite a scene with my son, Marlowe. I could make this very unpleasant for you."

"I don't care," I said. "Let Kim go."

"Bye, Evan," Carrie said, tilting her head slightly. "It was entertaining, playing with you, dog."

The call ended.

I stared at the dark screen, my reflection faintly visible, eyes wide and hollow. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I got out of the car without even thinking and kicked the front tire hard, once, twice, again, pain shooting up my leg but barely registering.

She was gone.

Kim was gone.

I leaned back against the car, then bent forward, bracing both hands on the roof, head hanging low. My bandaged knuckles trembled. Tom's words echoed in my head, twisting, poisoning everything. I felt fucking sick.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, not sure who I was saying it to.

If Kim had chosen to leave on her own, if this had been her decision, it would have hurt, but I could have accepted it. This wasn't that. She was gone because she was trying to protect everyone else. Protect the company. Protect the girls.

Protect me.

"Kim..." I muttered.

The sky shifted pink.

I felt it before I saw it.

The back door of my car opened slowly and Dierella stepped out. She wore a low-cut blue dress, her ash-black wings moving lazily behind her as if she had all the time in the world.

Great. Her.

"She is... well, 'was' replaceable," Dierella said flatly. "Why are you this upset? Just another hole for your dick."

I didn't look up. "She was a person," I said quietly. "She mattered."

"You can find someone else," she replied, unconcerned. "You have my system."

"I don't want someone else."

She stepped closer. "Why not?"

"Because I don't."

She waited a beat, then shrugged. "It happened. Move on. Fill the space."

"I failed her," I said, my voice cracking despite myself. "I couldn't protect her."

"You'll adapt," Dierella said.

Nah. I refused.

Fuck no.

"NO," I snapped, slamming my fist against the roof of the car. "You said it yourself. I have your system. That means this isn't over."

She blinked. "What?"

I straightened, opened the driver's door, and slid back inside. The sky snapped back to normal as the engine rumbled beneath me. My hands were steady now.

"I'm not giving up," I said. "Not on her."

I pulled up the interface.

I bought Time Stop.

The engine growled as I hit the gas and merged back onto the road, eyes locked forward, heart pounding with purpose.

Time froze the instant the purchase confirmed.

The world locked in place like a badly paused movie. The traffic light ahead stayed yellow forever, its glow flat and unmoving. Cars were statues now, drivers frozen mid-blink, hands locked on steering wheels, exhaust smoke stalled behind them in gray ribbons.

I floored it.

The road was mine. Tires screamed as I cut between frozen lanes, slipping through gaps that would have been suicide a second ago. I passed a truck stopped halfway through a turn, brushed so close to a side mirror that my pulse spiked, and laughed breathlessly because nothing could touch me. Not now. Not while time was mine to break.

Ten minutes. That was all I had.

No way I was giving up on her. No way this ended with her disappearing into the sky while I stood helpless on the asphalt. I pictured her sheepish smile in the mornings, the way she squinted when sunlight hit her face, the soft sound she made when she laughed before she tried to hide it. I wasn't losing that. I wasn't letting Tom win. I wasn't letting Carrie decide how this ended.

The speedometer climbed higher than it ever had. I took turns hard, drifting around frozen cars like obstacles in a game, correcting fast, hands steady, eyes burning. The world stayed silent except for the engine and my breath. Streets blurred. Signs rushed

past. I knew the route by heart, every shortcut, every curve burned into muscle memory from that summer we all pretended things were simple.

The first Time Stop shattered without warning.

Sound slammed back into the world. Engines roared, horns blared, motion surged all at once, and I was suddenly very real again, very fast, very much in traffic. I didn't hesitate. I pulled the interface up with one hand and bought another Time Stop before fear could catch up.

Freeze.

Everything locked again. Relief hit me like oxygen. I kept going, faster now, pushing harder, passing through intersections that would have killed me seconds earlier. I could see the outskirts coming, the trees thickening, the road narrowing. I was close.

The second freeze cracked near the forest road. I bought a third without slowing, jaw clenched, heart hammering. My thoughts stayed on Kim, on the way she tucked her hair behind her ear when she was nervous, on the quiet strength she carried even when everything scared her. I was not letting her go because I arrived too late.

The final stretch burned. The third stop ended just as the house came into view. I didn't risk it. I bought one more, the last ten minutes sealing around me like armor.

And then I saw it.

The summer house stood ahead, lights on despite the day, calm and untouched. The helicopter waited out front, rotors frozen mid-tilt like blades trapped in amber. Through the glass, I saw them clearly. Tom inside, tense and impatient. Kim seated near the door, hands folded, eyes distant but unmistakably there.

I slammed the brakes and skidded to a stop behind the trees, chest heaving.

I made it.

Now I just had to finish it.

I got out of the car. "Let's get a massage oil for the slut..."

I walked toward the door and once I was in position, I ended Time Stop.

SHOP [Page 2]

=====

- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)
- Time Stop (90c)
- 500 Dollars (50c)
- 1 Ability Point (150c)
- 1 Mastery Point (160c)
- Main Quest Unlock (Bought)
- Desire Aura (100c)
- New Ability (Bought)

=====

Credits: 448c

The Sensual Massage oil bottle pressed cold against my pocket as I stood in front of the door just as it swung open.

Carrie stepped out—and actually recoiled. She startled so hard she hopped back a step, heels scraping against the stone, eyes wide like she'd seen a ghost. For a heartbeat she just stared at me, mouth opening and closing without sound. Behind her, through the helicopter's glass, I saw Tom straighten sharply and Kim lift her head, confusion flashing across her face.

To them, I hadn't arrived. I'd appeared.

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The pilot leaned out of the cockpit, brows knitting together, clearly trying to figure out how the hell I was suddenly here when I hadn't been seconds ago. They never would. Not the four Time Stops, not the credits burned, not the way my chest still felt tight from racing time itself.

Carrie finally found her voice, hands lifting slightly as if she needed to steady herself. "How did you—what did you—how are you here?"

I didn't answer her. I didn't even look at her.

"Kim," I called, my voice cutting clean through the air. "Come here."

The helicopter door slid open. Kim hesitated, eyes flicking from Carrie to Tom, then to me. She stepped down slowly, boots crunching on gravel, each step cautious, like she was afraid the ground might disappear under her feet. When she got close enough, I saw the tension in her shoulders, the fear she was trying to swallow.

I smiled at her, warm and steady, and pulled my car keys from my pocket, placing them into her palm.

"Go to the penthouse," I said, closing her fingers around them. "Wait for me there, trouble."

Her lips parted. "Evan..."

"No," I said, firmer now, my thumb brushing once over her knuckles. "We'll talk about you running off like that later. Not now."

She swallowed. "What about you?"

"I'll find my way back," I said. "You know I always do."

Her grip tightened on the keys. She nodded, small and shaky. "I'm sorry."

"You have nothing to be sorry about," I said quietly.

"MOTHER!" Tom shouted as he jumped down from the helicopter, rage twisting his face. "HE CAN'T TAKE HER!"

He rushed forward and grabbed Kim's wrist.

The sound my fist made when it connected with his face was sharp and ugly. Tom went down hard, landing on his ass with a grunt, hands scrambling uselessly against the ground.

"Stay there," I snarled, stepping toward him. "You fucking murderer."

"MOTHER!" he screamed again.

"STOP!" Carrie shrieked, finally moving, her voice cracking. "You will regret this!"

"Will I?" I said, turning to her with a thin smile. "Why don't we go inside and talk like civilized people."

"I have nothing to say to you," she snapped. "We're leaving."

"Evan..." Kim whispered behind me.

"Kim," I said without looking back, sharper now. "Go. Now."

"You will not go," Carrie cut in, pointing at her. "Or you and everyone you love will regret it."

I turned fully to Kim then, my voice dropping, steady and calm. "Go. Please."

She hesitated one last second, then nodded and ran to the car. The engine roared to life, tires crunching gravel as she backed away and disappeared down the drive.

Only then did I straighten and face them again.

Now it was just us.

Persuasion Attempt: Carrie

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Remaining Chances: 0/3

Seven boxes. Three chances.

I needed two ticks per success, which meant choosing the riskier options every time. Normally that would be suicide, but Honeyed Words was stacked for moments like this. And if Luck decided to show its face, I might actually walk out of here alive.

Attempting Persuasion

"Trust me. You wanna talk to me.

Because I have the dashcam

footage of the accident."

=====

Base Chance: 20%

Honeyed Words: +50%

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Final Chance: 70%

Upon Succeeding: ☒☒

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"Trust me," I said evenly. "You want to talk to me. Because I have the dashcam footage of the accident."

"I don't believe you," Carrie replied immediately. "That's impossible."

Tom stiffened beside her. "Mother... I thought you destroyed the footage?"

I looked at him and smiled, slow and ugly. "Like I told you, you fucking cuck. She kept it."

Persuasion Attempt: Carrie

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Remaining Chances: 1/3

"Mother," Tom pressed, voice cracking. "Why?"

"Let's talk inside," I said. "Come on."

Carrie clenched her fists, jaw tight, then turned and walked into the house. Tom followed. I shut the door behind us and moved straight to the living room, dropping onto the couch like I owned the place. Legs crossed. Back relaxed.

Tom stayed standing. Carrie sat opposite me, arms folded tight across her chest.

Attempting Persuasion

"The footage was saved to the
cloud. I tracked down the van owner.

Asked him if he still had it.

He did. Kept it as insurance in
case he ever got dragged into court."

=====

Base Chance: 20%

Honeyed Words: +50%

=====

Final Chance: 70%

Upon Succeeding: ☒☒

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"The footage was saved to the cloud," I said. "I tracked down the van owner. Asked him
if he still had it. He did. Kept it as insurance in case he ever got dragged into court."

Persuasion Attempt: Carrie

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Remaining Chances: 2/3

"Mother," Tom whispered. "Why would you hide it?"

"You're lying," Carrie snapped. "It's obvious."

"Your face disagrees," I replied calmly.

She exhaled sharply. "That footage doesn't exist."

Attempting Persuasion

"Sure. Don't believe me. But think
about what happens when the case
reopens and the public gets a look at it."

=====

Base Chance: 20%

Honeyed Words: +50%

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Final Chance: 70%

Upon Succeeding: ☒☒

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

"Sure," I said. "Don't believe me. But think about what happens when the case reopens
and the public gets a look at it."

"Bullshit," she spat.

Fuck.

Persuasion Attempt: Carrie

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Remaining Chances: 3/3-FAILURE

How? How the hell did this happen? This was my only shot to get them off our backs, and now it's gone... Damn it. She was going to target Kim again, and this time, Carrie wouldn't hold back. She'd come for us with everything she got. She'll play the sweet, perfect persona—the "charismatic, sunshine smile" act—and turn the media against us. Against the company.

- SPECIAL EVENT TRIGGERED!

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Another Chance in Persuasion

Luck Skill: 1 → 100 (10s)

I raised an eyebrow as I looked at the UI. Right... I'd completely forgotten about that reward for kissing Delilah a while back. So this was a 'Special Event?' A total lifesaver.

Attempting Persuasion

"Fine. I'm going. See you at the court this Monday, Carrie."

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Base Chance: 20%

Honeyed Words: +50%

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Final Chance: 70%

Upon Succeeding: ☒☒

► Proceed with Persuasion? [Y/N]

Wait... so I had a 100% chance of critical success. Hell yes. Failure wasn't an option now, no matter what choice I made. But I only had ten seconds for this Special Event. My luck wouldn't stay at 100 forever. I had to make it count.

"Fine. I'm going. See you at the court Monday, Carrie."

Persuasion Attempt: Carrie

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Remaining Chances: 3/3-SUCCESS

"Fuck," she muttered, shoulders dropping. "I knew it. Damn it."

The clock was still ticking.

- Gaslighting: Carrie

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Current Orientation: Dom

Available Options:

- Submissive

- Switch

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Selected: Submissive

Success Rate: 5%

Duration: 10 minutes

Cooldown: 2 hours

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► Confirm Change? [Y/N]

Five percent meant nothing with Luck at one hundred.

- Gaslighting: Carrie

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Change Successful!

New Orientation: Submissive

Duration: 10 minutes remaining

Cooldown: 2 hours

I leaned forward slightly, voice low and controlled. "Now, Carrie," I said. "If you don't want trouble, you're going to listen to me."

"O-okay..." she replied. Her tone was tense, angry, but underneath it something had shifted. Obedient. Reluctant, but present. "Fuck..."

Carrie rose from the couch, heels clicking sharp on the hardwood as she walked over and stood in front of me, chin high, eyes blazing defiance even through the gaslight haze.

I leaned back, spread my legs a little wider, and looked up at her.

"Kneel."

She hesitated, lips parting like she wanted to spit venom, but the skill held. Slowly, reluctantly, she lowered herself to her knees between my legs, dress riding up her thighs.

Tom shot up from his corner. "Mother—what the hell are you doing? Get up!"

"Stay in your corner, Tom," I said without looking at him, voice flat. "This doesn't concern you."

He froze, mouth opening and closing like a fish.

I turned my attention back to Carrie. "You remember what you called me on that street, don't you?"

She didn't answer, just glared.

I leaned forward slightly. "Dog."

Still nothing.

"Now let's see who the real dog is."

I sat back again.

"Bark."

Carrie's lip curled in a sneer. "What—"

My hand moved fast, backhand cracking across her cheek. Her head snapped to the side, a red mark blooming instantly on that perfect skin.

She turned back slowly, eyes watering, but something behind them had shifted—rage still there, but overlaid with a reluctant, forced obedience.

"Bark," I repeated, voice calm. "Dogs don't talk."

"Mother, don't—" Tom started.

I didn't even glance at him. Carrie swallowed hard, cheeks burning, then let out a low, humiliated "woof."

"Can't hear you," I said. "Turn the volume up, dog."

She bit her lip until it went white, then louder, voice shaking: "Woof!"

"Good girl." I reached out and patted her head like she was exactly what I'd called her. Then I held my palm out in front of her face. "Paw."

Carrie's eyes flicked to my hand. She hesitated, teeth sinking into her lower lip hard enough to draw blood.

I raised my hand again. "Come on."

She flinched, then lifted one trembling hand and placed it in my palm.

I backhanded her again—harder this time. Her head rocked, the red mark darkening, a small gasp escaping her.

"Other paw, girl."

Tears welled, but she obeyed instantly, placing her second hand on top of the first.

"Good girl," I murmured, giving her head another condescending pat.

I lowered my hand until it hovered just below her mouth.

"Tongue out. Let your saliva drop. Show me what a messy little bitch you are."

Tom made a strangled sound. "Mother—"

Carrie's lips parted, tongue sliding out slow, reluctant. Nothing came at first—just the tip trembling.

I raised my hand again.

She gulped, eyes squeezing shut, and let a thick strand of drool fall into my waiting palm, warm and slick.

"There it is," I said softly. "There's my dirty girl. Let it all go."

Another strand followed, then another, until my palm was wet and shining.

I brought my hand up and smeared it across her face—slow strokes over her cheeks, her forehead, her chin. Her expensive makeup ran instantly, black mascara streaking

down like tears, one fake eyelash peeling loose and fluttering to the floor. Lipstick smeared into a messy red ring around her mouth. She looked utterly ruined, humiliated, and somehow still beautiful.

I rubbed the last of it into her hair for good measure, then sat back and admired my work.

Carrie knelt there, panting, face a wrecked canvas, eyes down, body shaking with rage and something else she couldn't hide anymore.

Perfect.

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I unbuckled my pants with one hand, the other still fisted in Carrie's hair. My cock sprang free, hard and throbbing, the head already slick with pre-cum. Carrie gasped, her half-lidded eyes widening for a split second as she stared at it, her mouth parting like she couldn't help herself.

I glanced up and caught Tom standing there in the corner, his pants tented with a pathetic little bulge. His small dick was clearly hard, the loser getting off on watching his own mother kneel for me.

I shook my head, disgusted, and focused back on Carrie. "Look at your son over there, getting hard watching this. Pathetic family, huh?"

She didn't answer, just stared at my cock like she'd never seen one before. I reached into my pocket and pulled out the small bottle of Sensual Massage Oil from the shop. Popped the cap and poured a thick stream right over my shaft, the warm, slick liquid coating every inch, making it gleam under the living room lights.

"Suck it," I ordered, voice low and rough.

Carrie hesitated for half a second, then her hands wrapped around the base. The second her fingers made contact with the oil-slicked skin, she moaned quietly, a shudder running through her body. Her eyes glazed over even more, Pleasure 25 kicking in hard, amplified by the oil. She leaned in, nose pressing to my shaft, inhaling deep like it was the best scent she'd ever smelled. "Oh god... what is that..."

"Shut up and suck, bitch," I snarled, grabbing the back of her head and forcing her mouth onto me.

She opened wide, taking the head past her lips, tongue swirling instantly like she was starving for it. I thrust forward, not giving her time to adjust, shoving half my length down her throat. She gagged, eyes watering, but didn't pull back—couldn't, with the oil and

my skill overwhelming her senses. Her hands gripped my thighs, nails digging in as she started bobbing, sucking hard, cheeks hollowing.

"Fuck, look at you," I growled, holding her head steady and fucking her mouth in short, rough strokes. "Sucking my cock like the desperate whore you are. Your son's watching, Carrie. He's getting off on seeing his mommy choke on the dick that ruined his life."

Tom whimpered from the corner, hand twitching toward his pants like he wanted to jerk off but was too scared. "M-Mother... stop..."

I laughed, cold and mean, thrusting deeper, making Carrie gag again. Spit bubbled at the corners of her mouth, drooling down her chin onto her expensive dress. "Hear that? Your son's begging you to stop, but you're too cock-hungry to listen. What kind of mother are you, Carrie? Kneeling here, letting me use your throat like a fleshlight."

She moaned around my cock, the vibration shooting straight to my balls. Her eyes rolled back a little, the oil making every touch electric, Pleasure 25 turning her into a mess of need. She sucked harder, tongue pressing against the underside, trying to take more even as she gagged and coughed.

I backhanded her lightly across the cheek—not hard, just enough to make her gasp and clench her throat around me. "That's it, take it deeper. Show Tom how a real man gets treated. Look at him, Carrie. Look at your son while you swallow my cock."

She turned her head slightly, eyes watering, mouth full, and Tom made a strangled sound, his small dick visibly twitching in his pants.

"You're pathetic, Tom," I said, thrusting harder, making Carrie's throat bulge. "Watching your mom get face-fucked and getting hard from it. No wonder Kim left you—you couldn't satisfy a fucking fleshlight."

Carrie gagged louder, tears streaming, but her hips rocked like she was getting off on the humiliation. I grabbed her hair with both hands and started skull-fucking her for real—deep, rough strokes that hit the back of her throat every time, balls slapping her chin. Spit flew, soaking her dress, making her makeup run in black streaks.

"Choke on it, you rich bitch," I snarled. "This is what happens when you threaten me. You get used like the cumdump you are. Tom, watch closely—this is how you treat a whore like your mother."

Tom was openly rubbing himself now, face red, eyes glued to the scene. Carrie moaned again, the sound vibrating all the way down my shaft, her throat relaxing just enough to take me deeper.

I felt it building, balls tightening. "Gonna cum down your throat, Carrie. Swallow every drop like the obedient dog you are."

She hummed in response, sucking harder.

One last deep thrust and I exploded. Thick ropes shot straight down her throat, pulse after pulse, flooding her until she was choking on it. Cum bubbled from her nose, leaked from the corners of her mouth, but she swallowed frantically, eyes rolling back from the overload.

When the last spurt hit, I held her there, nose pressed to my pelvis, making her take it all.

Finally, I pulled out with a wet pop. She gasped, coughing, cum and spit dripping down her chin.

But I wasn't done.

I shoved her back with my foot, dick still in her mouth, pushing her toward the coffee table. She scrambled, back hitting the edge, head falling back onto the glass top, body arched awkwardly over it.

I stepped forward, put one foot on the table beside her head, and shoved my cock back into her mouth.

Then I started fucking her throat like I hated her.

Hard, rough thrusts, balls slapping her forehead, spit flying everywhere. I spit on her face, slapped her cheek lightly with my free hand, then harder when she moaned around me.

"That's it, take it, you worthless bitch," I snarled. "This is what you get for threatening Kim. For thinking you could control me. Choke on it. Gag like the pathetic whore you are."

Carrie gagged with every thrust, tears streaming, makeup a ruined mess, but her body arched up, hips rolling like she was getting off on the degradation. Pleasure 25 and the oil had her completely overwhelmed, body betraying her mind.

Tom was jerking off openly now, small dick in hand, watching his mother get throat-fucked like a ragdoll.

"Look at your son," I laughed, slamming deep. "Jerking his tiny cock while I use your throat. What a family."

Carrie moaned around me, the vibration sending sparks up my spine. I slapped her face again, spit on her forehead, and kept pounding, the coffee table creaking under the force.

I thrust harder into Carrie's throat, one foot planted on the coffee table for leverage, her head and back arched awkwardly over the edge, tits heaving with every brutal pump.

"Your girlfriend... and now your mommy," I sneered, looking straight at Tom in the corner. "It's all mine now, Tom. Every hole in your family belongs to me."

Tom whimpered, hand frozen on his pathetic little bulge, face red with shame and something worse.

Carrie gagged around my cock, spit bubbling from her lips, but her hips rolled like she couldn't help it. She was soaked—I could see the dark stain spreading on her expensive dress between her thighs.

I yanked the neckline of her dress down hard, fabric ripping slightly as her heavy tits spilled free. No bra, nipples pink and stiff. I pinched one viciously, twisting until she screamed around my shaft, the vibration shooting straight to my balls.

Her teeth grazed me in the spasm. I pinched harder, grinding the bud between my fingers.

"Watch those teeth, bitch," I growled. "Or I'll rip this nipple off."

The pain, the oil, Pleasure 25—it all hit her at once. Carrie's body seized violently, a muffled scream came down my cock as she came untouched, pussy clenching on nothing, thighs slamming together while her hips bucked wildly. Cum and spit mixed, dripping from her chin as she convulsed.

"Look at that," I laughed, thrusting deeper. "Coming just from getting your throat fucked and your tits tortured. What a desperate, filthy whore. Your son's watching you squirt like a cheap slut, Carrie."

I slapped one exposed tit hard, the crack loud, flesh jiggling and turning red. Then I spat on her face, a thick glob landing on her cheek and sliding down toward her ear.

She moaned, broken and needy, even as tears streamed.

I kept pumping my hips, relentless, balls slapping her face.

"Take it all, bitch," I snarled. "Take it all. I told you you'd regret it. Now fucking TAKE IT!"

I slammed deep one last time and came with a load groan. Thick ropes shot straight down her throat, pulse after pulse, flooding her until she choked. Cum burst from her

nose in white streams, bubbling as she tried to pull back, coughing desperately around my cock.

I held her there, hand fisted in her hair, forcing her to take every drop.

"That's it," I rasped, voice wrecked. "Such a good slut. Take it all in. Yeah. Good girl. Good girl."

Only when she was shaking and limp did I finally pull out. She gasped, coughing, cum and spit pouring from her mouth and nose, face a ruined mess.

I rested my slick cock on her forehead, heavy and throbbing. Carrie's eyes crossed trying to look at it, dazed and overwhelmed.

I rubbed my balls slowly across her cum-smeared face, spreading the mess, then glanced at Tom.

"Good view there, Tom?"

He didn't say a word, just stared, hand still on his crotch, face pale.

My cock throbbed once against Carrie's skin.

"Good. I wasn't done with this bitch anyway."

REPUTATION SYSTEM (LVL 11)

VILLAIN  HERO

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Hate-fuck: -35

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Current Reputation: Good

- More EXP gain when making your partner climax.

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Her breath was ragged, eyes a mix of rage and confusion.

I crouched, hooked two fingers into the crotch of her panties, and rubbed the soaked fabric slowly. She gasped, body jerking like I'd lit a fuse.

"You're fucking soaked," I growled, pressing harder, feeling the heat and wetness seep through. "This was supposed to be a punishment, you know? How dare you cum like a desperate whore? You're not supposed to enjoy getting used like trash."

She whimpered, hips twitching against my hand despite herself. "This... this shouldn't be happening. You... what are you doing to me?"

I smirked, yanking her panties down in one rough pull. The black lace clung to her skin for a second, sticky with her arousal, strings of wetness connecting to her swollen pussy before snapping free. The panties pooled at her ankles, her cunt exposed—lips puffy and glistening, clit peeking out hard and needy.

I plunged two fingers straight inside her, deep and rough, curling them against her front wall. She cried out, knees buckling, hands gripping my shoulders for balance as I pumped fast.

"Listen to that sloppy cunt," I rasped, thrusting harder, the wet squelch echoing in the room. "You're dripping like a bitch in heat. Begging for it. Look at your son jerking his tiny dick while I finger-fuck his mommy. What a family of losers."

Tom was still in the corner, hand moving furiously over his pathetic bulge, eyes glued to us.

Carrie moaned, head falling forward, pussy clenching around my fingers. "You bastard... stop..."

But her hips rocked back, chasing more. She was close already—breath hitching, thighs shaking, face twisted in humiliation.

"FUCK YES!" she screamed suddenly, voice breaking. "MAKE ME CUM! MAKE ME CUM!"

I slowed my fingers to a crawl, grinding deep but teasing. "Dogs can't talk."

Her eyes snapped open, wild and desperate. "WOOF! WOOF!"

"Good girl," I said, and plunged back in fast, fingers hooking hard.

She came with a guttural animal scream, body convulsing, pussy spasming wildly around my fingers, squirting a hot rush that soaked my hand and the carpet. Tom let out a pathetic whimper and squirted his little load onto his pants, hand shaking.

I pulled my fingers out, wiped them on her expensive dress, leaving sticky smears across the black fabric.

"Remove your dress," I ordered, standing.

She hesitated, trembling, then reached back and unzipped it with shaky hands. The dress pooled at her knees, leaving her in nothing but heels and ruined makeup, heavy tits sagging slightly, pussy still dripping.

I sat on the couch, grabbed my cigarette pack, and lit one. Took a long drag, exhaling slow.

"Let's get you out for a potty now, shall we?" I said. "I see a tree there. It's been standing there all day. Didn't move. You can go piss on it, dog."

I pointed at Tom.

Carrie's eyes went wide, horror flashing across her face. She shook her head, whispering, "No... I can't... not him..."

But the Gaslighting held, twisting her will. She fought it internally—lips pressing tight, fists clenching at her sides, body shaking with the effort to resist. Sweat beaded on her forehead despite the air-conditioned room.

"This... this is wrong... I won't..."

"Kneel and crawl," I said calmly. "Or the deal's off."

Her resistance cracked. Eyes glazing over with forced obedience, she dropped to all fours and crawled toward Tom, heavy tits swinging, ass in the air, humiliated tears streaking her face.

Tom backed up, eyes huge. "Mother—don't—what the fuck—"

Carrie reached him, knelt up, lifted one leg like a dog at a hydrant, and let go. A hot stream of piss hit his shoe, soaking through the leather, puddling on the floor. She moaned softly, face burning red, but kept going until she was empty.

Tom's little dick twitched in his pants, his face a mix of horror and arousal.

Carrie collapsed back to her knees, panting, broken.

It was hard to feel bad. This was the woman who'd threatened Kim with rape, stripped me naked in a blizzard, nearly froze me to death. No guilt. None.

I stood up and put out my cigarette on the coffee table, cock still hard and slick from Carrie's throat, and walked over to Tom. He was frozen in the corner, hand still on his crotch, face pale.

"Get on all fours," I ordered. "You're going to act as a fucking chair." I chuckled. "Literally. A fucking-chair."

Tom blinked, mouth opening like a fish. "What...? No, I—"

"Get. On. All. Fours," I repeated, voice low and cold.

He gulped, eyes darting to Carrie, but she was still kneeling, dazed. Slowly, reluctantly, he dropped to his hands and knees, shaking like a leaf.

I stepped over and sat on his back like he was just furniture. Tom grunted under my weight, arms trembling already.

Then I grabbed Carrie by the hair and pulled her up. She crawled a step or two before I helped her stand, guiding her in front of me. I parted my legs wide and gestured between them.

"Sit."

Carrie, face a mess of cum and spit, hesitated for a second, then turned her back to me. She reached down, aimed her dripping pussy at my cock, and sank down slowly, gasping as I filled her to the hilt. Her heavy tits bounced as she settled, hugging my neck from the front, legs spread wide over mine.

I thrust up once, hard, making her moan. "Look at your step-son under me, Carrie. He's your chair while I fuck his mommy. How's that feel, Tom? Hard yet?"

Tom grunted, arms shaking harder, his little dick twitching visibly in his pants.

Carrie started moving, bouncing slow at first, pussy clenching around me. "You... you're a monster..."

I slapped her ass sharp. "And you're loving every second, you filthy bitch. Moan for me while your son's back breaks."

She moaned louder, riding faster, tits swaying. Pleasure 25 and the oil had her gone—every thrust making her shudder like electricity.

I leaned in, whispering hot against her ear. "You wanted someone stronger, haven't you? You wanted a strong man in your life. Not Tom. Not that pathetic husband of yours."

Carrie moaned, nodding frantically, pussy fluttering. "Yes... god, yes..."

"Be mine," I growled, thrusting up harder. "And I'll have you taste pleasures you haven't felt yet. Not from your fucking husband. Not from anyone."

She came then, sudden and violent—body seizing, a raw scream ripping out as her pussy clamped down like a vice, gushing over my cock in hot pulses. Her tits heaved, nipples hard as diamonds, whole body shaking like she'd been electrocuted. "FUCK—EVAN—YES!"

Tom moaned a little under me, the vibration running up my spine.

Carrie kept riding through her aftershocks, pussy milking me. Tom's arms started to shake harder, buckling under our weight.

"Be mine," I repeated, slapping her tit hard, watching it jiggle.

"I... I want you, Evan," she gasped, voice breaking.

I went harder, hips snapping up, cock bottoming out with every thrust. She came again almost immediately—screaming, pussy spasming wildly, back arching so her tits thrust forward, tears streaming down her ruined face as the orgasm hit her like a truck. "OH GOD—YES—FUCK ME!"

Huh. I really missed using Sensual Oil.

"You will apologize to Kim," I growled, pounding through it. "Lick her feet. Go on your knees and beg."

"I will—" she sobbed, still cumming. "I will—anything—OH I'M GONNA..."

She came a third time in under a minute, body convulsing, pussy gushing so hard it soaked my balls and Tom's back beneath us.

"EVAN—FUCK—MAKE ME YOURS!"

"Now let me hear it one more time," I rasped, gripping her hips and slamming up. "Cum while I sit on your step-son, you slut. Moan for me like the bitch you are."

She screamed, riding me frantically. "YES—FUCK THIS PUSSY—SLAP MY ASS—HARDER, EVAN—FUCK ME LIKE A WHORE!"

I used every last bit of strength, thrusting up so hard Tom's arms buckled a little more with each one. She came a fourth time, pussy squeezing me like it wanted to break me, body shaking violently, tits bouncing wildly as tears and sweat flew.

I was done.

With a roar, I came, cock throbbing deep inside her, pulsing thick ropes that filled her to overflowing. She moaned with me, grinding down, milking every drop. I thrust up one more time, then again, then again, getting the last bits from my balls, cum leaking out around my shaft and dripping onto Tom beneath us.

"Take it, you filthy bitch," I growled. "Feel me breeding you while your son breaks under us. This is what you get for being a controlling whore."

We stayed like that a minute, her panting, body limp, my cock still twitching inside her.

I lifted her off, making her sit on my legs, my dick slapping against her stomach with a wet smack, leaving cum stains on her skin.

Carrie grabbed the head of my cock, stroking it weakly. "This is fucking magic... I love this... I love this..."

REPUTATION SYSTEM

VILLAIN  HERO

=====

Being a disgusting jerk: -200

=====

Current Reputation: Villain

- More EXP gain when cheating
- Using degrading words during sex

boosts EXP gain.

- Strength and Pleasure boost.
- Magic Ability (Hypnotize)

=====

Earning good points will result in

various punishments.

Chapter 295: Chapter 295

Tom finally collapsed beneath me with a grunt, sprawling flat on the floor while we were still sitting. Thankfully, we didn't fall off his back.

"Now," I said, standing, cock still hard and dripping. "Show me the dashcam footage. We're putting him behind bars."

"NO!" Tom cried from the floor. "Mother, no!"

"Yes," Carrie whispered, mind completely fucked. "I will..."

"Good girl," I said, leaning down to kiss her on the lips. "You earned your place."

"Evan, please. No." Tom said as he was still under me. "Please, please..."

"Don't cry now." I said. "You think you can walk free after all the things you said to me? Fuck Kim even if she didn't want to? But she would accept you because there would be no other choice? My kid, MY kid, saying father to you? Sharing her with people even if she didn't want it? Fucking rapist, murderer bastard. You are done for."

"Evan..." Tom muttered, crying. "No, no, no..."

I chuckled, satisfied. "Yes, yes, yes, Tom. Yes, fucking, yes."

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Carrie

EXP Gained: +50

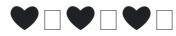
Villain Bonus: +50

Star Rating: 2.3 ★★

Reason: Performance Assist Detected

=====

Bliss Multiplier: 10c



Now, that was... something else. The post-nut clarity hit me, but I didn't have any regrets. They deserved every moment of it. And I was proud of myself. I managed to project Kim. Saved her from Tom. A murderer. Rapist. And Carrie... now that was a whole other thing. She agreed to be 'one of my call-girls,' but I didn't know if Gaslighting skill had done the talking for her. Either way, I wasn't going to pass on that. Carrie was a bitch. She might as well become my bitch.

As another UI appeared, I parked my car and pulled the handbrake.



Evan Marlowe (Lvl 14)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 75 kg

=====

EXP: [REDACTED] 4051/5900



Eh, I didn't get much EXP from the sex. Either way, EXP or not, I was happy. Though, the real treat was that main quest I completed for saving Kim. A whopping 8500 EXP. Like the UI told me, I was now leveled up, and had 4051 EXP carried from the previous level.



SHOP [Page 2]

=====

- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)

- Time Stop (90c)
- 500 Dollars (50c)
- 1 Ability Point (150c)
- 1 Mastery Point (160c)
- Desire Aura (100c)
- Reputation Point +30: (200c)

=====

Credits: 458c

"Rep point? Useless..."

God, I used to have so much credits and now? Now it looked miserable. But I didn't spend them because I wanted to. I had to. For Kim. I guess I was okay with this as well. I could always do quests and earn more.

And my stats? Now that was interesting. Because I now had Villain reputation, my Strength and Pleasure had boosted. It seemed like the formula was the level of that skill divided by two. Good. Real good. At least I didn't need to reset Strength now.

With this new level up, I earned three more ability points. Since I already had three banked... and hoarding them wouldn't make sense, I spent them. Five to Pleasure. Making it thirty. And... I had Villain reputation, that pushed it to... forty-five? That was... fucking perfect. Forty-five? Hell yes.

CURRENT STATS

=====

◆ Strength: 10 (+5)

◆ Charm: 12

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□□)

- Seductive Allure

◆ Libido: 10

◆ Pleasure: 30 (+15)

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (□□□□□)

◆ Luck: 1

=====

1 Unused Ability Points

I stepped out of the car, the door clicking shut behind me as I locked it with a beep. The sex shop loomed ahead, its neon sign flickering invitingly in the late afternoon light. I pushed open the door, the bell jingling softly.

There she was—Layla, behind the counter. I remembered her instantly from last time: long blonde hair cascading down her back, that pregnant glow making her look even sexier than before. She'd helped me pick out a dildo for one of my quests while the girls waited in the car. No judgment, just professional charm.

"Hello, sir!" Layla said brightly, her voice warm and welcoming. "Welc... huh, I think I know you."

"Yeah," I smiled, leaning casually against the counter. "I bought a dildo from you not too long ago."

"Wow, you look... changed. Or my memory isn't right," she said, tilting her head as she sat behind her desk, one hand resting on her belly. "How may I help you?"

"I'm looking for a strap-on," I said straight up.

Layla's eyes lit up with a playful glint. "Ooh, getting spicy in the bedroom, huh? You should definitely use lube, handsome. For your own good."

I grinned back. "Well, thankfully, it's not for me. I had a friend that... did something bad to another friend. And this friend is going to apologize to her by... getting both her holes fucked."

"My my, so spicy," Layla purred, fanning herself lightly with a hand. "Just hearing that made me wet, can't lie, honey."

I chuckled awkwardly, rubbing the back of my neck. "Uh, yeah. Glad to hear it hits the spot."

"How many inches?" she asked, getting down to business. "Seven?"

"What's the longest one?"

"We currently have nine."

"I'll take that."

Layla nodded with a wink and sauntered over to a shelf behind her. She went up on her toes—her curves looking even better in motion—and grabbed the strap-on from the top rack. She came back to the counter, setting it down gently.

"Now, let me explain how this works," she said, her voice smooth and instructional. She held up the harness, demonstrating the adjustable straps. "You buckle it around your hips like this—super comfy, won't slip. The main dildo is the nine-inch beast here, ribbed for extra pleasure. Just add lube, and you're golden."

"Hmm. Okay. Anything else?"

"There's also a hidden part in this, honey," she added with a sly smile, pulling a small section of the dildo upward to reveal it. "This part is smaller, only five inches. But your 'friend' can fuck your other 'friend's' ass while she goes to town on her pussy. Double the fun, double the apology."

"Now that's what I like to hear," I said, nodding appreciatively. "I didn't know I wanted that sort of thing before hearing it."

"It's my job, honey. It's my job," she replied with a laugh, packaging it up neatly.

I pulled out my card and swiped it at the reader. Paid in full.

Layla slipped the strap-on into a discreet black bag and handed it over. "There you go. Enjoy the show."

"Thanks," I said, grabbing the bag.

She smiled warmly. "Anytime, handsome."

I turned and left the shop, the bell jingling again as the door swung shut behind me. I walked back to my car, sliding into the driver's seat and tossing the bag onto the passenger side.

I smiled to myself, picturing Carrie's face when she realized what "apologizing" really meant. This was going to be perfect. Revenge wrapped in pleasure—my favorite kind. Time to head home and set the stage.

I looked back.

Carrie was there, sprawled across the back seat like a ruined whore. Her eyes were blindfolded with a rag I'd torn from her own dress, the fabric soaked through with sweat and tears. She was completely naked now, heavy tits sagging to the sides, red from slaps and bites, nipples swollen and bruised. Her legs were spread wide, knees hooked over the edge of the seat with ropes, arms bound behind her back with her own belt. Cum leaked from her pussy in thick, white rivulets, mixing with her own wetness, dripping down her thighs and pooling on the leather.

Even though Gaslighting skill had worn off, she was still a bitch in heat—body trembling, hips rolling in tiny, desperate circles, chasing the pleasure my Pleasure 30, plus the fifteen Villain bonus, was still pumping through her since my cum was inside her.

"Fuck me... fuck me... fuck me..." she whimpered, voice hoarse from screaming, hips bucking against nothing.

I smirked. "Now, now, Carrie. Calm down. You'll get your dick."

"God..." she moaned, head falling back. "I never came this much before... who are you? Fuck me... god, Evan... fuck me... please, please, please. I can't wait until we're home..."

"Jesus, woman. Shut the fuck up, you sow."

I turned on the engine, pushed the pedal, and the car purred to life. I glanced in the rearview mirror.

There she was—naked, wrecked, gorgeous in the most depraved way. Her huge, saggy tits were red from slaps, nipples bitten raw, face a mess of smeared makeup, cum, spit, and tears. Her cheeks had bright red handprints, mascara streaked down like war paint. She looked like she'd been through hell and loved every second.

"Such a good little slut," I muttered, eyes on the road. "I told you you'd regret it, didn't I?"

Just before I put my foot on the pedal, Layla stepped out of the shop on my left, holding a small bottle of lube in one hand, the other resting on her pregnant belly.

I froze, hand on the gearshift, and glanced in the side mirror. She was waving me down, looking concerned.

I sighed, killed the engine, and hopped out.

Layla hurried over, eyes wide. "Oh, god, sir. I... I forgot to give you this. Comes extra with the strap—"

Her gaze drifted past me to the back seat window. She froze. "Holy shit!"

"Wait—"

"Is that..." She squinted, leaned her forehead against the tinted glass, and cupped her hands around her eyes to see better. "Carrie Beldenwary? You kidnapped her! Help!"

"Stop, stop, stop!" I raised my voice, shaking my head. "She and I are in this kind of relationship. And this is the friend I was talking about. The friend who needs to apologize."

"You lying rapist!"

I exhaled, holding up both hands. "Okay, okay. I get it. I know how this looks. Just... trust me for one minute. Please. I'm not going to hurt anyone. I just need you to see what's really happening here. She's not in danger. She's... consenting. I swear on my life."

Layla's jaw tightened, eyes narrowed to slits, arms crossed protectively over her belly. She looked from me to the tinted window, then back at me, clearly weighing whether to scream for help or call the cops right there.

I kept my voice low, steady. "One minute. That's all I'm asking. If you see anything you don't like, you can walk out and do whatever you need to do. I won't stop you. But I promise you—she's safe. And she's not being forced. Just watch. Please."

She stared at me for a long beat, lips pressed into a thin line, eyes flicking between my face and the back seat again. Finally, she gave a single, sharp nod—reluctant, suspicious, but she didn't scream. That was as close to agreement as I'd get.

I opened the back door and slid in next to Carrie. She was still blindfolded, wrists bound, naked, pussy dripping, body trembling with need. I gestured for Layla to join us.

She hesitated, then reluctantly climbed in and shut the door behind her, sitting as far away as possible, arms crossed over her belly.

"Okay, Carrie," I said, voice calm. "You win. I guess I'll fuck that pathetic pussy of yours."

"YESHH!" Carrie moaned, a creepy, desperate smile spreading across her cum-smeared face. "Fuck my little cunt! Cum inside me!"

Chapter 296: Chapter 296

Layla's eyes went wide, mouth dropping open. She stared like she couldn't believe what she was seeing—this beloved media figure, the perfect, untouchable Carrie Beldenwary, reduced to a begging, blindfolded mess.

I grabbed Carrie by the waist, untied her legs with quick pulls, and pulled her onto my lap. She straddled me eagerly, blindfold still on, and sank down onto my cock in one greedy drop. The squelching sound was loud—her pussy still full of my earlier load, cum leaking out around my shaft and dripping down my balls in thick, creamy rivulets as she started riding.

I looked at Layla, smirked, and started thrusting up hard, meeting her bounces with rough slaps of my hips.

"Fuck, look at this slut," I growled, slapping Carrie's ass hard enough to leave a red handprint. "Begging for cock like a cheap whore. You love being used, don't you, Carrie? Inside your own fucking car."

Carrie moaned louder, bouncing faster, tits swaying wildly. "Yes, fuck me, use me, cum in me!"

I spat on her face, slapped her tit, then pinched her nipple hard. She screamed, pussy clenching around me.

"Such a sow," I rasped, thrusting deeper. "Fat tits bouncing, pussy dripping like a faucet. You're nothing but a hole for me to fill now."

Layla's breath hitched. I glanced over—her hand was rubbing her pussy outside her pants, eyes glued to the scene, cheeks flushed.

Carrie kept riding, desperate, moaning like an animal, completely lost in the pleasure.

I went harder, slapping her ass again, spitting on her tits, degrading her with every thrust.

And Layla watched, hand moving faster, completely transfixed.

I got hornier the second I saw Layla's hand rubbing her pussy outside her pants, fingers pressing against the fabric, eyes glued to Carrie's wrecked body. The sight of the

pregnant woman touching herself while watching this filthy scene made my cock throb harder inside Carrie.

I roughly grabbed Carrie by the hips and yanked her up, standing her for a second before shoving her back onto the seat. While I now stood in front of her, I pushed her legs up and back, folding her in half until her knees were beside her head, her body bent double, pussy exposed and dripping. I slammed back inside her in one brutal thrust, the squelching sound loud in the confined space.

Carrie screamed, pussy clenching around me instantly. "FUCK—YES—DEEPER!"

I kept pounding, hips snapping, the car rocking slightly with every thrust. Without a word, I reached over and placed one hand on Layla's pregnant belly, palm flat against the swell. We shared a quiet look—her eyes wide, cheeks flushed, fingers still moving over her pants.

I slid my hand up under her T-shirt, rubbing slow circles over her belly, then higher. I pushed her bra down, freeing her heavy tits, nipples already stiff and leaking. I moaned low, leaned in, and licked one slowly, tasting the warm, sweet milk that beaded on the tip.

Layla held back a moan, biting her lip hard.

Carrie came then, sudden and violent—her whole body locking up, a raw, guttural scream tearing from her throat as her pussy spasmed wildly around my cock, gushing hot and hard. "FUCK—EVAN—YES—OH GOD!"

I sucked the milk from one nipple, then the other, sucking gently, the bitter-sweet taste flooding my mouth. It was incredible—thick, warm, slightly metallic, but fucking addictive. I groaned against her tit, drinking more, while I kept thrusting into Carrie.

Carrie came again almost immediately, another screaming orgasm ripping through her, pussy squeezing like a fist, body convulsing so hard her legs shook against my shoulders. "I'VE NEVER—FUCK—NEVER CUM LIKE THIS—EVAN!"

I kept fucking her, balls slapping her ass, sweat dripping from my forehead onto her stomach. She was cumming nonstop now—every few thrusts another wave hit her, body arching, screams turning into broken sobs of pleasure.

"MORE—FUCK ME MORE—I CAN'T STOP CUMMING!"

I went faster, harder, sweat pouring down my back. Carrie's third orgasm hit like a storm—her whole body seizing, pussy gushing so hard it soaked my thighs and the seat, a wild, animal scream echoing in the car as tears streamed down her face.

"EVAN—GOD—YES—FILL ME—PLEASE!"

I was right there.

I slammed deep one last time and roared, cock throbbing as I came, thick ropes flooding her pussy, pulse after pulse, until it overflowed and leaked out around me. I thrust up again, again, grinding, emptying everything I had while she sobbed and trembled beneath me.

I finally pulled out, cock slick and dripping, and looked at Layla in silence.

Her eyes were locked on my throbbing shaft, covered in wetness and cum, hand still rubbing herself furiously.

She leaned in slowly, lips parting, ready to suck.

Then she shook her head, eyes wide, and scrambled out of the car, shutting the door behind her with a slam.

Carrie, still blindfolded and panting, whimpered, "Evan? Are you gone?"

"No, slut," I said, voice rough. "Still here. Just opened the door for some air. Now shut up and sit like a good girl. Alright?"

(

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Carrie

EXP Gained: +350

Villain Bonus: +150

Star Rating: 4.8 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

Bliss Multiplier: 50c

)

"O-okay..." she gasped, voice trembling. "Oh... what... what am I even doing?"

The haze cleared fast. Carrie's eyes snapped wide, shame and fury crashing in together. She shoved herself back, covering her tits with one arm, the other hand flying to her face like she could wipe away the mess.

"How dare you," she hissed, voice shaking with rage. "How fucking dare you use me like that? I'm Carrie Beldenwary. I don't... I don't do this. You sick bastard."

I leaned back against the seat, cock still out, still hard, watching her fall apart.

"I gave you the kind of pleasure your husband never did," I said calmly. "Made you squirt like a little bitch for me. You're a sow, Carrie. Don't deny it."

"Fuck you!" she spat, tears mixing with the cum on her cheeks. "Give me my clothes back. Now."

I glanced at the floor. "Left them at the summer house."

"You idiot!" she screamed, voice cracking. "Buy me some clothes or I'll kill you! I'll ruin you! I'll—"

"Calm down, fuck's sake," I said, rubbing my temple.

She glared, chest heaving, makeup ruined, body still trembling from the orgasms. "How... how did I lose to my lust like that? How did I let you—"

I exhaled. "Because you've been alone all this time, you fucking idiot. Your husband died. All you had was your money and your pathetic little son. You were lonely. Starved. I just gave you what you've been missing."

"That doesn't excuse it," she whispered, voice breaking again.

"Fine," I said. "You're free to go. I'm not keeping you here. I can't force you."

She stared at me, eyes red and raw. "Good. At least you're not a rapist. Should I clap for you?"

"I'll buy you some clothes and drop you off," I added. "Your men can take the car from in front of my penthouse."

She didn't move for a second, just breathed hard. Then she nodded once, sharp and angry.

"Fine."

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 14)

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 75 kg

EXP: [REDACTED] 4551/5900

♥ ☐ ♥ ☐ ♥ ☐

What a fucking day it had been. Rescuing Kim. Screwing Carrie like that. And still, it felt incomplete. I hadn't included her with the other girls. My Pleasure stat did most of the heavy lifting, sure, but it didn't feel like enough. I needed more. Maybe another reset later. I could always buy points from the Shop.

SHOP [Page 2]

- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)
- Time Stop (90c)
- 500 Dollars (50c)
- 1 Ability Point (150c)
- 1 Mastery Point (160c)
- Desire Aura (100c)
- Reputation Point 30: (200c)

Credits: 508c

Yeah. Not happening. I didn't have enough credits to play around like that. I'd rather grind some quests first. Buying four Time Stops and that massage oil really wrecked my economy.

On my phone screen, the dashcam footage played again.

Tom was doing ninety in a fifty zone. A woman stepped onto the crosswalk after the light turned green for her. He didn't slow down. Didn't even try. The impact was brutal. The van behind him screeched to a stop, its camera catching everything as a man jumped out and ran toward her. Tom's car never stopped. Just accelerated and disappeared.

The video looped.

"Cunt," I muttered. "Fucking murderer."

I got the footage while Carrie was still riding that post-bliss haze. Never thought I'd use the system like this, but here I was, literally fucked the evidence out of a killer's step-mother. If that was the cost of justice, fine. I could live with it.

I leaned back in the driver's seat and checked the time. Six thirty. I still hadn't gone back to the penthouse to check on Kim, but I didn't have the luxury. Esme's family meeting was tonight.

My muscles ached. My knuckles throbbed under the bandages. The car still smelled like sweat and sex. As much as I hated to admit it, Carrie's car was way nicer than mine.

"Damn it, Carrie," I muttered. "Fucking slut."

I looked up just as Cora stepped out of her apartment building, scanning the parking lot. She didn't recognize the car, so I tapped the horn. She startled, then spotted me and walked over.

For once, she wasn't hiding behind an oversized hoodie. She wore a tight t-shirt that hugged her small frame and brown pants. Simple. Clean. Different.

She opened the passenger door and slid in. "H-hey. Sorry, I didn't realize you came with another car."

"It's fine," I said. "Esme's not coming with us?"

"She's already at the college," Cora replied. "We can head there now."

I nodded. "Hmm."

Cora's eyes flicked down to my hand as the car rolled forward. She stiffened.

"Your hand," she said quietly. "What happened?"

I glanced at the bandage like I'd only just remembered it was there. "Oh. That? It got stuck between a door."

She frowned immediately and leaned a little closer, studying it. "That doesn't look like a door injury. It looks serious."

"It's fine," I said, keeping my tone casual.

Yeah, she didn't bite it. I could almost hear the gears turning in her head, imagining who did it and how she'd deal with them. The air in the car shifted, heavier, sharper. I cleared my throat quickly.

"Hey," I said, forcing a lighter tone. "Let's not ruin the mood, yeah?"

She didn't answer. Just turned her eyes back to the road, hands tightening slightly on her bag.

Right. Subject change. Now.

"S-so," I said, rubbing the back of my neck. "Family meeting, huh? We did something like that back when I was in college. Ours turned into a picnic, though. Half the professors got drunk."

She nodded faintly. "Mm. I don't really like going out with a lot of people. It's... tiring."

I smiled. "Hey. With me, it won't be tiring."

She sniffed lightly, then tilted her head. "It smells weird in here."

I cleared my throat again. "Probably something from outside."

"Mm... okay."

Chapter 297: Chapter 297

Sunlight poured through the windshield as we drove. The sky was clear now, no clouds, no snow. The wind had slowed to a gentle breeze. Everything felt lighter. Kim was safe. Carrie was handled. Tom was out of the picture. For the first time all day, my shoulders relaxed.

I didn't even realize I was smiling until Cora turned toward me.

"W-what?" she asked. "Why are you smiling like that? Is it my face? Do I have something on my face?"

I smiled again. "Nope. You're perfect, Cora."

Her ears turned red instantly. "Oh... heh-heh. Thanks."

We kept driving, the engine humming steady beneath us.

After a minute of comfortable silence, Cora spoke up, a little hesitant. "Do you listen to much music when you drive?"

"Depends on the day," I said. "Today feels like a music day."

She nodded. "Have you heard Glass Static by Moonline Echo?"

I glanced at her. "Can't say I have."

Her eyes lit up just a bit. "It's... soft. A little sad, but warm. Like rainy streets and coffee shops that stay open too late."

"That's oddly specific," I smiled. "I like it already."

"There's another one," she continued, more confident now. "Paper Skies by Hollow North. That one's calmer. I listen to it when my head won't shut up."

I chuckled. "Sounds like something I should've discovered years ago."

"I can send you a playlist," she said quickly, then added, "If you want. You don't have to listen to it or anything."

"I want," I said. "Surprise me."

She relaxed into her seat, fingers playing with the hem of her shirt. "What about you?"

"Old habit," I replied. "I stick to the same albums for years. There's one called Low Signal Hearts. Not popular. Just... grounding."

She smiled faintly. "That sounds nice."

Outside, the city looked different than it had this morning. The sky was clear blue now, sunlight washing over buildings and sidewalks. Patches of snow melted along the curbs, water glinting where it ran off into drains. Every now and then, a gust of wind swept down the street, rustling bare branches and making fallen leaves skitter across the asphalt.

"The weather finally decided to behave," Cora said, watching the clouds thin out. "Feels lighter."

"Yeah," I said. "Like the day's finally exhaling."

We drove a few more minutes before the campus came into view.

"Ravenport Collegiate," I read aloud as we approached the entrance.

The place was huge. Old brick buildings mixed with newer glass ones, banners hanging from lampposts, students walking in clusters with backpacks slung over their shoulders. Across the street were cafés, a small bookstore, and a sandwich place with a hand-painted sign. Everything looked busy but calm, the kind of organized chaos that only campuses ever had.

I slowed down, scanning for a parking spot. Nothing. I drove another stretch. Still nothing.

"Of course," I muttered. "Everyone decided to show up early."

I looped around once more, about to give up, when a sedan ahead of us blinked its signal and pulled out.

"Oh," Cora said softly.

"Don't jinx it," I murmured, already easing the car in.

I lined it up, reversed smoothly, adjusted once, then slid perfectly into the space.

The moment I put the car in park, Cora clapped her hands twice, quick and excited. "Wow. Parallel parking."

I smirked. "Please. I didn't even break a sweat."

She laughed, a real one this time, light and unguarded.

We got out of the car together, the breeze cool but gentle, sunlight warm on our faces. I locked the doors and glanced at the campus ahead.

"Ready?" I asked.

She nodded. "Yeah. Let's go."

I slowed to a stop and looked up at the building.

Yeah. That was it. Or what used to be it.

My old college.

The facade was newer now, clean stone and reinforced glass replacing what had once been blackened concrete and twisted frames. The fire had taken half of it years ago, eaten through lecture halls and offices, but no one had died. I remembered the sirens, the smoke rolling into the sky, the way everyone stood outside in shock. They rebuilt it within a year, smarter this time, safer, and slapped a new name on it like that would erase the past.

But some things don't erase.

I started walking toward the gates with Cora beside me.

There was a security booth near the entrance, not aggressive, just present. Two guards in navy jackets stood by waist-high turnstiles, checking IDs while students streamed in and out. A few parents hovered nearby, awkward, holding folders and coffee cups.

The guard looked at us. "Family meeting?"

"Yes," she said.

He turned to me. "You?"

"Guest," I replied. "With her."

The guard looked me over for a second, then gestured to a clipboard. "Name and signature."

I scribbled it down, so as Cora, and he waved us through.

Inside, the campus opened up.

Paths branched off in every direction, brick walkways lined with trees just starting to bud. Students sat on the grass despite the lingering chill, laptops open, music playing softly from someone's speaker. I recognized the library immediately, same wide steps, same tall windows. The humanities wing, though, looked different. That had been part of the burned section. New walls, new design, no memory of what used to be there unless you knew where to look.

The courtyard, though, was the same.

Same fountain in the center. Same benches. Same uneven stones underfoot.

And on one of those benches, slouched like she had no bones at all, was Esme.

Her head was tipped back, mouth open, arms crossed loosely over her stomach. Fully asleep. In public. No shame.

Cora stopped short. "You have got to be kidding me."

We walked over. Cora grabbed Esme's shoulder and shook her.

"Esme."

Nothing.

She shook her harder. "Esme, wake up."

Esme groaned, eyes cracking open. "Mmm... five more minutes..."

"We're here for the family meeting," Cora said flatly.

"That was yesterday," Esme muttered, eyes closing again. "Please let me go."

I blinked. "Wait. We're late?"

"No," Cora said immediately. "I know her. She's lying. Get up, Esme."

Esme sighed like the weight of the world had just been dropped on her chest, then forced herself upright. "Fiiine. The meeting hasn't even started yet. How about you two just—oh." She squinted at me. "Oh. Hi, Evan."

"Oh. Hi, Esme," I said, smiling despite myself.

"Come on," Cora said. "Let's go inside."

Esme stood and stretched, arms over her head, yawning hard. Her oversized t-shirt rode up dangerously far.

Before I could even think about it, I reached out and tugged the hem down.

A couple of guys nearby stared.

"Jesus fucking Christ, Esme," I muttered. "Be careful."

Cora rubbed her temples. "This girl. We are buying you new clothes today."

"Let's buy them online," Esme said immediately.

"If you stop being such a lazy slop," Cora replied, already walking, "we'll buy online."

"Yay," Esme said, shuffling after us.

I glanced once more around the courtyard as we headed inside. Some things had changed. Some hadn't. And standing there, with the noise of students and the warmth of the sun creeping back into the air, it felt strangely calm.

Like the day was finally letting me breathe.



We were in the gym salon now, seated high up on the bleachers.

I leaned back and looked around, quietly impressed. Damn. The place was huge. Way bigger than I remembered. Back when I studied here, this was just a multipurpose hall with scuffed floors and retractable hoops. No proper volleyball arena, no tiered seating like this. Guess the fire did some good after all. They rebuilt it smarter, cleaner, and a hell of a lot more ambitious.

The court below was polished to a shine, light wood with bold lines marking the boundaries. Nets were already up, stretched tight. Massive banners hung from the walls, blue and white, the college's new name printed in sharp lettering. Spotlights ran along the ceiling beams, casting even light across the arena. Everything smelled faintly of varnish and fresh paint, mixed with popcorn and cheap coffee from somewhere behind us.

Cora sat on my left, posture straight, hands folded in her lap. Esme was on my right.

The seats were packed. Parents, siblings, grandparents, all squeezed shoulder to shoulder, chatting loudly, laughing, waving at players warming up below. The hum of voices filled the space, bouncing off the high ceiling.

Esme's head slowly tipped sideways and landed against my shoulder.

I glanced down at her. Out cold.

"Sheesh," I muttered under my breath, keeping my voice low. "Is she always this sleepy?"

Cora sighed, rubbing her forehead. "Unfortunately, yeah. I thought something was wrong with her at first. Took her to the hospital and everything."

I raised an eyebrow. "And?"

"Doctors ran tests. Bloodwork. Scans." She shook her head. "Couldn't find a single thing. Straight-up told me she was just lazy."

I snorted. "And then they slapped you with a massive bill, right?"

"Yes," Cora said flatly. "Thirty-two thousand dollars."

"Damn."

"America," she added dryly.

Chapter 298: Chapter 298

Down on the court, a whistle blew. The volleyball teams started walking out, jerseys crisp, numbers bright. The crowd erupted into applause. People stood, clapping, cheering, whistling.

Cora clapped along, a small smile on her face. I joined in, tapping my palms together as the energy in the room picked up.

Esme didn't move. Not even a flinch. This girl... I swear to god.

Her shoulder pressed more firmly into my arm as she shifted in her sleep. I adjusted slightly, careful not to wake her. Her chest brushed my elbow, and I focused my eyes forward, pretending very hard that nothing was happening.

The announcer's voice echoed through the speakers, introducing the teams. More cheers. More clapping.

I leaned back, letting the noise wash over me.

For once, there was no urgency. No danger. Just a warm gym, a crowd full of noise, and a volleyball match about to start.

The whistle cut through the noise, sharp and clean, and the match finally started.

The ball flew up into the air, white and blue spinning fast, and the first serve cracked across the court. One team scrambled, arms out, sneakers squealing against the polished floor as they barely managed a save. The crowd reacted instantly—gasps, then cheers when the ball stayed in play.

I leaned forward a bit despite myself. The pace was fast. Back-and-forth volleys, clean sets, hard spikes that echoed through the gym when they slammed into the court. Every point felt like a little explosion of sound—clapping, shouting, parents yelling names like it actually mattered to the universe.

"Esme," Cora said, nudging her sister's arm. "Get up. The match started."

Esme lifted one hand lazily and waved it in the air without opening her eyes. "Mmm... later."

She immediately went still again.

I snorted. "Wow. She's really lazy, huh?"

Cora smiled faintly. "Not always. Believe it or not, Esme and I were in gymnastics."

I blinked, looking down at Esme's sleeping form, then back at Cora. "What? I mean—you, I can understand. But Esme too?"

Cora let out a small, awkward chuckle. "We're... really flexible."

I smirked. "Yeah. I know you are."

Her ears turned red almost instantly. She looked away, pretending to focus very hard on the court.

At the same time, a sharp sting flared through my left hand. The bandaged one. I sucked in a quiet breath through my teeth. "Damn..."

Cora noticed. Of course she did. She glanced at my hand for half a second, concern flashing across her face—but then she looked back to the game, jaw tightening like she'd decided not to push it. Smart. And terrifying.

The match kept going.

Time blurred in that comfortable way. We clapped when points were scored, groaned when a serve hit the net, cheered when a spike landed clean. The scoreboard ticked upward. Match point came fast, tension thick in the air, until one final rally ended with a brutal spike that the other team couldn't recover.

The gym erupted.

Whistles. Applause. Parents on their feet.

Esme finally stirred, blinking awake as the noise peaked. She yawned wide, stretching like she hadn't just slept through the entire thing. "Did I miss it?"

"Yes," Cora said flatly.

"Nice."

Cora exhaled and shifted in her seat. "Okay... now the family meeting will start." She hesitated, fingers fidgeting. "Uuh... I don't like talking with other people."

"It'll be fun," I said, standing as people around us began to move. "Come on. Let's follow the crowd and see where they're herding everyone."

Cora nodded, taking a breath, and we joined the slow flow of families filing out of the gym.



When I arrived at the penthouse, it was already ten o'clock.

The sun had dipped beneath the skyline, leaving the city washed in cold shadows. Dark clouds churned overhead, the air sharp with the promise of rain or snow. The weather was getting worse—but I didn't care. I'd rescued Kim. I'd pulled her out of that mess. No storm in the world was going to drag my mood down tonight.

The moment I stopped in front of the door, it opened.

Kim stood there.

Her eyes were red, lashes clumped just slightly, faint tear tracks dried on her cheeks. She'd been crying. Hard. And somehow, even like that—especially like that—she looked painfully cute.

"Evan," she said, and then she was already moving.

"Hey—"

She lunged forward and wrapped her arms around my neck, burying her face against me. "God. I'm so sorry."

I hugged her back, holding her tight as I exhaled. "Yeah," I muttered. "You should be. Taking off like that? Not cool, trouble."

"I—I thought I'd—"

"Protect us?" I cut in.

I stepped back just enough to hold her face between my hands, bending down so we were eye to eye.

"You thought surrendering yourself would protect us?"

She nodded, eyes glossy. "Yes..."

I bumped my forehead against hers—not hard, just enough to sting.

"Ow!" She hissed, stumbling back and rubbing it.

I smiled, stepped inside, and closed the door behind me. The girls were already in the living room, watching us with wide grins like this was front-row entertainment.

"You're dumb," I said, shrugging off my jacket.

"Aw... it hurt," Kim muttered.

"It hurt, huh?" I shot back. "Now you know how I felt reading that letter. Finding out you were pregnant with my kid. And then realise you took off."

She winced. "Okay. Okay. I deserved that headbutt."

"You call that a headbutt?" Tessa scoffed from the couch. "Pussy."

"Hey! It hurt," Kim protested.

"Since when?" I said, then paused, my tone shifting. "When... when did you find out you were pregnant?"

She inhaled slowly. "A few weeks ago. Remember when I told you I was on my period that night?"

"Yeah?"

"That was a lie," she admitted quietly. "I had a suspicion. Took a test. It came back positive. I just... couldn't get in the mood that day."

"But she didn't want to miss the action either," Jasmine chimed in with a grin.

I looked back at Kim. "You should've told me."

"You already had Delilah," she said softly. "I didn't know how to say it. I kept waiting for the right moment."

EVENT

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Kim's Interest +75

We moved into the living room and took the last open spots on the couches. There weren't enough seats, so Tessa hooked an arm around Minne's waist and pulled her onto her lap. Minne flushed but didn't protest.

I sat beside Jasmine on the double couch. Across from us, Tessa, Nala, Kim—and Minne perched on Tessa's thighs—filled the middle one.

"Where were you?" Nala asked. "I thought you'd be back sooner."

"Had to deal with Tom and Carrie," I said. "Then Cora called. You remember her? Needed help with her sister's family meeting. Long story."

Kim hesitated. "How did you... handle Tom? And his mother?"

"He was involved in a car accident," I said. "Did you know?"

"What?" Kim blinked. "No. We dated less than a year... or, maybe less than that, actually. Can't remember."

"Happened three years ago," I continued. "He hit a pedestrian. Killed her. His mom covered it up—dashcam footage, hush money, the whole thing."

Kim's face drained. "He... killed someone?"

"Yeah. And I took the footage. He won't be walking free anymore."

"Hopefully," Nala said grimly. "I was there when Evan talked to the husband, Kim. The guy barely cared. Money was enough."

"And then there's Evan," Tessa smirked. "Picking a fight with one of the biggest names in the country just because Kim decided to disappear."

"I'm..." Minne spoke softly. "I'm glad Master isn't like that man. He is... kind."

I smiled faintly, then slapped my hands against my thighs and stood. "Alright. I'm starving. I don't know about you all, but I need food."

Minne hopped off Tessa's lap. "I'll set the table, Master!"

"And I—" Kim stood too, stepping closer. "I'm stealing Evan. For a bit. Alone."

Jasmine leaned forward and smacked her ass lightly. "Atta girl. Go drain him."

I smirked as Kim reached for me. I slid an arm around her waist and kissed her, slow and grounding. When we broke apart, she didn't hesitate—just turned and tugged me along by the hand.

Tonight?

Yeah.

Tonight was going to be a good night.

(_____)

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 20 / 40★

Tessa: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Delilah: Interest: 75 / 80★★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 16 / 20

Nala: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Penelope: Interest: 5 / 20

Minne: Interest: 28 / 40★

Ivy: Interest: 2 / 20

Eleanor: Interest: 10 / 20

Amelia: Interest: 5 / 20

=====

Progress:

☆☆☆☆☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★☆☆☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★☆☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

=====

Select a woman to track progress.

I walked toward the master bedroom, Kim's hand warm in mine, her fingers tight like she was afraid to let go. The penthouse was quiet, just the faint hum of the city outside. I pushed the door open, pulled her inside, and kicked it shut behind us.

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The room was dim, city lights filtering through the curtains, casting soft shadows on the bed. I turned to her, cupped her face, and kissed her slow at first—lips brushing, tongues teasing—then deep and hungry, teeth nipping, her soft moans vibrating into my mouth. She pressed her body against mine, tits crushing to my chest through her shirt, hands fisting my sweater like she wanted to rip it off.

"God, I missed this," I growled against her lips, one hand sliding down to squeeze her ass. "Missed you. Running away like that... you scared the shit out of me."

She pulled back just enough to look at me, eyes dark with lust and a flicker of guilt. "I had to protect you... all of you."

I kissed her harder, backing her toward the bed until her legs hit the edge. "And now I'm gonna make you forget you ever thought about leaving. Make you scream my name until you promise never to run again."

Her breath hitched, a soft whimper as I shoved her shirt up over her head. No bra—her tits spilled free, full and heavy, nipples stiff. Pregnancy had made them even more sensitive, a little rounder. I cupped one, thumb circling the nipple, and she arched into my touch like lightning shot through her.

"Evan—fuck—that feels..." She trailed off, moaning as I pinched lightly.

I leaned down to suck her nipple into my mouth. I flicked it with my tongue, sucked harder, and she cried out, hands flying to my hair.

I stripped the rest of her clothes off—jeans and panties peeled down her legs, revealing her smooth pussy, already glistening, lips swollen with need. She was beautiful, that tiny pregnant curve on her belly making me even harder.

I pushed her back onto the bed until she was lying flat on her back, legs spread wide. I stripped my own clothes fast, cock springing free, thick and throbbing, pre-cum beading at the tip. Kim's eyes locked on it, lips parting like she was starving.

I crawled over her, settling between her thighs, spreading them wider with my knees. "This pussy is mine, Kim. This body is mine. This baby is mine. You don't run from me. Ever."

I lined up and thrust in deep, bottoming out in one stroke while she lay beneath me in missionary. Kim screamed, back arching off the bed, pussy clenching like a vice around me. Pleasure 45 made every inch feel like fire for her—she was already shaking, eyes rolling back from the first thrust.

"EVAN—oh god—it's too much—"

I started slow, long strokes that dragged every inch out, then slammed back in. "Too much? This is what you get for leaving. Feel that cock owning you, Kim. Feel it deep in that pregnant pussy. Carrying my baby and still so fucking tight for me."

She moaned, hands clutching my shoulders, nails digging in deep enough to leave marks. I leaned down, sucked her other nipple hard, tasting the faint sweetness there—pregnancy had made her leak a little, and I lapped it up greedily, groaning against her skin.

"You ran to protect me?" I growled, pounding harder, hips snapping with every thrust. "Now I'm protecting you—from ever thinking you can leave again. This pussy is mine. This body is mine. This baby is mine."

Kim's breath hitched, eyes fluttering. "Evan—oh god—I'm close—gonna cum—"

"Yeah, cum for me, baby," I rasped, slapping one of her tits hard, watching it jiggle and turn red. "Cum all over this cock. Let me feel that pregnant pussy squeeze me like a good girl. You don't get to run anymore—cum for me now."

She arched, back bowing off the bed, a desperate cry ripping from her throat. "EVAN—FUCK—I'M CUMMING!"

Her whole body seized, pussy clamping down like a vice around my cock, spasming wildly. She gushed hot and wet, soaking my balls and the sheets beneath us, hips bucking up to meet every thrust. Tears of pleasure streamed down her cheeks as she screamed my name over and over, legs shaking violently, toes curling, nails raking down my back hard enough to draw blood.

I didn't stop. Kept pounding through it, slapping her other tit, watching it bounce, the red handprint blooming on her skin. "That's it, baby—milk me—cum harder—show me how sorry you are for running."

She sobbed, body convulsing in wave after wave, pussy fluttering so tight it nearly pushed me out. "EVAN—YES—FUCK—I'M STILL CUMMING!"

I groaned, thrusting deeper, grinding against her front wall, thumb finding her clit and rubbing tight circles. "Keep cumming, Kim. Don't stop. Let it all out. This is your punishment—cumming until you can't breathe."

Her scream turned into a broken wail, body locking up again, another hot rush flooding around me as the orgasm rolled on, endless, her pussy squeezing in rhythmic pulses that made my vision blur.

I rode it out, slowing just enough to let her feel every inch drag through her spasming walls, then sped up again, slapping her tits lightly, watching them jiggle.

She finally collapsed back, panting, eyes glassy, body still twitching with aftershocks.

I didn't stop, thrusting through it, drawing out every pulse until she was sobbing. "That's one, baby. Give me more. Punish yourself for running by cumming on this cock."

She nodded frantically, voice breaking. "Harder—punish me—fuck, Evan, I'm sorry—"

I flipped her over without pulling out, onto all fours, and started from behind. Doggy style now, deeper, rougher. I slapped her ass sharp, the crack echoing, her flesh jiggling under my palm.

"Take it like the naughty girl you are," I rasped. "Running away? Leaving me worried sick? You're gonna pay for that with every orgasm."

She pushed back, moaning. "Yes—punish my pussy—breed me again—fuck, it's so good—"

I slapped her ass again, the crack sharp, her flesh jiggling under my palm. "You think you can just take it like that?" I growled, thrusting harder, one hand fisting her hair to yank her head back, arching her spine deeper. The other hand reached under, pinching her nipple hard enough to make her gasp. Pleasure 45 turned every touch into fire for her—each slap, each pinch sending electric shocks straight to her core.

"Tell me why you're being punished, baby," I rasped, slowing just enough to grind deep, letting her feel every inch stretch her. "Tell me why you're cumming like a filthy little slut on this cock."

She whimpered, voice breaking. "Because... because I ran—fuck—Evan, I'm sorry—I left you—"

I slapped her ass harder, the red handprint blooming brighter. "And what do naughty girls get when they run?"

"They get... fucked—punished—oh god—"

I pinched her nipple again, twisting just enough to make her cry out. "That's right. They get fucked until they can't think about leaving. Until they remember who owns this pussy."

Her breath hitched, body trembling, pussy fluttering around me. "Evan—I'm close—gonna cum again—"

"Yeah?" I growled, thrusting faster, balls slapping her clit. "Beg for it. Beg to cum on my cock like the dirty pregnant slut you are."

"Please, Evan... make me cum—punish me—let me cum on your cock—please—"

I slapped her tit this time, watching it bounce, then pinched both nipples hard. "Cum for me, Kim. Cum hard. Show me how sorry you are. Let that pussy squeeze me like you mean it."

She shattered.

Her whole body locked up, a raw scream tearing from her throat—"EVAN—FUCK—I'M CUMMING!"—as her pussy clamped down like a vice, spasming wildly around my cock. She gushed hot and wet, soaking my balls and the sheets, hips bucking back to meet every thrust, legs shaking so hard I had to hold her up. Tears of pleasure streamed down her cheeks, voice breaking into sobs as wave after wave crashed through her, body convulsing like she'd been electrocuted.

I kept pounding through it, slow and deep, drawing out every pulse, every tremor. "That's two, baby. Look at you—cumming like a good little slut while pregnant with my kid. Dirty girl. You're gonna give me two more before I fill you up."

She sobbed my name, body still twitching, but her hips rocked back weakly, chasing more even as she panted. "Evan... please... more..."

I grinned, slapping her ass lightly again. "Oh, we're not done yet."

She sobbed my name, body convulsing, but I kept going, hips a blur, cock slamming home. "More. Give me three."

I pulled out, flipped her onto her back again, and lifted her legs over my shoulders. Thrust in deep, grinding against her front wall. She was a mess—sweat-slick, cum-leaking, eyes glassy.

"Fuck my pregnant pussy," she begged, voice breaking. "Punish me with your cum—breed me deeper—"

I went faster, hips snapping, balls slapping her ass. She came a third time, body seizing, a raw wail as her pussy milked me, gushing like a fountain.

I slowed just enough to tease, then sped up again, thumb finding her clit and rubbing tight circles. Kim's breath hitched, eyes rolling back.

"Evan—oh god—I'm close again—gonna cum—"

"Yeah, cum for me, baby," I growled, slapping her thigh lightly, then pinching her nipple hard. "One more. Give me one more. Let that pregnant pussy squeeze my cock like the good girl you are. Show me you learned your lesson. Cum hard—gush for me."

She arched, back bowing off the bed, a desperate cry ripping from her throat—"EVAN—FUCK—I'M CUMMING!"—as her pussy clamped down like a vice, spasming wildly around my cock. She gushed hot and wet, soaking my balls and the sheets beneath us, hips bucking up to meet me, tears of pleasure streaming down her cheeks. Her legs shook violently, toes curling, nails raking down my back as wave after wave crashed through her, body convulsing like she'd been electrocuted, pussy fluttering in endless pulses that nearly pushed me out.

I rode it out, thrusting slow and deep, drawing every last tremor from her until she was sobbing my name, voice broken, body twitching with aftershocks.

"Four," I groaned, voice strained. "You're such a good little slut for me, Kim. Cumming like this while pregnant with my kid? Dirty girl."

I was right there.

Chapter 300: Chapter 300

I slammed deep one last time, hips grinding against her, cock throbbing inside her tight, pregnant pussy. "Gonna fill you up, baby. Breed this pussy again. Take my cum—feel it flood you."

She moaned, legs locking around my waist. "Yes—cum inside me—breed me—give me your baby again—"

I came with a roar, cock pulsing hard, thick ropes shooting deep, flooding her until it leaked out around me. I thrust again, again, grinding, emptying every drop while she whimpered and trembled beneath me, pussy milking me dry.

I collapsed on top of her, both of us panting, sweat-slick and spent.

"Never run again," I whispered, kissing her forehead.

"Never," she promised, curling into me.

But I wasn't done.

"Here," I said, voice rough. "Come here."

I pulled out slowly, cum dripping from her swollen pussy. I grabbed her legs, flipped her around so her head dangled off the edge of the bed, throat exposed. I stood on the floor, cock level with her mouth.

"Open," I ordered.

She did, tongue out, eyes pleading. I thrust into her mouth, fucking her throat in short, rough strokes. She gagged, spit dripping down her face, but swallowed around me, moaning.

I slid two fingers into her cum-filled pussy, curling them against her front wall while I fucked her throat. The dual sensation had her whimpering around my cock, hips bucking.

The door got knocked on.

I moaned, thrusting deeper. "Come in."

Minne opened the door, peeked in, and froze. She saw me moaning, cock buried in Kim's mouth, Kim a complete ruin—spit and saliva running down her face, dripping to the floor.

"Master..." Minne whispered, eyes wide.

"Come here, Minne," I said, voice strained.

She came shyly, stepping closer. I reached out, put a hand on her waist, and pulled her in for a kiss.

Minne kissed back shyly. "Master."

I groaned, close.

I thrust deep into Kim's throat one last time and came with a roar, thick ropes shooting down her throat. Kim gagged, but swallowed every drop, moaning around me. Some cum spilled out, dripping to the floor, but she took it all.

I kept pumping, getting the last bits out, hips jerking.

"FUCK... oh... good girl."

I pulled out slowly, cock slick with spit and cum, still twitching. I looked down at Kim—her head dangling off the bed, face a mess of saliva and my load, eyes glassy with pleasure.

"Phew," I said, voice rough. "Now clean my cock, Minne."

Minne knelt and crawled forward shyly, small hands wrapping around my shaft. She leaned in and started licking—slow, tentative at first, tongue tracing the underside, tasting Kim's spit, saliva, and my cum. She swirled around the head, sucking gently, then took me deeper, lips stretching around me as she bobbed, cleaning every inch.

Her tongue worked the slit, lapping up the last drops, then slid down to my balls, sucking lightly, moaning softly around me. Pleasure 45 hit her hard—her body jerked suddenly, a muffled cry vibrating against my cock as she came out of nowhere, thighs clenching, pussy gushing without being touched. She shook, eyes rolling back, still sucking me through her orgasm.

Nah, that wasn't Pleasure 45. It was high, but it wasn't enough to make someone climax just from sucking my dick.

- Critical Success: Minne

Huh. I had one percent chance to make any woman climax, right. Luck skill.

I smirked, patting her head. "Good girl. Cumming just from sucking my cock?"

Minne pulled off with a wet pop, panting, face red. "I... I don't know what happened, Master. Sorry."

"Don't be, honey," I said, still stroking her hair. "So, why did you come here?"

"T-to let you know the dinner was ready."

I smiled, giving her head one last pat. "Good girl. Kim and I are coming now. You can go."

"Alright, Master."

- Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Kim

EXP Gained: +200

Villain Bonus: +10

Star Rating: 4.1 ★★★★★

Reason: -

Bliss Multiplier: 21c

Huh... that was low. I thought I'd get more EXP. But, nevermind. I couldn't focus on that right now.

Minne got up and left, closing the door softly behind her.

I looked down at Kim, still dangling off the bed, face a mess of spit and cum, eyes glassy.

"Ready for dinner?" I asked, smirking.

She nodded weakly, voice hoarse. "Yes, 'Master."

I helped her up, both of us laughing softly.

The night was far from over.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 14)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 75 kg

=====

EXP: [REDACTED] 4761/5900

♥□♥□♥□

Yesterday was... peaceful.

Kim was back. There were no fires at the company, no emergencies waiting to explode. Jasmine and Nala had even been kind enough to let Kim sleep with me for the night. She usually preferred sleeping alone—she moved a lot in her sleep, always worried she might hit someone by accident—but this time she stayed. Honestly, she could've given me a black eye in her sleep and I wouldn't have complained.

After that whole shitshow, I finally hit the 100/100 milestone with Kim. The reward wasn't bad either—two Mastery Points and 500 credits, plus another 21 from the Bliss Multiplier. A total of 21. Good. Really good. Still, the real reward was Kim being back at the penthouse. Everything else was just a big bonus, truly.

With my credits sitting at 1029, I went ahead and bought another Mastery Point.

SHOP [Page 2]

=====

- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)
- Time Stop (90c)
- 500 Dollars (50c)
- 1 Ability Point (150c)
- 1 Mastery Point (160c)

- Desire Aura (100c)
- Reputation Point 30: (200c)

=====

Credits: 869c

I rolled onto my side and looked at Kim, still sleeping soundly beside me. Then I opened the stats interface. If I wanted to earn more credits consistently, I needed to improve Bliss Multiplier—so I did. I dumped three points into it and watched the ability update.

CURRENT STATS

=====

- ◆ Strength: 10 (+5)
- ◆ Charm: 12
 - Manipulative Charm
 - ↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)
 - ↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)
 - ↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□□)
 - Seductive Allure
- ◆ Libido: 10
- ◆ Pleasure: 30 (+15)
 - ↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□)
 - ↳ Erogenous Insight (□)
 - ↳ Bliss Multiplier (□□□□□)
- ◆ Luck: 1

=====

1 Unused Ability Points

Forty percent now. If Bliss Multiplier had been level four yesterday, I would've pulled in 204 credits. Not bad. Better late than never. I still had one unused Ability Point, but I decided to hold onto it for now. This Villain reputation I'd picked up was doing wonders for me—fifteen extra points pushing my Pleasure up to forty-five.

Still... there was that little message nagging at the back of my mind. 'Earning good points will result in various punishments.' I didn't know what the system meant by that, and I had zero interest in finding out. Hopefully, I could stay on the Villain track.

"Kim," I whispered. "Kim."

"Mm. Lemme sleep..."

"You skipped a workday," I said quietly. "You should probably stay on our CEO's good side."

"Lemme sleep..." she muttered. "I'm... uhmm..."

She turned her back to me, still dead asleep. I chuckled and stared up at the ceiling. Fuck, this was peaceful. Waking up beside the woman—women—I loved. Dealing with Tom's sorry ass. Handling Carrie, turning her into a 'non-issue.'

Kim let out an annoyed huff, rolled back toward me, bumped into my side—and then climbed on top of me. She bit my cheek softly.

"Ow—" I winced and immediately flailed my hands dramatically. "Help. A zombie!"

"You're lucky this zombie didn't bite your nose off," Kim mumbled, releasing my cheek and resting her head against my chest. "I'm sleeeepy... ugh."

"Yeah," I said, patting her head. "You need rest. I'll talk to Nala. Skip work today."

"No, no," she said. "I... want to go."

"But you just—"

"I just want things to feel normal again," she shrugged quietly.

I sighed. "Alright then. Get your lazy butt off my perfect body, ma'am."

"Oh, that?" Kim smirked sleepily. "You put on some muscle, you know. Not full-on six-pack territory, but... you look better."

"Why, thank you," I said, grinning. "Flattery won't save you. Get up. It's seven twenty. We're gonna be late."

"Fine," she groaned, rolling off me and sitting on the edge of the bed. "Ugh... my body feels... oh..."

Kim had just started to stand when I caught her by the arm and pulled her back down onto the bed.

"Hey—!" she laughed, the protest dying halfway as she bounced against the mattress.

I leaned over her, bracing my elbow beside her head, close enough that she could feel my breath. For a second she just looked up at me, sleepy eyes warm, lips already curving into a smile.

Then I kissed her.

She chuckled into it, lazy and soft, and kissed me back without hesitation. No rush. No urgency. Just familiar, comfortable warmth. We pulled apart for a heartbeat, then leaned in again, slower this time.

When I finally lifted my head, she leaned forward and planted quick, playful kisses on my cheeks instead.

"Okay, okay," she said, laughing. "Now I'm really getting up."

She slipped out of my reach and stood, stretching a little. I groaned and sat on the edge of the bed, rubbing my face.

As she walked past, I gave her ass a light slap.

Kim yelped and laughed, then looked back at me over her shoulder and gave a tiny, exaggerated wiggle before heading toward the bathroom. "Pervert."

Once the door closed behind her, I reached for my phone on the nightstand.

One missed call.

Penelope.

I stared at the screen a second longer than necessary, then let my hand fall back onto the bed as I exhaled slowly.

"Shit," I muttered. "I hope Mendy didn't tell Penelope about... that night..."

I rolled off the bed and headed toward the bathroom.

Kim looked up as I pushed the door open, smiling softly. She was holding her panties with a smirk before I got here.

"Hey," She said, putting her panties in the dirty basket

"Hey."

I stepped in, closed the door behind me, and leaned against the sink, watching her.