

# **The Heart System #Chapter 301 - Read The Heart System Chapter 301**

## **Chapter 301: Chapter 301**

Exhaling, I smiled, turned on the sink, and washed my face, splashing cold water to wake up a little. When I dried my hands, I looked at her—fully naked now, body glowing in the soft bathroom light, that tiny pregnant curve on her belly making my chest tighten.

I walked over, pulled her into my arms, and kissed her slow and deep. She melted against me, hands sliding down my shorts, fingers wrapping around my cock and pulling it out. The tip hit her tummy, leaving a slick trail of pre-cum across her skin.

"Want to join me, handsome?" she murmured against my lips.

I groaned softly. "I wish. But I gotta go to work early today."

She pouted playfully, index finger tracing the head of my cock, spreading the pre-cum in slow circles. "In this state? You sure?"

I hissed at her touch, cock twitching. "Kim..."

She hopped up onto the counter, parted her legs wide, and looked at me with those dark, inviting eyes.

I stepped between her thighs, grabbed my cock, and slapped it against her pussy—once, twice, the wet sound echoing. Then I rubbed the head up and down her slit, spreading my pre-cum over her clit.

Kim hissed, hips rolling forward. "Even just touching your dick to my pussy makes me feel so strange, Evan..."

I smirked, leaning in to kiss her neck. "That means you love me."

She kissed me back, deep and slow. "Love doesn't explain the feelings I get, handsome."

I lined up and pushed in slowly, inch by inch, feeling her tight heat envelop me. She moaned into my mouth as I bottomed out, her legs linking behind my back, arms wrapping around my neck.

We kissed again, tongues sliding, while I started moving—slow, deep thrusts that made her gasp with every stroke. I leaned down, sucked one nipple into my mouth, tongue swirling around it, tasting her skin.

"God, Evan... you feel so good inside me," she whispered, hips rocking to meet me, her voice trembling with every deep thrust. "Love how you fill me up... love carrying your baby while you fuck me like this."

I groaned against her tit, sucking her nipple harder, tongue swirling over the stiff peak. "Love you, Kim. Love this pussy. Love how wet you get for me. Love that you're mine—every inch of you, every moan, every fucking drop."

She moaned louder, nails raking my back hard enough to leave marks. "I'm yours... always yours... fuck me deeper, baby... make me feel it—make me feel you everywhere—"

I kissed her then, deep and messy, swallowing her moans as I sped up, hips snapping, the wet slap of our bodies filling the bathroom. I moved lower, switching to her other nipple, sucking hard, teeth grazing just enough to make her cry out into my mouth. My hand slid between us, thumb finding her clit again, rubbing tight, fast circles that made her whole body jerk.

"Fuck—Evan—right there—" she gasped against my lips, eyes fluttering. "Don't stop—gonna cum again—gonna cum so hard for you—"

"Yeah?" I rasped, thrusting deeper, grinding against her front wall on every stroke. "Cum for me, baby. Let that pregnant pussy squeeze me. I want to feel you fall apart while I'm buried inside you. Show me how much you love this cock."

She arched hard, back bowing off the bed, tits thrusting up into my mouth. "Evan—I'm—oh god—I'm—"

Her orgasm hit like a storm.

Her whole body locked up, pussy clamping down so tight it stole my breath. She screamed into my mouth, the sound muffled but desperate, hips bucking wildly as she gushed around me, hot and wet, soaking my cock and balls. Her nails dug into my shoulders, thighs shaking violently, toes curling against my back as wave after wave crashed through her. She was in bliss—her eyes rolling back completely, body convulsing like she was being electrocuted by pure pleasure.

I kept thrusting through it, slow and deep, drawing it out until she was sobbing my name, voice breaking, pussy fluttering in endless pulses that nearly dragged me over with her.

"That's my girl," I growled, kissing her tear-streaked cheeks, her jaw, her neck. "So fucking beautiful when you cum for me. Look at you—shaking, dripping, mine."

She whimpered, still trembling, pussy squeezing me in aftershocks. "Evan... love you... love you so much..."

"I love you back, trouble." I smiled. "I fucking love you."

REPUTATION SYSTEM (LVL 11)

VILLAIN ██████████░░░░░░░░░░ HERO

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Passionate about your partner: +10

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Current Reputation: Villain

- More EXP gain when cheating
- Using degrading words during sex boosts EXP gain.
- Strength and Pleasure boost.
- Magic Ability (Hypnotize)

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Earning good points will result in various punishments.

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I kissed her again, slower this time, tasting her tears and her breath, then moved lower to her breasts. I licked one nipple gently, then sucked it into my mouth, tongue swirling.

"I want to be the one who feeds you my breast milk," she whispered, voice shaky with pleasure. "But I think Delilah will do that before me."

I groaned against her skin, sucking harder. "I don't mind drinking from both of you. I'll take it all."

She smiled, soft and teasing. "You perv."

I thrust deeper, hips rolling slow circles. "Damn right. Love these tits... love how full they are already... gonna drink every drop when you start leaking for real."

She moaned louder, nails raking my back again. "Evan—fuck—keep going—don't stop—"

I sped up, hips snapping, the wet slap echoing. I switched nipples, sucking hard, one hand sliding down to rub her clit again. "Cum for me one more time, Kim. Let me feel that pussy milk me dry. Love you—love fucking my pregnant girl—cum on this cock."

She arched, breath hitching. "Evan, I'm close... gonna cum..."

I kissed her hard, deep, swallowing her moans as I thrust faster, thumb rubbing her clit in tight circles. She came with a soft cry muffled against my mouth, body trembling, pussy fluttering around me in rhythmic pulses. I kept moving, drawing it out, kissing her through the aftershocks as she shook in my arms.

I wasn't far behind. The feel of her cumming again, the way she clenched and gushed, the sight of her wrecked and glowing beneath me—it was too much.

I sped up, hips snapping hard and fast, chasing my own release. "Gonna fill you up, baby," I rasped. "Gonna cum deep in this perfect pussy—mark you again—"

"Yes—cum inside me—fill me—love feeling you cum—"

"Oh, YES!" I yelled. "I'm gonna... FUCK..."

"Yes, cum inside me. Breed this slutty pussy, Evan. Fuck me. Cum inside me!"

"Ugh..."

I slammed deep one last time and let go.

I came with a roar, cock pulsing hard, thick ropes shooting into her, flooding her until I could feel it leaking out around me. Pulse after pulse, I emptied everything, hips jerking with every spurt, grinding deep to give her every drop.

We collapsed together, panting, my cock still twitching inside her as the aftershocks rolled through us both.

"Hey," I said.

"Mm?" She asked with a smile.

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

"Never," she promised, curling into me, arms tight around my neck.

I stayed inside her, holding her close, feeling her heartbeat slow against mine.

Then I stepped back slowly, cock slipping out with a wet sound.

Kim smirked, lifting her feet higher, her soft soles pressing against my still-hard cock. She wrapped both feet around the shaft, toes curling slightly, and started stroking slow and gentle—up and down, the slickness from her pussy and my cum making everything glide perfectly.

"Still throbbing for me," she purred, voice low and teasing. "Look at this cock... so hard even after filling me up. You love my feet, don't you, Evan?"

I groaned, hips twitching forward into her grip. "Fuck, yes... your feet feel so good wrapped around me. So soft... so perfect."

She tightened her arches, sliding her soles along my length, toes teasing the head on every upstroke. Pre-cum leaked from the tip, coating her feet, making them glisten. She spread her toes, letting them drag over the sensitive underside, then squeezed her heels together, trapping me in that warm, tight space.

"God, look at you leaking for me," she whispered, eyes locked on mine. "Such a dirty boy... getting hard again just from my feet. You love how I play with this cock, don't you? Love when I milk you with my toes."

I thrust into her grip, moaning. "Fuck, Kim... yeah... keep going. Stroke me just like that. Your feet are perfect... gonna make me cum all over them."

She sped up, soles gliding faster, toes curling and uncurling to tease the head. One foot slid down to cup my balls, rolling them gently while the other kept pumping my shaft. The sensation was insane—warm, soft pressure everywhere.

"You wanna cum on my feet, handsome?" she teased, voice dripping with lust. "Want to paint my toes with that hot load? Do it. Cum for me. Cover my feet like a good boy."

I groaned louder, hips bucking. "Fuck—yes—gonna cum—gonna cum all over your pretty feet—"

She squeezed tighter, stroking faster, toes wiggling against the head. "Do it, Evan. Cum for me. Let it all go."

Since I was already sensitive from the previous load... well, I lost it.

My cock throbbed hard in her grip, thick ropes shooting out, splattering across her soles, her toes, dripping between them in white streaks. I groaned long and low, hips

jerking as I emptied everything I had, cum coating her feet until they were glistening and messy.

Kim moaned softly, watching it all, toes spreading to catch every drop.

I collapsed back against the counter, panting, cock still twitching.

"Fuck..." I muttered. "Phew."

"Phew indeed," Kim chuckled. "Now get out of here. I need to have a shower or I'll reek of cum for the whole day."

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- Sexual Activity Completed

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Partner: Kim

EXP Gained: +0

Villain Bonus: +0

Star Rating: 0

Reason: Penalty for earning good points during the sexual activity.

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Bliss Multiplier: 0c

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### **Chapter 302: Chapter 302**

I stepped out of the bathroom and closed the door behind me with a soft click. No rewards? What the actual fuck?

Villain reputation had its perks, sure, but getting zero rewards just because I'd told Kim I loved her? That stung. It felt... bullshit. Did that mean the only way to level up was to treat women like disposable objects? Have sex with them like how I did with Carrie? No way.

Villain Reputation Notice

• Villain Reputation rewards actions tied to domination, emotional control, or superiority.

• Acts of care, affection, or emotional bonding do not grant Villain bonuses and lowers Sexual Activity rewards.

• Lowering reputation tier (Villain → Enemy) removes this penalty.

"Shiiit," I muttered, crossing the room to my wardrobe. "I need to rack up some good points fast and ditch this villain crap."

At least the penalty seemed tied only to the Villain rank. If I could grind my way up just one level—to Enemy—I'd be in the clear. The reputation ladder went from worst to best: Villain, Enemy, Bad, Neutral, Good, Big-Hearted, Hero.

I paused, staring at my clothes. What would happen if I ever hit Hero? Probably the reverse penalty—no EXP for being an asshole. Made sense, in a twisted way.

Then there was that skill: Hypnotize. It didn't take a genius to figure out its... intended uses. But no chance in hell was I touching it. That would be straight-up violation. Like rape.

"Jesus," I whispered. "That skill is disgusting."

"Mm. No."

The voice chirped from behind me, light and teasing. I jumped, heart slamming into my ribs, and whipped around.

There she was—Dierella—perched on the edge of my bed, legs swinging lazily like a bored child.

I exhaled sharply, shaking my head, and turned back to the wardrobe, yanking it open. "Hmm..."

"If you ever used that skill for... those kinds of things," she continued, her tone casual, "you'd be the second man whose dick ends up in my tummy."

She smacked her flat stomach loudly for emphasis, smirking.

"I'm not—"

"A person like that. I know." She cut me off smoothly. "I actually kind of like you, Henrik. Now I get why Karamine was so interested."

"I'm just an average guy," I said, rummaging for a clean shirt.

Suddenly, a head poked out from between the hanging clothes—her head. That same smirk widened as she stepped fully into the wardrobe like it was a doorway, emerging right in front of me.

I stumbled back in shock, fear prickling my skin, until my back hit the wall. Damn it. This woman appeared wherever the hell she wanted.

"You're being humble now," she said, tilting her head. "You're by far the greatest subject I've—"

"I met the other goddesses," I interrupted, pulse still racing. "Miko, Mana... there was someone else, too."

"Met them, huh?"

"Yeah. And I asked if they knew a woman with an umbrella." I met her eyes. "They panicked, Dierella. Totally lost it."

She sighed, almost fondly exasperated. "You gotta stop prying into godhood stuff, mortal. You're overly curious for no good reason."

"Look—"

I blinked.

She was gone.

I gritted my teeth, shook my head, and pushed off the wall, returning to the wardrobe. She was right—I had no business meddling in their affairs.

But my gut wouldn't let it go. Something was off about that umbrella woman. She had to be a goddess, or something like one. And if she was... why keep invading my dreams? A warning? A threat? I didn't know.

My head was a complete mess. I stared at the empty space for a second, then continued getting dressed.

Dark slacks, fitted shirt, jacket neat and serious. Board meeting ready.

Then I left the bedroom.

Minne was in the dining area setting the table carefully. She smiled when she saw me. "Good morning, Master. Breakfast will be ready shortly."

"Thanks, honey," I said. "But I need to head to work early."

"Oh," she said softly.

Nala stepped in from the balcony, phone in hand. "Yes, Marcus. We are on our way. Thank you."

"Morning, Nala."

She ended the call and looked at me. "Hey, Morning. Come on, Evan. They want you at the meeting."

"But breakfast," Minne said hesitantly.

"Sorry," Nala replied. "It is important."

I smiled at Minne. "Take the day off. Go visit your mother."

Her eyes widened. "Really?"

"Yeah."

"O-okay, Master. Thank you."



I leaned back in my chair and folded my hands over the folder in front of me, eyes down as if I were reviewing numbers. Victor Hale sat to my left, scrolling through his phone with one leg crossed over the other. Elena sat beside him, posture straight, tablet already open. Across the long rectangular table, Marcus Hale leaned back with his arms crossed, jaw tight as usual. Sarah Lin sat to his right, calm and composed, while Dr. Raj Patel quietly arranged his notes. Harold Weiss occupied the far side, fingers steeped, eyes sharp. Nala sat at the opposite end, calm but clearly in control of the room.

The only empty chair belonged to Lydia Chen.

Marcus checked his watch. "Where is she? This meeting was scheduled weeks ago."

"She called," Nala replied evenly. "Flat tire. She is on her way."

Marcus scoffed. "Unacceptable."

As if on cue, the door swung open.

Lydia Chen rushed in, dropped her bag by the chair, and planted both palms on the table while catching her breath. Her bun was loose, glasses slightly crooked.

"I'm here," she said. "I'm not late."

Marcus sighed. "Sit down. We do not need guests seeing us like this."

Lydia shot him a glare but took her seat.

Nala nodded once. "Alright. Let's be civil, now."

I finally looked up. "Hey," I said, "can someone explain why I am here? I know all of you, but I do not even know half your departments."

Marcus glanced at me. "The investor specifically requested your presence."

"I do not even know who the investor is."

"You will," Victor said quietly.

"I'm just saying that—"

Just as I was about to finish my sentence... she walked in. Anotta. Damn it. She was the investor for Project Phoenix, right? I thought we'd already handed the project off to her—so why was she here now? Then again, I could guess the answer. She probably had no clue what to do with it.

She was dressed sharp, dark blazer, confident posture, eyes scanning the room. The shift in atmosphere was immediate. Chairs straightened. Phones vanished. Even Marcus adjusted his posture.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning," the room echoed back.

Anotta took the empty seat beside me, placed her tablet neatly on the table, and folded her hands. Her gaze moved once around the room before settling on Nala. "Let's not waste time. I'm here regarding Project Phoenix."

Nala nodded and slid a thin tablet across the table toward her. "This contains our latest projections, stress-test simulations, and market forecasts. I'll summarize, but the data is there if you want specifics."

Anotta picked it up, scrolling as Nala spoke.

"As you already know, Project Phoenix is our next-generation adaptive AI defense system," Nala continued. "The primary market is residential security, but the architecture was intentionally built to scale beyond that."

Dr. Patel leaned forward slightly. "Unlike traditional home security systems, Phoenix does not operate on static rules. It uses predictive behavioral modeling. The system learns household routines over time, establishes behavioral baselines, and flags deviations with context awareness rather than raw triggers."

Elena tapped her tablet, projecting a rotating schematic onto the screen behind them. "Phoenix integrates with cameras, motion sensors, biometric access points, environmental monitors, and smart infrastructure. The difference is that it does not simply alert the user or authorities. The AI is capable of initiating predefined response protocols."

Anotta's eyes narrowed slightly. "Define response."

Victor answered. "Lockdowns at the residential level. Smart-door isolation. Vehicle immobilization when integrated with compatible systems. Automated emergency escalation. All civilian-grade responses are non-lethal and compliant with current regulations."

"And if regulations change," Sarah added calmly, "the system can be adapted upward. Fleet security, private infrastructure, corporate campuses, and eventually military applications if contracts and legal frameworks allow."

Anotta paused her scrolling. "That kind of scalability invites scrutiny. What about false positives?"

Dr. Patel nodded, clearly anticipating the question. "We anticipated that concern early. Phoenix continuously recalibrates confidence thresholds. It cross-references sensor data rather than acting on isolated inputs. False-positive rates in our simulations are below one percent after the learning phase."

Nala added, "And every action taken by the system is logged, auditable, and reversible within defined windows."

Anotta leaned back slightly. "Your proposal mentions profit sharing."

"Yes," Nala said. "You would fund Phase Two development and limited deployment. In return, you receive a percentage cut from all Phoenix-based products across residential and automotive markets."

"And governance," Anotta said. "I don't fund black boxes."

"Limited oversight," Harold replied. "Strategic input, quarterly reviews, and veto power on expansion vectors. No operational control over day-to-day development."

Anotta nodded once and scrolled again. "Your projections assume rapid adoption."

"They're conservative," Nala replied. "These models factor in gradual rollout, regional testing, and delayed regulatory approvals. Even in the worst-case scenario, Phoenix breaks even within thirty months."

Anotta's gaze shifted, briefly landing on me. "You've been quiet."

I straightened slightly. "Honestly, most of this is above my technical pay grade."

A few amused looks flickered around the table.

She set the tablet down. The room stayed quiet, waiting.

Anotta tapped the edge of her tablet once. "How far along are you, really?"

Nala did not hesitate. "Ten percent."

A few eyebrows lifted around the table.

"Ten?" Anotta repeated. "That's honesty. I respect it. What's your timeline?"

"One year for full deployment," Nala said. "Six months if everything aligns perfectly. Talent acquisition, regulatory clearance, hardware optimization. No major disruptions."

Anotta leaned back slightly, studying her. "Can you do it in less than six?"

The room went still.

Nala met her gaze without flinching. "We could rush it," she said evenly. "Cut validation cycles. Compress testing phases. Push updates post-launch."

"And?"

"And then it wouldn't be Phoenix," Nala continued. "It would be another rushed system waiting to fail under pressure. Perfection needs time. Especially when safety is the product."

For a moment, Anotta said nothing.

Then she smiled, slow and sharp. "Good answer."

Nala nodded with a smirk. "I know."

"This is solid," she said at last. "Clean vision. Controlled ambition. You're not chasing spectacle, you're building infrastructure." She turned to Nala. "You left a positive mark on me."

Nala inclined her head. "I appreciate that."

"I'll move forward with the investment," Anotta continued. "We'll finalize terms within the week. Legal will coordinate with yours. Phase Two funding will be released in tranches tied to milestones."

"What even half of these words..." I whispered to myself.

Anotta stood, gathering her tablet. "I expect results."

"You'll get them," Nala said.

Anotta gave a small nod and exited the room.

For a moment, no one spoke.

Then Nala exhaled quietly. "Meeting adjourned."

As chairs shifted and low conversations resumed, I leaned back in my seat.

### **Chapter 303: Chapter 303**

As everyone filed out of the room, the tension finally drained with them. Tablets disappeared, chairs slid back into place, and the door shut behind the last suit. I stayed

seated, staring at Nala like she'd just finished casting a spell in a language I definitely didn't speak.

"What in the fuck was that?" I asked. "What just happened. And please explain it like I'm five."

Nala paused, then leaned back against the edge of the table, crossing her arms. Her expression softened, amused.

"Alright," she said. "Five-year-old version." She pointed toward the door. "Anotta has a lot of money. We have a very expensive idea."

"Okay," I said. "I'm with you so far."

"Project Phoenix is basically a very smart guard dog," she continued. "It watches your house. It learns who belongs there. If something weird happens, it doesn't just bark. It locks the doors, calls for help, and keeps you safe before things get bad."

"So... rich people alarm system," I said.

"Smarter than that," Nala corrected. "It thinks ahead. That's the selling point."

"And Anotta?" I asked.

"She's paying us to finish building it and prove it works," Nala said. "In return, she gets a slice of the money Phoenix makes. Not control. Just profit."

I frowned. "And all that legal talk?"

"That was us making sure she can't hijack the project," she replied. "She gets oversight, not the steering wheel."

"Huh." I leaned back. "Okay... yeah. That was better. Why not just say it like that in the meeting?"

Nala laughed, pushing herself off the table. "Because if we talked like that in front of investors, they'd think we were idiots."

"Rude," I muttered, then smirked. "Fair."

She grabbed her tablet and slung it under her arm. "Come on. You earned a coffee after surviving your first board meeting."

I stood and stretched. "Yes, ma'am."

She rolled her eyes, already heading for the door.

I followed a few steps behind, pulled my phone out, and called Delilah.

She picked up on the second ring. "Hey. Jasmine just told me Kim's back. Thank god."

I smiled without meaning to. "Yeah. I feel like the luckiest man alive."

She chuckled softly. "So you called just to deliver the good news?"

"No," I said. "I mean, that too. But mostly I kinda missed you." I hesitated, then added, "Think we could meet up at your place? Well. Ivy's place. Since it's technically her home. Then we'll go to my penthouse."

She laughed, low and amused. "God, you're impossible." Another beat. "Fine. Come by after work."

"I love you," I said, easy and honest.

"I love you too, Evan." I could hear the smile in her voice. "Bye."

"Bye."



I knocked on the door.

A few seconds later, it opened, and Delilah stood there in a loose sweater, hair tied back, looking tired but glowing in that soft way she always did.

"Hey," I said, holding up the small paper bag. "Brought some dessert."

"Oh, you didn't have to," she said, smiling as she took it from me and stepped aside to let me in.

"Well," I said, walking past her, lowering my voice a little, "you are pregnant with my baby." I gave her ass a quick, playful slap. "Just trying to be a responsible future father."

She smirked and leaned in, kissing me deeply. "Such a good daddy."

The bathroom door opened down the hall.

We broke apart instantly.

Delilah cleared her throat and headed toward the kitchen with the bag while I did the same, pretending nothing happened, and dropped onto one of the couches in the living room.

Ivy came out a moment later, hands still a little damp, drying them on her shirt. She stopped when she saw me, then sat on the couch across from mine with a long exhale. Yeah. Something was definitely on her mind.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey," I replied.

She hesitated for half a second. "So... what was that back at the café?"

I leaned back. "What do you mean?"

"You telling me to stay away from Carrie," Ivy said. "She's like... I don't know, a national treasure or something."

"She really isn't," I said. "Come on."

"Well, okay, maybe not literally," she admitted, crossing her legs. "But still. Can you just tell me what happened?"

I exhaled quietly. "Her son. Tom. He's... not a good guy, Ivy. Trust me."

Her brows pulled together. "What did he do?"

"Hit and run," I said simply. "That's why I didn't want you anywhere near them." I paused, then added, "And he's kind of a creep."

"Oh my god," Ivy said immediately. "He kept staring at my chest. Like nonstop. I was about to say something, but Carrie was right there."

I nodded. "Exactly."

She tilted her head. "So how do you even know her?"

"She's an investor in our company," I lied. "That's where."

"Oh." Ivy blinked. "Huh. Still wild to me that you work at a company."

"Life happens," I said with a smirk.

Delilah returned with a tray and set it on the coffee table between us. I'd picked up a small assortment from a nearby bakery: chocolate lava cake slices, vanilla cheesecake squares, and fruit tarts with glossy berries on top. Nothing too heavy, nothing too weird. Safe choices.

"Evan brought dessert," Delilah said.

Ivy grabbed a plate immediately. "Mother, don't get me wrong, but I think you should maybe... eat a little less. You're gaining weight."

Delilah coughed. "Wow. You're really saying that in front of him?"

Ivy shrugged. "I'm just being honest."

I laughed and reached for a plate as well. "This is a very welcoming household."

They both started eating.

"Okay," Ivy said after a bite. "This is actually really good."

"Yeah," I said, taking a forkful myself. "Worth it."

Ivy looked up at me, squinting slightly. "Have you been working out?"

I raised a brow. "What, is it that obvious?"

"Kinda," she said. "Your arms look bigger."

"I've been working out at home," I said. "Nothing crazy."

She nodded approvingly. "You look good. Keep it up, champ." Then she glanced at Delilah with a grin. "If only my mother would do the same."

"Oh, I'd ground you if this was my house," Delilah shot back.

Ivy lifted both hands. "Okay, okay. Sorry."

I leaned back, dessert in hand, watching them bicker, feeling oddly calm. After everything with Carrie and Tom, this felt good. Warm. Normal. And knowing Delilah sat beside me, pregnant with my baby, grounded me in a way I hadn't expected. Kim was safe too. She was pregnant as well. At first, I hadn't known what to feel about any of it. Now, though, all I could think was how lucky I was.

Delilah swallowed the last bite on her fork and glanced at me. "Hey, Evan, could you drop me off at the mall later? The girls and I were planning to meet up."

"Of course," I said. "When?"

"In about twenty minutes."

"Then we should leave now. Traffic's been awful lately."

"Really?" she said, already pushing herself up. "Okay, yeah. Let me get ready."

She disappeared into her bedroom, door closing behind her.

That left Ivy and me alone in the living room, and my stomach tightened despite myself. Sooner or later, she was going to notice that her mother was pregnant. She was sharp, too sharp to miss it forever. And when she did, she would ask questions Delilah couldn't answer honestly. That was the part that gnawed at me. They couldn't stay together once Delilah started showing. Not without everything falling apart.

Ivy picked up her phone and started texting, legs tucked beneath her. She looked relaxed, oblivious to the spiral running through my head.

"She looks different," Ivy said suddenly, slipping her phone back into her pocket and looking at me. "My mom, I mean."

"Different how?"

"Happy," she said. "Like... glowing."

"That's not a bad thing," I said carefully.

"Yeah," she murmured, then leaned closer. "I think she might have a boyfriend."

"Oh."

I didn't trust my face, so I took another bite of dessert and focused on chewing. Ivy leaned back, exhaling.

"Maybe I'm just imagining things."

"What if she does?" I asked once I'd swallowed. "Have a boyfriend and..."

Ivy's expression hardened immediately. "Then I'd choke that bastard."

I gulped. "That's a strong reaction."

"I mean it," she said. "I wouldn't accept anyone else. Ever."

I nodded, noncommittal, my phone buzzing in my pocket. I pulled it out. A message from Delilah.

'Bathroom. Now.'

I cleared my throat and stood. "Uh, bathroom break."

"Mm," Ivy replied without looking up.

I walked down the hall and entered the bathroom, shutting the door behind me.

I pushed open the bathroom door quietly, slipping inside and closing it behind me with a soft click. Delilah was standing there by the sink, already half-undressed, her dress unzipped and hanging off one shoulder. She looked at me with that knowing smile, her full lips curving as she stepped closer.

"Finally," she whispered, pulling me in for a kiss. Our mouths met hard, tongues sliding together, her hands fisting my shirt as I backed her against the counter. The faint sound of the TV from the living room filtered through the door—Ivy out there, oblivious, munching on dessert.

I broke the kiss just enough to murmur against her lips, "Ivy's right outside. Eating her dessert like a good girl. And here we are... you're such a bad mommy, aren't you? Sneaking me in here to fuck while your daughter's in the next room."

Delilah shivered, her breath hot on my neck. "Shut up... she might hear. But fuck, Evan, that makes it hotter. Don't stop talking like that."

I chuckled low, nipping her earlobe. "Yeah? You like the risk? Ivy could walk in any second and see her mom pressed against the counter, begging for cock."

She moaned softly, hands sliding under my shirt, nails scraping my back. "Evan... keep going... but be quiet..."

### **Chapter 304: Chapter 304**

I unzipped her dress the rest of the way, letting it slide down her body to pool at her feet. She stepped out of it, now in just her crimson bra and panties, her early pregnancy giving her curves a soft, irresistible glow. I unhooked her bra, freeing her heavy tits, nipples stiff and begging. I leaned in, sucked one into my mouth, tongue swirling around the peak, teeth grazing lightly.

"Feel that?" I whispered, one hand cupping the other breast, thumb circling the nipple. "Your body's so responsive... love how you react to me."

Delilah gasped, arching into my touch. "Evan—yes—more—"

I slid my hand down her panties, fingers finding her clit, rubbing slow circles. She was already wet, the heat radiating from her. I pushed her panties aside, slid two fingers inside her, curling them while my thumb kept working her clit.

"Love how you feel around my fingers," I murmured, thrusting them slow and deep. "So tight... so ready for me."

She moaned, head falling back against the mirror. "Evan—fuck—that feels amazing—don't stop—"

I sped up my fingers, thrusting harder, leaning in to kiss her neck, sucking a mark there. "You're mine, Delilah. Every part of you. Love making you feel this good."

She whimpered, body trembling. "Evan—close—gonna cum—"

I thrust my fingers deeper, rubbing her clit faster. "Do it. Cum for me. Let me feel you."

She came with a muffled cry, burying her face in my shoulder, body locking up as her pussy spasmed around my fingers, gushing hot and wet over my hand. Her legs shook, hips bucking against my palm, moans low and desperate as wave after wave rolled through her, body convulsing like she couldn't control it.

I kept fingering her through it, slow and deep, drawing out every pulse until she was whimpering, oversensitive. "That's one," I murmured. "Good girl... cumming so beautifully for me."

She panted, eyes glassy. "Evan... more... need you inside me..."

I pulled my fingers out, licked them clean while she watched, then bent her over the sink, facing the mirror. I yanked her panties down, freeing her ass, and freed my cock from my pants. It sprang out, hard and ready, pre-cum beading at the tip.

I thrust in from behind, doggy style, bottoming out in one stroke. Delilah gasped sharply, hands bracing on the counter, eyes meeting mine in the reflection.

"Look at yourself," I growled, starting slow but deep, hands on her hips. "Bent over like this, taking me so well... you're so fucking beautiful."

She moaned, pushing back to meet me. "Evan—yes—deeper—love feeling you like this—"

I reached around, rubbed her clit again, thrusting faster. "Love how you take me... so wet, so ready. You're mine, Delilah. All mine."

She whimpered, body rocking with every thrust. "Yours—fuck—I'm yours—don't stop—"

I kissed her shoulder, then bit lightly, hand sliding up to cup her tit, pinching the nipple. "Love these tits... getting fuller every day... all for me."

She gasped, pussy clenching. "Evan—close—gonna cum—"

I thrust harder, rubbing her clit faster. "Do it. Cum on my cock. Let me feel you."

She came a second time, body arching against the sink, a choked moan as her pussy squeezed me tight, pulsing hot and wet. Her legs trembled, knees nearly buckling, moans muffled against her arm as wave after wave hit her, body shaking uncontrollably.

I grabbed a fistful of her hair, yanking her head back so she had to look at herself in the mirror. "Look at you," I growled, thrusting deep and holding there. "See how beautiful you look? Bent over, tits bouncing, pussy dripping for me. You're fucking gorgeous when you cum like this, Delilah. My perfect girl."

She moaned, eyes locking on her reflection—face flushed, lips parted, hair messy, body trembling. "Evan—fuck—yes—"

I sped up, hips snapping, the wet slap echoing softly. "Look how pretty you are... taking my cock like you were made for it. Love watching you fall apart in the mirror. So fucking beautiful."

She whimpered, hips rocking back desperately. "Evan—please—I'm gonna cum—"

I let go of her hair suddenly, pulling out almost all the way and stopping, cock throbbing at her entrance. "Not yet," I said, voice low and teasing. "Are you that horny, huh? Can't even wait?"

Delilah whined, pushing back against me, trying to take me in. "Please—Evan—please let me cum... oh god—need it—"

"Now... you're acting like... almost like a... a slut, Delilah?"

"Yes! I'm your needy slut. Make me cum, please. Fuck me. Ruin me."

Woah. Those words alone nearly made me climax.

"Well, you said please," I murmured, and slammed back in hard.

I thrust faster, deeper, hips snapping, one hand on her hip, the other reaching around to rub her clit again. She came immediately, body seizing, a raw cry she barely muffled as her pussy spasmed wildly around me, gushing hot and wet. Her legs shook violently, knees buckling, moans turning into broken sobs as wave after wave crashed through her, body convulsing against the sink.

"Three," I rasped, keeping the pace, thrusting through her climax. "Good... so good for me."

Delilah panted, still trembling. "Evan—fuck—can't stop cumming for you—"

I kept pounding, hips snapping, the wet slap of our bodies filling the bathroom. Delilah's moans grew louder, her body trembling against the sink, tits bouncing with every thrust.

I slowed just enough to tease, grinding deep, then sped up again, thumb rubbing her clit in tight circles.

"Evan—close—gonna cum—"

I grabbed her hips, pulled her off the counter, and spun her around. She braced her hands on the door, ass pushed back toward me, legs spread. I thrust in from behind, doggy style against the door, hands on her hips, slamming deep.

"Fuck—Evan—yes—" she gasped, voice muffled against her arm.

I pounded harder, balls slapping her clit, one hand reaching around to rub her clit again. "You're such a good slut for me," I growled. "Taking this cock like you can't get enough. Love how you squeeze me... love how wet you are."

She moaned, pushing back. "Evan—fuck—harder—don't stop—"

I slapped her ass lightly, then soothed it with my palm, thrusting deeper. "You feel that? How full you are? Love fucking you like this... love how your body takes me."

The door rattled with every thrust, the wood creaking under her palms. Delilah bit her lip, trying to stay quiet, but her moans slipped out.

A knock on the door—sharp and sudden.

"Evan?" Ivy's voice came through, hesitant. "Are you okay? I heard a loud thud."

Delilah froze, eyes wide. I slowed my thrusts but didn't stop, keeping them shallow and teasing. I leaned in, whispered against her ear, "Shh... be quiet."

I cleared my throat, voice steady.

"Yeah, I'm okay, Ivy. Just dropped my phone. Be out in a minute."

Ivy paused. "God... you think my mother is... meeting with her boyfriend or something? That 'shopping with the girls' thing is a lie?"

Delilah's eyes went wide, a soft gasp escaping. I smirked, thrust harder, making the door rattle again just barely noticeable.

Ivy sighed. "Look, I'll keep an eye on Ms. Komb and tell if she's meeting a man or not. Just... hey, I'm in the bathroom, leave me alone, sheesh.."

I thrust deeper, harder, the door shaking. Delilah bit her lip, muffling a moan as her pussy clenched around me.

Ivy's footsteps faded, walking away. "Fine. Do it fast, I'm waiting in the living room."

Delilah turned her head, eyes glassy. "Fuck—Evan—she heard us—"

I slammed in deep, one hand reaching around to rub her clit. "Yeah? And you're still dripping for me. Such a needy girl. Love how you cum for me... love how you take this cock."

She moaned, pushing back. "Evan—fuck—gonna cum—"

I thrust faster, fingers rubbing her clit in tight circles. "Cum for me, baby. Let me feel that pussy squeeze me. Cum while Ivy's out there."

She came with a muffled cry, burying her face in her arm, body convulsing against the door. Her pussy spasmed wildly around my cock, gushing hot and wet, legs shaking so hard I had to hold her up. Wave after wave hit her, moans turning into broken sobs of pleasure, body trembling uncontrollably.

I kept thrusting through it, drawing it out until she was whimpering, oversensitive.

Then I came, slamming deep one last time, cock throbbing as I flooded her pussy with thick ropes, pulse after pulse, until it leaked out around me. I thrust slow, grinding, emptying everything while she moaned and clenched beneath me.

"Oh... yeah. Fuck... that's my good little pregnant slut... yes..."

I didn't like using those words but—hey, I didn't hate it either. If it was Carrie, hell I'd love it. But when it was a woman who I cared about, I really couldn't get into that headspace.

I finally pulled out, cock slick and spent, and let myself go on the toilet, panting.

Delilah leaned against the door, hands still braced on it, pussy dripping with my cum, body trembling.

Fucking perfect.

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- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Delilah

EXP Gained: +400

Villain Bonus: +200

Star Rating: 4.8 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

Bliss Multiplier: 240c

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♥□♥□♥□

### Chapter 305: Chapter 305

Man, what was I doing? I drove Delilah to the mall, waited for her to get out, waved like a good little chauffeur, and only then realized I was supposed to take her back to the penthouse. That 'shopping with the girls' was just a way to trick Ivy. My brain just hadn't been working properly. Not after the bathroom. Not with Ivy right outside, close enough to hear anything if the timing went wrong.

Delilah didn't seem to mind. She only smiled, lacing her fingers with mine as we stepped inside.

Eventually, since we were already at the mall, we ended up in Nuppia, the kind of store that smelled expensive and confidence. Soft lighting, mirrors everywhere, racks filled with dresses that were designed to be noticed. Delilah moved between them, fingers brushing fabrics, eyes sharp.

She stopped, pulled one free, and held it up against herself.

"How about this?" she asked. "Do you like it?"

The dress was dangerously minimal. Deep neckline, open back, fabric that hugged instead of hid. It wasn't loud, just bold enough to make a statement.

I tilted my head, pretending to consider it. "Like it."

She raised an eyebrow.

"Correction," I added. "Love it."

Her smile widened. "Then I'll take it."

"I'll buy it," I said without hesitation. "And you only wear it for me. Nowhere else. Deal?"

She laughed softly, amused rather than offended. "You've gotten possessive."

"When it's the mother of my baby," I replied, "yeah. I think I've earned that."

She studied me for a moment, then nodded. "You really have changed."

"A little," I said, smirking.

She moved to the next section, fingers pausing over lace and silk. "What about a garter belt?"

I pointed without thinking. "The red one."

She lifted it, glancing back at me. "This?"

"Mm. That one."

She smiled to herself. "Alright. We'll take that too."

We headed toward the fitting rooms, tucked away from the main floor. The hallway was quiet, muffled by thick carpet and soft lighting. Delilah slipped into one of the larger rooms, the heavy curtain pulling closed behind her with a soft swish.

"So," her voice came from behind the curtain, playful. "Tonight."

"I'm listening."

"We didn't exactly plan it," she said, the sound of fabric shifting accompanying her words. "But I'm not complaining."

"I never do."

I leaned against the wall outside, arms crossed, trying to look casual while my mind raced with what she was trying on.

"Almost done," she said.

The curtain parted just enough for her to peek out, eyes sparkling. "Come in here. I need an opinion."

I glanced down the hallway—empty—and slipped inside, pulling the curtain closed behind me.

The space was small, mirrored on three sides, a low bench against one wall. Delilah stood in front of me in the dress.

Deep plunging neckline that dipped almost to her navel, barely containing her full breasts, the fabric clinging to every curve. The back was completely open, a thin strap across her lower back the only thing holding it together. The hem skimmed mid-thigh, slits up both sides revealing flashes of skin with every movement. Black silk, shimmering under the soft lights, hugging her body like it was painted on.

"Fuck," I breathed, stepping closer. "You look incredible."

She smiled, turning slowly to show the open back. "You like?"

I didn't answer with words. I pulled her against me, kissed her hard, hands sliding down the bare skin of her back to grip her ass through the thin fabric.

She moaned into my mouth, pressing closer, hands fisting my shirt.

We broke apart just enough for air. "We shouldn't," she whispered, but her body arched into me.

"Shouldn't what?" I murmured, kissing down her neck, one hand slipping under the dress to find her already wet. "Shouldn't fuck in a fitting room while the store's full of people?"

She gasped as my fingers slid inside her. "Evan—god—"

I pushed her back against the mirror, lifting one of her legs to wrap around my waist. The dress rode up, exposing her completely. I freed my cock, lined up, and thrust in deep.

Delilah cried out softly, head falling back against the glass. I started slow, deep strokes, savoring how she clenched around me, her walls fluttering with every drag in and out.

"You feel so good," I growled, kissing her neck, one hand on her tit, thumb circling her nipple through the thin fabric. "Love how tight you are... love fucking you like this, feeling you squeeze me every time I pull back."

She moaned, nails digging into my shoulders, hips rolling to meet me. "Evan—harder—please—need you deeper—"

I sped up gradually, hips snapping, the mirror cool against her back. I kissed her deep, swallowing her moans, tongue sliding against hers as my hand slid down to rub her clit in slow, teasing circles.

"That's it, baby," I murmured against her lips. "Feel how wet you are for me? Your pussy's dripping... love how you get like this. So needy, so perfect."

She gasped, body trembling. "Evan—fuck—right there—don't stop—"

I thrust deeper, grinding on every in-stroke, thumb rubbing her clit faster now. "You're so beautiful when you're close... love watching you fall apart. Tell me how it feels."

"So good—fuck—you're so deep—gonna cum, Evan...."

"Hold it a little longer," I teased, slowing just enough to make her whimper. "Let it build. Feel me owning you... every inch stretching you."

She sobbed softly, pushing back against me. "Please—can't—gonna cum—"

"Cum for me," I whispered, thrusting harder, rubbing faster. "Let me feel you."

She came with a muffled cry against my shoulder, pussy spasming around me, body shaking as wave after wave hit her. Her legs trembled violently, hips bucking up to meet me, hot wetness gushing around my cock as she convulsed, moans low and desperate, tears of pleasure welling in her eyes.

I kept going, slow through her climax, drawing out every pulse until she was whimpering, oversensitive. "That's my girl... so beautiful when you cum for me. Love feeling you like this."

She panted, body still twitching. "Evan, fuck... more—need you."

I sped up again, hips snapping, hand back on her clit. "One more, baby. Give me another. Love how you cum for me... love how your pussy milks my cock."

She moaned louder, head falling back. "Evan—yes—gonna cum again—fuck—"

I kissed her neck, sucked her earlobe, hand on her ass pulling her onto me harder. "Cum for me again. Let me feel it. You're so perfect... love you so much."

She came again, harder, pussy gushing, legs shaking around my waist as her whole body convulsed, a raw moan muffled against my shoulder, tears streaming down her cheeks as wave after wave crashed through her.

"Love you," I rasped, thrusting deep, grinding slow to feel every flutter of her pussy around me. "Love feeling you cum on my cock... love how you squeeze me like that."

She sobbed softly, clinging to me, arms tight around my neck. "Evan—cum in me—please—"

I was right there. I sped up, hips slamming hard, chasing the edge. The wet slap of our bodies echoed in the fitting room, her tits bouncing against my chest with every thrust. I leaned down, forehead pressed to hers, our breaths mingling, eyes locked.

I kissed her slow and deep, tongues sliding, tasting her moans as I pounded harder. Then I moved lower, licking a slow stripe up between her tits, tasting the salt of her sweat, before sucking one nipple into my mouth again. I bit lightly, then sucked hard, feeling her pussy clench in response.

She gasped, back arching. "Evan—fuck—yes—"

I thrust deeper, pushing my cock as far as it would go, grinding against her cervix. "Take it all. Oh, fuck I'm gonna cum..."

I came with a groan, cock pulsing deep inside her, thick ropes shooting out, flooding her pussy until I could feel it leaking around me. Pulse after pulse, I emptied everything, hips jerking as I ground slow, making sure she felt every drop.

We panted together, foreheads pressed, sweat-slick skin sticking. I kissed her softly, lazy now, tongues brushing.

I smiled against her lips. "Kim told me she wants to 'breastfeed' me first when the milk comes in."

She chuckled, nipping my bottom lip. "That little... greedy girl."

"I wouldn't call it greedy." I chuckled.

Delilah laughed softly, the sound warm and breathless. "She's not wrong. But I'll fight her for it."

We kissed again, slow and sweet, bodies still joined.

Finally, I pulled out slowly, cock slick and spent, cum dripping from her pussy.

She looked at me, eyes soft and glowing. "You always ruin me."

"Good," I said, kissing her forehead. "That's the plan."

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- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Delilah

EXP Gained: +420

Villain Bonus: +250

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

Bliss Multiplier: 268c

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I fixed her dress, kissed her once more. I slipped out of the fitting room first, heart still racing.

And there, at the end of the hallway, stood Ivy.

She hadn't seen me yet, distracted by her phone, but she was walking straight toward the fitting rooms. Toward us. Before I could think, before panic fully caught up, the curtain moved.

I saw Delilah. And then I grabbed the curtain and pulled it shut again.

"What happened?" she whispered sharply from inside.

I leaned close, keeping my voice low. "Shit. It's Ivy."

Her breath caught. "What?"

"She's here," I said. "Right outside."

Silence fell on the other side of the curtain.

Then footsteps.

Ivy looked up and spotted me. Her expression changed immediately.

She walked toward me, steps fast, face tight.

My pulse spiked.

Shit.

### **Chapter 306: Chapter 306**

Ivy stormed toward me, and for a split second I was sure my heart was about to punch its way out of my chest. I tightened my shoulders, bracing myself like I was about to take a hit.

She stopped right in front of me... then exhaled and glanced around the fitting area.

"Evan," she said. "Were you trailing my mother like I told you to?"

"Uh—" My brain scrambled.

"I said I'd follow her," Ivy continued, annoyed. "I last saw her come in here. Where is she?"

I swallowed. "I saw her changing in that fitting room with her friends," I said quickly, nodding toward the curtain. "But she caught me watching and... yeah. She wasn't happy."

Ivy groaned. "Damn it. You got caught?"

"Badly," I said, forcing a nervous laugh. "I think she hates me now."

She clicked her tongue. "So? Was she with a man or something?"

"No. With her friends," I said, shaking my head. "I really screwed up, Ivy. I need to make it right."

She looked at me carefully. "You didn't tell her I sent you, right?"

"No," I said immediately. "Of course not."

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EVENT

=====

Ivy's Interest +5

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"Oh thank god," Ivy sighed. "You're a lifesaver. I'll talk to her later, try to smooth things over."

"Please," I said. "I'm already on thin ice."

She nodded, then leaned slightly and peeked under the fitting room curtain.

My blood froze. I followed her gaze. No shoes. No movement. Delilah must've climbed onto the bench, holding her breath like her life depended on it.

"Okay," Ivy said, straightening. "Let me just call her and—"

Shit. What if Delilah's phone wasn't on mute?

"No!" I blurted out, grabbing her phone without thinking. "I mean—she was really angry. Like, really angry. Maybe give it a few hours?"

Ivy hesitated, then nodded slowly. "Yeah... okay."

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## 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: 7 / 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.

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"I guess I'm done here," Ivy said, slipping her phone away.

"Same," I replied.

"Can you drop me off?"

"S-sure."

My stomach twisted. I couldn't say no. And I definitely couldn't leave Delilah trapped in a fitting room forever.

I dropped to one knee, pretending to tighten my shoe.

"You can wait outside," I said. "I need to... uh... text your mom. Apologize."

"Alright."

She headed toward the exit and the second she was gone, I yanked the curtain open. Delilah stood on the bench, pale, breathing hard.

I handed her my credit card. "Pay for the clothes and wait. I'll have someone pick you up."

"O-okay," she whispered. "Evan, that was terrifying."

"I know," I said softly. "I've got it."

She managed a small smile. "I love you."

"Love you too."

I closed the curtain and stepped back into the store, pulse still racing. Not how I imagined shopping going. But it could've been so much worse.

Waaay worse.

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Evan Marlowe (Lvl 14)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 75 kg

=====

EXP: [██████████░░░░░░░░░░] 5431/5900

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I'd earned another thirty-five points toward Villain, but since I was already capped, they meant absolutely nothing. The experience, though? That was a different story. Two hundred and fifty bonus EXP from Delilah alone was no joke. Enough to make me almost regret chasing positive reputation points.

Almost.

I bought another Mastery Point and dumped it straight into Bliss Multiplier. Maxed. Fifty percent. Which meant the six hundred seventy EXP I'd pulled from Delilah would've translated into three hundred thirty-five credits if I'd bought it earlier.

I hated being stingy, but when there was barely anything left to unlock and every useful item cost a fortune, who wouldn't hesitate?

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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: 977c

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"God..." Ivy groaned, slumping back in her seat and dragging both hands down her face. "I'm such an idiot."

I pulled the handbrake and glanced at her. "Good of you to finally realize it."

She shot me a look. "Shut up."

"Whatever you say."

The car settled into silence for a second before she shook her head again. "I can't believe I actually tried to follow my own mother. Like some kind of paranoid creep."

I leaned back. "Even if she does have someone in her life, what's the problem? Why are you so against it?"

She hesitated, fingers tightening around the strap of her bag. "I'm not against it. I just..." Her voice dropped. "I can't, Evan. Not after... 'him.' After that man ruined her life, her job, everything—how am I supposed to trust she'll pick the right person?"

"So you want to choose her boyfriends now?" I muttered. "Jesus, Ivy."

"That's not what I'm saying." She turned toward the window, jaw tight. "It's just... we're enough. Me and her. That's how it's always been. The deadly duo." She scoffed softly. "I don't even want her to move out. Hell, I'm glad her old place burned down."

I stiffened. "Woah."

She shrugged, unapologetic. "Call me a monster if you want. I want her close. Where I can see her. Protect her." Her voice wavered. "You didn't hear her on the phone back then, Evan. She sounded empty. Like she was already halfway gone."

I stayed quiet.

"She was getting death threats," Ivy continued, sharper now. "Thousands of messages telling her to kill herself. So yeah—I put a camera in her bedroom back at her place, before it was burned down."

I turned to her fully. "You bugged your own mother's room? What the actual—"

"She was in danger," Ivy snapped, finally looking at me. "What else was I supposed to do? I begged her to live with me, and she kept pulling that 'I'm the adult' bullshit. Fuck that. You took care of me when I was a disgusting little kid. Now it's my turn."

I exhaled slowly. "She's proud. She wants to be strong for you. She doesn't want to be a burden." I paused. "She was the same way with me back in college."

"I know," Ivy muttered. "I just... I guess she will find someone eventually. A man."

I reached over and rested a hand on her shoulder. "Trust her."

She glanced at me. "Would you?"

"With everything I have." My voice came out steadier than I expected. "Ms. Komb is one hell of a woman. If she chooses someone, you respect it. You support her. Because she'd do the same for you."

A small, crooked smile tugged at Ivy's lips. "If only she could find someone like you."

The words hit harder than I expected.

I froze, then slowly turned my gaze toward the windshield. The engine hummed quietly, warm air blowing from the vents. Outside, the weather had cleared—blue skies, restless wind.

Ivy leaned forward, elbows on her knees, hair falling to hide her face. She looked small like that. Worried. Protective to a fault.

If only she knew.

I would never hurt Delilah. Never. She was carrying my child. No matter how tangled things became, that part stayed simple and unmovable. Before I stepped in, she'd been drowning in death threats, messages telling her to disappear, to kill herself. I hadn't hesitated then, and I wouldn't hesitate now. I'd protect her however I could.

"Well," Ivy murmured, offering a faint, tired smile, "thanks for the... enlightening talk, Evan. I think I should head inside."

"Just—" I hesitated, then nodded toward her. "Trust her a little more, yeah? That's the best thing you can do."

She gave a quiet chuckle, rubbing her arms against the cold. "I probably made her hate you now. Sorry for dragging you into this. For telling you to keep an eye on her."

"It's fine," I replied easily. "Anything for you, Ivy."

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EVENT

=====

Ivy's Interest +5

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Five points?

That was... unexpected. Ivy was the last person I'd ever cross that line with. Sure, years ago, there'd been something dumb and harmless. A childhood crush. But now? She was just a friend.

Just a friend.

I glanced at her as she shifted her weight. Tight skirt despite the cold, black pantyhose hugging legs I'd never really paid attention to before. Defined. Sexy. Her sweater clung a little too well, stretched just enough to be distracting.

I frowned at myself.

"What?" Ivy asked, catching my look. "Something on my face?"

"Nah." I shook my head, forcing my gaze back up. "You've... been taking care of yourself."

She blinked. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"You look good," I said simply, nodding once.

She stared for a second, then laughed. "Wow. Flirting with me now? Marlowe, sorry, but no."

I raised my hands. "Not flirting. Relax. Just a compliment."

"Huh." She smirked and lightly punched my shoulder. "I'll take it. Anyway, see you. I'll smooth things over with my mom."

"Hmm. Thanks."

### **Chapter 307: Chapter 307**

She stepped out of the car, then paused before walking off. I was already reaching for the handbrake when she leaned back in, one hand resting on the roof, eyes locking onto mine.

"Want to come up for coffee?" she asked. "It's been a while since we actually talked."

I glanced at the dashboard clock. "Uh... sure. Your place, or a café?"

"My place."

I grinned. "Bold invitation after accusing me of flirting, Ivy Komb. Am I missing a message here?"

She laughed, shaking her head. "Suck my ass. Just get out of the car."

I killed the engine and followed her inside.

The elevator ride was quiet, filled only with the soft hum of cables and the faint scent of her perfume. She tapped her foot impatiently as we rose, arms folded loosely.

The doors opened. She unlocked her apartment, stepped inside, and shrugged off her coat.

"So," she asked over her shoulder, hanging it up, "what kind of coffee do you want?"

"Actually," I said, drifting toward the kitchen, "I want a milkshake."

She turned, eyebrow raised. "Milkshake?"

"Yeah."

She huffed a laugh. "I think I have one of those... milkshake dust things."

"Powder," I corrected, smiling.

"Right. Powder." She sighed dramatically. "This whole thing with my mom dropped my IQ to room temperature."

"It happens," I said. "Come on, help me find that milkshake 'dust' thingie."

We started opening cabinets, moving around each other in the cramped kitchen. She bent down to check a lower drawer, and I caught myself looking away just in time.

What the hell was I doing?

She was my friend. Delilah's daughter. This was nothing.

Nothing.

"Aha," Ivy announced, stretching up toward the top shelf. "Found it. Banana flavor, though."

I cleared my throat. "Perfect."

She glanced back at me, amused. "You're weird."

"Yeah," I muttered. "You're just noticing now?"

She laughed, and for a moment, the tension eased—soft, fragile, but real.

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## 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: 12/20

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 leaned back against the counter, crossing my arms as Ivy got to work. First the blender from the cabinet, setting it on the counter with a dull thump. She poured milk in carefully, then added two scoops of banana powder, pausing to sniff it like she was judging its legitimacy. A banana followed, peeled halfway, snapped into pieces and tossed in. Ice last. She screwed the lid on, pressed the button, and the blender roared to life, rattling slightly as the mixture thickened.

"So," I asked over the noise, watching her more than the machine, "anyone in your life?"

She tilted the blender just enough to keep it steady. "Eeh... complicated."

"That bad?" I prompted.

She shut the blender off, checked the consistency, then turned it back on for a second longer. "The guy I'm interested in," she said, still focused on the milkshake, "I think he loves someone else."

I nodded slowly. "Ah. Love triangle."

She poured the shake into two tall glasses, the thick liquid sliding down the sides. "I wouldn't call it a love triangle but... yeah."

"Tell me about him. Or her. Or both," I added.

"Forget it," Ivy muttered, grabbing straws. "I don't even know if I actually love him."

"That's... okay?" I said. "Then what is it?"

She slid one glass toward me. "I guess I just want a new beginning after my last breakup." She hesitated, then snorted. "Dylan turning out gay didn't exactly help."

I blinked. "Oof. Yeah, I remember him. He was a nice guy, though."

"My friends had a field day with that," she went on dryly. "'Wow, Ivy, you were so bad in bed your boyfriend turned gay.' Real supportive bunch."

"At least he was honest," I offered. "Could've been worse."

"I know. We still talk sometimes." She shrugged. "Still sucked, though."

"Yeah," I said. "But at least he didn't cheat."

She laughed sharply. "If he had, I might've actually slapped him."

We shared a quiet second.

Then she glanced at me. "What about you?" She wiped her hands on a towel. "My mom mentioned Nala. A CEO, huh? Look at you, Marlowe."

"Pure luck," I said with a small grin. "Fingers crossed I'm good in bed and won't turn her into a lesbian."

"Oh, fuck off," she muttered, shaking her head.

I raised my hands. "Joking. Relax."

"So funny," she said flatly, then picked up her glass. "Come on. Living room."

I followed her out, milkshake in hand. She dropped onto the couch and crossed her legs. I reached for my cigarette pack in my back pocket.

"Mind if I smoke?"

She pointed toward the window. "At least do it there."

I stepped over, cracked the window open, and lit up. Cold air rushed in as I leaned against the frame, one hand holding the cigarette, the other balancing the glass.

"So," I said, blowing smoke outside, "tell me about the guy. Name?"

"Chase," she replied. "He's a doctor."

I smirked. "Let me guess. His boss is named House."

She rolled her eyes but smiled. "I knew you'd say that. But, no. He's not a real doctor, though. He's a psychologist."

"Oh."

"A damn good one," she added. "Though... three of his patients died years ago. Ever since, he's been kind of withdrawn."

I frowned. "Sounds like he needs a psychologist himself."

She hummed in agreement, shifting closer so she could see me better. "I went to him at first. Therapy. Helped me deal with Dylan, with my mom. Then we started going out. Drinks, bars, nothing serious."

"Luckily," I muttered without thinking.

She tilted her head. "Luckily?"

Shit.

I took a longer drag than necessary, buying time, then washed it down with a gulp of milkshake. Why the hell did that slip out? Was I... happy that nothing serious happened between them?

"I mean," I said carefully, "dating a psychologist sounds exhausting. He'd win every argument."

She laughed. "Yeah. Fair point." Then her smile faded a little. "Honestly... I think I'm just scared of being alone."

I nodded slowly. "I get that. Felt the same back in college."

She looked at me. "Hey. You had me. And my mom."

"And now you have her and me," I said lightly. "Same deal."

She leaned back, studying the ceiling for a moment. "Yeah," she said quietly. "You're right."

The room settled into a comfortable silence, the kind that didn't need filling.

I took another drag and chased it with my milkshake while Ivy leaned back, boots landing on the coffee table with a soft thud. She exhaled like she'd been holding something in all evening. Her sweater slid up just a little, exposing a strip of bare skin at her stomach.

Fuck.

It was nothing. Just skin. And yet my brain latched onto it like an idiot. A flash of warmth, a stupid spark I didn't want to name. I tore my gaze away and stared out the window instead.

Snow drifted down in lazy sheets, traffic crawling below like a tired organism. The wind kicked up every now and then, rattling the glass. Bad weather. Thank fuck for it. Without it, Kim wouldn't have made it back. Without it, half of my life would've gone sideways.

"So," Ivy broke in, voice casual, "you and Nala. How's that going?"

I shrugged, eyes still on the street. "Good."

She laughed and leaned forward, elbows on her knees. "Oh, come on. That's it? Give me something."

"What do you want to know?" I glanced at her. "Ask."

Her grin turned wicked. "How's the sex life?"

I blinked. "Wow. Straight for the jugular."

"Answer it," she shot back. "Coward."

I blew out a breath, smoke curling toward the open window. No way in hell I was telling her the full truth... about the others. Mendy knowing was one thing. Ivy was different. This was already skating too close to something weird.

"It's good," I settled on. "We love each other."

She snorted. "You know, Julia and I used to talk." Her eyes gleamed. "She told me you guys tried to do it once and you finished the second she touched you."

I groaned, dragging a hand down my face. "Yeah. I took bad advice. Someone told me edging beforehand would make me last like a porn star."

"Oh my god." Ivy burst out laughing, nearly spilling her drink. "You absolute idiot."

"Laugh it up," I muttered, though I couldn't stop smiling. "I'm a grown man now. Nala and I are fine. And I don't care about Julia."

Her laughter faded a notch. "I saw her at the mall the other day."

I stiffened. "Yeah?"

"She was still wearing that necklace."

My head snapped toward her. "What necklace?"

She tilted her head, giving me a look. "The one you worked your ass off to buy? The one you could barely afford while she was dropping more money on shirts than your organs are worth?"

"No way," I said, shaking my head. "You're messing with me."

"I'm not."

"Holy shit... she still had that on?" I asked. "Naah. You're... no. I mean—nah. I think... or—no, no."

"Uhh, err, umm," Ivy quipped. "You idiot. You don't remember the gift you bought for her?"

I laughed, but it came out wrong. "Of course I don't."

She sighed. "You worked at a car wash for weeks for that gift. You were in high school, Evan."

"Can we not talk about her?" I asked quietly. "It's over. She's... free of me."

"Free?" Ivy scoffed. "She loved you. You just couldn't handle that she made more money than you."

"That's not it," I snapped, then steadied myself. "If a woman takes care of her man, it's his job to do the same. I couldn't. I was broke. It felt wrong."

"Dumbass," she muttered, exhaling in disappointment. "Do you seriously picture women as shopping monsters and money-eaters? A simple 'I love you' would've been more than enough for Julia."

"Nah." I took another drag and flicked the cigarette out the window. "Let's not talk about her."

She tilted her head, unimpressed. "You still didn't answer my question."

I sighed. "Which one?"

"Your sex life." Ivy leaned forward slightly. "How is it?"

"Good."

Her eyebrow shot up. "How many times a week?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. Seven, at least."

She let out a low whistle. "Wow. Really active, huh?"

"Good for the spirit and the body, Ivy Komb." I grinned, closing the window shut.

She rolled her shoulders in a lazy shrug. "Wouldn't know anything about that. Not a single person I can booty-call."

I cleared my throat pointedly. "You sure about that, Ms. Komb?"

She laughed, taking a long sip of her milkshake, eyes sparkling for just a second before she looked away.

I sat and leaned back into the couch, letting the quiet stretch between us. When was the last time we talked like this? It felt like everything that came with my new life had worn me down, piece by piece.

But moments like this, though?

They were peaceful.

### **Chapter 308: Chapter 308**

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I fished it out, glanced at the screen, and nearly dropped it.

A selfie from Tessa.

She was front and center, tongue out, middle finger up, hair wild and loose. Behind her, the girls were lined up like a goddamn fantasy lineup.

Delilah in the middle, wearing the silk dress I'd bought her—the one with the plunging neckline that dipped almost to her navel, barely containing her tits, and the completely open back that showed off every inch of her spine. She had that knowing smirk, eyes locked on the camera like she was looking right at me.

Jasmine on one side in a tight emerald mini-dress that hugged her curves, slit high on the thigh. Kim in red, low-cut and short, showing off her legs and the faint curve of her belly. Nala in gold, strapless and shimmering, looking like a queen. Minne at the back, peeking shyly, in a soft pink dress that clung to her small frame, face flushed and adorable.

The caption read: 'We're waiting for you, magic fingers.'

My cock throbbed hard against my pants, instant and painful.

I looked up at Ivy across the table, still sipping her milkshake, oblivious.

"Damn," I muttered under my breath, then cleared my throat. "I, uh, I gotta go, Ivy. Thanks for everything, really."

She blinked. "You just got here."

"Yeah, work stuff came up," I said, standing too fast, adjusting my jacket to hide the obvious bulge. "The milkshake was wonderful, by the way."

"Glad you liked it," she said, shrugging.

I nodded, already backing toward the door. Shit... how the hell was I supposed to wait until I got home?

The drive was going to be torture.



I swiped my card at the reader, the lock clicking open with a soft beep. I pushed the door and stepped inside, the familiar scent of the penthouse—vanilla candles and the girls' perfumes—hitting me immediately.

Delilah was near the dining table, a glass of water in her hand. She looked up as I entered, that slow, knowing smile spreading across her face. She set the glass down and walked toward me, hips swaying in the black silk dress that hugged her like a second skin.

As I moved closer, I glanced left into the master bedroom. The girls were all there, waiting.

Jasmine and Tessa lounged on the bed, heads together over Tessa's phone, giggling at something. Jasmine in her emerald mini-dress, Tessa in red, both looking like trouble.

Minne sat on the armchair by the window, staring out at the city lights with wide, excited eyes, her pink dress soft and sweet on her.

Nala was the first to notice me. She leaned against the doorframe, gold strapless dress shimmering, and gave me that warm, wicked smile.

Kim stood in front of the full-length mirror, adjusting the hem of her red low-cut dress, turning to check herself from every angle.

Delilah reached me, took my hand, and pulled me in for a kiss—slow, deep, her tongue teasing mine. She tasted like water and want.

We broke apart, and she led me by the hand into the bedroom, closing the door behind us with a soft click.

The girls looked up as we entered, smiles spreading.

I dropped my pants without a word. My cock sprang free, thick and throbbing painfully, pre-cum already beading at the tip from the drive home and the photo Tessa had sent.

Jasmine whistled low. "Someone's eager."

Tessa grinned, eyes dark. "Look at that thing. Missed us, huh?"

Minne blushed, biting her lip, but her eyes were glued to it.

Nala stepped closer, licking her lips. "Poor baby... looks like it hurts."

Kim turned from the mirror, dress hugging her curves perfectly, and smirked. "We've been waiting to take care of that."

Delilah and Kim shared a quick look, something silent and conspiratorial passing between them. Delilah stepped forward first, placing a hand on her barely-there bump. "Since we're the only two pregnant with his baby," she said, voice low and teasing, "we get to be first."

Nala chuckled from behind me. "Well, that's unfair."

Kim grinned, moving to my other side. Delilah pressed her belly gently against my throbbing cock from the left, the soft warmth of her skin making me twitch. Kim caught on immediately, sliding in from the side, sandwiching my shaft between their two pregnant bellies. Delilah's was a touch rounder, but both were still subtle—just enough to remind me what we'd done.

They started moving in slow sync, bellies rubbing up and down my length, the smooth skin and faint warmth driving me insane. The pressure was perfect—soft, teasing, intimate.

Minne dropped to her knees in front of me without a word, small hands cupping my balls before her mouth closed over one, sucking gently, tongue swirling. Nala pressed against my back, arms wrapping around me, lips brushing my neck and cheek in soft kisses, fingers drawing lazy circles over my chest.

Tessa knelt beside Minne, smirking up at me. "Don't hog all his balls, maid. Sheesh. Let me have the other one."

Minne obediently moved over, cheeks pink. Tessa took the other ball into her mouth, sucking in rhythm with Minne, their tongues occasionally brushing each other.

Jasmine crouched, leaned forward further, lips wrapping around the tip of my cock where it poked out from between Kim and Delilah's bellies. She sucked lightly, tongue swirling over the head as the two pregnant girls kept stroking me with their bodies, slow and gentle.

Delilah leaned in close to my ear, voice a husky whisper. "You can't wait for these bellies to get bigger, can you? For us to swell up with your babies while you fuck us senseless. Look at you—so hard for your pregnant girls. Knowing we're carrying your kids... it makes you throb, doesn't it?"

Kim joined in from my other side, breath hot on my neck. "You love it... love knowing you bred us. Gonna fuck us when we're huge, aren't you? Tits full of milk, bellies round... all because of this cock."

Delilah pressed her belly harder, rubbing slower. "You're such a dirty boy... getting off on your pregnant sluts."

Nala kissed my neck again, fingers teasing my nipples. "Mmm... listen to them. They know exactly what you want."

The pressure built fast—the soft warmth of their bellies stroking me, Minne and Tessa sucking and licking my balls, Jasmine's mouth working the head, tongue swirling over the tip.

Kim whispered, "Cum for us, Evan. Cum all over your pregnant girls. Show us how much you love breeding us."

Delilah's voice was pure filth. "Do it. Paint these bellies you put babies in. Mark your pregnant whores."

I couldn't take it anymore.

I groaned loud, hips jerking as I came hard, thick ropes shooting out. Jasmine caught the first in her mouth, swallowing greedily, but some spilled past her lips, dripping down

her chin and onto the floor. Pulse after pulse, I emptied onto her tongue, her moans vibrating around the head as she took what she could.

Jasmine pulled back slightly, licking her lips, hand sliding between her legs to rub her clit. "Fuck... swallowing his cum made me feel so good I nearly came..."

The girls slowed, bellies still pressed against me, hands gentle now.

I panted, looking down at the mess, at all of them.

What a fucking sight.

Delilah moved a step closer, then crouched beside Minne. Both looked up at me, eyes wide and hungry. Delilah wrapped her arms around Minne from behind in a gentle hug, then sat down on the floor, pulling Minne with her. She spread her own legs wide, hooking them over Minne's, opening the maid completely. With her index and middle fingers, Delilah spread Minne's pussy lips, exposing the pink, glistening entrance.

She kissed Minne's cheek softly. "She told me she wanted to get pregnant by you too, Evan. I think it's safe to say it's her turn now."

My cock throbbed hard at the words, twitching visibly.

Jasmine whistled low. "Look at that thing jump. He's ready to breed her."

Tessa grinned. "Poor Minne's gonna be walking funny tomorrow."

Kim bit her lip, eyes dark. "Fuck, that's hot."

Nala smirked. "Get her pregnant, Evan. Fill that little pussy up."

I dropped to my knees between Minne's spread legs, cock aching. "Minne..." I muttered, voice rough. "You..."

"M-my mind hasn't changed, Master," she said shyly, voice trembling with need.

"Please... breed me."

My cock twitched again, the head brushing her exposed pussy lips, leaving a trail of pre-cum.

Jasmine knelt beside me, eyes gleaming. "Hey, I want to be part of that." She grabbed my cock, spat on it thick and wet, rubbed the saliva up and down the shaft, then guided the head to Minne's entrance and pushed.

The tip slipped in, and Minne gasped.

Delilah stroked Minne's hair maternally, voice soft and reassuring. "It'll be fine, baby. You'll get pregnant. Just relax... look at the cock—watch as it goes inside you. Feel how big he is? He's going to fill you so good, sweetheart. You're doing perfect."

Jasmine pushed harder, and I sank fully inside Minne in one slow glide. She cried out softly, pussy tight and hot around me.

I started moving slow, deep strokes, savoring every inch.

"Fuck, Minne... you feel incredible," I rasped. "So tight... gonna breed this little pussy. Put my baby in you just like I did with them."

Delilah kissed Minne's temple. "That's it, baby girl. Take him deep. You're going to be such a good mommy."

Tessa knelt beside Minne, pinched one nipple until she gasped, then leaned in and licked it slow, tongue swirling. "Good girl... moan for us while he fucking breeds you."

Kim dropped to the floor beside me, hand between her legs, rubbing her pussy as she watched. "God, Evan... fuck her harder. Make her cum on that breeding cock."

Nala moved to my side, bent over, spreading her ass cheeks with both hands. I buried my face in her pussy without hesitation, tongue plunging deep, licking her clit while I thrust into Minne.

Nala moaned. "Yes—eat me while you breed her—fuck, Evan—"

Minne whimpered beneath me, pussy clenching. "Master—feels so good—fuck me—please—"

Jasmine reached under, rubbed Minne's clit. "Cum for him, baby. Show us how much you want his load."

Delilah kept stroking Minne's hair. "You're taking him so well, sweetheart. Feel that cock stretching you? He's going to fill you up... make you pregnant just like us."

Kim fingered herself faster. "Look at her... little Minne getting bred. So fucking hot."

Tessa sucked Minne's nipple harder. "Cum, maid. Cum on Master's cock."

I thrust deeper, tongue fucking Nala's pussy, tasting her wetness while Minne's tight heat gripped me.

The room filled with moans, wet sounds, dirty encouragement.

Minne was lost, body trembling, ready to break.

## Chapter 309: Chapter 309

Minne's breathing turned ragged, her small body trembling beneath me as I thrust deep and steady. Delilah, still holding her from behind, leaned forward and began playing with Minne's nipples—gentle pinches and rolls that made the girl gasp.

"Good job, honey," Delilah whispered into Minne's ear. "That's it. Milk Daddy's cock. Squeeze him just like that."

I kept my face buried in Nala's pussy, tongue plunging deep, licking her clit in fast circles. Nala moaned above me, hips grinding against my mouth.

She smirked suddenly, straightened up a little, and placed a gentle hand on the back of my neck, pushing me forward toward Minne's face.

"Let her taste my cunt, Evan."

I pulled back just enough to meet Minne's lips. We kissed—deep, messy, my tongue sliding into her mouth so she could taste Nala's sweetness on me. Minne moaned softly into the kiss, shy but eager, her tongue brushing mine.

When we broke apart, Nala smiled down at her. "How did my pussy taste, Minne?"

"D-delicious..." Minne muttered shyly, cheeks burning red.

Delilah leaned forward a little and kissed Minne on the lips, soft and lingering. She chuckled when she pulled back. "She wasn't lying, Nala."

Minne was getting close—her pussy fluttering around me, breath coming in short gasps. Tessa stopped licking her nipples and slid a hand down, fingers finding Minne's clit and rubbing fast.

"Cum, you fucking horny maid," Tessa growled. "Cum on that dick."

"Ohh... Master, I'm..." Minne whimpered, body tensing.

"Cum, baby," I said, moving faster, thrusting deeper. "Cum for me."

"Ohh..."

She climaxed hard, walls clenching around my cock in violent spasms, a muffled cry escaping as her body shook, pussy gushing hot and wet. Her legs tightened behind my back, pulling me deeper as wave after wave hit her, tears of pleasure in her eyes.

I was getting close now, the feel of her squeezing me pushing me to the edge.

"I'm gonna cum, Minne," I groaned. "You ready?"

"Yes, Master... cum in me... make me pregnant!"

Delilah shifted her legs, guiding Minne's. "Lock your feet behind his back tighter, honey. Hold him close."

Minne shyly did, ankles crossing, pulling me in tight.

I was trapped now, buried deep, and I let go with a moan—thick ropes shooting inside her, pulse after pulse, filling her pussy until it leaked around me. I thrust slow, grinding, emptying everything while she moaned and clenched.

"Fuck, look at that," Jasmine whispered. "Breeding her good."

"So hot," Kim murmured, fingers still between her own legs.

"That's it," Tessa said. "Fill the little maid up."

Delilah whispered into Minne's ear, smiling. "That's it, baby. Get all the cum in your pussy. Let him breed you."

"So hot..." Minne gasped, body still trembling. "I'm gonna cum again..."

I pumped my dick a bit more, grinding deep, Pleasure 45 hitting her hard.

She came just from taking my cum in her cunt—body locking up, a soft cry as her pussy spasmed again, milking the last drops from me, wave after wave crashing through her like she'd never stop.

Tessa smirked, eyes dark with mischief, and shoved me back onto the floor. I hit the carpet with a soft thud, lying flat on my back, cock semi-hard from the earlier round with Delilah, still slick but not fully up yet.

Tessa looked down at it, arching a brow. "You're soft?"

Delilah chuckled from the side. "Evan fucked me in a dressing room at Nuppia. Sorry, girls."

Nala grinned, crawling closer. "Then let's get it up."

They all dropped to their knees around me like a pack of hungry wolves—Delilah, Kim, Nala, Tessa, Jasmine, Minne. Six mouths, twelve hands, all focused on my cock.

It was overwhelming from the start.

Kim and Delilah took the shaft first, tongues licking up either side in long, wet strokes, their mouths meeting occasionally along the length, lips brushing as they worked. Nala cupped my balls, rolling them gently, sucking one into her mouth with warm suction before switching to the other. Tessa focused on the tip, tongue swirling around the head, flicking the tip where pre-cum leaked, teasing it relentlessly. Jasmine licked the underside of the shaft, her tongue tracing the thick vein, occasionally brushing against Kim and Delilah's as they moved. Minne, shy but eager, licked the base, her small tongue tracing the veins, adding soft, tentative pressure.

"Fuck," I groaned, head falling back. "Look at you all... on your knees for my cock. So hungry."

Delilah moaned around me. "Love tasting you... love how you get hard for us."

Kim licked a stripe up the underside. "Mmm... getting thicker already. You love having all your girls worship this dick, don't you?"

Nala sucked harder on my balls, popping one out to lick the seam. "These are so full again... gonna fill one of us tonight?"

I smiled. "Not one of you. All of you."

Tessa took the head deeper, throat relaxing as she bobbed on just the tip, gagging softly but pushing further, her tongue flicking the slit. Jasmine joined her on the shaft, tongue pressing flat against the side when Tessa pulled back.

Minne looked up at me, eyes wide, then leaned in to lick lower on the shaft, her tongue soft and tentative, brushing Nala's occasionally as she worked the balls.

The sight was insane—six beautiful women on their knees, mouths and tongues everywhere, spit shining on my cock, their tits bouncing as they worked. The room filled with wet sounds, moans, and dirty whispers.

It didn't take long. Blood rushed south, my cock swelling fully hard, throbbing painfully in their grip.

Tessa pulled off with a pop, grinning. "Now it's my turn. Come on, magic fingers—fuck me up. Ruin my cunt."

She straddled me reverse cowgirl, ass toward my face, and sank down onto my cock in one smooth drop. Tessa moaned loud, head falling back. "Yes... can't get enough of this fucking dick. So hard... throbbing... mm, yes—"

She started bouncing, ass rippling with every slam, pussy tight and wet around me.

Jasmine got up, walked forward, and planted one leg on each side of my head. She lowered herself slowly, pussy hovering over my mouth. "Lick me up, Evan. Just like that, yes—"

I snaked my tongue into her pussy, licking deep, tasting her sweetness as she ground down.

Tessa grabbed Minne by the hair gently, pulling her close. "Now it's your turn, maid." She guided Minne's mouth to one of her nipples. Minne latched on obediently, sucking softly.

Nala knelt beside me, hand cupping my balls again, rolling them as Tessa rode me.

My cock slipped out accidentally on one of Tessa's upward bounces. Kim was there instantly, grabbing it, spitting thick on the shaft, licking up the mix of Tessa's juices and my pre-cum, then guiding it back inside Tessa.

Tessa moaned, slamming down harder. The slap of her ass against my thighs echoed loud.

She was getting close, breath ragged.

She smirked over her shoulder, grabbed Minne by the hair again, and looked at her. "Come on, maid. Slap my fucking ass."

Minne hesitated and moved behind her, hand hovering.

"Slap it, Minne. Come on!"

Minne slapped lightly, barely a tap.

"Not like that," Tessa moaned, riding harder. "Fucking harder, Minne. Come on!"

Minne squeaked and slapped harder, but still soft.

"HARDER!"

Minne slapped hard this time, the crack echoing sharp.

"Oh fuck yes," Tessa cried. "Keep hitting!"

Minne kept smacking her ass, rhythm building.

Tessa moaned wild, body tensing, and climaxed hard on my dick—pussy clamping down, gushing wet, a raw scream as she shook, riding through it with desperate bounces.

Tessa, still impaled on my cock, got even fucking hornier after her climax. Her bounces turned frantic, ass slamming down harder, pussy clenching like she wanted to break me.

"Fuck—yes—harder—" she moaned, head thrown back, red hair wild. "Fuck my cunt. Harder. Fucking harder! FUCK ME, FUCK—YES!"

I kept licking Jasmine's pussy, tongue plunging deep, sucking her clit until she shattered. Jasmine came with a sharp cry, wetness flooding my mouth, dripping down my chin and neck. Her body shook violently, thighs clamping around my head as she rode the waves.

She finally let herself go, collapsing to the floor beside me, body still twitching with aftershocks, chest heaving.

My brain was fried, cock throbbing inside Tessa. I straightened up suddenly, grabbing her by one knee, supporting myself with my free hand on the floor. Strength boost kicking in hard—I lifted her clean off me, standing in one smooth motion while she stayed wrapped around my waist, back against my chest.

Tessa moaned louder, surprised but loving it. "Evan—fuck—yes—"

Now we were upright, her back pressed to my chest, my arms hooking under her knees to hold her legs spread wide. I thrust up into her pussy, hips snapping, cock driving deep from below.

Nala knelt in front of us immediately, tongue darting out to lick where we joined—swirling over Tessa's clit, then up my shaft as I pulled back, tasting both of us.

Kim moved to my side, pulling me into a deep kiss, tongue sliding against mine, hands on my chest.

Delilah watched from the bed, smirking. "Look at Daddy fucking his women. What a bad daddy he is—ruining us one by one while we beg for more."

Tessa laughed breathlessly, then moaned as I thrust harder. "Fuck—yes—bad daddy—ruin me—"

I broke the kiss with Kim, leaned down to suck her nipple hard, teeth grazing.

Nala's tongue kept working, licking Tessa's pussy and my cock relentlessly. "Taste so good together," she murmured between licks. "Love cleaning you both up."

Tessa's moans turned desperate. "Evan—close—gonna cum again—fuck... your cock's so deep, holding me like this—yes. Yes, just like that. Oh..."

I thrust faster, lifting and dropping her on my cock, arms burning but strength holding. "Cum for me, baby. Cum hard. Let everyone hear how much you love this dick."

She screamed, body going rigid in my arms, pussy spasming wildly as she came—gushing hot and wet down my shaft, legs shaking in my grip. Her head fell back against my shoulder, moans raw and broken.

I smirked, slowing just enough to lower her gently onto the bed, her body limp and trembling.

Then I grabbed Nala by the arm, pulled her up, and pushed her against the bedframe. She braced her hands on the wood, arched her back beautifully, and lifted one foot onto the bed, opening herself completely.

I stepped behind her, lined up, and thrust into her pussy from behind in one deep stroke.

Nala moaned loud, pushing back. "Yes—fuck me—take me—"

### **Chapter 310: Chapter 310**

I stood behind her, hands gripping her hips as I thrust deep from behind in standing doggy, cock slamming into her pussy with wet, rhythmic slaps. Her gold dress was hiked up around her waist, tits spilling out the top, bouncing with every stroke.

"Fuck, Evan—yes—right there—" she moaned, pushing back to meet me, pussy clenching tight. "Love how you fuck me... so deep... gonna make me cum so hard—"

"You're taking it like a good girl," I growled, slapping her ass lightly, watching it jiggle. "Pussy gripping me like it never wants to let go. You love this cock, don't you? Love getting fucked while the girls watch."

She whimpered, head falling forward. "Yes—fuck—love it—your cock owns me—"

Delilah and Minne walked toward us, hand in hand. Delilah smiled warmly, guiding Minne closer. "Come on, Minne. Suck her nipples. I know you like sucking on things."

Tessa, still bouncing on my cock earlier but now watching from the side, smirked. "Look at you, Delilah—so motherly toward the little maid. Getting her to suck tits like a good mommy training her baby."

Delilah chuckled, eyes sparkling. "Someone has to teach her how to please properly."

Minne blushed but obeyed, leaning in to take one of Nala's nipples into her mouth, sucking softly at first, then harder as Nala moaned and held her head close.

"Oh yes—good girl—suck harder—" Nala gasped, fingers tangling in Minne's hair.

Delilah knelt behind Minne, hands spreading the smaller girl's thighs. "So cute," she murmured, before leaning in to lick Minne's pussy slow and gentle.

Tessa slapped Minne's ass playfully. "Yeah, she is. Look at that little ass wiggling while Mommy Delilah eats her out."

I kept fucking Nala, thrusts steady and deep, feeling her pussy flutter around me.

Nala moaned louder, body trembling. "Evan—fuck—I'm close—gonna cum—"

I went harder, hips snapping faster, cock slamming deep. "Cum for me, baby. Let me feel that pussy squeeze. Cum while Minne sucks your tits and Delilah eats her out."

Delilah lifted her head just enough to say, "Come on, Minne—lick her cunt while she cums. Taste how wet she is for Evan."

Minne pulled off Nala's nipple with a wet pop, dropped to her knees between Nala's legs, and started licking her clit furiously while I kept thrusting into Nala's pussy, my cock brushing Minne's tongue on every stroke.

Delilah moved behind Minne again, spreading her ass cheeks wide, tongue delving into Minne's pussy as the girl licked Nala.

Nala screamed, body locking up. "FUCK—EVAN—YES—I'M CUMMING!"

She came hard, pussy spasming wildly around my cock, gushing hot and wet, thighs shaking as wave after wave hit her. Her moans turned raw, body convulsing, hands clutching the bedframe as she rode it out, Minne's tongue never stopping.

I smiled, kissing her sweat-slick back, then pulled out slowly.

Nala let herself collapse onto the bed, panting, body still twitching.

Jasmine pressed against me from behind, arms wrapping around my waist, lips at my ear. "My turn, right?" she whispered, voice low and hungry.

I turned my head, grinning. "Thought you'd never ask."

Kim's eyes locked on me with that hungry look. "I didn't get enough of you," she purred, voice low. "I should be next."

Delilah shrugged from the side, smirking. "I didn't get enough of that dick either, can't lie."

I chuckled, cock already stirring again. "Alright, alright—wait for your turns."

I grabbed Jasmine by the waist, pulled her onto the bed, and laid her down on her back. Then I took Kim's hand, guided her gently on top of Jasmine, chest to chest, their breasts pressing together—soft, full curves squishing as they settled.

Both girls giggled softly, faces close.

I stood behind them at the edge of the bed, cock hard and ready. I rubbed the head between their two pussies, sliding along the wet slits, teasing both at once.

Jasmine moaned first as I pushed into her, slow and deep, bottoming out while Kim's pussy rubbed against the base and Jasmine's clit.

"Well, this is awkward," Jasmine laughed breathlessly, looking up at Kim. "Facing each other like this, huh?"

Kim grinned, rocking her hips a little. "Yeah... but feels kinda hot."

I thrust steady into Jasmine, the angle letting my shaft grind against Kim's pussy with every stroke. The wet sounds were obscene—two pussies soaked, my cock sliding in and out of one while rubbing the other.

Delilah hopped onto the bed, positioning herself carefully between the stacked bodies of Kim and Jasmine. She faced away from me, her ass hovering just inches from my face, legs spread wide—one foot planted on the mattress on each side of the girls' hips.

I leaned in slightly from behind, grabbed her ass cheeks with both hands, spread them wide, and buried my face in her cunt, tongue plunging deep, licking her clit in fast circles.

Delilah moaned loud, hands bracing on Kim's back for support. "Fuck—Evan—yes—"

I moaned into her pussy, the vibration making her shudder, then looked down. "Minne, come help me, honey. Put it inside Kim now."

Minne crouched beside me shyly, small hand wrapping around my slick cock as I pulled out of Jasmine. She guided the head to Kim's entrance, rubbing it along her lips first.

Kim shivered. "Fuck yes—I love it—"

I pushed in slow, filling Kim while my tongue kept working Delilah's pussy, spitting on it for good measure before sucking her clit hard.

Delilah moaned harder, body rocking. "Evan—god—don't stop—"

Kim moaned beneath her, pussy clenching around me. "Fuck—feels so good—"

I thrust deeper into Kim, tongue fucking Delilah relentlessly.

Delilah's moans turned desperate. "Evan—I'm close—gonna cum—"

I licked faster, sucking her clit, hands spreading her ass wider.

She came with a cry, pussy gushing over my tongue, body shaking as she pushed back against my face. "FUCK—YES—"

She straightened a little, hand reaching behind to grab the back of my head, pushing me deeper.

"Lick it more, daddy. Fuck me with that tongue."

I did, tongue plunging deep, lapping every drop.

Kim moaned louder beneath us. "Evan—fuck—I'm—"

I thrust harder into her. "Cum for me, baby."

"FUCK—I'M GONNA—OH, FUUCK!"

Kim came hard, pussy spasming around my cock, gushing wet, body arching up against Jasmine as she screamed into the mattress.

I pulled my head back slightly, panting hard, face slick with Delilah's cum.

"Minne," I said, voice rough. "Put it inside Jasmine, honey."

"Y-yes, Master."

"Suck it. Then spit on it," I added, before burying my face back into Delilah's cunt.

Minne leaned in, mouth wrapping around my cock, sucking softly, tasting Kim and Delilah mixed with me.

Tessa crouched beside her, smirked, and spat thick on my shaft. "Like that, maid. Come on, don't be shy. You did it before."

She rubbed the spit in, then guided Minne.

Minne spat shyly—a small amount, but enough. Tessa grinned. "Good girl."

Minne pushed my cock inside Jasmine, who moaned loud as I filled her again.

I kept licking Delilah, tongue plunging deep into her pussy, lapping up every drop as she rocked back against my face. Her moans were muffled, body trembling above me, hands braced on the bedframe.

Jasmine moaned louder beneath me, pussy clenching around my cock as I thrust faster, hips snapping hard, the wet slap echoing.

"Evan—fuck—yes—" she gasped, voice breaking.

I was getting closer, balls tightening, the feel of her tight heat and Delilah's taste pushing me to the edge.

Jasmine gasped suddenly, body locking up. "Evan—I'm—oh god—"

She screamed, pussy spasming wildly around me as she came, gushing hot and wet, thighs shaking violently. Her whole body convulsed, ass pushing back against me as wave after wave hit her, moans turning raw and desperate.

I grabbed her waist tight, fingers digging in hard enough to leave red prints on her skin, and slammed deep one last time.

I came with a groan into Delilah's pussy, cock throbbing as thick ropes shot out, pulse after pulse filling Jasmine until it leaked down her thighs. The climax hit hard—vision blurring, body tensing, pleasure rolling through me like fire while I kept my tongue buried in Delilah, tasting her sweetness.

"So fucking good," I rasped, voice wrecked, thrusting slow to milk the last drops.

I took a few steps back, pulling out with a wet sound, hand wrapping around my slick cock, rubbing slow as cum dripped from the tip.

"Come on," I said, voice low and commanding. "On the ground. All of you."

The girls obeyed instantly, dropping to their hands and knees on the carpet in a perfect line—asses arched high, backs dipped, pussies glistening and exposed. Delilah on one end, still trembling from my tongue, Kim next with her pregnant belly hanging slightly, Tessa with her red ass marked from earlier slaps, Nala regal even on all fours, Minne shy but eager at the end, Jasmine in the middle, cum leaking down her thighs.

They looked like a feast—six perfect asses presented to me, thighs spread, pussies dripping, tits hanging heavy beneath them. The room smelled like sex, sweat, and want. City lights from the window cast shadows over their curves, highlighting every arch, every quiver.

"Fuck," I smiled, stroking my cock slow, eyes drinking them in. "I'm so lucky."

