

# The Heart System #Chapter 31 - Read The Heart System

## Chapter 31

### Chapter 31: Chapter 31

I shut the door behind me, the lock clicking into place, and slumped down on my couch. My whole body still buzzed from earlier, but the first thing I did—like a junkie chasing a hit—was open the main menu.

The blue window shimmered into view, crisp text scrolling in front of my eyes.

Good, good, good. I'd leveled up. The screen confirmed it—clear as day. Not only that, but I had five unspent points just sitting there waiting for me. Three from leveling up, two from completing that risky quest.

Though... credits. Shit. I was still tight on those. Couldn't buy much from the shop unless I scraped more together, and that meant grinding it out through quests. But whatever—credits were secondary. If I leveled high enough, I wouldn't even need half the shit in the store. Power beat currency any day.

I tapped the window, pulling up my profile:

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Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

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Level: 3

EXP: 85 / 239

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Level three. It looked good, but reality hit quick—the bar had stretched longer. The EXP curve had climbed, and now, instead of scraping by with a handful of quick wins, I needed something more. A grind. But hell, if the logic held, quests would give more EXP to match, right? High risk, high reward.

My eyes slid down the panel to my stats, the part that mattered most.

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## CURRENT STATS

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Strength: 2

Charm: 5

Libido: 3

Pleasure: 2

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I exhaled slowly. My build looked lopsided already. Charm was the obvious crown jewel—hell, I'd invested there from the very start—and it was paying off. Jasmine had gone from teasing me in line at the station to letting me bend her over in the damn bathroom. That wasn't just dumb luck. That was numbers working behind the scenes.

Libido... yeah. That one had been worth it too. Old Evan—the shy, stammering version—would've blown his load before he even got his pants off. But with this? I'd actually lasted. Controlled it. I wasn't just playing at confidence anymore; I was backed by it.

Pleasure was still low, but I knew what it did. My cum was basically a drug now, stronger the higher the stat. If I pumped points there, girls would crave me after one taste. But that was long game. That didn't mean shit if I couldn't get them into bed first.

"Mm..."

And Strength? Pfft. Yeah, I wasn't dumb. This wasn't a fighting sim. I wasn't about to arm wrestle my way into pussy. Two points was fine; I'd survive without grinding biceps.

I rubbed my chin, muttering to myself like a guy pacing in front of a slot machine. "Five points. What do I do?"

Choices, choices...

I drummed my fingers against my thigh, weighed the options, then nodded. "Alright. Decision made."

I raised my index finger and flicked across the glowing panel. Points drained into the bars one by one.

Three into Charm—bringing it up to 8. One into Libido—up to 4. And the last into Pleasure—3 now, not just a forgotten number at the bottom of the pile.

The panel flickered, updating in front of me:

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## CURRENT STATS

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Strength: 2

Charm: 8

Libido: 4

Pleasure: 3

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A knock rattled the door.

I dragged myself up from the couch, still buzzing faintly from the stat upgrade glow, and pulled it open.

Kim stood there. Tank top clinging to her tits, hotpants cut so short they left little to imagination. Her arms were raised as she tied her hair back, exposing smooth pits that somehow looked sexy as hell, little beads of sweat glistening from the summer heat. Her thighs—thick as fuck—were planted in an easy stance, like she knew exactly how good she looked.

"Hey," she said, finishing the knot in her hair and letting her arms drop. Her smile was warm, guilt tucked behind it. "I'm so, so, so, so sorry for not inviting you to dinner again."

"It's fine," I said quickly, even though it hadn't been. "You guys are... I mean, you guys need time."

"The dinner will be ready in ten." She leaned in a little, hopeful. "Please, come on. Join us."

"Are you... sure?" I asked, raising a brow.

"Yes, of course!" she said, not giving me the chance to wiggle out of it. She grabbed my arm, soft tits brushing against me, and pulled me toward the hallway. "We made lasagna."

"Oh, yummy," I muttered, giving an awkward smile. My cock stirred against my jeans as her chest dragged against my arm—like, seriously? Was my body this easy now? Fuck.

We headed downstairs, her tugging me along with that playful insistence that didn't leave room for argument.

She pushed open the door to her place and the smell hit me immediately—rich tomato sauce, garlic, cheese. The kind of smell that wrapped around your stomach and made it growl even if you'd already eaten.

"Kim?" Tom's voice came from the kitchen. Pots clattered in the background. "Is Evan here?"

"Yes!" she called back, then turned to me with that smile again. "You wait in the living room. We'll be back."

"I can help if you—"

"No, no." She cut me off gently, wagging a finger. "We got it."

"Oookay." I shoved my hands into my pockets and stepped into the living room. The couch looked too soft, too homey. Everything in their apartment had that lived-in warmth—plants on the windowsill, family pictures tucked onto shelves. It felt worlds away from my empty place upstairs.

I couldn't help it—just for a second, my mind wandered. I pictured Kim bent over, those tight hotpants peeled down, me fucking her right there on the table while Tom sat clueless with his dumb grin.

I shook the thought away fast, forcing a deep breath before it got obvious.

Kim and Tom finally brought the food over, laying it on the table. We sat down, the chairs scraping across the floor.

"Dinner from hell," Kim quipped with a smirk. "Right?"

I chuckled, grabbing my fork. "Right."

The food wasn't much to brag about—sloppy pasta with some overcooked meatballs, sauce too watery, a salad that looked like it had been dragged through a fridge. Still, it filled the space and smelled decent enough.

I let the fork slip from my hand on purpose, dropping it to the floor. "Oops." I bent down.

From that angle, I caught a sight that nearly made my pulse jump out of my neck—Kim's hotpants, clinging tight to her ass and thighs. Her legs were parted just enough that I caught the soft edge of her panties. Pink. Cute. Dangerous.

Her thighs looked smooth, thick in the right places, pressing against the chair. The kind of legs you just wanted to grab and spread open wider.

I cleared my throat, grabbed the fork, and sat back up like nothing happened.

Kim tilted her head at me. "Hey, did you do something with your... hair?" Her eyes scanned me, almost curious. "You look... good. Like something changed."

It had to be the Charm points. Perfect. At least I knew they weren't wasted.

"Oh," I said, trying to play it down. "Just, you know, started taking care of myself better."

"Right," Kim muttered, throwing a glance at Tom. "If only he did the same."

Tom's face didn't even twitch at Kim's jab. No scowl, no comeback—just that flat, neutral look like he'd heard it all before and got used to swallowing it down.

We kept eating, small talk circling around work, the shitty weather, little nothings that filled the silence.

Then Kim leaned forward to cut into her lasagna and—plop—sauce slid right off her fork and splattered against her tight tank top. Right between her tits, red streak trailing down over the fabric.

She gasped, then laughed. "I'm such a klutz," she said, flashing a smile, brushing at it uselessly. The sauce only smeared, darkening the thin cotton. "I'll be back shortly. Need to change this."

"I'll head to the toilet as well," Tom said, standing. "Be right back."

"Oh," I muttered, nodding. "Okay."

Kim groaned at him, already pushing her chair back. "Don't leave our guest alone, you idiot! Stay with him. I swear, he just—he doesn't know what to do."

"It's fine, it's fine," I said with a quick smile, trying to smooth it over. "You guys can go. I have to make a phone call anyway."

"See?" Tom said, brushing past.

"This guy..." Kim muttered, rolling her eyes as she walked away.

Truth was, the phone call was bullshit. I just didn't want them sparking another fight right in front of me. Lately, it felt like they were snapping at each other over the dumbest things—like Tom not installing the damn table right. Shit like that. Ridiculous.

I watched them leave, my eyes glued to Kim's hips swaying as she disappeared down the hall. Those hotpants hugged her ass like a second skin, the fabric stretched to its limit.

Fuck. Her pussy was damn near visible through the cut of those shorts. Just a sliver of pink teasing me, like she was doing it on purpose.

"Damn," I muttered under my breath, my cock twitching against my jeans. "Should I rub one out before I pop a raging boner, I wonder..."

I leaned back in my chair, scrubbing a hand over my face. My brain kept replaying it—her tits bouncing when she laughed, the sauce sliding over that thin top, her thighs pressing against the chair, smooth and begging to be touched.

"Focus," I growled quietly, trying to shake it. "She's got a boyfriend. Don't be like that..."

Still, my eyes lingered down the hall where she vanished, hunger twisting in my gut.

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Quest Available

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Title: What table?

Task: Fuck Kim

Reward: 89 EXP

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Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

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"Ugh," I muttered. "Get out of here."

## **Chapter 32: Chapter 32**

Fucking Kim would get me eighty-nine experience points just like that? It wasn't even a risky one, but the reward was so high. No—no, it was risky. She had a boyfriend, for

fuck's sake. I couldn't just ruin their relationship like that. And besides, I had doubts Kim would even want me anyway. Tom was her guy, and from what I'd seen, she was into clever dudes. Tom wasn't exactly manly or built, but the guy was a damn genius.

If only this system had a stat called Intelligence or something. Maybe then I'd stand a chance. But—ah, fuck it. Kim was just the kind of woman who'd haunt my dreams. The kind I'd think about while jerking off at night. I could already picture it: my cock sliding between those thick thighs, my tongue pressed into her sweaty armpits, railing her from behind while yanking her hair back—

"Fuck. I'm getting hard," I muttered under my breath, shifting in the chair.

So I waited. Ate another forkful. Waited some more. Nothing. The house was quiet except for the faint creaks of pipes. I glanced at the clock. How long could it take them to change and piss?

"Evan!" Kim's voice suddenly cut through from her bedroom. "Can you come here for a second? I cannot reach there."

"Reach?" I repeated, pushing my chair back. My heart kicked up a beat as I walked down the hall toward her room.

Her bedroom was simple but neat. Two wardrobes side by side dominated the far wall, a wide bed pressed against the window with light sheets, and a scatter of magazines on the nightstand. The kind of room that looked lived in, not dressed up.

And there she was—Kim—standing on her toes in front of the left wardrobe, still in that sauce-stained tank top and tight hotpants. Her skin glistened faintly with sweat, strands of hair clinging to her neck. She stretched upward, fingers barely grazing the edge of the top shelf, reaching for something.

Her tank top rode up with every motion, exposing more of her toned belly, smooth skin catching the light. Her tits jiggled with the effort, fabric pulling snug across her chest. And her arms—fuck—her armpits flashed with every stretch, the curve of her ribs visible beneath.

Hey, shit, I wasn't even into armpits. But Kim was just—it was... hard to explain. It was just heavenly.

"What... are you doing?" I asked, my voice lower than I meant.

"Looks like Tom will be in the toilet for a while," she said with a small shake of her head, still reaching, her breasts bouncing with the motion. "I guess pasta messed with his settings, huh?"

"Ah," I smirked, "sorry to hear that."

"Yeah," she sighed, rolling her eyes, "he wants me to get his charger so he can watch some stupid videos. He's on low battery."

I stepped forward, right in front of her. From this angle, I could see straight down the loose neckline of her tank top—just a teasing shadow of cleavage. My cock pulsed, but I forced myself to focus.

I reached up casually and grabbed the charger from the shelf with ease.

"God," Kim exhaled with a grin, brushing her hair back. "Thank you."

"No problem." I smiled, holding it out to her. "We should go back. The food's getting cold."

We didn't go back to the table right away. Instead, we just stood there in her bedroom, looking at each other with that weird, awkward silence that said more than words could.

My eyes betrayed me. They dropped to her tank top, to the faint curve of her tits barely hidden by the thin fabric, to the way her nipples pressed lightly against the cotton. I tried to pull my gaze back up, but it was too late.

She caught me.

Kim chuckled quietly, brushing a strand of hair from her cheek. "I know," she said softly.

My chest tightened. "Know... what?"

"You've been checking me out since I knocked on your door."

"I, I just—" I stammered, heat rushing to my face. "No, you've got the wrong idea."

"Have I?" she tilted her head, smiling, voice dripping with playful accusation. "Really? That's a bummer."

"Bummer? Y-you have... Tom."

"Tom," she repeated flatly, like the name itself was exhausting. She sat down on the edge of her bed, resting her hands beside her hips. "I love him. But he's too... girly at times. Can't handle a woman like a man."

"Oh..." was all I could manage.

"That's why," she whispered, legs parting wider and wider, "I've been opening my legs for other guys. Sometimes, it feels good to be in bed with someone who won't cum in five minutes, you know?"

"I..." My throat dried out. My brain screamed stop, but my body was already leaning forward.

"Hey," she whispered with a slow smile. "Tom'll be in the bathroom for a while now. What should we do?"

That broke me.

I lunged before I even thought about it, pushing her down onto the bed. She let out a low laugh, not resisting, not even flinching. Her back hit the mattress, hair fanning out, and I climbed over her, pressing my lips hungrily against hers.

She kissed me back, hot and wet, her tongue sliding against mine. My hips ground down, and she shifted, glancing down at the bulge straining against my pants.

Her lips curved into a wicked smirk. "Mm... it's bigger than Tom's. That's a real man's cock."

I groaned into her mouth, my cock throbbing at her words.

"Say it again," I muttered, kissing along her jaw.

She giggled breathlessly. "Tom's got a boy dick. You've got a man dick. That's the difference."

"Fuck..." I growled, grinding harder against her.

"Hey," she suddenly pushed against my chest and slid out from under me. She stood, turned, and pressed her hand against the wardrobe, bending forward just slightly, her ass sticking out toward me. She arched her back perfectly, head tilting so she could look at me from over her shoulder.

"Fuck me already."

My breath hitched. I stepped closer, grabbed her waist, and yanked her hotpants down in one motion. Her panties came with them, sliding over her thighs and dropping to her ankles.

Her bare ass stared back at me, glistening faintly in the low light. I gripped my cock, freed it from my pants, and pressed the thick shaft against her wet slit, rubbing slow teasing strokes.

"Mmm..." she muttered, rolling her hips back. "Even the tip is so fucking big. You're so much better than Tom."

I smirked, sliding my length up and down her slick folds. "Well... the competition isn't hard if I'm winning against Tom, right?"

Her laugh was low, dirty, perfect. "His little dick is like my pinky. You have no idea how hard I fake moan when we have sex."

"Yeah?" I positioned myself at her entrance, cock throbbing against her. "Well... no faking it now."

I pressed forward, the tip of my cock sliding against her wet folds. Just the heat of her pussy sent a violent shiver up my spine.

Kim gasped, knuckles whitening on the wardrobe handle as she braced herself. Her back arched instinctively, ass pushing against me like she'd been waiting for this moment. "God... you're really gonna do it, huh? You're about to fuck me right in my own bedroom..."

"Fuck, Kim..." I muttered under my breath. My cock throbbed as it nestled between her lips, already slick. "You're... so wet already."

She tilted her head, that mischievous smirk creeping over her lips. "Of course I am. I've been thinking about this since you walked in. Since you dropped that fork and stared at my thighs. Don't think I didn't notice, Evan."

I swallowed hard, pulse hammering. "Shit..."

"Come on," she whispered, rolling her hips back against me, smearing my shaft with her wetness. "Push it in. I want to feel a real cock. Not Tom's pathetic little excuse."

That stung. It was dirty, wrong, and it made my cock twitch like I was possessed. I grabbed her hips, lined myself up properly, and thrust.

The head popped inside and Kim jolted violently, a sharp gasp spilling from her lips. "Ohhh—fuck! It's... it's stretching me already. God, Evan!"

I froze, panting, gripping her waist. "Jesus Christ... you're so fucking tight."

"Don't stop," she moaned breathlessly. "Push it deeper... I need all of it. Give me what Tom never could."

Gritting my teeth, I shoved in deeper, inch by inch. Her pussy clamped down hard, sucking me in.

"Ahhh—fuck!" she cried, legs trembling. "You're huge! God... Tom's cock never even fills me halfway. You're splitting me apart—mmm—like a real man."

My chest burned. Each word shot fuel straight to my dick. I groaned, bottoming out inside her, hips flush against her ass.

"Fuck, Kim..." I whispered harshly. "This is... insane. I shouldn't be—"

She cut me off with a filthy laugh. "Shouldn't be what? Ruining me? Giving me what I've been craving while my boyfriend sits in the bathroom shitting his guts out? You're exactly what I need."

### **Chapter 33: Chapter 33**

Her cunt pulsed around me, hot and wet, almost milking me already. I pulled back and slammed forward again, the sound of wet flesh colliding echoing in the room. The rhythm was brutal, raw, filling the air with nothing but her moans and my grunts.

"Yesss," she moaned, head dropping forward, hair spilling over her face like a curtain. "Just like that, Evan—fuck me like you hate me. Make me forget Tom ever existed."

I snapped my hips, pounding into her harder. My cock pistoned in and out, coated in her slick. Every stroke was obscene, wet, loud, filthy. It was the kind of sound you could never mistake for anything else—her pussy swallowing me whole and begging for more.

"Goddamn..." I hissed, leaning over her back, sweat dripping off my jaw onto her shoulders. "You feel... unbelievable. So fucking tight."

Kim's voice cracked with a moan that was halfway to a scream. "You're hitting spots Tom never even touched—ohhh, fuck! I can't believe I wasted so many years on that limp dick."

Hearing that lit something savage inside me. I grabbed a fistful of her tank top, yanking it down to free her tits. They bounced with every thrust, nipples stiff and aching, her whole body surrendering completely to me.

"Look at you," I growled into her ear, breath hot and ragged. "Bent over like a whore, getting fucked raw while your boyfriend's in the next room."

Her pussy spasmed around me, squeezing tight. "Yesss!" she moaned, eyes half-rolled, drool at the corner of her lips. "I'm your whore right now. God, Evan—you're making me cum already—fuck, I'm cumming!"

Her pussy clamped down so tight it nearly forced me out. Her whole body convulsed, legs trembling violently under the weight of her orgasm. I held her steady, one hand clamped on her hip, the other smacking her ass hard. The crack echoed sharp against her skin, leaving a red bloom. She cried out, not in pain, but in raw ecstasy.

"Oh my god... this is... so different!" She moaned. "God, yes!"

I slapped her ass again, harder this time, watching the flesh jiggle. "That's because you were wasting yourself on him. He couldn't even make his own girl cum." I shoved deeper, grinding against her walls. "Now you're mine. Say it."

She gasped, shoving back against me, her body hungry for every brutal thrust. "I'm yours! I'm your slut, Evan. Tom's nothing compared to you."

That word—nothing—dug into me like a drug. The betrayal was thick in the air, her voice dripping venom for the man who thought he had her.

"Poor bastard," I sneered, spanking her again, making her tits bounce with the impact. "He thinks you're his, and here you are, creaming on my cock like the whore you are."

"Yes!" she screamed, voice shaking, fingernails clawing at the sheets. "He'll never know... he'll never fuck me like this. You're ruining me, Evan!"

Her words made me throb harder, my cock swelling inside her slick heat. Every nerve screamed in pleasure, every thrust a reminder of how close to the edge I was.

But the risk sat heavy in the back of my mind. No oil. No barrier. Just raw flesh and the chance of everything going wrong.

Fuck. Was she faking it?

Either way, her ass was red beneath my palm, her cunt dripping down my shaft, and her voice moaning my name like it was the only word she knew.

Shit, I was getting close. And cumming inside her... was dangerous.

"Are you close?"

I grit my teeth, panic mixing with pure lust. "Kim—shit—we can't—"

She cut me off again, moaning filth into the air. "Don't you dare pull out yet. Keep fucking me, Evan. Harder—show me how a real man fucks. Tom's useless dick could never..."

I lost myself. I slammed into her, hips snapping faster. My balls slapped her clit each time, drawing louder cries from her throat.

"Ahhh! Yes, yes, yes! That's it—fuck me, ruin me!" She braced one hand tighter on the wardrobe while the other reached back to grab my hip, urging me deeper. "Tom would cry if he saw me now... moaning on another man's cock. But fuck—I don't even care anymore!"

Her words twisted a knife of guilt and ecstasy inside me. My cock twitched violently, pre-cum leaking inside her.

"Kim—fuck—you're gonna make me—"

"Cum?" she gasped, looking over her shoulder with wild eyes. "You're close already? God, you're throbbing so much inside me." She licked her lips, smirking. "Don't you dare waste it in my pussy, though. I want to see your cum. I want it on me."

I groaned, slamming in harder. "Fuck—you're insane."

"And you love it," she moaned. "Admit it—you love fucking your friend's girlfriend. You love hearing how much better you are than him."

"Shut the fuck up," I growled, though my cock pulsed even harder at her words.

Her laugh broke into a moan as I bottomed out again. "God—you're so deep... Tom never even reached my cervix. You're fucking me in places he'll never know exist."

I was spiraling. The room blurred, my senses drowning in her tight heat, her filth, the wet slap of our bodies colliding.

I clenched my jaw, fighting the urge to let go inside her. "Shit—I can't—"

"Do it!" she screamed. "Cum for me—cover me with it—let me feel what real cum looks like!"

I yanked out, stroking my slick cock furiously as I aimed at her back. My balls tightened, vision tunneling—

"Fuck... oh god—shit!" I growled, spurting thick ropes of cum across her ass and lower back. It splattered everywhere, hot, sticky, pouring out of me in thick streams.

Kim gasped, shivering as it coated her skin. "Ohhh... god, look at that. So much cum... Evan, fuck... Tom barely dribbles when he finishes. But you—" she reached back, smearing it with her fingers, moaning at the feel. "You paint me white like a real man should."

I staggered back, chest heaving, cock still hard despite the violent release. Cum dripped down her curves, streaking her thighs, glistening under the soft bedroom light.

Kim turned her head, a wicked smile on her lips, her chest still heaving. "Mmm... what the fuck? You're still hard." She smirked. "Guess round two's coming sooner than I thought."

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## EVENT

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Kim's Interest +1

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Good... interest from her, huh?

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## WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

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Jasmine: Interest: 12 / 20

Kayla: Interest: 5 / 20

Tessa: Interest: 15 / 20

Kim: Interest: 1/20

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Progress:

★★★★☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

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Select a woman to track progress.

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I groaned, half-panicked, half-turned-on beyond reason. Fuck... what the hell am I getting myself into?

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Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Kim

EXP Gained: +22

Star Rating: 2.6 ★★

Reason: Your Partner Didn't climax

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The wardrobe door creaked open.

I jerked my head around, heart leaping into my throat.

Tom stumbled out—completely naked. His pale skin flushed pink, his skinny frame trembling. My jaw nearly hit the floor.

His cock was... tiny. Pathetically small, stiff but barely poking forward. He wasn't even embarrassed. He was moaning, almost mindlessly, as if seeing Kim's ass glazed in my cum had flipped a switch inside him.

Before I could react, he dropped to his knees behind her, grabbing her hips clumsily. They both toppled forward onto the carpet.

"What the—" My voice broke as I staggered back, cock still half-hard.

Tom didn't even glance at me. He fisted his tiny dick furiously with one hand while his mouth pressed to Kim's ass, licking hungrily at the mess I'd just painted there.

"Fuck," I muttered, my whole body tensing. "What the actual fuck—"

He moaned against her skin, slobbering, sucking the cum off her curves, then diving lower. His tongue dragged across her pussy, wet, desperate, pathetic.

Kim didn't moan. She didn't enjoy. She groaned, like she'd just been reminded of something irritating. "Goddamnit, Tom. Really? You couldn't even wait for Evan to leave?"

Her voice wasn't sultry anymore. It was cold. Sharp. Like she'd just switched into another role entirely.

Tom whimpered against her, stroking his little cock faster. His hips jerked, and within seconds, a weak splat of cum dribbled out, landing pitifully on the floor between his knees.

I froze. My brain was short-circuiting.

Shit, shit, shiiit. The "arguments" I'd been hearing all those nights? The banging, the yelling? That wasn't fighting. It was... this. Some twisted game. They weren't at war, they were roleplaying. Full-blown sex, but with Tom groveling like a dog while Kim played the queen.

This motherfucker was a masochist. And Kim... Kim was his owner. Or mistress. Or something I didn't have the vocabulary for.

I'd always been a vanilla guy.

Kim shoved him back with her heel, eyes narrowing as she stood. "You pathetic little worm. Couldn't even let me have a moment, huh? Couldn't even wait until Evan was gone?"

Tom lay there, panting, dick still twitching, cum glistening on the carpet.

"Unbelievable," Kim muttered as she stood tall. Then, without warning, she lifted her foot and planted it right on his cock.

Tom yelped, but his face twisted into some sick mix of pain and bliss.

"Is this what you wanted?" Kim hissed, pressing down harder. "Interrupt me? Embarrass me in front of him?"

He whined, hips squirming under her heel, cock pinned and reddening.

I swallowed hard, eyes wide. "W-what the..."

She glanced back at me then, her annoyed glare softening into something sly. A completely different woman from the one seconds ago. She tilted her head, lips curling into a small, wicked smile.

"Guess we've got some explaining to do, huh?"

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Quest Completed

Title: What Table

Reward: 89 EXP

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## **Chapter 34: Chapter 34**

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Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

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Level: 3

EXP: 196 / 239

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We ended up in the living room. The air was thick, heavier than it should've been. Kim sat down beside me on the couch, close enough that her bare thigh brushed mine. Tom sat across from us on the single armchair, still looking sheepish, his hands folded in his lap.

"So..." I finally said, scratching the back of my neck. "This is... you know, awkward, huh?"

"Yeah," Kim sighed, shaking her head. "Sorry about that. You weren't supposed to find out about all this."

"I'm... sorry," Tom muttered, eyes cast down.

"It's fine, honey," Kim said with an exhale, her tone softening just a bit. "You couldn't hold yourself back, I get it."

I cleared my throat. "So—"

"Before you ask," Kim cut in, looking at me with sharp eyes. "I love Tom more than anything in this world. That hasn't changed. This is just..." She trailed off, searching for the right word.

"An innocent fantasy," I finished for her. "Yeah. I get that. Sure."

Kim nodded slowly. "Exactly. An innocent fantasy of ours. It was actually Tom's idea. I was against it at first, but then..." She gave a little shrug, a sly smile tugging at her lips. "I liked it. Maybe a bit more than Tom."

"Well, I'm happy you two... found a middle ground," I said, awkwardly shifting in my seat. "I, uh, tried to hold myself back earlier, but... you were kind of too much for me, Kim."

"She is," Tom said quietly, almost proudly. "She's just too much.."

"Yeah..." I muttered, glancing between them. "Oh—can I ask something?"

"Sure," Kim said, turning to me.

"I've been hearing noises from down here for a while now," I admitted. "At first I thought you guys were arguing, but... was that actually, you know, the two of you being... naughty?"

Kim smirked, leaning back against the couch. "Yeah. That was me locking Tom up and doing all sorts of nasty things to him. He likes it. Begs for it."

"Oh..." I nodded slowly. "Got it."

Her eyes flicked to mine, mischievous. "Would you wanna... see it?"

My chest tightened. "I..." I started, hesitating. "If you two are okay with it..."

"Not two," Kim corrected firmly. Her voice had weight now. "I decide what I do, what I like, what I don't like. Right, Tom?"

"Of course," Tom replied immediately, almost like a trained response.

"Oh... right," I said, exhaling. "Then yeah. Sure. If you're okay with me."

Kim rose from the couch without another word, her hips swaying as she disappeared down the hallway. I sat there in silence, my heart pounding like a drum. Tom avoided my eyes, staring at the carpet, fidgeting like he already knew what was about to happen.

When Kim came back, she had two things in her hands: a black leather chastity belt, metal glinting under the light, and a pair of silver handcuffs.

Uh-oh.

"On the floor," she ordered flatly, pointing at Tom. "Get naked."

He obeyed instantly, slipping out of his clothes piece by piece until he was completely naked, pale skin flushed with anticipation—or shame, maybe both. His small cock twitched, hard but almost laughably modest compared to mine.

"Pathetic," Kim muttered, crouching down in front of him. She dangled the belt in her hand, smirking. "You think you deserve to cum after embarrassing yourself in front of Evan?"

"N-no, Mistress," Tom stammered.

"That's right." She shoved the leather device against his crotch and fastened it, the click of the lock sounding final. His cock strained inside, but there was no escape. Then she grabbed his wrists and snapped the handcuffs on, pulling his arms behind his back with a cruel little tug. "Now you'll sit here and watch while I get what I actually want."

My pulse spiked. Watching her work him over so easily, so coldly, was surreal.

Then, without hesitation, Kim hooked her thumbs into her tank top and tugged it over her head, tossing it aside. She wasn't wearing a bra, her tits bouncing free, nipples already stiff. Her hotpants went next, sliding down her toned thighs until she stood completely naked in front of both of us—sweat still clinging faintly to her skin, her pussy glistening.

She turned to me, eyes blazing. "What are you waiting for?" she asked, voice low and commanding. "You're going to fuck me. Right here. Right in front of my boyfriend."

"Oh..." I swallowed hard, my cock already straining in my jeans. "O-okay..."

Shit. My mind flashed to the Sensual Oil, to how it could've turned this into the perfect storm—Kim screaming my name, her interest skyrocketing. But I didn't have it. Not tonight. Guess I'd just have to rely on myself.

I stripped fast, my clothes pooling on the floor until I was as bare as Kim. My cock jutted out, thick and hard, throbbing at the sight of her standing there naked with her boyfriend locked up and kneeling like some pet.

I stepped up to her, and she met me halfway, kissing me hard on the lips. Her tongue slid into my mouth, needy, hungry.

When she pulled back, she whispered, "I'm on the pill. No need to worry about cumming inside me."

I just nodded, my head buzzing, cock twitching. The thought of raw, unprotected sex with her—right in front of him—sent me over the edge.

"Fuck," I muttered, grabbing her thighs and lifting her up like she weighed nothing. Her back pressed tight against my chest, her legs dangling open in the air, her pussy glistening right over the head of my cock.

Kim guided me in herself, sliding my tip inside with a slow push. "Ohhh, yes..." she moaned, her head tilting back against my shoulder. "Finally... a real cock."

I groaned as I sank deep into her, her walls gripping me tight.

"Move toward him," Kim ordered breathlessly. "I want him to watch me getting fucked."

I carried her forward until we stood right over Tom, his face tilted upward, eyes wide as he watched his girlfriend take me.

Kim grinned down at him, bouncing her hips just enough to make my cock stir inside her. "See this, baby? This is what it feels like to be filled by a man. You never stretched me like this... never."

I thrust upward hard, her moan spilling into the room, and clear juices leaked down from where we were connected, dripping from my shaft. A strand fell right onto Tom's cheek.

"Mmmm," Kim purred, grinding against me. "Every push, every inch... so much thicker... so much harder. Do you feel that, Tom? Do you see how his cock disappears inside me?"

I tightened my grip on her thighs, slamming into her with a wet smack. Her slickness sprayed down, and with every thrust, droplets spattered onto Tom's face and chest.

"Oh god—yes," she cried. "Your cock... ohhh, Evan—it feels so fucking good. Tom, are you watching? Are you watching how wet I get for him? This is what a real man does to me..."

Tom whimpered, his eyes locked on us, face glistening as more of her juices spilled onto him.

I growled low in my throat, rutting up into her, the wet sounds filling the room. Kim moaned louder, her body shivering against mine, and with each deep thrust I felt her walls ripple around me, squeezing me in ways that made my head spin.

She leaned her head back against me, panting. "God—don't stop, Evan... I want him to see every second of this... every drop that leaks out of me onto his face."

I gritted my teeth, pumping up into her, her tightness clenching around me with each stroke. "Fuck... Kim, you're so wet, I can feel it dripping all over him."

She smirked, breathless, her tits bouncing as I kept her legs spread open. "Good... let him drown in it. Let him smell what it's like when I get fucked properly."

Another thrust—her pussy squeezed around me, slick and messy, juices spilling down in little streams. It splattered onto Tom's lips and chin, his tongue darting out instinctively to taste it. He whimpered, but didn't look away.

"Y-yeah... take it," Kim panted, grinding against me. "Take every drop. That's what you're good for, isn't it, baby? Sitting there while a real man ruins me?"

I groaned, rutting harder, balls smacking against her ass. Her pussy was soaking, every push drawing out more slickness, but I could tell—her voice wasn't breaking, her moans weren't those shattering, uncontrollable ones. She was enjoying it, yeah, but not close. Not yet.

Kim leaned her head back on my shoulder, eyes sharp despite her panting. "Evan... don't stop... fuck me harder. Show him how it's done."

I slammed into her, over and over, my chest tight with the effort. Sweat dripped down my back. But even as I tried to give it to her rough, I caught the glint in her smile—like she knew I wasn't there yet, like she felt every clumsy thrust.

Then she suddenly looked down at Tom, a wicked grin curling her lips. "Enough watching. Get up here, Tom."

He blinked, confused.

"I said get up," she snapped. "On your knees. Lean in close."

Tom obeyed immediately, shuffling forward until his face was right between her thighs, his eyes level with her swollen, wet pussy that was already wrapped tight around my cock.

"Good boy," she purred, her tone dripping with dominance. "Now lick my clit. Taste how a real man fucks me."

## **Chapter 35: Chapter 35**

My thrusts didn't stop—I speared into her harder, and her body jolted from both my cock pumping inside and Tom's tongue flicking against her swollen bud.

"Ohhh fuuuck," she moaned, shivering. "Yes... yes... keep licking me... Evan—don't you dare stop. Ohhh god, this is perfect. One tongue, one cock... this is how I should always be treated."

I growled, gripping her thighs tighter, ramming my cock in deep. Her walls squeezed wetly around me, messy and slippery, but not locking down the way I'd imagined. "Shit, Kim—you're so tight—he's licking you while I fuck you, no wonder you're dripping like this."

She laughed breathlessly, eyes gleaming with something cruel. "Mmm... he is taking it like a good boy."

Her body quivered in my arms, juices slicking down my shaft, coating Tom's tongue as he lapped eagerly.

Kim tilted her head, panting, voice low and sharp. "Evan... give me more. Push harder. I want him to choke on how wet I get from you. Even if you can't finish the job yet... he'll taste the proof that you're still above him."

I clenched my jaw, sweat dripping down my forehead. No way. No fucking way I was walking out of this without making her cum. I was going to give her everything I had, burn out every ounce of strength, every bit of focus until she broke on my cock.

I tightened my grip on her thighs, dragging her closer until she was fully in my hold, her back pressed tight against my chest. My arms wrapped around, pulling my hand back, locking them behind her head. She gasped, her tits jutting forward, body arched like I owned her.

"Wh-what are you—"

She couldn't even finish.

I slammed forward and drove in full speed, my hips pistonning like a fucking minigun unloading rounds. Flesh slapping, the sound of wetness spraying out with each brutal thrust, the obscene rhythm echoing louder than her cries.

"OH GOOOD!" Kim's voice tore through the room, shattering into shaky screams. "FU-U-U-UCK!"

Her body jolted with every thrust, her legs trembling, toes curling like she was trying to claw the carpet beneath us. Her hair whipped back, sweaty strands sticking to her cheeks as she thrashed.

"You fucking love this," I growled into her ear, my lips brushing the sheen of sweat running down her cheek. My voice was low and cruel. "You love seeing your pathetic

boyfriend kneeling there while I ruin you. You love being split open by a real cock, don't you?"

"G-O-D!" she howled, her voice broken, torn apart by the pounding. "EVAN!"

Her pussy squeezed me like a vice, hot walls trembling around my cock. That only spurred me on.

I gritted my teeth and went even harder. My hips blurred, ramming into her so faster now. Each thrust punched into her soaked cunt, spraying wetness down my thighs, down onto Tom's face.

The slap of her pussy was obscene, wet and filthy, every thrust pulling more slick out of her. The sound filled the room, competing with her ragged screams.

Tom tried to stay in place, his tongue desperate against her clit, but my thrusts were too violent. Her hips jerked so hard that he lost his balance, stumbled back, and fell on his ass. His face was dripping, chin glistening with her juices. He looked wrecked, humiliated—and addicted.

And then—Kim fucking broke.

Her scream ripped out of her throat, loud and raw, bouncing off the walls. Her pussy clenched down so tight it felt like she was trying to strangle my cock. Then she gushed.

Hot streams of wetness sprayed straight out of her, splattering onto Tom's face. A torrent of slick drenched him, soaking his hair, dripping down his cheeks, spraying his chest. He moaned like a broken mutt, eyes half-rolled, hands trembling as he clawed at his tiny caged cock.

"Ohhh fuuuck yesss—" Kim sobbed out, her body spasming in my grip. Her legs shook violently, and I could feel her nails digging into my forearm as I held her.

Tom's face twisted between humiliation and pure bliss as the flood drenched him. His lips parted, tongue darting out, licking up every drop that dripped down from her pussy. He whimpered like he couldn't live without it, and his little cock jerked helplessly inside the cage.

He twitched suddenly, body shuddering, and I saw it—cum oozing through the gaps of the metal cage, dribbling down his thighs, pathetic and messy. He'd cum from nothing but watching me rail his girl.

"Pathetic," I hissed, eyes locked on him while I kept pounding. "You fucking came just from watching me split her open?"

Kim screamed again, throwing her head back onto my shoulder. The squirts kept coming, splashing, soaking Tom as if she was marking him in filth.

Her voice was ragged, broken. "Ohhh... fuckkk—yes—yes—oh my godddd!"

My cock was throbbing so hard it hurt. The sight of him drenched, his own cum leaking down, and her body losing control in my arms—it was too much. I slammed forward, burying myself deep, grinding against her walls like I wanted to fuse with her.

"Fuck, Kim—I'm—"

Hot release ripped through me like fire, and I unloaded. Thick ropes of cum shot deep inside her, filling her tight, quivering cunt. Her walls milked me, clamping down, refusing to let me go, forcing every spurt to stay inside her.

She moaned through it, body twitching as she felt me flood her.

I groaned, shaking, pumping until I was drained, until I was sure I'd painted her womb white.

Finally, my grip loosened. I let her go, and she dropped forward off the couch, collapsing to the carpet. She lay there panting, her body still twitching from the aftershocks, sweat and slick glistening on her thighs.

I staggered back and collapsed onto the floor, chest heaving like I'd just run a marathon. My cock still twitched, soaked in her slick and my cum. I threw my arm over my forehead and let out a long, shuddering breath.

"Fuck," I muttered. "Oh, man. Oh, shit."

The room stank of sex. Sweat, cum, pussy juices—it was everywhere. Kim's moans still echoed faintly in my ears, and Tom's whimpers of shame sat heavy in the background.

But me? My whole body buzzed. Not just from the sex. From the system.

I could feel it in me, humming, alive. The system had boosted me, sharpened me, given me the stamina, the drive, thanks to the points I used. Without it, there was no way I could've lasted like that, no way I could've made her gush like a fountain all over her boyfriend's face.

Still... it wasn't enough. My chest burned, muscles heavy, my cock drained but aching. I was strong, yeah—but not strong enough. I was still weak. I needed more. More levels. More points. More power.

Because this? This was just the beginning.

---

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Kim

Ability Point Gained: +1

Star Rating: 3.1 ★★★

Reason: Could've made

her cum more than once.

---

"Phew..." I whispered to myself. "Charm. Definitely Charm."

---

#### CURRENT STATS

---

Strength: 2

Charm: 9

Libido: 4

Pleasure: 3

---

Could've made her cum more than once?

I laid there, cock still twitching inside her wet heat in my memory, sweat rolling down my neck, and the system's fucking text burned into my head like a neon sign. You could've done better.

Better? I just wrung Kim dry, made her squirt all over Tom's pathetic face, and pumped her so full of cum she was dripping. And still—still—it told me I was short.

I was beat. My hips ached, my lungs burned. My body screamed that I'd gone beyond what I should've been able to do. And yet... there was that nagging little line of failure,

whispering that I should've kept going, should've pulled another orgasm out of her screaming throat.

"This is crazy," I muttered under my breath, dragging a hand down my slick chest. "Fucking insane."

Kim laughed breathlessly from the floor, her hair matted to her sweaty face, tits still bouncing a little with every shaky breath she took. She looked ruined—ruined and glowing. Her lips curled into this cocky, fucked-out smile.

"We should do this more often," she said, her voice hoarse from screaming.

The way she said it—like I was just another toy she'd keep around to break in front of her boyfriend—made my cock twitch all over again, even drained.

"Yeah," I muttered, still half gone. "We should, huh?"

Her laugh rang out sharp, satisfied, like she'd gotten everything she wanted. Tom just sat there, cum still leaking out of his little cage, face glistening with her juices, eyes glassy and humiliated. He didn't even say a word.

Good.

I made her cum without the system holding my hand. No charm bonus. No sex stat boost. Just raw, ugly drive. That meant something. It proved I had it in me, even if I was still low-level trash.

Still, I wasn't there yet. Not nearly.

I had a simple plan now, clear as day in my head: ten points in Charm, minimum. After that? Every drop of juice went straight into Libido and Pleasure. Because those were the stats that mattered. Those were the ones that'd make a goddess forget her own name on my cock.

I wasn't going to stay some desperate, average guy. I was going to grind until I broke ceilings. I'd get so fucking strong in bed, so unstoppable, that when I got back to her—that goddess who humiliated me, who laughed down at me like I was nothing—I'd make her scream until she choked on her own voice.

That was my goal now. Simple. Filthy. Perfect.

I leaned my head back against the carpet, chest still heaving, and grinned up at the ceiling like a madman.

"This should be fun..."

---

## Chapter 36: Chapter 36

Man.

Some of these quests the system kept spitting out were absolutely unhinged.

Have sex with a woman on top of a rooftop? The hell was I, Spider-Man with a hard-on?

Get a blowjob from five women at once? Yeah right. I didn't even know five women in my whole goddamn life.

These quests weren't just ambitious—they were impossible for a guy like me. But impossible or not, the reward numbers beside them made my cock twitch with hunger. Points. Bonuses. Upgrades. Everything I needed was locked behind shit I'd never even dreamed about.

I wiped the fog off the mirror in the bathroom later that night and froze.

Well, well, well.

The reflection staring back at me wasn't the same tired loser who used to jerk off at three in the morning with stale tissues. Something had changed. Something was sharper.

My jawline looked more defined. My hair—still the same messy brown—but softer, like it belonged in some shampoo commercial instead of my greasy skull. The dark circles under my eyes? Gone. My skin? Clearer.

I leaned closer. My lips even looked fuller, less cracked, like I'd been taking care of myself without even realizing it. My eyes—fuck—they almost looked alive for once.

I smirked at myself, testing the expression like I didn't believe it was mine.

"Wow, it's... weird." I muttered, lips curling into a grin. "Charm really is helping me."

I tilted my head, flexed my arm in the mirror. Still skinny, still not jacked, but less pathetic. A hint of something under the skin.

"I should put one more point into it," I told myself, and for the first time ever, I almost looked like a guy who believed his own words.

I slipped my shirt back on, grabbed my jacket from the hook, and headed out. The apartment door clicked shut behind me, and I was on the street, the morning air cool against my face.

Hands stuffed deep in my pockets, I trudged toward the bus station. My head was still swirling, not from lack of sleep, but from everything that went down yesterday.

Kim. Tom. That whole fucked-up scene.

Her screams. The way her pussy clamped down when I finally broke her. Tom's face drenched in her juices, the pathetic little cage dripping his own cum. My cock stirred just thinking about it. Christ. If someone told me a month ago I'd be balls-deep in my neighbor while her boyfriend licked her clit, I'd have laughed in their face.

But here I was.

The system was the only reason. Without it, I would've been a sweaty, nervous wreck—done in five minutes, if I even got it up at all. Now? I'd fucked more women in the last week than in the rest of my life combined.

I couldn't help grinning as I stepped up to the bus stop.

A bus pulled up with a low hiss of brakes, and as the doors folded open, I saw her.

A fucking knockout.

She stepped on like she owned the damn place—sharp black glasses, her long dark hair tied up tight, lips glossed with a subtle shine. Her tits pressed firm against a plain white shirt, but it was those crimson pants that stole the show—tight as hell, gripping her wide hips and fat ass. Mid-thirties, maybe older, but she carried herself like a woman who knew exactly what she was worth.

"Holy shit," I muttered under my breath. "What a fucking beauty."

And then:

---

Quest Available

---

Title: Work, work, work

Task: Learn her name

Reward: 15 EXP

---

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

---

Learning her name? Easy. That's why the reward was nothing special. But I knew how this went. Get her name, and maybe the system would throw me another quest—something dirtier. Something that could end with me railing her brains out.

I had to know her. The only question was—how the fuck was I going to pull it off?

As I was watching her, trying to figure out my move, I caught something else.

Two girls sitting across the aisle were staring at me. Not just glancing—straight up staring, whispering to each other with those little smirks on their faces.

"Shit," I muttered under my breath, heat creeping up my neck. My whole face felt like a tomato. "It has to be Charm!"

There was no other explanation. A few days back, girls wouldn't have even noticed me. Now? They were checking me out. Fucking hell. Charm was a cheat code. I had to dump more points into it. The thought of walking into a room and every woman's eyes instantly glued to me—yeah, I needed that. But first...

The system screen popped in front of me, faint, hovering like a tease:

---

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

---

Level: 3

EXP: 196 / 239

---

Just a little more. A couple quests, maybe even this one, and I'd ding four. Three points to spend. I already had a plan—one into Charm, one into Libido, one into Pleasure. That way I'd cover everything: get women drawn in, last longer, and make them melt when I

fuck them. After that? I'd figure it out. Maybe stack Pleasure so I could blow their brains out with every thrust. Or pump Libido so I could fuck all night without collapsing.

But I was drifting. I had a job to do.

I needed that woman's name.

She was standing dead center of the bus, one hand holding the metal railing overhead—yeah, railing, that's the word—her body swaying slightly with every bump in the road.

Perfect. Time to get closer.

"Excuse me," I said, turning to an old lady who had just climbed up the steps. "You can sit here, ma'am."

Her face lit up like Christmas. "Oh, thank you," she said, clutching her bag. "Thank you, young man. We need more people like you!"

"No problem." I forced a smile.

That gave me the out I needed. I slipped out of my seat and shuffled my way down the bus, each step dragging me closer to her.

And then I was there. Right next to her. Close enough that I could smell the faint perfume she wore—something floral, expensive.

From up close she was even more insane. Her tits were so full and round I could actually see the outline of her bra through that tight white shirt. Black lace. I'd bet money on it. And those crimson pants? They hugged her ass so tight I could tell she wasn't wearing anything underneath. Every curve was outlined, sculpted, begging to be grabbed.

I swallowed hard. My throat was dry as sand.

She shifted her weight slightly, the motion making her tits push against the shirt, and fuck me—I could see her bra straps straining against her shoulders.

I could imagine... fucking her from behind, my hands kneading her tits as I drove deep inside her. The sound of her screaming my name was pure music, a raw, desperate cry of pleasure that only made me want to fuck her harder. I'd feel her pussy clench and release with every thrust, her body shuddering around my cock. And then, there it was—that moment when I couldn't hold back, when the only thing that mattered was filling her completely... Shit, when did I become this horny?

I gulped again, then cleared my throat, trying to get my shit together before I embarrassed myself.

How the hell was I supposed to start a conversation with her? Shit, there'd only been a handful of women in my life I'd even managed to string a proper sentence to. Maybe I could just say hey? Nah, too basic. Too cliché. She probably got "hey, gorgeous" a hundred times before she even clocked into work.

Compliment her? What the fuck would I even compliment? "Nice tits"? Yeah, smooth, Evan. Real smooth.

I bit my lip, panicking. My brain spat out the first bullshit line it could.

"Hey, uh," I blurted with a smile that felt like it was stapled to my face. "Sorry to bother you."

She turned her head, her expression hard as stone, not even blinking. "Yes, what?"

Fuck. Okay. Time to commit. I couldn't possibly back down from this.

"I, uh..." My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. "Which perfume brand do you use? I'm thinking of getting a gift for... my friend. I think she'd love that."

Her eyes flicked down, then back up at me. Her voice was flat, merciless.

"The kind of brand you wouldn't afford."

Shit.

That was it. No hesitation. No softening. Just straight execution-style delivery.

Before I could even sputter out some weak laugh, she took the first chance—some guy stood up, and she slid into his empty seat like I didn't even exist.

And I just... stood there. My eyes glued to the bus floor, fists clenched tight, the words don't scream, don't fucking scream playing on loop in my head.

"Which perfume brand?" I whispered to myself. "Fuck me. I'm an idiot."

---

QUEST FAILED

---

Title: Work, work, work

Task: Learn her name

Reward: 15EXP

---

Result: You've been ignored.

---

"Could've been worse, I guess..." I muttered, though my gut twisted like I'd just eaten glass.

---

## **Chapter 37: Chapter 37**

I kept scrolling until the video loaded up again—two girls on stage, the sisters from that group Velvet Echo. Big as hell right now, couldn't open social media without seeing them trending.

Carrie was the younger one—twenty, fresh-faced, medium black hair bouncing around her cheeks every time she twirled. Cute, innocent vibe, the kind of girl the crowd wanted to protect and fuck at the same time.

Liz, though—Liz was twenty-four, tall and stacked, hair so long it whipped all the way to her ass whenever she spun. Tits practically begging to burst out of her shirt.

They were on stage in matching outfits: black button-up shirts tucked tight into little skirts that barely hid anything when they moved. Every time Liz bent forward to sing into the mic, her cleavage jiggled like it had its own rhythm section. And Carrie—when she jumped in sync with the beat, her skirt would flash high enough to show a line of soft thigh that sent the crowd howling.

"Damn," I muttered, eyes glued to the screen. "So good."

"Hello."

The voice cut right through the music. I blinked up and saw Richard dragging himself into the shop, slumping behind the counter like his spine had been ripped out. Never seen him look that down before.

"Hey," I said, shoving my phone into my pocket and resting a hand on his shoulder.  
"What happened?"

"Kayla—my girlfriend," he groaned, staring at the tiles like they killed his dog. "She found out about Mendy."

"Who... is Mendy?"

He gave me a look. "Mendy. The girl I told you about."

"Wait, I thought Kayla's surname was Mendy."

"Are you dense?"

I rubbed the back of my head. "So—you've been cheating on her?" I raised a brow.  
"That's low, man."

Funny, coming from me—the kind of guy who'd fuck someone's girlfriend right in front of him while he was locked in a chastity cage. But hey, I wasn't the one crying about it.

"I mean, I was only with Kayla because she was okay with doing anal," Richard said, dead serious. Then he perked up, like a stray thought cheered him. "I think she likes you, by the way. Did you see her staring at your dick when you joked about your size?"

"Maan, I didn't joke," I groaned, running a hand down my face. "I also felt bad about that. Since it was your girlfriend, I thought—"

"Nah, nah." He actually chuckled. "She's a real whore, man. If you take her to bed, try anal. She's always clean down there, I swear."

I smirked. "No thanks. I like using the front door."

"Juust saying."

"So, what, you're sad because Kayla found out about Mendy?"

"No!" He slammed a hand on his thigh. "I'm sad because I got caught. And now Mendy knows too. That bitch Kayla told her everything."

"Oh... damn." I leaned back. "What's the plan here? 'Mendy, I can explain. I only fucked Kayla because she let me in the back door. Please forgive me.' That's your angle?"

"Har fucking har, man." He shook his head, sighing so hard it whistled. "What the fuck should I do? Ugh..."

---

Quest Available

---

Title: Peace

Task: Make Mendy

forgive Richard.

Reward: 25 EXP

---

---

Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

---

Ah, fuck it.

"How was Mendy when she... learned that?" I asked.

"She cried. And went to her mother's place."

"Damn," I muttered. "You should go to her. But—before that, we should make up a lie or something."

"Lie?" His eyes snapped up at me. "Kayla showed her our video, man. Her gaping her own asshole while I put my dick in and pull out."

I slapped my forehead, groaning. "You're a pornstar now, Rich? Videos and shit, huh?"

"Oh, shut up. Brainstorm or zip it."

"Alright, alright," I said, leaning forward against the counter, palms flat. "We can still save your relationship."

"How?"

"We find Kayla. Persuade her into saying that video was fake. Like AI or something," I said. "You didn't admit to Mendy that the video was real, right?"

"Fuck no. She stormed out before I got a chance to speak."

"Okay then," I nodded. "We find Kayla. Call her."

"She blocked me."

"Give me her phone number."

Richard groaned, dragging his phone from his pocket and began reading me her number.

I keyed it into my phone, staring at the digits while my stomach tightened. Cold air from the AC hit the back of my neck, and for a second I just stood there, thumb hovering. What the hell was I supposed to say? "Hey, could you admit to faking your own stretched-out asshole with deepfake software?" Yeah, smooth.

I exhaled hard through my nose. Guess I'd improvise.

"You stay here in case customers come," I told him, sliding his phone back and pocketing mine. "I'll be right back."

"Thank you, man. Thank you." His eyes lit up, desperate and relieved. "Convince her to say that video was AI, and I'll cover your shifts for a whole week."

I pushed the door open, the bell jangling above me. "You bet."

The air outside hit warm, buzzing faint with summer heat. Hell, just a few hours ago it was raining. This city, I swear...

Ah, anyway.

Time to hunt Kayla down.

I dialed the number and waited. One beep. Two, three—just when I was about to hang up, she actually answered. Vacuum roaring in the background.

"This is Kayla," she said, flat. "Who are you?"

"Hi, it's, uh, Evan." I scratched my neck, already feeling awkward. "We met briefly in—"

"I know who you are." The vacuum noise cut out. Her tone sharpened. "Don't tell me Richard came and cried to you."

"Well, he kinda did," I admitted, fishing my cigarette pack out of my pocket. "Look, he's sorry, okay? Says he wishes he didn't play both sides. Says he wishes he was a better man. A decent man."

"And?"

"And... he deserves a second chance." I flicked my lighter, cigarette catching with a snap. Took a drag, exhaled smoke into the air. "I know you showed that explicit video to his girlfriend. Can you just... like—tell her it was AI?"

"What?"

"Please." My voice cracked into begging without me meaning it. "If you—"

"No."

"Look," I pushed, desperate. "Can we meet? Face to face. These are important."

"No. Fuck off. Don't ever call me again."

The line went dead, just like that.

I stood there, cigarette burning between my fingers, staring at the dull glow of my phone screen. Damn. She wasn't angry just because she was getting used by Richard, she was gutted because she got lied to. Heartbreak, not just humiliation. Knowing she was with a man who had a loving girlfriend in his life... kinda close to what I was feeling right now.

Kim, Tom—ugh. Focus.

I finished the smoke down to the filter, flicked it into the gutter, then headed back inside the shop. Bell chimed as I stepped through. Richard looked up at me, his face already reading the verdict.

"Shit," he muttered.

"Hey, let's not lose hope," I said, shaking my head. "Does she work?"

"Yeah. The coffee place we bumped into each other. She's the new barista there."

"Okay," I muttered. "I'll go and visit her. You tell Mendy that... the video was AI or something, I don't know. Build up the lie, you know?"

"Okay," he said, standing up, his face pale but determined. "I'll... I'll go to her right now."

"Hmm."

He pushed himself off the stool, grabbed his jacket. "Hey, thanks, man."

"No problem." I forced a smile. "We'll figure this out."

The door shut behind him, leaving me in the shop with the buzzing fridge and the faint smell of gasoline clinging to everything.

"I need credit so I can buy that oil from the shop..."

---

Jasmine was riding me hard, her ass slapping down against my thighs every time she bounced. My back sank into the couch, hands gripping her waist, pulling her down harder on my cock. Her tits jiggled in my face, nipples brushing my chin with every movement.

From the kitchen, the sizzle of oil mixed with the sound of flesh smacking.

"Jasmine," Tessa called out like nothing was happening. "How much salt should I put in this?"

I groaned, shoving my face into Jasmine's bouncing tits, licking sweat and skin.

"Fuck—uh, just a pinch!" Jasmine replied.

"Alright."

Jasmine smirked down at me, hair sticking to her forehead, sweat running between her tits. "You're off your game today," she panted, grinding slower, teasing my cock with every roll of her hips. "Something bothering you?"

'Yeah, yeah. I don't have the oil. Boo me.'

"Just... work stuff." My jaw clenched as I held back, every nerve screaming for release. "Don't worry about it."

---

## QUEST

---

Title: Hold it

Task: During sex, don't

climax for ten minutes

Reward: 15 EXP

10c

---

Five minutes down. Every second was a knife to my dick. I needed that reward though—bad. Needed the oil if I wanted any chance of convincing Kayla.

And fuck me, Jasmine wasn't making it easy. Her tits bounced in my vision like a porno loop, perfect handfuls slapping with every thrust.

"Delicious," I muttered, grabbing one, leaning in and dragging my tongue across her nipple.

She moaned, arching her back, grinding down harder. "Mmm... what happened at work?"

"Not important." My voice was ragged, straining with the effort of holding back.

From the kitchen, Tessa again—nonchalant as ever. "Jas, should I lower the heat now or let it simmer?"

"Let it—ahhh fuck—simmer!" She barked out, her hips jerking upward.

I moaned. "She's really just... cooking while we're—fuck—in here."

"She's used to it," she growled. "Now shut up and keep fucking me."

### **Chapter 38: Chapter 38**

Jasmine leaned in, whispering hot against my ear, "You're twitching so hard inside me. You gonna cum already?"

"Not... yet..." I hissed, gripping her thighs tight.

"Hey, Jas," Tessa called out. "Come here. Check if it looks good or not. I think I messed it up."

I stood, lifting her effortlessly, my cock still buried deep inside her. She wrapped her legs around my waist, squealing and laughing, but I didn't let up—kept thrusting into her as I carried her straight into the kitchen.

Tessa glanced back, totally unfazed, stirring a steaming pot.

Jasmine craned her neck, trying to look, her tits bouncing against my chest as I kept fucking her mid-step. "Mmm... looks... okay," she gasped, biting her lip as I shoved deeper.

"Good," I growled, slamming her against the counter, my cock driving into her like I owned her.

I set her down on the warm kitchen tiles, but Jasmine wasn't having it. She bent forward over the oven, one hand braced against the counter, the other flicking her sweaty hair back. Her skirt hiked up to her waist, ass arched high like an offering.

"Fuck me like this," she purred, wiggling her hips, her dripping slit glistening in the light.

I growled low in my throat and grabbed her ass, spreading those perfect cheeks wide before driving my cock back into her.

The sound echoed instantly—wet slaps, obscene squelches, skin against skin. The oven's fan hummed, the pot hissed with bubbling sauce, and my cock pistoned into her like I was trying to cook her from the inside out.

In front of us, Tessa sighed as she stirred lazily, like she'd seen this a hundred times before. "You two are fucking animals," she muttered, flicking her spoon. "Can't even let me finish one damn recipe in peace?"

"Shut the fuck up, Tessa," Jasmine growled, moaning louder as I went harder. "You love the background music anyway."

Her pussy squeezed around me, milking every inch as if she wanted to tear the control out of me. My teeth clenched, sweat running down my neck. I was on the edge, my balls tightening with every brutal slam.

But not yet. I couldn't fucking lose it yet.

"Goddamn..." I gritted, slamming into her harder, the wet sound filling the cramped kitchen. "You're gonna make me fucking explode."

Her moans pitched higher, needy, demanding. "Do it... ruin me, Evan—"

"No," I hissed, biting down on her shoulder, fighting back the boiling pressure. "Not yet."

Tessa exhaled, stirring without even looking back. "I swear, if you blow your load in her before I taste this sauce, I'll throw this pot at your head."

"Shut up!" Jasmine whined, her back arching deeper. "He's not allowed to stop—don't you dare stop—fuck me harder, Evan!"

I slammed my hips until the counter rattled, every thrust pushing a cry from her lips. My thighs burned, my cock pulsed like a live wire.

I was right there. One wrong move and I was done.

"Gotta—switch—" I grunted, pulling out of her so fast she gasped at the sudden emptiness.

She turned, panting, sweat dripping between her tits. Her face flushed, lips swollen, eyes glassy with lust. She climbed onto the edge of the kitchen table, spreading her legs wide, bare ass planted on the cool wood.

"Come here," she whispered, voice shaky but dripping with hunger. "Fill me again."

I grabbed her thighs and shoved them apart, cock throbbing as I lined up. Her wet pussy glistened, practically begging me in sticky strings that stretched down her thighs.

"Fuck, Jasmine..." I muttered, pushing inside in one deep stroke.

She gasped, head snapping back, nails clawing the edge of the table. "Ohhh fuck yes—deeper—harder!"

I held her legs wide, pounding into her with raw, brutal strokes that shook the table under us.

"You feel that?" I growled, leaning in close, slamming every word into her with my hips. "You're dripping all over me. All over this fucking table."

"Y-yes!" she cried, tits bouncing wildly. "You're splitting me—oh god—I can't—"

"Hold it together," I snarled, sweat dripping into her cleavage. "I'm not stopping 'til I fucking break you."

Her eyes rolled back, mouth wide open as I jackhammered into her, thighs trembling in my grip. "Ohh fuuuck, Evan—yes! Yes, don't stop—don't stop!"

From the stove, Tessa sighed again, though her cheeks had a faint pink glow. "You're gonna break the damn table if you keep that up."

"Let it break," I hissed, not even looking her way. "I'm not done."

Jasmine's body writhed under me, every thrust pushing wetness out around my cock, dripping to the floor. Her moans turned high-pitched, ragged, like she couldn't even breathe right.

And then—

---

Quest Completed

Title: Hold it

Reward: 10c

15 EXP

---

The moment the notification flashed in my vision, my restraint shattered like glass.

"Fuck—!" I roared, slamming deep, my hips locking against her ass as the first hot pulse tore out of me.

My cock erupted, pumping thick ropes of cum straight into her soaked pussy. She screamed, her whole body shaking violently as I filled her.

"Ahhh! Evan—oh fuck, it's so hot!"

I kept thrusting through it, each jerk grinding me deeper, forcing the cum to spill past her folds, down her ass, splattering to the floor in messy strings.

"God—damn!" I groaned, biting down on my lip hard enough to taste copper. "Take it all, Jasmine—fuck!"

Her pussy clenched around me, twitching, desperate, sucking at me like it wanted every drop. Her body writhed, her voice cracking into sobs of pleasure as I kept unloading inside her.

The table shuddered beneath us, one leg groaning dangerously, but I didn't care. I wasn't stopping until the last spurt left me.

Finally, when my cock twitched weakly with the last of it, I pulled out. The head slid free with a wet pop, and cum immediately spilled out of her, dripping in thick globs onto the floor. Her thighs were streaked, her stomach shiny, the table a sticky mess.

I wasn't ready to stop touching her, though. My cock, still slick and heavy, dragged across her swollen folds, smearing the mess back into her. She whimpered, legs trembling as I rubbed the tip along the seam of her pussy, tracing every twitching line of her heat.

"E-Evan," she gasped, shivering when I pressed against her clit, grinding lazily.  
"You're... you're making it worse..."

"Worse?" I chuckled, dragging myself higher, leaving streaks of white up her stomach until the head rested just under her tits. "Looks to me like you love it."

Her eyes fluttered, chest rising and falling, nipples stiff from the attention. "I... I can't even breathe right," she whispered, half-laughing, half-moaning.

I pushed down again, rubbing across her thigh, painting her skin in sloppy strokes until she was smeared with me from hip to navel. "Good. Don't forget who put you like this."

She met my gaze, lips trembling but smiling faintly. "Like I ever could."

I kissed her on the lips, then exhaled.

Well, shiit. This was good.

Jasmine collapsed onto the table, chest heaving, her arms limp at her sides. Her pussy still twitched, leaking onto the wood in slow, obscene drops. She turned her head just enough to look at me, eyes dazed, lips trembling. "Y-you... you really did break me..." she whispered.

From the stove, Tessa let out a sharp little laugh, though her cheeks were flushed red as ripe cherries. "Yeah, and half the damn kitchen with it," she said. She turned away a little too quickly, pretending to focus on nothing, her hand brushing across her own thigh.

I smirked, still catching my breath, and reached out to drag my fingers across Jasmine's trembling leg, spreading the mess around just to watch her shiver. "Worth it," I muttered.

The notification still glowed faintly in my vision, a reminder that this was more than just sex—it was progress. And looking at Jasmine's wrecked, satisfied body, I knew I wasn't done with her. Not by a long shot.

---

Sexual Activity Completed

Partner: Jasmine MARQUEZ

EXP Gained: +10

Star Rating: 1.2 ★

Reason: Your Partner

Didn't Climax.

---

Jasmine collapsed back on the table, chest heaving, sweat-soaked hair stuck to her face. "Holy... shit..." she gasped, laughing breathlessly. "You nearly killed me."

I wiped my forehead with the back of my hand, cock still twitching, dripping a trail of cum down my thigh.

---

Name: Evan Marlowe

Age: 21

Height: 179 cm

Weight: 73 kg

---

Level: 3

EXP: 221 / 239

---

Tessa finally turned, shaking her head at the sight of cum dripping onto her clean floor. "You're disgusting," she muttered, though there was a smile tugging at her lips. "Horny fucking animals."

I leaned against the counter, breathing hard, eyes still locked on Jasmine's wrecked body.

"Yeah," I panted, smirking. "But goddamn, it was worth it."

---

## SHOP

---

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
- Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
- Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
- Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
- Flirt Potion (20c)

- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)
- 

Credits: 15 c

Select item to purchase.

---

Enough credit for that oil. Fuck yeah it was worth it alright.

I was still leaning against the counter, chest heaving, when I felt eyes on me.

Tessa.

### **Chapter 39: Chapter 39**

She'd finally set the spoon down, the pot still bubbling behind her. She stood there with her arms crossed, her lips pursed like she was about to scold me. But then she shook her head slowly, a sly smile spreading across her face.

"You know," she said, walking toward me with a sway in her hips, "you pissed me off with all that racket. But... watching you fuck her like that—" she nodded at Jasmine, still spread out on the table, pussy leaking my cum in messy strings, "—made me wet."

I raised an eyebrow, cock still half-hard, twitching with leftover heat. "Yeah?"

"Yeah," she purred. "Horny bastard... you got me dripping just listening to you pound her."

Before I could say another word, she was kneeling in front of me, her fingers wrapping around my cock. I groaned, the sensitivity shooting straight through me as her small hand gave me one slow, teasing stroke.

"Fuck, Tessa..." I muttered, looking down as her tongue peeked out, licking the bead of cum at the tip.

"Mmm," she hummed, swirling her tongue around the head before sucking it into her mouth with a wet pop. "God—you taste filthy."

My hand instinctively went to her hair, fingers curling in her strands as she bobbed her head slowly, dragging her lips down my shaft. Her throat flexed, gagging softly as I hit the back, then she pulled off with a string of spit clinging to her lips.

"You like this, don't you?" she whispered, stroking me fast, her eyes glinting up at me. "Making me taste Jasmine's pussy off your cock."

"Shit..." I groaned, hips twitching forward. "Keep talking."

She smirked and swallowed me down again, this time taking me deeper. Her throat squeezed, gagging louder as her nose brushed my stomach. My grip tightened in her hair, forcing her to stay down as I groaned low in my chest.

"Yeah, choke on it," I growled. "Take all of me, Tessa."

She moaned around my cock, the vibrations buzzing through me. Spit streamed down her chin, slicking her hand as she pumped what her mouth couldn't reach. She pulled off again, gasping for breath, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand before smirking up at me.

"God, you're fucking big when you're this hard," she panted, stroking me fast. "You're throbbing like you're about to blow again already."

I hissed, my hips jerking. "You keep sucking like that and I won't last two seconds."

"Good," she smirked, taking me back into her mouth, bobbing faster now. Gagging, choking, slobbering—it was messy, wet, obscene. She grabbed my balls with her free hand, rolling them as she worked my cock like she was trying to drain me dry.

I tilted my head back, groaning loud. "Fuck, Tessa—you're a goddamn slut for this."

She pulled back for a second, spit dripping down her chin, eyes wild. "Yeah? I'm your slut. Cum for me, Evan—feed me that load. I want it all down my throat."

That was it. My whole body jerked as I groaned deep, shooting hot cum straight into her mouth.

"Fuck!" I growled, gripping her head tight as I emptied myself down her throat.

She gagged but swallowed, her throat working around me as she took every spurt. Cum spilled from the corner of her lips, dripping to her tits as she kept sucking, milking every last drop.

When I finally sagged back against the counter, she let me slip free with a wet pop, a thick string of spit and cum connecting her lips to my cock.

Tessa wiped her mouth with her fingers, then licked them clean with a grin. "Mmm... messy, but worth it."

I exhaled hard, still twitching, still reeling. "Fuck me..."

She smirked, sitting back on her heels, eyes glinting. "Already did. Twice this week, actually. And we're just getting started."

"Sarcastic, huh?"

"Only when I'm horny."

I barely had time to catch my breath before Jasmine came strutting over, her tits bouncing, her thighs slick from the pounding I'd just given her. She licked her lips, glancing down at Tessa still kneeling at my cock, spit and cum smeared all over her mouth.

"Well," Jasmine said with a little laugh, "I leave you alone for one second, and you're already letting her clean up my mess."

Tessa looked up, smug, still stroking me lazily. "He needed it. And I needed a taste."

Jasmine rolled her eyes, but her smirk gave her away. "You greedy little bitch." Then she turned to me. "And you—" she shoved my chest, pushing me down flat onto the floor, "—aren't done."

I grunted as my back hit the tiles, still half-hard, cock twitching with leftover heat. Jasmine swung one leg over me, straddling my chest, then moved further up until her wet pussy hovered right above my face.

"You ate earlier," she said, looking down at me with a grin, "but I didn't get enough of your tongue. Open that mouth."

Well, at least she had the courtesy to clean her pussy. Tasting my own cum was at the bottom of my bucket list.

Before I could reply, she dropped her hips, grinding her slick cunt right against my mouth. I groaned, grabbing her thighs, and started licking, tasting the mix of my cum and her juices.

"Fuck, that's it," she moaned, rolling her hips on my tongue. "God, Evan... lick me good. Don't stop."

Meanwhile, Tessa stood up, stripped off her pants and panties in one smooth move, and climbed onto me.

"You're still hard," she teased, gripping my cock. "Perfect."

She positioned herself, guiding me inside her dripping pussy with a hungry moan.

"Oh fuck, yes..." she gasped, sinking down on me until I was buried in her. "God, you stretch me out so fucking good."

The heat of her cunt clenched tight around me, squeezing every inch. She started bouncing, her tits jiggling, hands on my chest for balance.

"Look at this," Jasmine laughed breathlessly above me, grinding her pussy against my face harder. "He's got his tongue buried in me and his cock buried in you. Fucking multitasker."

Tessa groaned, tossing her head back. "Mmm, he loves it. Don't you, Evan? You love being used like this."

I tried to respond, but all that came out was a muffled groan against Jasmine's dripping slit.

She laughed, grinding harder. "That's a yes. He's moaning like a little bitch while licking me."

"God, he's twitching inside me," Tessa panted, riding me harder now. "He's gonna cum again if I keep this up. You close, Evan? You gonna blow another load for us?"

Jasmine giggled, tugging my hair. "Don't you dare cum yet. You hold that shit in. Your job is eating me until I say stop."

I grunted into her pussy, tongue swirling around her clit as she shivered and ground down harder.

"Fuuuck, yes," she moaned. "Just like that. God, your tongue's perfect. You were made for this."

Tessa was riding me like a damn machine now, slapping down on my hips with wet smacks, her cunt swallowing me whole. She looked down at me, sweat dripping from her hairline. "He's filling me so deep... fuck, I swear I can feel him in my stomach."

Jasmine threw her head back, laughing breathlessly. "Don't make him cum yet. I want to feel his tongue longer."

Tessa leaned down, panting in my ear as she rode me. "You hear that, Evan? No cumming. You hold it, or we'll punish you."

I groaned, hands gripping Jasmine's thighs tighter as I tried to keep control. My cock was throbbing inside Tessa, every squeeze of her pussy pulling me closer.

"You're fighting it," Tessa smirked, grinding slow circles on me. "I can feel it. You're right on the edge, aren't you?"

Jasmine moaned above me, grinding harder, dripping all over my mouth and chin. "Mmm, he's twitching his tongue like crazy. He loves being smothered."

"Of course he does," Tessa said, biting her lip as she rode me faster again. "He's our toy now. Look at him, pinned under both of us, drowning in pussy."

I groaned again, hips jerking up into her.

"Fuck yes, ride him," Jasmine moaned, looking over her shoulder. "Drain him dry, Tess. Make him lose his mind."

"Oh, I'm planning to," Tessa gasped, slamming down harder, faster, her pussy squelching with every thrust. She leaned over, nails dragging down my chest. "Cum for us, Evan. Cum inside me. I want it dripping out of me."

Jasmine slapped my cheek lightly, grinding harder. "Not yet. Not until I'm done with your tongue. Don't you dare cum without my permission."

"God, you're cruel," Tessa laughed, still fucking me mercilessly. "He's dying down there. Look at him—sweating, twitching, moaning. He's right there."

Jasmine moaned, thighs squeezing my head. "Good. Makes the tongue better. Keep licking, Evan. Don't stop."

I groaned, pushing my tongue harder against her clit, lapping at her juices while Tessa rode me raw. My cock felt like it was about to explode, every thrust sending shockwaves through me.

"You're not gonna last," Tessa panted, biting her lip, hair falling in her face. "I can feel it. You're about to flood me, aren't you?"

Jasmine gasped, grinding faster. "Don't. Hold it, Evan. If you cum now, I'll be pissed."

"Fuck—he's throbbing inside me," Tessa moaned, throwing her head back. "God, it feels so good. I don't even care if he cums—I want it. I want him to fill me up."

"No. He waits. He holds it. That's his job."

## **Chapter 40: Chapter 40**

I could barely breathe, tongue working frantically, cock hammering into Tessa's soaked cunt as she slammed down again and again. The girls were moaning, taunting, laughing, using me like their toy—and I was drowning in it.

I couldn't hold it anymore. My whole body tensed, my hips jerking up into Tessa without control.

"Fuuuuck—!" I groaned into Jasmine's dripping cunt as the orgasm ripped through me, brutal and sudden, like a dam breaking. My cock exploded inside Tessa, pumping shot after shot of hot cum deep into her, the release so violent my vision actually blurred for a moment. She moaned, grinding down to take every drop, her nails digging into my chest.

"Oh my god, he's flooding me," she gasped, shuddering as I filled her. "Fuck, it's so much."

Jasmine finally pulled herself off my mouth with a wet pop, standing and smirking down at me, my face a mess of her juices. She crossed her arms, amused, watching me twitch and gasp under Tessa's pussy.

"Well, well," she teased, tilting her head. "How'd you like our little dom play, huh? Good, right?"

I groaned, catching my breath, still throbbing inside Tessa as she milked me with slow squeezes. "Good? Yeah, it was... meh. But, honestly..." I gave her a crooked grin, "Compared to some of the insane shit I've seen online, it was pretty vanilla."

Jasmine raised a brow, laughing. "Vanilla, huh? You're lucky I don't make you crawl across the floor and beg for water."

Tessa leaned forward, panting, still catching her breath as she slowly slid off me, letting my softening cock slip out with a wet squelch. "Mmm, don't tempt her. She'll actually do it."

I groaned, sitting up and wiping my mouth with the back of my hand. "I'll keep that in mind."

Jasmine stretched, smirking down at me. "Don't worry, don't worry. We won't 'dom' you again." With that, she padded off toward the bathroom, her ass swaying as she called over her shoulder, "I need a shower. Anyone coming?"

"Nah..." I replied. "I need to... phew. I need to catch my breath. You go ahead."

"Okaaay," She breathed out, exhausted. "It's good cardio for me, I swear. We should do this more often."

"As if you need to lose weight." Tessa teased. "Right."

"Hey, still, it's healthy." She chuckled. "And fun. Getting your pussy fucked by a 'magician' here."

"Magician, huh?" I muttered. "I like that name."

Jasmine blew me a kiss and walked off.

Meanwhile, Tessa suddenly snapped her fingers. "Oh shit—the food!" She rushed back to the pot on the stove, muttering, "God, it was about to burn..." She stirred furiously, fanning the steam as if nothing had just happened.

I chuckled, standing up and reaching for my clothes. My legs felt weak, my head still buzzing from the orgasm, but reality was already creeping back in. As I buttoned my shirt, my thoughts shifted from the messy floor and the girls' laughter to Kayla—the problem I still hadn't solved.

Convincing her. Getting her to play along with the "AI video" story. Figuring out a way to keep Richard's relationship from collapsing.

I sighed, tugging my jacket on, my jaw tightening. Fun was fun—but shit was about to get serious again.

---

Tomorrow, ten in the morning, I pushed the glass door open. The bell above gave a soft ding, and I stepped inside. The place was quiet—two students glued to their laptops in the corner, some old guy sipping tea by the window. Otherwise, it was pretty empty.

And there she was. Kayla. Standing behind the counter in that snug coffee shop uniform—black shirt tucked in tight, apron hugging her waist. Her hair was tied up in a messy bun, a few strands falling to frame her sharp face. She was jotting something on a notepad when the guy ahead of me ordered, her tone professional, clipped, no-nonsense.

When I slid into line and she finally spotted me, her expression shifted. For a moment, her jaw tightened, eyes narrowing. But then the girl working next to her nudged her arm, whispering something I couldn't hear. Kayla forced a strained smile and turned back to me.

I gave a half-smile. "Americano. Large."

She tapped at the register. "Name?"

"Evan."

Her lips twitched almost like she wanted to scoff but held it in. She typed it down, and I slid my card over, tapping the reader.

Transaction beeped. Done. I stepped aside, found an empty stool along the bar, and sat down, leaning my elbows on the counter.

I watched her move. Watched her scoop grounds, press them down, hit the machine. Her hips shifted with every step. That apron didn't do much to hide the shape underneath—round, perky ass stretching her skirt just enough to show off the curve. Her tits pressed against the black shirt when she leaned forward to grab a cup, fabric clinging in ways it probably wasn't designed to. Even the way her shoulders flexed as she worked the espresso machine had something sharp, commanding about it.

Kayla wasn't just sexy. She was the type that knew she had the room's attention when she wanted it—and punished you for looking when she didn't.

The hiss of the steamer filled the silence. She poured hot water, topped it off, slid the cup my way.

Her eyes lingered. For the first time, she really looked at me.

"You look... strange," she said, voice low but not unfriendly. "Like... you weren't looking like this when we first met."

I gave a little shrug, wrapped my hand around the warm cup. "Started some skincare routine."

Another lie. Charm points. That was all it was. But no way in hell I was going to spill the beans about that. I took a sip instead, letting the bitter coffee sit heavy on my tongue, buying myself a pause before I steered the conversation.

"Listen, Kayla," I said, setting the cup down with a soft clink. "About Richard... this whole thing doesn't have to blow up. If you just tell Mendy the video's fake, that it's some AI crap, people fall for that all the time, then she won't have her heart broken over it. Richard gets a second chance. You move on. Everybody wins."

Her brows pulled tight. "No."

The way she said it, flat and final, made the air between us dense. I tried again. "Come on. Just once. Do this, and we can all get out of this mess."

She shook her head, arms crossing under her chest. "No. You don't get it, Evan. I'm not covering for him."

I dragged another gulp of coffee, hotter than before, letting it burn a little at the back of my throat. "Why not? I mean—"

Her eyes hardened, but her voice lowered. "You think I'm angry because of the sex? Because I let him do what he wanted?" She leaned closer, and for a second, her expression almost cracked. "I'm angry because he lied. He had a girlfriend the entire time. Lied to my face, told me she was single. Fucker cheated on Mendy because, what, I let him do anal?"

I nodded. "I know what you mea—"

She glanced away, jaw tight, then added more quietly, "And the worst part? I had a boyfriend too once. He cheated. That fucker was no better than Richard. That's why I hate guys like him. Liars. Cheaters. They ruin people. I won't help one of them again."

I stayed silent, gripping the cup tighter, watching her fight the tremor in her hands as she folded them back across her chest.

"Come on," I muttered. "Just... look, I agree with you. Richard is a jackass."

"Finally. Something we agree on."

"But please," I said, leaning closer. "Just—don't do this to Mendy. Or him."

"No." She said it flat, sharp. "My final answer."

I guess I had to go the oil route after all.

"Okay," I nodded. "Whatever you say."

Her eyes narrowed. "You're giving up, huh?"

SHOP

---

- Aphrodisiac Drink (10c)
  - Silk Lingerie Set (25c)
  - Sensual Massage Oil (15c)
  - Mystery Pleasure Toy (30c)
  - Flirt Potion (20c)
  - Hypnotic Perfume (40c)
- 

Credits: 0 c

Select item to purchase.

---

I'd already blown my last credit on the Sensual Massage Oil, but it would be worth it. Plan A was simple persuasion, and that crashed and burned. Now it was Plan B. A little cheap, yeah. A little dirty. But what other choice did I have?

Problem was... I couldn't do this alone. I needed outside help. Ivy.

She'd always been quick on her feet, the kind of girl who could talk her way out of a mugging and get the mugger to apologize for wasting her time... or if she was in a bad mood, convince the mugger to jump from a bridge. If anyone could smooth the way, it was her.

"I give up," I muttered with a smile I didn't feel. "Guess this is it. See you."

"Fuck off. Don't come back," Kayla shot back, already turning to the next customer.