

The Heart System #Chapter 311 - Read The Heart System Chapter 311

Chapter 311: Chapter 311

I sat on the living room couch, glass of water in hand, taking slow sips while Delilah bounced lazily on my dick. She hugged me by the neck, head resting on my shoulder, her breath warm against my skin, tits pressed soft against my chest. The room was quiet except for the wet sounds of her pussy sliding up and down my shaft, slow and deep, her early pregnancy making her even tighter, wetter.

I finished the water, the cool liquid cutting through the heat. Minne was behind the couch, waiting quietly, still naked. I handed her the empty glass over my shoulder.

"Thank you, honey," I said. "Put the glass down and come here. Suck my balls, okay?"

"Yes, Master!" Minne chirped, eager as always.

She took the glass, padded to the kitchen counter to set it down, then hurried back. Jasmine stepped out of the bathroom just then, naked and dry, hair still a little damp from her shower.

"Come on, you two," she said, hands on her hips. "We have work tomorrow... well, today. Not tomorrow. In five hours."

"In a minute," I grunted, thrusting up gently into Delilah. "I'm close."

Delilah kept her lazy rhythm, moaning softly into my shoulder. Minne crouched between my legs, small tongue darting out to lick my balls—full of spit, cum, and sweat from earlier rounds. She moaned as she tasted me, sucking one into her mouth gently, then the other, her hands cupping them softly.

Delilah's moans grew deeper, her pussy fluttering around me. "Evan... fuck... getting close again..."

Minne's tongue worked faster, lapping and sucking, adding to the pressure.

I grunted, teeth gritted, hips bucking up harder. Pleasure 45 made every sensation electric—the tight heat of Delilah's pussy, Minne's warm mouth on my balls, the way Delilah clung to me.

I came with a low groan, cock throbbing deep inside Delilah, thick ropes pulsing out, filling her pregnant pussy until it leaked around me. The intensity hit hard—body tensing, vision blurring, pure bliss rolling through me as I emptied everything, thrust after thrust grinding deep.

Delilah felt it and shattered with me—her pussy clamping down like a vice, spasming wildly as my cum flooded her, Pleasure 45 amplifying every spurt into pure ecstasy for her. She came hard, body locking up in my arms, a muffled scream against my shoulder as she gushed hot and wet, soaking my lap. Her legs shook violently around my waist, nails digging into my back, tears streaming as wave after wave crashed through her, pussy milking me in endless pulses, body convulsing like she couldn't stop.

We stayed like that lazily on the couch, panting, my cock still inside her, softening slowly. Cum leaked out, warm and sticky between us.

I kissed her softly, then deeper, tongues sliding slow.

She smiled against my lips. "God... you always ruin me."

- Sexual Activity Completed

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Partner: Group sex

EXP Gained: +970

Villain Bonus: +50

Star Rating: 4.9 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

Bliss Multiplier: 510c

I exhaled, then got up, lifting her with me—she was light, legs linking behind my back instinctively, my cock still buried inside her. Cum dripped down my thighs as I carried her.

I walked to the common bathroom, shouldered the door open, and set her down gently on the tile. Her legs wobbled; she stumbled a step but caught herself on the counter, laughing breathlessly.

"You... fucked us real good, huh?" Delilah chuckled, voice hoarse. "Oh, god. My pussy..."

I smiled, leaning against the doorframe. "I guess, heh..."

The door opened quietly. Minne stood there, completely naked, cum flowing slowly from her pussy down her inner thighs in thick, white trails. Tessa peeked around the corner behind her, smirking like she'd just won a bet.

Minne stared at the ground, cheeks burning, hands fidgeting at her sides.

Delilah and I both turned to look at her, wondering what she was wanting.

"Come on," Tessa whispered from the hallway, nudging Minne forward.

Minne didn't say anything, just gulped.

Tessa rolled her eyes and slapped Minne's ass lightly. "Come on, you idiot!"

"Eek!" Minne squeaked, jumping a little. She swallowed hard, eyes still down. "Um... Master... uh... m-may I..."

"You can join us, honey," Delilah said softly, smiling warmly.

Minne's eyes lit up, shy but excited, and she stepped inside. Tessa gave her a thumbs-up and pulled the door closed behind her.

"She really likes you," I said to Delilah, watching Minne approach.

"And I like her back," Delilah replied, voice fond.

I turned the shower on, hot water cascading down. We stepped under the spray together—me, Delilah, and now Minne.

Delilah placed both hands gently on Minne's shoulders and guided her under the water stream first. "Let's get you cleaned out first, baby, okay?"

Minne nodded shyly, water running down her small body, washing away some of the mess but not all.

Delilah knelt behind her, hands sliding down to Minne's ass. She spread the cheeks wide, exposing the girl's swollen, cum-filled pussy.

"Push the cum out, honey," Delilah murmured, voice maternal but laced with heat.

Minne squeaked, embarrassed, but obeyed—bearing down slightly. A thick glob of my cum oozed out, dripping down her thigh.

Delilah leaned in without hesitation, tongue darting out to catch it, licking slowly up Minne's inner thigh, then higher, lapping directly from her pussy. She swallowed with a soft moan, eyes fluttering.

Minne's hand flew to her mouth, stifling a whimper, thighs trembling as Delilah's tongue worked.

"Push more, baby," Delilah encouraged, fingers spreading Minne wider.

Minne shut her eyes tight, face red, and pushed again. More cum leaked out, thick and white.

Delilah caught it all—tongue plunging gently inside Minne's pussy, scooping it out, licking every drop clean. She moaned softly, savoring the taste, fingers sliding in to help, curling to draw out the last bits.

"Good girl," Delilah whispered, tongue swirling over Minne's clit now, cleaning and teasing at the same time. "So sweet... all clean now."

She gave Minne's ass a gentle slap, then stood, water cascading down her body.

"All clean," Delilah said, smiling. She slapped Minne's ass lightly again, playful. "Now it's your turn to clean me, honey."

Minne knelt behind Delilah, hesitant, her small hands hovering uncertainly over Delilah's ass.

Delilah glanced back over her shoulder, smiling softly. "It's okay, babygirl. Just spread my cheeks like I did for you. Push your finger in gently... get that cum out of my pussy."

Minne's cheeks burned, but she obeyed, delicate fingers parting Delilah's ass, exposing her swollen, cum-filled pussy. A thick glob of my load immediately leaked out, dripping down.

"Good girl," Delilah moaned, voice husky. "Now taste it. Lick it up for me... swallow Daddy's cum from my cunt like a sweet little thing."

Minne leaned in shyly, tongue darting out to catch the drip, lapping slowly up Delilah's slit. She moaned softly at the taste, then pressed closer, tongue sliding inside to scoop more.

Delilah shivered, pushing back slightly. "Yes—fuck—just like that. Get it all out, baby. Tongue deeper... feel how full I am? That's all Evan's cum... swallow it for me."

Minne worked eagerly now, tongue plunging in and out, fingers spreading wider to let more leak. She sucked gently on Delilah's lips, drawing out thick strands, swallowing

with soft, needy whimpers. Her free hand braced on Delilah's thigh, face buried between the cheeks, licking and cleaning every drop.

I watched, stroking my cock slow, the sight making me throb harder. "Fuck... look at her go. Cleaning you out like a good girl."

Delilah moaned louder. "She's perfect... tongue so soft... getting every bit, babygirl. That's it—suck it out. Taste how much he filled me."

Minne kept going, tongue swirling inside, fingers scooping the last remnants and licking it all clean. She moaned into Delilah's pussy, the vibration making Delilah gasp.

Finally, Delilah reached back, stroking Minne's hair. "All clean... good girl."

Minne pulled back, face flushed and glistening, a shy smile on her lips.

Delilah turned and saw Minne, looking at her. "Oh, you got something there, honey."

She scooped a small bead of cum from under Minne's chin that had dripped earlier, and held it to Minne's mouth.

"One more taste, honey."

Minne opened obediently, tongue lapping it up, moaning shyly as she swallowed, eyes fluttering.

Delilah grinned. "Now that we are clean... Let's take a shower!"

Minne glanced at my hard cock, biting her lip. "B-but Master is hard..."

"Oh... right. You got hard just watching us? Sorry, 'Master,'" Delilah quipped playfully. "But we just cleaned out—you'll have to do with our mouths."

"No complaints here," I said, smirking.

They both knelt in front of me under the running water, eyes hungry, mouths already open.

Minne started first, shyly licking my balls, her small tongue soft and tentative, lapping at the mix of sweat and earlier cum. Delilah joined her, taking the shaft into her mouth, sucking slow and deep, lips sealing tight as she bobbed.

I groaned, hand resting on Delilah's head. "Fuck... you two look so good down there."

They switched—Delilah moving to my balls, sucking one into her mouth with warm suction, tongue swirling, while Minne took my cock, lips stretching around the head, sucking gently but eagerly, her tongue flicking the slit.

"Love how you clean me up," I rasped, hips rocking slightly. "Good girls... tasting everything on me."

Delilah moaned around my balls, popping one out to lick the seam. "Mmm... love your taste... so dirty for us."

Minne sucked harder, taking me deeper, gagging softly but pushing on.

The door opened suddenly. Jasmine stepped in, still naked, hair damp from her earlier shower.

"Your phone's ringing, Evan," she said, holding it up.

I grabbed the back of Minne's head, guiding her deeper onto my cock as I took the phone. "Who is it?"

"Eleanor. That the hooker downstairs?"

"Yup." I grunted, feeling the pleasure build. "What does she want at this hour?"

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Jasmine walked closer, handed me the phone through the steam. I answered, voice steady despite Minne's mouth working me.

"Yeah, Eleanor?" I asked, guiding Minne deeper. "Are you okay?"

"I am, I am..." Her voice was shaky, like she'd been running. "Just... I needed to call someone."

Minne accidentally grazed me with her teeth—I winced slightly. Delilah noticed, smiled, and Minne immediately pulled back, whispering, "Sorry, Master..."

I smiled down at her, let her take me back in.

"What happened?" I asked Eleanor, holding back a moan as Delilah buried her nose against my balls, inhaling deep.

"Just..." Eleanor said. "I... uh, I have panic attack. Sometimes it just... well, comes and... not let me sleep. Um... talking with someone really helps."

"Oh..." I muttered. "Panic attack, huh?"

"Mm." She mumbled. "I couldn't breathe and... like... I could feel the air coming to my lungs but... it's like, not enough. It's hard to describe."

"I understand." I said, gritting my teeth as Delilah licked my balls again.

"Cum, sweat, and pussy juices," Delilah whispered up at me, pouring shampoo onto her palm. She rubbed it gently over my balls, massaging, playing with them while Minne kept sucking.

She turned the showerhead on my sack, rinsing the soap away clean, then gave my balls a quick, affectionate kiss before looking up with a warm smile.

"Sorry for waking you up at this hour," Eleanor said. The phone didn't pick up the water sounds, thankfully. "I... I was about to end the call, since I felt a little better, but you picked up."

"Want me to come over?" I asked. "Or call someone for you?"

"No, no." She said, "I'm... I'm fine. Really. Thank you... for always being there when I need, I suppose. I didn't know you were such a... um... a good man."

Huh. I earned five interest points from her. Nice.

"It's fine..." I gritted my teeth harder, pleasure building fast as Minne and Delilah worked in perfect sync. "I'm... ugh..."

"Mmh?" Eleanor asked. "What's that?"

"Ugh..." My body tensed. "I'm... gl-glad... gah!"

I came hard into Minne's mouth, hips jerking as thick ropes shot down her throat. She swallowed eagerly, taking every drop like a good girl, moaning softly around me.

"Evan?"

"I'm fine," I said quickly, clearing my throat. "Just... oh. Just... hit my foot on the bed leg."

"Oh."

"Y-yeah." I panted. "Um, are you sure you're okay now?"

"I am. Thanks for talking to me. I really don't have... anyone to call, actually."

"I'll always be here," I said. "Bye, Eleanor."

"Bye, Evan. Thanks again."

I hung up, exhaled hard, and looked down at Minne pulling off with a wet pop, cum on her lips, smiling shyly.

Delilah stood, kissing Minne's cheek. "Good girl."

The water kept running, steam filling the room. Damn. What a night this had been.

(_____)

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 20 / 40★

Tessa: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Delilah: Interest: 75 / 80★★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 16 / 20

Nala: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Penelope: Interest: 5 / 20

Minne: Interest: 28 / 40★

Ivy: Interest: 12 / 20

Eleanor: Interest: 15 / 20

Amelia: Interest: 5 / 20

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Progress:

☆☆☆☆ - 20 Interest: Milestone reward

★★☆☆ - 40 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★☆☆ - 60 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★☆ - 80 Interest: Milestone reward

★★★★★ -100 Interest: Milestone reward

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Select a woman to track progress.

♥□♥□♥□

I was too tired last night to properly check the rewards I'd earned. If the system hadn't reminded me, I would've forgotten completely. There I was, head slumped on my desk, half-asleep. I felt like a zombie—only three hours of sleep, and it sucked.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 15)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 75 kg

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EXP: [████████████████████] 551/6973

Level fifteen. Nice. But I wasn't in the mood to allocate points. I wanted a clear head for that. Still, I pulled up my stats anyway.

CURRENT STATS

=====

◆ Strength: 10 (+5)

◆ Charm: 12

- Manipulative Charm

↳ Honeyed Words (□□□□□)

↳ Gaslight (□□□□□)

↳ Emotional Charisma (□□□□□)

- Seductive Allure

◆ Libido: 10

◆ Pleasure: 30 (+15)

↳ Sensory Overload (□□□□□)

↳ Erogenous Insight (□)

↳ Bliss Multiplier (□□□□□)

◆ Luck: 1

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4 Unused Ability Points

Four ability points. Tempting. Reset Pleasure again? Yesterday, Jasmine had nearly climaxed just from swallowing my cum. At fifty base, with Villain reputation adding twenty-five... seventy-five Pleasure? Jesus.

But that required credits. A lot. I kept a buffer—enough for at least three Time Stops. After almost losing Kim, it had become a rule.

SHOP [Page 2]

=====

- Hypnotic Perfume (40c)
- Time Stop (90c)
- 500 Dollars (50c)
- 1 Ability Point (150c)
- 1 Mastery Point (160c)
- Desire Aura (100c)
- Reputation Point +30 (200c)
- Mastery Evolve (1500c)

=====

Credits: 1487c

A new item flashed into view, and just one look at the price made my jaw tighten. That was exactly why I hoarded credits. You never knew when something useful would appear, and this one definitely counted.

Mastery Evolve.

Curious, I tapped it with my index finger.

A new interface unfolded in front of me.

MASTERY EVOLVE

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Allows you to add one extra point
to an existing Mastery skill.

Another point. That meant I could buy this, get an extra Mastery Point, and push one skill beyond its current cap. Bliss Multiplier immediately came to mind. It was capped at fifty percent right now, but this would push it higher. Sixty percent returns were no joke. Honeyed Words was tempting too.

I closed the UI and leaned forward, resting my forehead against my desk.

The whole office felt sluggish. None of us had slept properly after last night, and it showed. My eyes burned, my shoulders felt heavy, and my brain refused to cooperate.

"Sleepy?"

I looked up and saw Amelia standing beside my desk, a folder tucked under her arm.

"A little," I admitted.

She nodded once. "Thanks again for helping me find those documents earlier."

"No problem."

She glanced toward Nala's office. "She's not busy, right?"

"Nope. You're good."

"Perfect." Amelia smiled. "There's another potential investor for Project Phoenix. I'll brief her."

"The floor is yours," I muttered, lowering my head again. "I might actually pass out."

"You should get coffee," she said as she walked away.

I stayed there for a few seconds after her footsteps faded, then sighed and leaned back in my chair, staring at the ceiling. Sleeping at my desk wasn't an option. Coffee was mandatory.

I stood, stretched until my back cracked, and covered a yawn as I headed for the break room. Everyone else looked annoyingly alert. Figures.

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I answered without checking the screen.

"Yeah?"

"E-Evan." Cora's voice was tight, strained. "I need your help."

I stopped walking. "What's wrong?"

"It's Esme," she said quickly. "I can't find her. She isn't home. She isn't answering her phone."

That snapped me awake.

"What do you mean she's not home?"

"She went to a game night with friends yesterday," Cora explained. "I went to bed around ten. I thought she'd come back late. I woke up this morning and she's not here."

"Did you talk to her friends?"

"No," she said, voice shaking. "I can't. I don't know how. What if I embarrass her? Can you call them? Please."

I resumed walking, slower now. "Send me one of their numbers. I'll handle it."

"Thank you," she breathed. "I'll send it right now."

The call ended just as I reached the coffee machine. I punched black coffee, grabbed a paper cup, and leaned against the counter while my phone lit up with a message from Cora.

I dialed the number.

"Hello?" A groggy voice answered. "It's nine in the morning, Jeez."

"Sorry," I said calmly. "I'm Esme's cousin. She was with you last night, right?"

"Yes."

"Is she still there?"

"No," the woman replied, instantly more alert. "She left around ten."

My grip tightened on the cup. "You're sure?"

"Yes. She got on the bus. I watched her leave."

"She never made it home," I said.

Silence followed. Then, "Oh my god. Is she okay?"

"I don't know yet," I replied. "If you hear anything, call me."

"O-okay. You do the same. Please let me know if you find her."

"I will."

I hung up and slipped the phone back into my pocket, staring down into the dark surface of my coffee. The warmth didn't help. My thoughts raced, exhaustion burning off in an instant.

Ten o'clock. Bus ride. No contact since. This wasn't something to wait on. I straightened, already reaching for my phone again.

This needed the police. Now.

But before that...

I lifted my phone again, thumb hovering for a second before I opened my browser. City bus lost and found pulled up the transit authority site. I scrolled past fare charts and service alerts until I found it, a customer service number buried at the bottom of the page.

I dialed, pressing the phone between my shoulder and ear as I took another sip of coffee. The bitterness barely registered.

"Transit services," a tired voice answered.

"Hi," I said, straightening. "My name's Evan Marlowe. A friend of mine took one of your buses last night and never made it home. I'm trying to figure out what happened."

There was a pause on the other end, followed by a slow exhale.

"You wouldn't happen to be calling about someone named Esme, would you?"

My stomach dropped. "Yeah. Yeah, I am. Do you know where she is?"

"She's safe," the person replied. "She fell asleep on the bus. The driver didn't notice her before ending the route and locking up. We found her this morning during inspection... she was still sleeping."

I let out a breath I hadn't realized I was holding. "That sounds exactly like her. Where is she now?"

"She's in Meldon," they explained. "Police picked her up to take a statement. Standard procedure since she was inside a vehicle after service hours. No charges, just paperwork."

"Meldon," I muttered, already rubbing my temple. "That's pretty far."

"She's fine, just embarrassed," the voice added. "You can head there to pick her up."

"Alright," I said. "Thanks for letting me know. I really appreciate it."

"No problem. Have a good day."

"You too," I replied, ending the call.

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I lowered the phone and took another drink from my cup, then let my shoulders sag as the adrenaline finally drained out of me. Meldon was at least an hour away on a good day. With traffic and snow, it could easily turn into two.

I stared into my coffee, then shook my head and pushed myself upright.

"Long day ahead, Evan," I muttered under my breath. "Come on."

I walked back to my desk with the coffee warming my hand. The office buzzed around me, keyboards clacking, muted conversations floating through the air. I stopped at my desk, took another sip, then set the half-empty cup down beside my keyboard. It barely helped, but it was something.

Reaching behind me, I grabbed my jacket from the coat hanger and slipped it on, rolling my shoulders once as if I could shake the exhaustion loose. Then I turned and headed straight for Nala's office.

I knocked once and pushed the door open. Amelia was still inside, standing near the desk with a tablet in hand, mid-sentence. Both of them looked up.

"Hey," I said, lifting a hand slightly. "I've gotta go. Cora's sister went missing last night. They found her, but I need to go pick her up."

"Cora?" Nala repeated, brows knitting together for a second before she shook her head. "Alright. Go. Keep me updated."

"Will do," I replied, already backing toward the door. "Thanks, CEO."

A faint smile tugged at her lips before she turned back to Amelia, her expression sharpening into work mode again. I closed the door behind me and leaned against it for half a second, exhaling slowly.

Really long day ahead.



I parked a short distance from the police station and stepped out into the cold. Meldon felt quieter than the city, almost too still. Snow clung to the edges of the sidewalk, piled against street signs and curbs, the sky hanging low and gray overhead. The station itself was a squat concrete building, dull and uninviting, with a couple of squad cars parked out front.

That's when I saw her.

Esme was sitting on a bench a few meters from the entrance, shoulders hunched, hands tucked into the sleeves of her hoodie. Her eyes were red and puffy, her nose pink from the cold and crying. She looked small like that, drained and shaken.

The moment she spotted me, she froze. Then she stood up fast and crossed the distance in a rush.

She slammed into me and wrapped her arms around my torso, burying her face into my chest. I barely had time to react before I was hugging her back, one hand pressing between her shoulders as her body shook.

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EVENT

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Esme's Interest +10

)

"Sheesh," I muttered softly, holding her steady. "You were just lost. You're okay now."

"I was so scared," she choked out, her voice muffled.

"I know," I said, easing my grip just enough to look at her. I stepped back slightly and lifted her chin with my finger, guiding her eyes up to mine. "Hey. You're safe. That's what matters."

She nodded weakly, sniffing.

"Your sister was worried sick," I added gently. "Let's get you back to her, yeah?"

"Y-yeah," Esme whispered. "Thank you, Evan."

I gave her a small, reassuring smile and gestured toward the car. "Come on. Let's go home."

WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 20 / 40★

Tessa: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Delilah: Interest: 75 / 80★★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 16 / 20

Nala: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Penelope: Interest: 5 / 20

Minne: Interest: 28 / 40★

Ivy: Interest: 12 / 20

Eleanor: Interest: 15 / 20

Amelia: Interest: 5 / 20

Esme: Interest: 10 / 20

=====

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.

Esme and I walked toward the car side by side, the cold biting at our faces. I unlocked it with a click and slid into the driver's seat, shrugging my jacket off just enough to get comfortable. She climbed in after me and shut the door, the sound muffled by the snow outside.

I turned the key and pressed the gas.

Nothing.

"...Huh."

I tried again, foot heavier on the pedal this time. Still nothing. My head felt foggy, like my thoughts were moving through syrup. I dragged a hand down my face, rubbing my eyes, then glanced down.

Handbrake.

"God," I muttered, releasing it with a flick. "I really need sleep."

The car finally rolled forward.

"On second thought," I said, a lazy smile tugging at my mouth, "how about we rest first, huh?"

Esme turned toward me, confusion mixing with fatigue. "Rest where? Are you sleepy?"

"Yep," I replied. "Like you. Minus the accidental bus sleepover."

She huffed out a weak laugh, then leaned back into her seat. Her eyes were still half-lidded, but there was a little more light in them now. "So... where would we stay?"

"Know anywhere close?" I asked. "Just for a couple of hours. I really shouldn't drive like this."

"There's a hotel not far from here," she said after a moment. "I saw it on the way."

"Alright," I said, easing my foot onto the gas. "You're the navigator."

She nodded softly.

I reversed out of the parking spot and pulled onto the road, tires crunching lightly over slush.

"Which way?" I asked.

"Left here," Esme said, pointing. "Then straight."

"You sure?"

"Mm. Pretty sure."

We stopped at a red light. I cracked the window open, letting the cold air spill in, sharp and clean. It helped a little, enough to keep my eyes from drifting shut.

Esme stared out her window, quiet, thoughtful. Her reflection trembled faintly in the glass, distorted by the falling snow. Cora's voice echoed in my head, anxious and strained... about how their lives were a living hell with their abusive father.

We stopped at a red light. I cracked the window open, letting the cold air spill in, sharp and clean. It helped a little, enough to keep my eyes from drifting shut.

Esme stared out her window, quiet, thoughtful. Her reflection trembled faintly in the glass, distorted by the falling snow. Cora's voice echoed in my head—tight with worry, heavy with things she didn't say outright. About how their lives were a living hell with their father.

"So," I said carefully, eyes still on the road, "you and your sister. You guys close?"

"Yeah," she replied. "Very."

"Parents?" I asked. "Family stuff?"

Her jaw tightened. She didn't answer right away.

"I don't like them," she said finally. "I only like my sister."

That tracked.

I nodded once, keeping my voice even. "Cora mentioned things were... complicated."

Esme let out a quiet breath, almost a laugh, but there was no humor in it. "She told you how our family is. Or—was."

I nodded again.

The light stayed red.

"If you ever want to talk about it," I said, not looking at her, "I'm a good listener."

For a moment, I thought she'd brush it off. Instead, she shifted in her seat, pulling her coat tighter around herself.

"Our father was awful," she said. Flat. Controlled. "Angry all the time. Everything set him off. If it wasn't us, it was something else—but we were always the ones paying for it."

I kept my hands steady on the wheel.

"And my mom..." She hesitated, then shook her head. "She just let it happen. Acted like if she ignored it, it wasn't real. Like we were exaggerating."

"Hmm."

Her fingers curled in her sleeve. "So yeah. I hate them both."

"I'm sorry," I said quietly.

She shrugged, but it didn't quite land. "It's fine. We're out now. That's what matters."

The light changed.

I eased my foot onto the gas, giving her space. After a beat, I cleared my throat. Alright, time for a subject change. I regretted ever talking about her family. It was in the past, and it should've stayed in the past. I couldn't help but feel bad for her.

"You know," I said, "the college you're attending? That was my old one. Before they changed the name."

Her head snapped toward me. "Really?"

"Yeah. It's better now, though."

"It is," she said, a hint of pride creeping into her voice. "The gym alone is massive."

"I heard you and Cora were into gymnastics."

She smiled faintly. "I'm the flexible one. She'll tell you otherwise."

"You still train?"

"Rarely," she said. "Life gets in the way."

The light turned green, and I pulled forward. A few moments later, the hotel came into view. I guess she was right after all.

It wasn't flashy, but it was clean, modern, and tall enough to stand out against the gray skyline. Warm lights glowed behind wide glass doors, promising heat and silence.

I pulled up to the front entrance and rolled the window down as a valet stepped forward, straightening his coat.

I got out and handed him the keys. "Hey—I'm checking in, but I don't have a room yet."

"No problem," he said with an easy smile. "I can take the car for you."

"Great."

"Name?"

"Evan Marlowe."

He nodded, typing it into his handheld. "Once you've checked in, just let the front desk know you've got a valet vehicle. We'll link it to your room."

"Sounds good. Thanks."

"My pleasure, sir."

Esme and I headed inside as the automatic doors opened for us.

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The lobby was calm and understated, the kind of quiet that felt intentional rather than empty. Marble floors stretched beneath our feet, veined softly in gray and cream, their surface dulled just enough to avoid looking flashy. The lighting was low and warm, recessed fixtures casting an even glow that softened the edges of the space instead of drawing attention to them.

Not nearly as grand as the hotel I was staying in—no soaring ceilings or dramatic chandeliers—but expensive enough to feel insulated from the outside world. Safe. Quiet. Temporary... one look and one would know the prices were rocket high. Fuck me, I could already feel my wallet crying. Even though money wasn't a problem anymore, I didn't like spending it like an idiot. But, oh well, what choice did I have now?

We crossed the lobby toward the front desk, its stone counter smooth and unmarked. As we drew closer, a woman looked up from her computer and offered a polished, welcoming smile.

"Good morning. How may I assist you?"

"I'm looking for a room for two," I said. "Day use. Just a few hours."

She nodded without missing a beat. "Certainly. One bed or two?"

"Doesn't matter."

Esme glanced at me, then away, a faint flush rising to her cheeks.

"Of course," the receptionist said, typing. "May I see your ID, please?"

I slid it across the counter.

"Our day-use rate is four hundred," she continued. "Will you be paying with cash or card?"

"Card."

After paying for the room, Esme's eyes opened widely, looking at me. Damn, four hundred? That was a robbery. But I couldn't really back off since she was with me. Plus, I was kinda desperate to put my head on a pillow and just close my eyes. God, yesterday was so... adventurous.

"You're all set. Fourth floor. Checkout is flexible this afternoon—just let us know if you need anything extended."

"Thank you."

I took the key and turned to Esme, gesturing toward the elevators.

"Come on. Let's get some rest."



After about six hours of rest, we finally made it back to Cora's place.

Nothing exciting had happened at the hotel. I'd been out cold the second my head hit the pillow, and Esme hadn't been any different. Honestly, I had no idea how this girl managed to sleep that much. Even on the drive back, she'd yawned so hard I thought her jaw might dislocate.

For some reason, I couldn't picture her holding down a normal job. What would she even do? Gymnastics? Would that actually pay? Or would she fall asleep mid-routine and snap something in half? Yeah. Probably that.

The door opened before we could knock.

Cora stood there frozen for half a second, one hand flying to her chest as she sucked in a sharp breath. It was like she'd been holding it in all night. Then she moved, fast, grabbing Esme by the shoulders and pulling her into a crushing hug.

I leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed, watching with a quiet smile. This was family. Messy, loud, worried-to-death family. I'd always wondered what that felt like. I mean, my mother and father were a good sort, no doubt about that. But... hey, I always wanted a sibling, though.

"You—gah—idiot," Cora muttered, tightening her grip. "Idiot. Idiot."

"Ghk, Sister," Esme wheezed. "I'm—dying—here."

Cora finally pulled back and flicked her forehead.

"Ow!" Esme hissed, rubbing the spot as she shuffled inside, shoulders slumped, feet dragging toward her room.

Cora watched her sister head toward her room, eyes following her until she disappeared from view. Only then did she turn back to me, a grateful smile settling on her face. I could tell the tension was slowly draining from her, just by the way her posture softened.

"Thank you," she said quietly. "I was so worried about her."

"Fell asleep on the bus," I replied lightly. "Not exactly a thrilling adventure."

Cora let out a breath that sounded halfway to a laugh. "That girl..."

"I still don't get how she didn't wake up when the bus stopped," I added. "She takes her beauty sleep seriously."

Cora lingered in the doorway, hands clasped behind her back. She looked at me, then away, then back again, clearly working up the courage to say something.

"Um," she started, pointing toward the living room. "Would you... like to come in? I mean—so I can thank you properly. We bought ice cream yesterday. The expensive kind."

"In this weather?" I raised a brow. "Ice cream?"

Her ears practically turned red. "I—I didn't buy them on purpose. The guy in front of me changed his mind and didn't buy his ice creams, and the cashier thought they were mine. I didn't correct her and just... paid."

I snorted softly. "Cora. You could've just said they weren't yours."

She ducked her head, smiling awkwardly. "That's... hard for me."

She stepped aside, and I followed her in.

The apartment was small, but spotless. The kitchen and living room were just fused together, everything neat and carefully placed. It felt lived-in without being cluttered. Comfortable. Cleaner than my old place ever was, that was for sure. After that storm, I was almost certain some of the windows back home had cracked, that the place was probably in ruins by now. There was no way it would've held up.

I took a seat on one of the stools by the counter, my back to the TV. To my right was the bathroom door. The same bathroom where Cora kept Charlotte in.

"S-so," Cora said, opening the freezer and peeking inside. "Which flavor do you like?"

"Strawberry," I replied.

Her face brightened. "We have that."

"Then I'm sold."

Cora pulled two small tubs from the freezer—one strawberry, one chocolate swirl—and grabbed spoons from a drawer. She handed me the strawberry with a shy smile, then peeled the lid off her own.

"Here," she said, sliding onto the stool beside me.

I took a spoonful, letting the cold cream melt on my tongue. "Hey, this is delicious. Creamy... perfect amount of strawberry chunks."

She beamed, cheeks pink. "I'm glad. I wasn't sure if you'd like it."

We ate in comfortable silence for a moment, the only sound the soft clink of spoons against plastic.

Then Esme shuffled in, yawning wide, hair tousled. She'd changed into tiny hotpants that hugged her thick thighs and a loose tank top that did nothing to hide her curves. She wasn't fat—just soft and full in all the right places, hips wide, breasts heavy and round, the kind of body that made you look twice.

She dropped onto the couch with a dramatic sigh, pulling her legs up cross-legged. The hotpants rode up, and from my angle at the counter, I caught a flash—her pussy lips outlined against the thin fabric, a soft patch of hair visible, not too much, just enough to make it... 'real.'

My cock twitched, hardening fast under the counter. I cleared my throat, shifting on the stool, and focused hard on my ice cream.

I took another bite, trying to ignore the growing ache in my pants.

Esme looked up from her phone. "Feels good."

"Mm?" Cora asked, mouth full of ice cream.

"Being home," Esme clarified, stretching lazily on the couch.

I chuckled. "Home sweet home, huh?"

Another comfortable silence settled as we ate. Esme stayed sprawled on the couch, legs still crossed, hotpants riding high. My eyes flicked down again—her pussy lips outlined perfectly against the thin fabric, soft hair visible, pink and inviting. My cock stirred under the counter, hardening despite the exhaustion from last night.

I needed a distraction fast.

Before I could speak, a soft moan came from behind me.

I turned slowly.

Esme had shifted, now lying back on the couch—one leg draped lazily over the armrest, the other bent and planted on the cushion. Her hotpants were still on, but her hand had slipped inside the waistband, fingers moving in slow circles over her pussy as she watched something on her phone, earbuds in.

Cora noticed too, freezing mid-bite.

Esme and Cora shared a look—Esme's lazy and unashamed, Cora's wide-eyed and flustered.

"What?" Esme asked, not stopping her fingers. "You two fucked without a care in the world that day. In the bathroom."

"But..." Cora stammered, face turning red. "You..."

"Just don't mind me," Esme said, voice breathy as her fingers moved a little faster. "There's a giant bug in the bedroom. That's why I'm here. Put up with me a bit... just like I put up with you two."

I chuckled faintly, leaning toward Cora. "Hey, she isn't wrong."

Cora glanced at me, then back at her sister, biting her lip.

I glanced again—Esme's fingers were moving faster now, hotpants stretched tight, the outline of her pussy clear as she rubbed her clit in small circles.

My cock was fully hard now, straining against my pants.

I reached under the counter, grabbed Cora's hand, and guided it to my bulge. She startled, eyes widening, but then a slow, creepy smile spread across her face.

She slid her stool closer, unzipped my pants quietly, and wrapped her fingers around my shaft, stroking slow and firm.

I exhaled, leaning back slightly as she worked me.

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Cora glanced back at Esme—still touching herself, soft moans escaping—then leaned down, taking my cock into her mouth.

She sucked slow at first, tongue swirling the head, hand pumping the base. The warmth, the wetness—it was perfect.

"Fuck, Cora..." I whispered, hand resting on her head. "Just like that."

She moaned around me, taking me deeper, cheeks hollowing. Esme's moans grew a little louder from the couch, syncing with Cora's rhythm.

"You're getting so good at this," I murmured, thrusting gently into her mouth. "Love how you swallow me... love knowing your sister's watching you suck my cock."

Cora pulled off just enough to whisper, "She's... busy..." before taking me deep again.

I glanced back—Esme's fingers moving faster, eyes half-closed, a wet patch forming on her hotpants.

"Come on," I said, voice rough. "Take it deeper."

Cora looked up at me with that creepy, hungry smile. "Push my head," she whispered. "Make me fucking choke on it."

I grabbed her hair, pushed her down hard—my cock sliding deep into her throat until her lips hit my balls. She gagged, face turning red, eyes watering, but held there, throat spasming around me.

I moaned, head tilting back, pleasure spiking. The sensation was perfect—tight, wet, overwhelming.

I lifted her head slowly until my cock popped free with a wet sound, strings of spit connecting us, then pushed her down again, deeper.

"Move your tongue," I ordered.

She did, swirling it around the shaft as I held her there.

"Good girl," I rasped. "Keep doing it like that."

I started bobbing her head faster, fucking her mouth in short, rough strokes.

Esme moaned loudly behind us, body arching as she came, a wet patch spreading on the couch.

That sent me over.

I thrust deep one last time and came hard down Cora's throat, thick ropes pulsing out. She swallowed greedily, throat working around me, taking every drop as I held her there.

I bobbed her head a few more times, milking the last bits, then let her go.

Cora lifted her head, looked at me, and opened her mouth wide, smiling. "Swallowed it all."

I tucked myself back in, zipped up. "You're getting better at that."

She smiled, wiped her lips, and stood. "I need to... clean up," she said with a giggle, heading for the bathroom.

I watched her go, then glanced at Esme—still panting on the couch, fingers slick, eyes half-lidded.

Fuck. So hot.

But I needed to calm down.

For now.

A few minutes later, Cora returned from the bathroom, her face freshly washed, cheeks still a little pink. She slid onto the stool next to me, smoothing her leggings nervously with her hands.

Well, this was awkward.

Esme was still sprawled on the couch, lazily scrolling her phone, hotpants barely covering her, oblivious to the tension. The air felt thick, charged with what just happened—and what might still happen.

"So," I said, clearing my throat. "I heard from Esme that she's the more flexible one, Cora. That right?"

Cora laughed. "Uh, no. I'm definitely the most flexible."

"Aaaalright, Sister," Esme drawled, waving a dismissive hand without looking up. "Whatever you say."

"I'm serious," Cora insisted, setting her spoon down. "Wanna bet? Come on, sleepyhead. Get up."

"Too lazy," Esme muttered. "Fine, you win. You're the most flexible."

"No backing out now," Cora said, standing. "It's on."

"Hey," I said. "I'd like to see that."

Esme sighed, then hauled herself off the couch. "Fine. If Evan wants to see it."

Both sisters turned to me, arms crossed, waiting.

Cora grinned. "Okay, you choose the pose. Whoever does it fastest and easiest wins."

I shrugged, trying to play it cool despite the growing ache in my pants. "I don't know... lift your leg straight up high?"

Esme smirked. "I'll start."

She walked to the sturdy floor lamp by the window, gripped it with one hand for balance, and lifted her leg straight up—high, effortless, thigh parallel to her torso. The hotpants stretched tight, riding up completely. Her pussy was fully exposed now—pink lips parted slightly, soft patch of hair on top, glistening just a little.

Fuck.

Cora noticed my stare but said nothing, cheeks pink.

I cleared my throat. "O-okay... Cora's turn."

Cora moved to the other side of the lamp, gripped it, and lifted her leg just as high—smooth, controlled. Her leggings hugged her curves, cameltoe clear and pronounced.

My brain short-circuited.

I stood slowly, cock throbbing painfully now, and walked toward them, positioning myself between the two raised legs.

Esme's eyes flicked down, then Cora's. Both saw the bulge.

Esme exhaled slowly, lowered her leg, and without a word, hooked her thumbs into her hotpants and slid them down, kicking them off. She lifted her leg again, pussy bare and open, lips swollen, a hint of wetness catching the light. The pose was obscene and perfect, her thick thighs framing everything.

Cora's eyes widened. "W-what are you doing?"

"You gave him ice cream as reward," Esme said casually, holding the pose. "This is my reward."

"You..." I began. "It's... Cora? Can we...?"

- Critical Success: Cora

Wait, what? My luck skill—that made it so that Cora wouldn't refuse an... idea like that? Honeyed Word had activated automatically with the snap of a finger. Holy shit, this was a life-saver. I really needed to put more points to this skill. It was like a cheat code or something... well, this whole system, in a way, was a cheat code anyway but... this was something else.

She exhaled. "Fine. If Evan wants it..."

Fuck. Yes.

I didn't hesitate. Pants down, cock springing free—hard, dripping pre-cum, veins pulsing.

Cora stared, then bit her lip. She lowered her leg, peeled off her leggings and panties in one motion, and lifted her leg again—smooth, shaved pussy now on full display.

I stepped closer, guiding them until their raised legs touched, pussies brushing—wet lips kissing softly, clits grazing. The sight was unreal: two sisters, legs high and straight, pussies pressed together, both glistening, both waiting.

I stood between them, cock throbbing at the view.

Fuuuuck.

- Quest Available

=====

- Title: Down, down

- Task: Fuck both Esme and Cora in
fifteen minutes.

- Reward: 900 EXP

=====

- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

I walked even closer, the heat from their bodies pulling me in. My cock throbbed, slick with pre-cum, and I slid it right between their pussies—pressed tight together, lips parted, wetness coating me instantly.

The pleasure was out of this world—warm, soft, slick friction on every side, their combined heat enveloping me completely.

I moaned low, grabbing their raised legs for leverage—one hand on Cora's thigh, the other on Esme's—and started moving back and forth, thrusting between them.

The friction was incredible—pussies rubbing against each other and my cock at the same time, wetness making everything glide perfectly. They were both getting soaked fast, juices dripping down my shaft, coating my balls.

"Fuck," I groaned again. "This is incredible... feeling both of you like this..."

I went faster, hips snapping, the wet slap of skin on skin filling the room. Cora moaned softly, eyes fluttering, while Esme stayed quiet, half-lidded gaze fixed on my cock sliding

between them. Her face gave nothing away, but I could feel it—she was getting wet too, her arousal mixing with Cora's, making me slicker with every thrust.

I couldn't believe how close I was already—balls tightening, pleasure building fast.

But the quest flashed in my mind—900 EXP for a proper threesome. Cumming like this wouldn't count.

I stopped on the brink, panting hard, cock throbbing painfully between them. Both girls looked at me, breathing heavy, eyes dark with need.

I smiled, voice rough. "Not yet... we're just getting started."

I grabbed Cora by the shoulder, pulling her gently toward me. She lowered her leg, standing fully now, her body soft and warm against mine. I lifted her by the knees, hands hooking under her thighs, her small tits pressing against my chest as she wrapped her arms around my neck.

We kissed—deep, slow, tongues sliding together, her moan vibrating into my mouth.

I broke the kiss just enough to glance at Esme. "Put me inside your sister."

Esme lowered her leg slowly, eyes fixed on my cock. She hunched forward a little, gulping hard, hesitation clear in her face. For a moment she froze, but then reached out, small hand wrapping around my shaft.

She guided me to Cora's entrance, rubbing the head along her sister's wet lips before pushing me in.

Cora moaned loud as I filled her, pussy clenching tight. I started moving her up and down, lifting and dropping her on my cock, her weight light in my arms.

"Fuck, Cora..." I rasped, thrusting up to meet her. "Love this pussy... so tight... love fucking you while your sister watches."

Cora moaned, clinging to me. "Evan—yes—deeper—love your cock—fill me—"

The taboo of it hit hard—Esme right there, having just touched me, now watching me fuck her sister. It felt wrong and so fucking good at the same time, the thrill making every thrust electric.

I kissed Cora again, hard and claiming, biting her lower lip. "You're mine," I growled. "Always be mine."

She sobbed into the kiss, pussy fluttering. "And you are mine! Fuck me good, Evan..."

I went faster, lifting her higher, slamming her down harder. Her small tits bounced against my chest, nipples hard.

"Bite me," she whispered, voice breaking.

I leaned down, bit one nipple gently, teeth grazing the peak. She cried out, pussy squeezing me.

"Evan—close—gonna cum—"

I kissed her deep again, thrusting harder. "Cum for me. Cum on my cock while I breed you."

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She came with a raw moan into my mouth, body locking up, pussy spasming wildly, gushing hot and wet. Her legs tightened around my waist, nails digging into my back as wave after wave hit her, tears of pleasure streaming down her cheeks.

I pumped a bit more, riding out her climax, grinding deep. "Good girl... love feeling you cum like that..."

I was close, cock throbbing.

But I needed to stop.

I lifted Cora off my dick slowly, holding her in the air a moment so she could catch her breath. Her legs wobbled when her feet touched the floor, but she steadied herself against my chest, smiling weakly, eyes still glazed from her orgasm.

I turned to Esme, cock throbbing painfully, right on the edge, pre-cum dripping from the tip.

Esme stared at it—eyes wide, face flushed deep red, sweat beading on her forehead. Her breathing was ragged, chest rising and falling fast. For a second, I thought she was going to step forward, take it, let me inside her like she'd hinted at before.

But then something shifted in her eyes—desire flickering into fear, then panic. Her lips parted, but no words came at first. She shook her head slowly, almost like she was trying to convince herself.

"N-no," she whispered, voice cracking. "I thought I could do it but... no."

She took a step back, hands trembling at her sides, eyes dropping to the floor. The confidence from moments ago, the teasing, the bold pose, was gone, replaced by something raw and vulnerable.

I froze, cock still hard but the urgency fading fast as concern took over.

"Esme..." I said softly, taking a small step toward her.

She shook her head harder, backing up another step. "I'm sorry... I just... can't."

Then she turned and bolted to her room, door slamming behind her.

Cora and I stood there in silence for a beat.

"I... did I do something wrong?"

Cora put a hand to her forehead, exhaling shakily. "Our... f-father," she said quietly. "That man. He... one time he got drunk and... tried to force himself on her. I stopped him. Stabbed him in the stomach. Wish he'd died..."

My stomach dropped. "Shit... I didn't know."

Cora nodded, eyes on the floor. "I thought I'd be there for her first time... to make it safe. Gentle."

I buckled my pants, cock softening completely now. "Fuck... I should go. I don't think Esme wants to see me right now."

"Am I... a bad sister?" Cora asked, voice small.

I stepped closer, patted her head gently. "No. You're an amazing sister. Protecting her like that... I wish I'd had someone like you growing up."

She looked up, eyes misty, a faint smile breaking through. "Thanks..."

"I'll head out," I said. "Tell her I'm sorry. That I didn't know."

Cora nodded. "I will."

Poor Esme.

I'd fucked up. Damn it.

(_____)

QUEST FAILED

=====

Title: Down, down,

Task: Fuck both Esme and Cora in
fifteen minutes.

=====

Result: Esme ran away.

♥□♥□♥□

I was sitting on the couch, yesterday's late-night talk show droning softly from the TV. Nala lay beside me with her head resting on my lap, her body relaxed. My hand moved through her hair without me even thinking about it—slow strokes, fingers combing, a habit more than a choice. Every so often she made a quiet sound, content and half-asleep.

Kim leaned against my shoulder, cheek resting there as she watched the screen, her attention fully on whatever joke the host was telling. Across the room, Jasmine and Tessa shared the other couch, legs tucked up, whispering to each other between laughs.

From the kitchen came the clink of plates. Minne stood at the counter, rinsing dishes and sliding them neatly into the washer, efficient as always.

The doorbell rang.

I checked the time on my phone. Seven fifteen. Outside, the sun had been gone for hours, and the snow was coming down a little softer now, though, wind was still scraping it along the windows.

Minne dried her hands and moved to the door, peering through the peephole. She turned back toward me.

"Master," she said calmly, "it's Eleanor."

I shifted carefully, lifting Nala's head and setting it gently against the couch cushion. I stood, smoothing my shirt, and walked over.

When I opened the door, Eleanor barely got a word out.

"Hey, Eva—"

Her voice died halfway through as her eyes flicked past me, taking in the room full of women, the couch situation, the casual closeness. Her brows lifted slightly.

"...Bad timing?"

I blinked. "Why would it be?"

She hesitated, then let out a short, awkward laugh. "I didn't know you were... entertaining yourself. Sorry, I didn't realize you called in company."

"We live together," I replied easily. "We're friends."

Her expression didn't change much. "Friends?"

"Yeah," I said, rubbing the back of my neck. "Long story. What brings you over?"

She shifted her weight, clearly relieved to have a different topic. "Butter. I ran out. I'm trying to make this chicken fillet thing that's been trending for like a month, and I already ruined the first batch."

Before I could respond, Jasmine practically sprang off the couch and hurried over, eyes lighting up.

"Oh my god, Hellen's recipe?" she asked, already excited. "The one where she pairs it with that lemon-garlic cream sauce and roasted baby potatoes?"

Eleanor's face lit with recognition. "Y-yeah. That one."

Jasmine nodded emphatically. "There's an editing mistake in that video. It skips the part where she finishes the sauce. Everyone messes it up because of that."

Eleanor stared at her, then let out a small groan. "That explains so much. I thought I was losing my mind."

"You're not," Jasmine said with a grin. "I'll show you how to do it properly. You have your ingredients?"

"Yeah, they're back at my place."

"Perfect," Jasmine replied. "Bring them over. We haven't had dinner yet anyway. You'll join us, right?"

Eleanor glanced around again, still a little overwhelmed, but she nodded. "I... yeah. Sure. Sorry, I just wasn't expecting... all of this."

Jasmine shrugged. "Totally valid reaction."

Eleanor smiled at that, then looked back at me. "I'll go grab my stuff and come right back."

"Don't forget your keycard this time," I added, smiling.

She laughed softly and returned it with a warm look before heading toward the stairs, her footsteps fading as the door closed behind her.

Inside, the room settled back into its easy rhythm, the TV murmuring on, snow tapping against the glass, and the smell of food about to happen hanging in the air.

I slipped into the bathroom and pushed the door shut behind me, the noise from the living room dulling instantly. The light buzzed softly overhead. I leaned over the sink, turned the tap, and splashed cold water onto my face, letting it run down my cheeks and drip from my chin.

I straightened slowly and looked at myself in the mirror.

Not really at myself, though. My eyes were there, sure, but my head was somewhere else entirely.

Cora's voice came back first. Tight. Careful. Protective in a way that didn't need words. Then Esme... damn. Their father.

Fuck.

The thought settled heavy in my chest. He'd nearly touched Esme. Nearly. The word didn't soften it at all. If I'd known, I wouldn't have even let that stupid idea form in my head, let alone open my mouth about it. The memory of Esme's eyes going watery, the way she'd turned and bolted for her room, hit harder now that the adrenaline was gone.

I pressed my palms against the edge of the sink and exhaled through my nose.

Idiot.

My reflection stared back at me, jaw tight, shoulders a little too stiff. I wasn't angry at myself exactly. Just... dunno.

After a few seconds, I shook my head, grabbed a towel, and dried my face. Cold water, gone. Mess still there.

I stepped back out into the living room.

The front door was open, and Eleanor was just inside, juggling a couple of grocery bags. I caught a glimpse of what she'd brought, chicken fillets wrapped neatly in butcher paper, a bundle of fresh herbs, a lemon or two, cream, spices, and a small bag of potatoes. Everything except the butter she'd come for in the first place.

Jasmine was already there, animated as ever. "I'm Jasmine," she said brightly. "And that's Kim, Tessa, and—well, you already know Nala. She told me about you."

Nala gave Eleanor a small nod instead of introducing herself again, arms folded loosely as she leaned against the counter.

"Alright," Jasmine clapped her hands together. "Kitchen time. Let's make some chicken fillet magic."

I lifted both hands in surrender. "I'll let you girls handle that. The only recipe I know is pouring hot water into instant noodles, and I sometimes mess that up too."

That earned a round of laughter.

"Impressive," Kim teased.

"Truly a man of many talents," Tessa added.

I grabbed my cigarette pack from the coffee table and slipped it into my pocket before anyone could comment. The terrace door slid open with a soft hiss as I stepped outside.

Good, the wind had died down a bit, though not too much.

Cold air hit my face immediately, sharp and clean. I moved to one of the sunbeds, sat down, and leaned back, elbows resting on my thighs. The city stretched out below, lights scattered like constellations, traffic crawling through the streets far beneath me.

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I lit a cigarette and took a small drag.

Damn it.

I shouldn't have asked Esme that. Shouldn't have pushed. Should've read the room better.

Another drag, slower this time. Smoke curled upward and vanished into the night.

I pulled my phone from my pocket and glanced at the screen. Missed calls. Messages. And there it was again, stubborn as ever.

Penelope.

Still there. Still unanswered.

"No more dodging, I guess," I muttered under my breath.

I tapped her name and brought the phone to my ear.

It rang. Once. Twice.

Then she answered.

"I thought you forgot how to answer a phone," Penelope snapped the second I picked up. "Where the hell were you?"

"Busy," I replied. "What's going on?"

A short pause. Then, quieter—but sharper. "You met with Mendy, didn't you?"

"Y—yeah."

"She's been upset for days," Penelope continued. "Let me guess. That has something to do with you?"

I pinched the bridge of my nose. "Maybe."

"She confessed to you," Penelope said flatly. "So what happened after that? What did you tell her?"

Good. At least she didn't know the rest. The part where I went down on Mendy—where things crossed a line they shouldn't have. That detail had to stay buried. Penelope would lose her mind if she found out. She cared about Mendy more than I'd ever realized.

I dragged in a slow breath of smoke, buying myself a second. There was no way to make this sound good.

"I refused her," I said finally. "I didn't want to lie to her the way Richard did. That's not who I am."

"And what exactly did you say to her?"

"We just... talked," I answered, evasive even to my own ears.

"So you rejected her," Penelope pressed. "Because of Nala?"

"Yes." No hesitation this time. "Because I already have someone in my life."

"She knew that," Penelope shot back. "And she still worked up the courage to tell you how she felt."

"I know."

She let out a long, frustrated breath. "God... she's such an idiot. I even told her about your relationship with Nala—that it's open."

I snorted. "Yeah. Thanks for spreading that around."

"At least do this," Penelope said. "Call her. Talk to her. She's been really down, Evan. You owe her that much."

"I know," I said quietly. "I just... haven't found the time."

"That's bullshit," she said, not unkindly. "But fine. Just don't keep avoiding her."

"I won't," I promised. "I'll call her."

"My taxi's here," Penelope added. "Don't forget what you said. Just talk to her. About anything. Weather, movies, dumb shit. Just—talk."

"I will."

"Mm."

The line went dead.

I lowered the phone and stared out at the city, smoke curling from my lips and dissolving into the night. Mendy was... fuck. Mendy was naïve, yeah—but Penelope was right. She'd known I was with Nala. She'd known the risks. And she still confessed. That had to mean something.

I pulled my phone back out and scrolled through my contacts. My thumb hovered over Mendy's name. Now? Was now really the right time? Or was that just me being a coward again?

I exhaled sharply and tapped her name.

She answered almost immediately. I heard running water in the background, faint clinks of dishes.

"H-hey," I said. "Uh... Mendy."

"H-hey," she replied, hesitant. "How... are you?"

"Good," I said. "You?"

"Good," she answered—but the word landed hollow.

Silence stretched between us, thick and uncomfortable.

"I, uh..." I started, then stalled. "I just wanted to... hear your voice."

"Oh." A pause. "Y-yeah. Thanks?"

The water shut off. I imagined her standing there, hands wet, probably staring at the sink.

"I was cleaning the dishes," she added. "What about you?"

"On the terrace," I said. "Smoking. It's freezing out."

"It really is," she murmured. "I miss the sun."

I let out a soft laugh. "Yeah. Me too."

Another quiet stretch.

Then, finally, "I'm sorry," Mendy said. "For... confessing to you."

"No," I said immediately, shaking my head even though she couldn't see it. "Don't apologize. I was honored. You opening up to me like that—it meant something. If anyone should be sorry, it's me."

"For what?"

"For messing it up," I admitted. "In that moment... I wanted you. The way you looked at me. The way you said those things. It lit something up in me. I wanted to see that side of you. In... uh, in bed."

Her breath caught, just slightly.

"I-It was consensual," she said softly, almost teasing herself. "But... do you regret it?"

"Regret what?"

"Doing that. With me."

"Not for a second," I said honestly. "But after you said we should stay friends... yeah. That's when it hit me. It felt like I'd crossed a line. Like I'd taken something I shouldn't have."

"You didn't," she replied quickly. "We're adults. We wanted it. And honestly? If anyone used anyone, it was probably me. I needed a distraction from Richard. And you were there." She hesitated, then added, quieter, "Besides... you're the one who went down on me."

The silence that followed wasn't empty—it was heavy.

"Did you... regret it?" I asked, throwing her own question back at her.

"I didn't," she replied almost instantly, like she'd already made peace with the answer.

"Oh." I nodded to myself. "That's... cool."

"Y-yeah."

I took another drag from my cigarette, then leaned forward and stubbed it out in the ashtray beneath the sunbed. The ember hissed softly as it died. On the other end of the call, Mendy exhaled and cleared her throat—one of those small, nervous sounds people make when silence starts to stretch too far.

"So..." I started, then adjusted my tone. "Would you like to meet tomorrow? Maybe grab some coffee? There's this place—Burney's. I swear, they're physically incapable of making bad coffee."

A short pause. "S-sure," she said.

Relief loosened something in my chest. "Great. I'll pick you up at seven?"

"That works," she replied. "Yeah."

"Alright," I said, smiling despite myself. "Then... I'll talk to you tomorrow?"

"Yep. See you, Evan." Her voice softened. "And... thanks for calling."

"Thanks for answering," I said. "Good night."

"Night."

The line went dead.

I lowered the phone and stared out over the city, lights scattered below like fallen stars. Coffee with Mendy. The woman I'd gone down on. The woman who'd asked to stay friends afterward. Yeah—awkward didn't even begin to cover it.

Still... it was something.

The glass door behind me slid open.

Kim stepped onto the terrace, bundled up in a hoodie and jacket, the cold barely fazing her. She shut the door quietly and dropped down beside me, bumping my shoulder with hers.

"Hey, trouble," I said, a small smile tugging at my lips.

"Hey." She tilted her head toward me. "Who were you talking to?"

"Mendy."

"Oof." Kim winced theatrically. "How's she taking the rejection?"

"I don't really know," I admitted. "We're meeting tomorrow. Burney's. Seven."

Kim hummed, then rested her head on my shoulder like it belonged there. "Still depressed?"

"Nah," I said, wrapping an arm loosely around her. "She's okay. Honestly... better than okay."

Kim smiled faintly, eyes drifting back toward the city lights, and for a moment, the night felt quieter—lighter—even with everything still hanging in the air.

I leaned back on the sunbed. Kim crawled beside me, half-draping herself over my body—her legs sliding between mine, head resting on my chest, one hand lazily tracing circles on my shirt. Her warmth seeped into me, soft and familiar, and knowing she was pregnant with my baby made everything feel deeper, more intense.

I kissed the crown of her head, breathing her in, and rubbed her shoulder slowly, eyes on the darkening sky. The wind was picking up, clouds rolling in fast. Another storm was coming—not as bad as the one that nearly ripped the roof off, but enough to make the air electric.

Kim lifted her head, eyes soft, and kissed my lips—gentle at first, then deeper, her tongue brushing mine. I smiled into it, kissed her back, and slid my free hand down to her belly. It was still early, barely a curve, but I swear I could feel it—the life we'd made. The thought sent a rush through me, protective and possessive all at once.

"Eleanor," she whispered against my lips, pulling back just enough to search my eyes. "Did you two fuck?"

I kissed her nose, grinning. "Nope. Just wanted to help her, that's it."

"What a shining knight you are, ser."

"Why, thank you."

My hand drifted lower, slipping under the waistband of her leggings to cup her ass, squeezing the firm flesh. She arched into my touch instinctively, pressing her ass back into my palm.

"Brr," she teased, shivering dramatically. "Your hands are cold."

"That's why I'm warming them on your ass," I murmured, squeezing harder, fingers digging in.

"Oh?" She smirked, eyes darkening. "Let's see how you feel then."

"Hmm?"

Her hand slid down my stomach, unzipped my pants with ease, and slipped inside my boxers. Cool fingers wrapped around my cock, stroking slow and gentle. I shivered at the chill, but the heat of her touch quickly took over.

We both laughed softly, the sound low and intimate.

She pulled my cock free, stroking it openly now, thumb circling the head, playing with the pre-cum beading there—rubbing it up and down the slit, spreading it over the sensitive skin. The cold air hit me, but her hand was fire, and I hardened fast in her grip.

"Daddy is hard, huh?" she purred, voice dripping with mischief.

"Daddy," I repeated, groaning as she squeezed. "Fuck, I like that word."

"You're officially a daddy now," she whispered, stroking faster, eyes locked on mine. "It's only natural you'd love hearing it."

"Hmm..." I thrust into her hand, squeezing her ass harder. "Say it again."

"Daddy," she breathed, leaning in to kiss my neck. "Daddy's cock is so hard for me... throbbing in my hand..."

I growled, pulling her closer, kissing her deep and filthy, tongue claiming her mouth while she pumped me. The wind whipped around us, but all I felt was her—her hand, her warmth, her moans.

She broke the kiss, eyes dark. "Want to fuck your pregnant girl out here, Daddy? Right under the snow?"

I thrust harder into her grip. "Keep calling me that and you won't be able to walk tomorrow."

She laughed breathlessly, stroking faster. "Promise?"

Chapter 318: Chapter 318

I got up from the sunbed, the cool evening air hitting my skin like a warning of the storm to come. I pulled Kim with me by the hand, her fingers intertwining with mine as she stood, that soft, teasing smile lighting up her face despite the wind whipping her hair wildly. We walked to the edge of the balcony, the railing overlooking the sprawling city lights below—a glittering ocean of neon and headlights, the distant hum of traffic mixing with the growing rumble of thunder.

Kim shivered as she slid her pants down her legs, the fabric pooling at her ankles before she kicked them aside. The cold bit at her bare skin, raising goosebumps along her thighs, but her eyes stayed locked on mine, dark with want. I stepped behind her, my body pressing close to shield her from the wind, my chest against her back, heat radiating from me to chase away the chill.

I hooked a finger into the edge of her panties, sliding the thin material to the side, exposing her completely. Her pussy was already wet, lips glistening in the low glow of the city lights, pink and swollen with anticipation. The sight made my cock throb harder in my pants, but I took my time, savoring the view.

She reached down, both hands gripping the cool glass railing for balance, leaning forward just enough to arch her back, ass presented high toward me, round and perfect, begging for attention.

I slapped her ass hard—the crack sharp against the wind, her flesh jiggling under my palm, a red mark blooming instantly on her pale skin. She gasped, pushing back into my hand, seeking more.

"Fuck, look at this ass," I growled, voice low and rough, grabbing my cock through my pants before freeing it, the thick shaft springing out hard and ready. I rubbed the head up and down her slit, coating myself in her wetness, teasing her entrance, bumping her clit with every pass. "So perfect... begging for me. You're already dripping, baby. That pregnant pussy needs me bad, doesn't it?"

"Fuck yeah it does," she moaned, rocking back against me, her voice breathy and needy, the wind carrying it away.

I slid inside slowly, stretching her inch by inch, filling her completely. The heat of her wrapped around me like a vice, wet and tight, and she gasped, gripping the railing tighter, knuckles white. The city lights blurred below us as pleasure hit hard, the contrast of the cold air and her warm body making every sensation sharper.

I started thrusting—deep, steady strokes, hands on her hips pulling her back onto me with every push, our bodies syncing perfectly. The slap of skin against skin mixed with the distant thunder, the wind cooling the sweat already forming on our skin.

I slid her jacket off her shoulders, letting it drop to the floor with a soft thud, then pushed her hoodie up over her tits, exposing them to the night air. Her nipples hardened

instantly in the chill, and I cupped her breasts, kneading rough, thumbs rolling the stiff peaks until she arched further.

"These tits," I groaned, pinching one nipple between my fingers, twisting just enough to make her cry out. "Love how full they're getting... all because of my baby inside you. Gonna be leaking milk soon... can't wait to taste you."

She moaned louder, pussy clenching around me like a fist. "Evan—fuck—yes—love when you touch me like that—feels so good—"

I thrust harder, hips snapping forward, the slap of my balls against her clit echoing loud against the wind. "Love fucking you out here... city watching us. Look at the view—lights everywhere, and my beautiful girl taking my cock like she was made for it. Pregnant with my baby and still so fucking needy."

She whimpered, body rocking back to meet me, her moans carried away on the breeze. "Yours—fuck—take me—love you—make me yours—"

I kissed her neck, sucking a mark into the soft skin, one hand sliding down from her tit to rub her clit in tight, fast circles. "You're so wet... dripping down my balls. Love how you get for me. Pregnant and still my dirty little girl, begging for cock on a balcony."

"Evan—close—gonna cum—" her voice broke, body tensing, thighs quivering against mine.

"Yeah?" I rasped, thrusting deeper, grinding hard against her front wall, fingers flying over her clit. "Cum for me. Let me feel that pregnant pussy squeeze my cock. Cum while the city watches you fall apart, baby. Scream for me."

She came hard—body locking up rigid, a raw cry muffled against her arm as her pussy spasmed wildly around my cock, gushing hot and wet down my shaft and balls. Her legs shook violently, hips bucking back into me uncontrollably, tears of pleasure streaming down her cheeks as wave after wave crashed through her, body convulsing in my grip like she was being electrocuted by pure bliss.

I kept thrusting through it, slow and deep to draw out every pulse, every tremor, whispering in her ear. "That's my girl... cumming so hard for me. Love feeling you like this... love how you soak me."

She panted, body twitching with aftershocks, voice hoarse. "Mm, yes. Fuck me harder, Daddy."

I sped up again, hips snapping fast, hand back on her clit, rubbing relentlessly. "Gonna give you another."

She moaned, pushing back desperately. "Yes—fuck—make me cum again—fill me—breed me more—"

I slapped her ass lightly, then harder, watching it jiggle under my palm, the red mark darkening. "You're so beautiful... ass up, tits out, taking me deep. Best view in the city—my girl getting fucked under the stars, pregnant with my baby. Cum for me again, Kim. Let me hear you."

She gasped, pussy fluttering faster, body tensing again. "Evan—close—gonna—oh god—"

"Cum for me again," I growled, rubbing her clit faster, thrusting hard and relentless, cock slamming home. "Let me feel it. Cum hard, baby. Soak my cock while I own this pussy."

She came a second time, harder than the first—body arching sharply, scream raw and unrestrained as her pussy clamped down like a fist, spasming wildly, gushing hot and wet in floods that soaked my balls and thighs. Her legs kicked out, nearly buckling, hips bucking wildly back into me as wave after wave crashed through her, body convulsing uncontrollably in my grip, moans breaking into sobs of overwhelming pleasure.

I was right there, the feel of her second climax pushing me over.

"Gonna fill you," I groaned, voice wrecked. "Cum inside this pregnant pussy... take it all, baby..."

"Fuck yeah. Cum inside me, Evan. Shoot your cum into me." she begged, still shaking.

I slammed deep one last time and came with a roar, cock pulsing hard, thick ropes flooding her depths until it overflowed, leaking out around me with every spurt. I thrust through it, grinding deep, emptying every last drop while she moaned and clenched, her pussy milking me dry. The climax hit like a wave—body tensing, pleasure rolling through me in hot pulses, vision blurring as I filled her completely.

We panted together, bodies pressed close, city lights twinkling below like they were applauding.

I moaned low, hips jerking as the last pulses of my climax faded. I pulled my cock back slowly from Kim's mouth, slick and spent, strings of cum and spit connecting us for a second before breaking.

"Suck me clean, Kim," I said, voice rough.

She dropped to her knees without hesitation, eyes locked on mine, and took me back into her mouth. Her tongue swirled around the head, licking up every drop of cum, spit, and her own juices, sucking gently but thoroughly. She moaned around me, the vibration making me twitch.

Jasmine slid the glass door open just then. "Where's my helper?"

She froze, eyes going wide at the sight—Kim on her knees, lips wrapped around my cock, bobbing slowly.

Jasmine's hand flew up in a quick "sorry" gesture, face flushing, and she stepped back fast, pulling the door closed.

But through the glass, my eyes met Eleanor's.

She was in the kitchen, helping with the chicken fillets, knife paused mid-cut. Her gaze flicked down to Kim sucking me like my cock was the most delicious thing in the world, then back up to my face. Her cheeks colored, but she didn't look away immediately.

Kim pulled off with a wet pop, licking her lips. "God, your dick is delicious," she murmured, voice husky. "And your cum... it's like a fucking drug. I'm addicted."

I smiled, grabbed the base of my cock, and pushed it further down her throat. She gagged softly, eyes watering, throat tightening around me. I held her there a second, then pulled out, resting my slick cock on her forehead.

I looked down at her—kneeling naked on the balcony floor, face flushed and glistening with spit and cum, hair messy from the wind and my hands, lips swollen, eyes dark with satisfaction and love. She looked wrecked and perfect, mine completely.

I slapped my cock against her cheek twice—light, playful thuds—then tucked myself away, zipping up.

"Come on," I said, offering my hand to help her up. "You should get your clothes on. Don't want my baby getting sick."

"By baby, you mean me?" Kim asked with a grin, taking my hand. "Or our baby?"

"You. Of couurse."

"Jerk."

- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Kim

EXP Gained: +370

Villain Bonus: +30

Star Rating: 4.3 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

Bliss Multiplier: 200c

She laughed, gathering her clothes and dressing quickly as the wind picked up.

We stepped back inside, the warmth of the penthouse hitting us like a blanket.

Eleanor was still in the kitchen, chopping vegetables now, but our eyes met across the room. She cleared her throat softly, cheeks pink, and focused harder on the chicken fillets.

I dropped onto the couch, exhaling long and slow.

Welp. That was awkward.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 15)

=====

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 75 kg

=====

EXP: [██████████] 951/6973

Chapter 319: Chapter 319

I leaned back into the couch, letting my shoulders sink, the cushions still warm from earlier. From there, all I had to do was glance left to see the kitchen in full chaos—but the good kind.

Jasmine had her phone propped up against a spice jar, the viral cooking video paused mid-frame. On-screen, some overly enthusiastic influencer was frozen mid-dramatic sprinkle.

"Okay, right there," Jasmine said, holding up a finger. "This is where she messes up. She skips the sauce."

Eleanor stood at the counter, wooden spoon in hand, brow furrowed in concentration. "No, no, look—she adds the butter after the chicken rests. That's what gives it the gloss."

Tessa leaned over the counter, peering into the pan. "That looks like it's already burning."

"It's not burning," Jasmine shot back. "It's browning. There's a difference."

Eleanor laughed, shaking her head. "Alright, truce. Let's just do half your way, half mine."

Jasmine grinned. "Compromise. Democracy at work."

They hit play again. The video voice chirped something obnoxiously upbeat, and the girls followed along—pause, stir, argue, laugh, repeat. The kitchen smelled good. Warm. Alive. It felt... normal in a way my life rarely did anymore.

SHOP [Page 2]

=====

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

- Reputation Point +30 (200c)
- Mastery Evolve (1500c)

=====

Credits: 1687c

Just when I was considering buying the new item, since I had enough credits now, my phone rang. I frowned, fishing it out of my pocket.

Kayla.

I straightened a little and answered. "Hey, Kayla. I was actually just about to call you."

"I need help." Her voice was flat. Empty. No sarcasm. No bite.

My stomach tightened. "What? What happened?"

"I'm..." She swallowed audibly. "I was drinking. And I—I think my drink was spiked, Evan."

That snapped me fully upright.

"Spiked?" I was already on my feet. "Kayla, where are you?"

Before she could answer, another voice cut in, further from the phone. "Wait—Evan?" Then a scoff. "Him again..."

There was shuffling, the sound of fabric... or someone taking the phone from her hands.

"Are you Evan?" a different voice asked.

"Yeah," I said, jaw tight. "Who's this?"

"Charlotte."

I paused. Relief hit, but it didn't fully land. "Oh. Is Kayla alright?"

A beat. Then, blunt as a hammer: "Her drink wasn't spiked. She drank like a fucking sailor and now she's sick."

I pinched the bridge of my nose. "Jesus Christ..."

"She's slurring, she can't stand straight, and she's threatening to redecorate my bathroom," Charlotte continued. "So either you come get her, or I let gravity sort it out."

"Alright," I said sharply. "I'm on my way. Just—don't let her go anywhere, okay?"

Charlotte snorted. "Trust me. She's not going anywhere. She can barely sit."

The call ended. I lowered the phone and exhaled through my teeth.

From the kitchen, Jasmine glanced over. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah," I said, already grabbing my jacket. "Just... gotta go pick someone up."

Nala looked up from the counter, reading my face in half a second. "Trouble?"

"Always," I muttered, heading for the door.

Behind me, the video resumed, oil sizzled, and Eleanor said, "Okay, wait—are we sure that's enough salt?"

And somehow, in the middle of all that noise and warmth, I stepped back out into the cold.



I parked in front of Stingy Ladies and killed the engine. The neon sign buzzed weakly above the door, washing the sidewalk in pink and blue while snow drifted down like it had all the time in the world.

She was right there.

Kayla sat on the curb, elbows on her knees, head hanging low. Drunk as hell. Her coat was half-open, hair a mess, boots dusted white. She looked up when I stepped closer, squinted at me, then waved one hand dismissively with a bitter scoff before letting her chin drop again.

I stopped in front of her, hands in my pockets for a second, just watching the snow settle on her shoulders.

Then I sighed, bent down, and grabbed her arm. "Come on."

She resisted for half a second out of pure spite, then let me pull her up. I slipped her arm over my neck and took most of her weight as she staggered to her feet.

"Why did you even drink this much?" I asked as we shuffled toward the car.

She snorted. "Fuck you."

I huffed. "Don't threaten me with a good time."

"F—fuck... you," she slurred again, but there was no bite left in it.

I opened the passenger door and eased her down into the seat. She fumbled with her legs, dragged them inside like they belonged to someone else, then slammed the door shut herself, harder than necessary.

I walked around, got in, and started the car. Warm air blasted from the vents. Kayla exhaled loudly and leaned forward, elbows on her thighs, burying her face in her hands.

"I knew it all along," she muttered.

I buckled my seatbelt and glanced at her. "Knew what?"

"That Richard was seeing Mendy," she said, words thick, uneven. "I knew it. And I lied to her. Told her I didn't know. But I did."

"Oh," I said quietly.

She laughed—short, ugly. "And I fucking liked it."

I stayed silent.

"I liked being the wanted one," she went on, shaking her head, fingers digging into her hair. "Being desired by a man who already had someone. Feeling like I was winning. Like I was better than her. God... that rush. It made me feel untouchable."

"Hmm..."

She turned her face toward the window, eyes glassy. "And now look at me."

I kept my hands on the wheel, listening.

"I'm a jerk," she said. "I looked her in the eye and lied. She thinks I'm her friend, Evan. A friend. And all that time I was getting off on her misery. On being the other woman. The—fucking 'better' one." Her voice cracked. "I'm a fucking idiot."

"It's done," I said gently. "It's in the past. Richard's gone. Beating yourself up won't change what happened."

She shook her head hard. "No. Don't do that. Don't soften it." She looked at me, eyes sharp despite the alcohol. "I don't get a free pass just because I feel bad now. I chose that. Over and over."

I let out a slow breath. "I'm not saying you didn't screw up. I'm saying you're not beyond fixing things."

She scoffed. "Fixing? You don't fix being that kind of person."

"You fix what you do next," I said. "That's all anyone ever gets."

She slumped back in the seat, exhausted, anger leaking out of her in waves. For a moment, neither of us spoke. Snow tapped softly against the windshield.

Finally, I shifted the car into drive. "Alright. You need sleep. A clear head. I'll take you home."

She didn't argue. Just closed her eyes and nodded faintly.

"We'll talk tomorrow," I added. "When you're sober."

Her voice was barely a whisper. "Yeah... tomorrow."

I pulled away from the curb, the neon fading behind us, and drove into the snow.

The car rolled forward through the snow, tires hissing softly against wet asphalt.

Silence filled in, thick and uncomfortable. Kayla sat rigid in the passenger seat, jaw clenched, shaking her head over and over like she was arguing with herself.

Then she turned sharply toward me.

"Drive to Mendy's," she said.

I didn't even look at her. "Tomorrow, Kayla. You're drunk."

Her breath hitched. "Drive. To. Mendy's."

"No," I said, firmer now. "Not like this."

She snapped.

"DRIVE TO FUCKING MENDY'S PLACE!"

I finally looked at her. Her eyes were wild, glassy, desperate. "Kayla, calm down. No."

"FUCK YOU!"

She lunged.

Her hand shot toward the steering wheel and yanked it hard to the left.

"HEY—!"

The car jerked violently. The front-left tire slammed into the curb with a brutal thud, metal scraping stone. The safety system screamed to life, seatbelts locking tight against our chests as the car jolted to a dead stop in the middle of the road.

A horn blared behind us. Long. Angry. Someone yelled and flipped us off as they swerved around.

Kayla screamed.

She turned on me, fists flying, rage pouring out of her. Two solid smacks cracked across my cheekbone before I could react.

"STOP!" I barked, throwing my arms up to block the next hit.

She couldn't reach my face anymore, so she slammed her palm into the dashboard, shrieking, then clawed at her own cheeks, hitting herself hard.

"HEY—NO!" I grabbed her wrist, gripping tight. "Stop it!"

She fought me for half a second, then went limp.

My heart was pounding. Jaw aching. I dragged a hand through my hair, breath ragged, then shoved the car back into gear and hit the accelerator.

"OKAY!" I shouted. "YOU CRAZY BITCH! OKAY! I'M DRIVING THERE!"

"DRIVE TO MENDY'S!" she screamed back.

"I AM! CALM THE FUCK DOWN!"

She yanked her hand free and collapsed back into the seat. Then the fight drained out of her all at once.

She covered her face with both hands and broke.

"I'm sorry," she sobbed. "I'm sorry—I'm sorry—I'm so fucking sorry..." Her shoulders shook violently. The words tumbled out between gasps, messy and broken. "I didn't mean to—I'm sorry—I'm sorry, Evan—"

"Jesus," I muttered, eyes locked on the road. "Okay. Okay. Calm down."

She kept crying, apologies stacking on top of each other like she could drown herself in them.

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry..."

"It's okay," I said, voice rough but steady. "You're fine. Just breathe."

Snow streaked past the windshield as I drove on, knuckles white on the wheel.

Kayla cried.

And I kept driving.

♥◻♥◻♥◻

Chapter 320: Chapter 320

I pulled up in front of the house and killed the engine. Eleven on the dash. Traffic had been hell, and the blowup in the car hadn't helped.

Kayla shoved the door open and stumbled out. For a second I thought she was going to faceplant onto the sidewalk, but she caught herself, swayed, and slammed the door shut with more force than necessary. She leaned forward, both hands braced on the roof of the car, head hanging between her arms. The cold air didn't seem to help much. Her whole world was clearly spinning.

I got out and walked around to her side. "Hey," I muttered, placing a hand on her shoulder. She flinched, then sagged. I slipped an arm around her back and guided her upright, pulling her arm over my neck so she could lean on me.

"Ugh..."

"Easy," I said. "We're almost there."

We shuffled up to the front door together. I knocked while Kayla straightened as best she could, dragging a sleeve across her mouth and forcing a breath through her nose like she was trying to sober herself up by willpower alone.

The door opened.

Mendy stood there in a simple nightgown, hair loose, clearly not expecting company this late. Her eyes flicked from me to Kayla.

Kayla didn't give her time to react. She lurched forward and wrapped her arms around Mendy in a sudden, messy hug.

"I'm sorry," Kayla blurted, breaking down immediately. "I'm so sorry."

Mendy froze, then awkwardly returned the hug, her gaze darting to me in confusion.

"I... uh," Mendy started. "Hey?"

"I knew," Kayla sobbed, pulling back just enough to look at her. "I knew all along. I knew Richard was seeing you when he and I were fucking." Her words tumbled out raw and unfiltered. "I lied to your face. And I liked it. I liked feeling like I was better than you. God, what kind of person thinks like that?"

Mendy's mouth opened, then closed. She looked at me again, clearly trying to process the situation.

"I knew it," Kayla went on, tears streaking down her face. "I knew it and I still did it. I'm sorry. Please forgive me."

Mendy took a half step back, still holding Kayla up. She turned her head toward me as if about to ask something—

And then Kayla gagged.

"Oh—"

Too late.

Kayla vomited, splashing messily down Mendy's legs. Mendy yelped and jumped back, instinctively lifting her gown away from herself. Miraculously, it missed everything else, but the smell hit immediately.

"Oh my god," I muttered. "Fuck me."

Kayla swayed again, completely spent, and smacked her forehead lightly against the doorframe as her knees buckled. Mendy reacted fast, catching her before she hit the ground and pulling her upright, Kayla's head lolling onto her shoulder.

Mendy looked down at herself, then up at me, disbelief written all over her face. Then, somehow, she laughed.

"I... kind of wish I hadn't opened the door," she said, breathless, smiling despite herself.

"Yeah," I said dryly. "I figured."

"Why is she this drunk?" Mendy asked, adjusting her grip on Kayla.

"You already know the answer," I replied. "She's been beating herself up for lying to you."

Mendy shrugged. "I already knew she knew about Richard and me."

I blinked. "You did?"

She nodded. "That video Richard took? When he was with Kayla? He literally says, 'Mendy doesn't let me do anal, but you do.' Not exactly subtle."

"Oh," I said. "So she's been torturing herself over something you already figured out."

"Looks like it," Mendy said softly.

"Damn."

"I'll take care of her," Mendy said, shifting Kayla's weight. "But first, I'm definitely taking a bath."

"Fair," I said with a tired chuckle. I hesitated, then added, "We're still on for coffee date tomorrow, right? Not a date. Just... coffee... I think."

She smiled at me. "Yeah. We are."

"Good." I clapped my hands once, stepping back. "Goodnight, Mendy."

"Good night, Evan."

I turned and headed back toward the car, leaving them framed in the doorway, one wrecked night and one hard truth finally out in the open.

REPUTATION SYSTEM (LVL 11)

VILLAIN  HERO

=====

Helping Kayla: +10

=====

Current Reputation: Villain

- More EXP gain when cheating

- Using degrading words during sex

boosts EXP gain.

- Strength and Pleasure boost.

- Magic Ability (Hypnotize)

=====

Earning good points will result in
various punishments.

♥□♥□♥□

I opened the door and stepped inside.

It was dark. Quiet. The kind of quiet that only happens when everyone's finally asleep.

The first thing I noticed was the lone plate sitting on the dinner table. Chicken fillet. That viral recipe they'd been arguing over earlier. The kitchen light was off, but the faint glow from the city outside was enough to recognize it.

I smiled to myself and walked over.

Then I glanced left.

Minne was curled up on the couch, fast asleep. One arm tucked under her head, the other hanging loosely at her side. Her phone lay near her hand, screen still on. Messages app open. I shouldn't have looked—but my eyes caught it anyway.

Mom: 'Did you eat?'

Minne: 'Yes.'

Mom: 'You should sleep too.'

Minne 'Master is out. I need to be awake when he comes back so I can warm his plate.'

My chest tightened in a way I didn't expect.

...Fuck.

I smiled again, softer this time, and quietly moved to the table. I sat down, pulled the plate closer, and picked up the fork.

I took a bite.

"Damn," I muttered under my breath. "That's good."

Really good. Crispy on the outside, juicy inside, the sauce rich and warm even after sitting out. They'd nailed it.

I kept eating.

There was a faint shuffle behind me. I glanced back just in time to see Minne move in her sleep, rolling onto her side, hair falling over her face. She didn't wake.

I smiled to myself and turned back to the plate, finishing every last bite.

When I was done, I wiped my mouth with a tissue and stood up quietly. I walked over to the couch, crouched for a moment, and slipped an arm under Minne's knees and another behind her back.

She barely stirred as I lifted her.

I carried her down the short hallway and nudged her door open with my foot. Her room was dim and still. I laid her gently on the bed, careful not to jostle her, then pulled the blanket up over her shoulders.

She sighed softly in her sleep.

I leaned down and pressed a light kiss to her forehead.

"Thank you," I murmured, even though she couldn't hear it.

Then I straightened up, turned off the light, and quietly closed the door behind me.

I heard a door open from the master bedroom.

Soft footsteps followed.

I turned into the short hallway just in time to see Jasmine standing in the kitchen, the dim light above the counter casting a warm glow over her. When she noticed me, she startled so hard she nearly jumped out of her skin.

"Jesus—!" she yelped, clutching her chest. "When did you come in?"

"Just now," I said quietly. "Ate that famous chicken fillet."

She relaxed instantly, exhaling as she grabbed a glass and poured herself some water. "And?"

"Yup," I said with a tired smile. "Worth the hype."

I walked back to the living room and dropped onto the couch, gently placing Minne's phone on the coffee table. I rubbed my eyes, the exhaustion finally catching up to me.

Jasmine followed and sat beside me, turning slightly so she could see my face. "What's wrong?"

I hesitated, then sighed.

"Long night," I said. "Kayla... she got wasted. Lost it. Tried to force me to drive her to Mendy's. Grabbed the steering wheel. Whole mess."

Jasmine's expression softened. "Christ, Evan..."

"She ended up apologizing to Mendy. Like—really apologizing. Vomiting, crying, the whole thing." I leaned back, staring at the ceiling. "I don't even know if that helped or just made things worse."

Jasmine shook her head slowly. "You didn't create that chaos," she said. "You just got dragged into it. Again." She bumped her shoulder lightly against mine. "You always try to carry everyone, you know that?"

I huffed out a quiet laugh. "Yeah. I'm great at bad decisions."

She smiled, leaned in, and pressed a soft kiss to my cheek. "You gotta sleep, handsome."

I closed my eyes for a second and nodded. "You're right."

I stood up and stretched, my joints protesting. Tomorrow was already lining itself up in my head—checking on Kayla first thing, making sure she was okay... then coffee with Mendy.

A date. Or not a date. Something in between. Either way, it could wait until morning.

I headed toward the bedroom, exhaustion finally winning. The door was already cracked open, soft lamplight spilling into the hallway. Inside, Nala was curled up on the far side of the big bed, breathing slow and steady, one arm tucked under the pillow, the other draped loosely across the sheets. She'd fallen asleep waiting for us—again—her dark hair fanned out like spilled ink.

I paused in the doorway, just watching her for a second. Peaceful. Safe. Mine.

Then I felt Jasmine behind me, warm and close. Her hands settled lightly on my hips, and before I could turn, she rose up on her toes and brushed her lips against mine. Not a quick peck this time—something slower, softer, tasting faintly of the wine we'd shared earlier. A quiet promise.

She pulled back just enough to smile against my mouth, then slipped past me and climbed into bed on the near side. The mattress dipped gently as she settled in, facing Nala but leaving space in the middle for me.

I toed off my shoes, reached down, and eased my pants off, leaving them folded over the chair. Boxers only now. Jasmine's eyes tracked me in the low light, appreciative, but there was no urgency tonight—just comfort.

I slid in between them, the sheets still warm from Nala's body. Jasmine shifted closer immediately, pressing a tender kiss to my lips again, lingering this time. Then she rested her head on my shoulder, her breath soft against my neck.

I draped my arm over her, palm settling between her shoulder blades, fingers tracing lazy circles on her skin through the thin fabric of her tank top. Nala stirred faintly in her sleep, instinctively scooting back until her spine met my chest. Perfect fit.

"Good night, handsome," Jasmine whispered, voice barely louder than the quiet hum of the house.

"Good night," I murmured. Then, quieter still, the words slipping out like they'd been waiting all day. "I love you, Jasmine."

She lifted her head just enough to meet my eyes in the dim light. Her smile was small, real, and it hit me square in the chest.

"I love you too, magic fingers."

She settled back down, fingers threading through mine where they rested on her waist. Nala's steady breathing filled the silence on my other side.

And just like that, the weight of the day finally let go...

