

# **The Heart System #Chapter 321 - Read The Heart**

## **System Chapter 321**

### **Chapter 321: Chapter 321**

I woke up to warm breath against my ear.

"Evaaaaan. Evaaaaan."

"Mmh," I muttered, rolling onto my side and burying my face into the pillow. "Five more minutes, please, Jasmine."

"Evaaaaan."

"Hm..."

"Why," she whispered, voice way too awake for this hour, "is there a nine-inch strap-on in the trunk of the car?"

My eyes flew open.

I turned my head and stared at her. Jasmine was propped on one elbow beside me, lips twitching like she was barely holding back laughter.

"Ooh..." I said groggily. "That was..."

"Do you want to... get pegged?" she asked, completely serious and absolutely not. "I mean, Evan, you just had to ask. It's a little weird for me, but—"

"No, no, no." I let out a laugh and rubbed my face. "I just... bought it. I don't know."

"Well," Jasmine said, sitting up, "Nala told the valet to wash the car before heading to work."

My stomach dropped.

"And," she continued sweetly, "the valet found that huuuge strap-on. Can you imagine Nala's face when—"

The bedroom door swung open.

"EVAN!"

I flinched.

Nala stood there in full work mode, holding the strap-on between two fingers like it was radioactive.

"What in the actual fuck?"

Uh-oh.

I lifted both hands slowly. "Busted."

"I had to—" she said, shaking it once with a grimace, "take this from his hands."

"Yeah..." I sighed. "Sorry."

She exhaled hard, dragging a hand down her face. "God. Come on. Get up. We're going to be late for work."

"Wait," I said, blinking. "I woke up late today? That's... new."

"I know," she said, her voice softening just a bit. "You've been exhausted for days. It was bound to catch up with you... and, it did, I suppose."

"Hm." I shook my head. "God. Last night..."

She studied me for a second, then sighed. "On second thought—go check on Kayla first if you want. Then come to work, okay?"

"Jasmine told you about her?"

"Yeah," Nala muttered. "God, she's such an idiot."

"Kayla's just... feeling guilty," I said, sitting up. "Ugh. I need a shower."

"Mm," Nala hummed, setting the strap-on on the desk like she wanted it out of her sight forever. "Come on, Jasmine. We'll take my car. Evan can use the jeep."

"Yup," Jasmine nodded.

"You have the keycard?" Nala asked.

Jasmine froze. "Wait. I thought you had the keycard?"

"I have the keycard!" Kim yelled from the living room. "And the coffees are ready, girls. Come get them before I drink them all and unlock the twenty-fifth hour."

I leaned back against the mattress and exhaled as Jasmine and Nala left.

Last night replayed itself whether I wanted it to or not. Kayla retching on Mendy's doorstep. The way she cried and kept apologizing, like if she said it enough times it would erase everything. And Mendy—calm, almost tired—already knowing that Kayla had been aware Richard was seeing someone all along. What a mess. All of it tangled together, ugly and human and exhausting.

"Ugh..." I yawned as I got up. "Come on, Evan. Get up."

The door creaked softly.

I glanced up just as Minne stepped inside, carefully balancing a breakfast tray in both hands. Not just any tray—one of those fancy bed trays with foldable wooden legs, polished and smooth. On top of it sat a ridiculous spread: fluffy scrambled eggs, golden toast stacked neatly, slices of cheese arranged like someone actually cared about aesthetics, a small bowl of cut fruit, jam in a tiny glass dish, and a steaming cup of coffee that smelled way too good for how tired I still was.

"Oh..." Minne said softly, her steps slowing. "You're already up, Master?" She looked down at the tray, just a little disappointed. "I... prepared breakfast for you."

I blinked, then smiled despite myself. "Huh. I didn't even know we had a tray like that."

"I bought it yesterday," she said, her voice shy but earnest. "I was watching a movie, and the protagonist's girlfriend brought him breakfast in bed. I thought it was... nice. I wanted to do the same. But you're already awake."

There was a pause, like she thought she'd missed her chance.

"Nah," I said, shifting and sitting back against the headboard again. "Come on. I still want to experience something like that."

Her face lit up instantly.

She stepped closer and gently set the tray down in front of me, the little legs resting on either side of my thighs. It fit perfectly, like it was meant to be there. I rubbed my hands together, eyes scanning the food.

"Wow," I muttered. "Wow, wow, wow. Look at this."

Minne stood there watching me, hands folded in front of her, clearly proud and trying not to show it too much. I started eating, and yeah—of course it was good. Everything she touched always was.

I pointed at the bed beside me with my fork. "Come on. Sit."

She hesitated for half a second, then nodded and perched beside me, smoothing the hem of her maid outfit nervously.

I picked up a slice of cheese and held it out toward her. "Here."

Her eyes widened just a bit. She leaned in and took a small bite, cheeks faintly pink.

"Come on," I chuckled, nudging the cheese closer. "Don't be cute. Eat the whole thing."

She laughed softly and took another bite, mouth a little too full now. We both ended up laughing at that, crumbs and all. I kept eating, the warmth in my chest slowly replacing the leftover tension from the night before.

"How's your mother?" I asked between bites.

"She's getting better," Minne said, smiling gently. "She started walking yesterday. Again. I'm lucky."

"That's good." I nodded. "You should go see her. Take today off."

Her eyes softened. "Y-yes, Master."

Outside the window, snow drifted down lazily, no wind, no chaos. Just quiet. Warm inside. Calm. Minne beside me. For the first time since yesterday, my shoulders finally relaxed.

She fidgeted with the hem of her outfit again, then looked up at me. "Um... Master?"

"Yeah?"

"Thank you for... carrying me to my bed last night."

I smiled. "Hope I didn't wake you."

"I was actually awake," she admitted, smiling shyly. "But... I liked it. So I didn't move."

I snorted. "Cheeky maid." I grabbed another piece of cheese and aimed it straight at her. "This deserves another cheese attack."

"Master—no!"

Too late. I gently pushed it into her mouth anyway. She laughed again, eyes bright, chewing happily. Huh, also, my little 'attack' seemed to get ten points from her. Nice.

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## REPUTATION SYSTEM (LVL 11)

VILLAIN  HERO

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Being there for Minne: +20

=====

Current Reputation: Villain

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

boosts EXP gain.

- Strength and Pleasure boost.

- Magic Ability (Hypnotize)

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Earning good points will result in

various punishments.

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Jasmine peeked in through the doorway first. She took one look at Minne and me, smiled warmly, then blew a kiss in our direction before quietly pulling back.

I lifted my hand and waved. "Later."

Kim popped her head in right after, grinning, blew an exaggerated kiss, then vanished too.

Then Tessa leaned in just long enough to flip me off, tongue out.

I snorted. "Love you too."

Finally, Nala stepped in, grabbed her phone off the desk, glanced at us, and made a little heart with her fingers before heading out without a word.

The door closed.

Silence followed. The good kind. The kind that settles in your chest.

I went back to eating for a few seconds, chewing slowly. Then I noticed Minne had gone very still. I set the tray aside on the nightstand.

When I looked back at her, she was staring at the floor, fingers twisting together in her lap. Her shoulders were slightly tense, like she was trying very hard not to think about the fact that we were suddenly alone.

I shifted closer.

Minne lifted her eyes just enough to meet mine, then looked away again, lips parted like she wanted to say something but didn't know how to start.

The air felt different now. Heavier. Warmer.

"Hey," I said softly.

She swallowed. "Y-yes, Master?"

I reached out and gently tipped her chin up with two fingers, not forcing it, just guiding. Her eyes met mine fully this time, wide and nervous and very aware.

"You okay?" I asked.

She nodded, a little too quickly. "I am. Just... um..."

Her voice trailed off.

I smiled faintly. "You don't have to say anything."

That seemed to ease her a bit. Her shoulders relaxed, just a fraction. She shifted closer on the bed without really realizing she was doing it, knees brushing mine.

Outside, snow kept falling, slow and quiet, like the world had decided to give us privacy.

Minne took a small breath. "I'm... glad you liked the breakfast."

"I did," I said. "A lot."

Her lips curved into a shy smile at that.

I leaned back against the headboard again, not breaking eye contact. "Come here," I said gently.

She hesitated for a heartbeat—then moved, settling beside me, close enough that I could feel her warmth through the fabric.

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## WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

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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: 38 / 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

=====

Select a woman to track progress.

## Chapter 322: Chapter 322

Minne got closer next to me, her small body pressed close, my arm draped over her shoulder in a loose, protective hold. She fidgeted for a moment, cheeks pink, then quietly slipped out from under my arm and crawled onto the bed.

She positioned herself on all fours, maid outfit riding up to reveal the smooth curve of her back. My eyes dropped lower—and there it was: a shiny buttplug nestled firmly in her tight little asshole, the base glinting under the soft bedroom light.

"I... wanted to thank you properly, Master," she said, glancing back at me over her shoulder, voice barely above a whisper. "I-I hope you... like it."

"Like it?" I asked, my cock already stiffening in my pants. "I fucking love it."

I hopped off the bed, walked to the edge, and stood behind her. Minne shifted obediently, arching her back more, presenting her ass higher toward me.

I crouched down, one hand caressing her soft ass cheek, the other wrapping around the base of the plug. Minne squeaked softly, body tensing.

I pulled the plug back slowly, not removing it yet—just enough to feel her resistance, her hole stretching around it. Then I pushed it back in firmly.

She whimpered, fingers clutching the sheets.

I pulled it back again, slower this time, watching her asshole grip the toy, then pushed it deep once more.

One final tug—and I pulled it fully out. Her ass twitched, gaping slightly, pink and open, clenching on nothing.

I stood, stripped my pants off fast, my cock springing free—throbbing hard, veins pulsing.



I rested it on her ass, the heavy shaft laying across her cheeks. It throbbed once, lifting slightly before slapping back down against her skin. Then again—harder now, fully erect, pointing straight up in the air.

I took a step back, grabbed both ass cheeks, spreading them wide. I spat directly on her gaping hole, watching it drip down. Then I slid one finger in, slow and deep.

"Fuck, look at this little hole," I growled. "All stretched for me... ready for my cock. You're such a good girl, wearing this plug all day just to thank me."

Minne moaned softly, pushing back. "M-Master—yes—for you—"

I added a second finger, scissoring them, stretching her more. Another thick spit, letting it drip inside before pushing deeper.

"Feel that?" I rasped, fingers thrusting back and forth now, curling slightly. "Getting this ass ready. You want my cock in here, don't you? Want Master to fuck your tight little hole?"

She whimpered louder, nodding into the sheets. "Yes—please—want it—want Master inside me—"

I pulled my fingers out slow, watching her hole clench, then positioned myself behind her, cock head pressing against her slick, open asshole.

"You ready, baby?" I asked, voice rough with need.

Minne nodded shyly, glancing back. "Y-yes Master. I'm a-always ready for you."

I pushed in slowly, the tight ring of her asshole resisting at first, then yielding with a soft pop as the head slipped past. The feeling was unreal—hot, velvet grip squeezing me like a fist, tighter than anything, every inch of her clenching down as I sank deeper.

Minne gasped sharply, fingers digging into the sheets, body tensing.

I held still a moment, letting her adjust, then pushed further—halfway in now, her ass stretching around my shaft, the pressure intense, almost overwhelming.

"Fuck, baby," I groaned, voice low. "Your little ass is so tight... feels like it's trying to milk me already. You love this, don't you? Taking Master's cock in your asshole."

She whimpered, nodding into the mattress. "Y-yes, Master... love it... love you inside me..."

I pushed more, slow and steady, until I was buried to the hilt, balls pressed against her pussy. The fullness made her tremble, ass twitching around me.

"Good girl," I moaned, holding deep, savoring the heat and grip. "Took every inch like you were made for it. Feel that? My cock all the way in your tight little ass."

I started moving—slow, shallow thrusts at first, pulling back just an inch, then sliding in again, letting her feel every ridge.

"Fuck... so good," I rasped. "Your ass is gripping me so tight... love how you squeeze me, baby. You're perfect."

I slid her maid outfit up higher, exposing her small tits. I cupped them, squeezing gently, thumbs brushing her nipples as I thrust deeper.

I leaned forward, kissing her back, lips trailing along her spine, tasting her skin while I moved a little faster, hips rolling in steady rhythm.

"Feel that, Minne?" I murmured against her back. "Master's cock fucking your ass... stretching you... owning you. You love being my little anal slut, don't you?"

"Y-yes—love it—Master—feels so full—"

I sped up, hips snapping harder, the wet sound of my cock sliding in and out filling the room. I reached down, fingers finding her cunt, rubbing her clit in tight circles, then sliding two fingers inside her pussy, feeling my cock through the thin wall.

"Fuck, you're dripping," I growled. "Pussy soaking while I fuck your ass. Such a needy girl... love how you take both holes for me."

Minne moaned louder, face buried in the sheets, biting the fabric to muffle her cries. "Master—please—don't stop—"

I thrust faster, hips slapping against her ass, fingers pumping her pussy in rhythm, thumb on her clit.

"M-Master... I'm... close—"

"Cum for me, Minne," I ordered, voice rough. "I want to feel your asshole squeeze my cock while you cum. Come hard for Master, baby. Let it all go."

She gritted her teeth, body tensing, then screamed into the sheets as she came—ass clenching wildly around my cock, pussy spasming on my fingers, gushing hot and wet. Her whole body shook, back arching, muffled cries turning into sobs of pleasure as wave after wave hit her, ass milking me in tight, rhythmic pulses.

I groaned, holding deep, letting her ride it out while I kept rubbing her clit and thrusting shallowly through her climax.

I pulled out slowly, the tight grip of her ass releasing me with a wet pop. Minne whimpered at the emptiness, but I lay back on the bed, cock throbbing upright, slick and ready.

She crawled over shyly, straddling my hips, knees on either side of me. Her maid outfit was bunched around her waist, small tits peeking out, face flushed and eager.

The tip of my cock brushed her asshole as she lowered herself, and she moaned soft, eyes fluttering.

Halfway down, she paused, breathing hard.

I grabbed her hips tight and slammed her the rest of the way, burying myself to the base in one thrust.

Minne screamed—a mix of sharp pleasure and pain—body locking up as her ass stretched around me fully again.

I pulled her down against my chest, her small breasts pressing soft to my skin, head resting on my shoulder, breath hot on my neck.

Then I started moving—hard, fast thrusts upward, hips slamming into her ass with force. The bed creaked under us, her moans trembling, shaking with every brutal stroke, voice breaking like she couldn't catch her breath.

"Fuck, Minne—your ass is perfect," I growled, hands gripping her hips hard enough to bruise. "Taking me like a good little slut. Love how you scream for Master's cock."

She sobbed into my shoulder, body jolting with every thrust. "Master—yes—fuck my ass—love it—so deep—"

I licked one nipple, sucking hard, teeth grazing as I pounded up into her. "These little tits... gonna get fuller when you're pregnant. Gonna feed me your milk while I fuck you, aren't you?"

"Y-yes—Master... I'm gonna feed you—breed me, please—"

I switched nipples, licking and sucking, tongue swirling. "You can't wait to get pregnant, can you? Can't wait for my baby in your belly, tits leaking milk while I ruin this ass."

"Y-yes MASTER!" she screamed, voice shaking. "Please cum in my pussy—fuck me, Master!"

I slammed once, twice—close, balls tightening.

I stopped licking, kissed her deep and filthy, tongue claiming her mouth as I pulled out of her ass in one motion and slammed straight into her pussy.

I let go with a roar, cock pulsing hard, thick ropes flooding her cunt, filling her deep until it leaked out. Pulse after pulse, I emptied everything, thrusting through the climax, grinding to give her every drop.

The Pleasure 45 hit her like a wave—my cum triggering her own orgasm instantly. She came hard, pussy spasming wildly around me, gushing hot and wet, body convulsing against my chest as she screamed into my mouth. Her legs locked around me, nails raking my back, tears streaming as wave after wave crashed through her, pussy milking me in endless, desperate pulses.

"Fuck—yes—take it—take Daddy's cum—" I groaned against her lips. "Feel me breeding you... filling that little pussy... gonna knock you up just like the others."

She sobbed, body shaking. "Master, yes... breed me. I love your cum—feels so good..."

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- Sexual Activity Completed

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Partner: Minne

EXP Gained: +350

Villain Bonus: +30

Star Rating: 4.2 ★★★★★

Reason: -

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Bliss Multiplier: 195c

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We rode it out together, bodies locked, cum leaking between us.

When it faded, Minne collapsed fully onto my chest, panting, body limp and trembling.

I held her close, kissing her forehead.

"You're gonna look so beautiful pregnant," I whispered, hand on her belly. "Tits full of milk... gonna drink from you every day while I fuck you."

She moaned softly, nuzzling my neck. "Yes, Master... gonna feed you... let you suck my tits while you breed me again..."

I chuckled, cock twitching inside her. "Greedy little thing. Gonna keep you full of my babies."

She smiled shyly, eyes glowing. "Please... I want that... want to be yours forever."

### **Chapter 323: Chapter 323**

I looked down at Minne, still on her knees, face flushed and glistening. "Now clean my cock, baby. Taste yourself on it."

She crawled closer eagerly, small hands wrapping around my shaft as she leaned in. Her tongue darted out first, licking the underside slow and deliberate, lapping up the mix of my cum and her own wetness. She moaned softly at the taste, eyes fluttering as she swirled around the head, sucking gently to draw out every drop.

"Fuck, Minne... good girl," I groaned, head tilting back. "Clean Master's cock... taste how you came all over it. Taste your own asshole. Love how your tongue feels... so soft, so eager."

She took me deeper, lips sealing tight, bobbing slowly while her tongue worked the shaft, cleaning every inch. She slurped softly, the wet sounds filling the room, pulling back to lick the sides, then sucking the head again, cheeks hollowing. Her hands cupped my balls lightly, rolling them as she worked, making sure nothing was missed.

The pleasure was immense—warm, wet suction, her shy but hungry mouth worshipping me. I stared at the ceiling, letting her take her time, every lick sending sparks up my spine.

Once it was spotless, she pulled off with a soft pop, smiling up at me shyly. "Master... you're hard again."

I glanced down—yeah, I was stirring, cock twitching at the sight of her. For a second, I thought about flipping her over, fucking her again right there. But no. Kayla was waiting. And I had a date today... well, sort of. Not exactly a date.

"Maybe later, Minne," I said, voice rough. "You better be ready for tonight. I'm going to fuck your asshole again—deep and hard."

She nodded frantically, eyes lighting up, cheeks pink. "Y-yes, Master! I'll be ready!"

I got up, gave her hair a gentle ruffle, and headed for the bathroom to clean up quick before leaving.

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SHOP [Page 2]

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- 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)

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Credits: 1882c

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I turned back after opening the bathroom door, and there was Minne—standing in front of the mirror, half naked, cum leaking slowly from her pussy down her inner thighs in thick white trails. She smiled shyly at her reflection, one small hand rubbing her flat belly in slow circles, like she was already imagining it swollen.

She caught my gaze in the mirror and froze, hand dropping fast, cheeks burning red. She scurried out of the room without a word.

A few seconds later, she poked her head back in, grabbed the empty tray from the bed, and darted out again, closing the door softly behind her.

I chuckled faintly, shaking my head, and stepped fully into the bathroom.

I stripped off my clothes, turned on the shower, and waited for the water to warm, steam filling the space. I leaned both hands on the sink, head hanging down, exhaustion hitting me hard. My body felt heavy, spent.

When I looked up into the fogging mirror—

Dierella was there.

Standing right behind me, wings moving lazily, long blonde hair cascading over her shoulders, arms crossed under her bare breasts. Completely naked, skin glowing faintly, eyes locked on mine in the reflection.

I jumped, heart slamming. "Fuck—"

"You know..." she said, stepping forward, voice low and velvet. "I wasted so much power saving that girl. Mendy."

I stared at her reflection. "Huh?"

"Mendy," she repeated, hand sliding onto my shoulder, warm and electric. "The one you wanted to save so badly. That's why you became my subject... leaving Karamine."

"I know."

"It was a gamble," she murmured, pressing closer, her tits soft against my back. "And now... it's paying off."

"How?"

"No other goddess has a subject quite like you, Henrik." She stepped fully against me, wings draping slightly. "You're doing such a good job. And it's time I rewarded you... again."

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- SPECIAL REWARD

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- 10 Ability Points

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Her wings wrapped around me from both sides, lifting me gently off the ground, turning me to face her. She leaned in and kissed me—deep, slow, claiming.

The pleasure hit like lightning. I moaned into her mouth, cock throbbing, and came instantly, untouched, ropes shooting out and splattering her stomach.

She broke the kiss, smirking, and let a lazy string of spit fall from her lips onto my cock. The second it touched, I came again—harder, painting her stomach white once more.

She wrapped one hand around my shaft—another climax, immediate and overwhelming. Then two fingers, three, four, five, six—each addition triggering another orgasm, my body jerking helplessly in her wings' hold, cum streaking her skin, dripping down her thighs.

She stroked once—another climax. My knees buckled, but her wings held me up like a cradle.

"Keep it up," she whispered into my ear, voice pure sin. "We. Will. Win."

She squeezed hard—pleasure so intense I thought I might black out, face twisting in pathetic ecstasy.

Then she pressed the tip of my cock to her cunt—just the touch.

A massive climax tore through me—rope after rope, some hitting her chin. She licked it off lazily, swallowing with a hum.

"Daddy, huh?" she purred. "Can't wait to see what kind of face you'll make when you—"

She stopped, smiled, and vanished.

Just like that.

I slid down the wall, knees shaking, landing on the tile, dazed and panting.

Holy shit...

"Oh..." I muttered, head spinning. "I... oh, fuck... phew... okay..."

I hauled myself up, legs wobbly. "I... I gotta shower."

I stepped under the spray, letting the hot water wash it all away.

That was... fucking strange. She could make me cum with a thought.

Damn.

She was powerful.



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## CURRENT STATS

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◆ 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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14 Unused Ability Points

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♥□♥□♥□

I stopped the car and stepped out, shutting the door a little harder than I meant to.

Ten ability points. From Dierella. Still didn't feel real.

My mind tried to drift back to the bathroom—how intense it had been, how my body had reacted, how I'd lost control more than once—but I shook it off hard, like snapping a rubber band against my own thoughts. Not now. Wrong time, wrong place.

I locked the car, fixed my overgrown hair with my fingers, and walked up to Mendy's front door. I took a breath, then knocked.

A few seconds later, the door opened—and Kayla was standing there.

She was wearing Mendy's pajamas. Too small. Way too small. The fabric clung to her hips and thighs like it was fighting for its life, stretched tight over her ass. She looked rough, but awake. Sober-ish.

"Hey," I said, glancing her over. "You look... less drunk."

She winced and shook her head. "God. I nearly caused an accident, Evan. I'm so sorry."

"You should be," I said, exhaling. "How are you?"

"Good," she said quickly. "I'm helping Mendy around. You know. Trying to apologize properly." She paused, then grimaced. "Did I really throw up on her?"

"Yep," I said. "What a way to say 'I'm sorry,' huh?"

"Ugh." She slumped her shoulders. "Kill me."

"Kayla, who is it?" Mendy's voice called from inside, probably the kitchen.

"Evan," Kayla said.

"Oh. Really?"

Kayla stepped aside, and I went in. The house smelled warm—coffee, toast, something sweet. Mendy appeared from the kitchen, drying her hands on a towel. When she saw me, she straightened her shirt, tugged her pants up a bit, then smiled. A genuine one.

I smiled back and cleared my throat, suddenly very aware of myself. "So," I said. "Girls' night. How was it?"

"She vomited again," Mendy said lightly. "In the bathroom. On my toilet. Not inside it. On it."

"Oof," I muttered. "Kayla, how much did you drink?"

She shut the door behind me before answering. "A lot. Like... a lot a lot."

"Did you eat?" Kayla asked. "We were just about to have breakfast."

"Oh—" I said, thinking of Minne, of the tray, the 'quiet' morning. "I already had one of the best breakfasts of my life. But if you've got orange juice or something, I won't say no. I'm a little parched."

"Yep," Mendy said, already turning toward the kitchen. "Coming right up."

Kayla rubbed her face and sighed. "I hate myself."

I glanced at her. "Hey, if it helps, I hate you more."

She let out a small, embarrassed chuckle. "Oh, god. Yeah... again, sorry for grabbing the steering wheel like that..."

"Ah, don't even mention it," I said, waving it off. "You could've only killed someone. Nothing serious."

She groaned. "You're making me feel like a jerk now. Stop."

"What steering wheel?" Mendy asked, walking into the living room with a glass of orange juice in her hand.

I took it from her with a grateful nod. "She didn't tell you?"

Mendy blinked. "Tell me what?"

"She grabbed the steering wheel and almost caused an accident," I said casually, taking a sip.

Mendy's eyes widened as she slowly turned toward Kayla. "Is that... correct?"

Kayla winced. "Yup."

"Wow," Mendy said flatly. "You really were drunk."

Before Kayla could answer, a knock echoed through the house.

All three of us froze.

## **Chapter 324: Chapter 324**

Mendy's smile vanished instantly, her shoulders tensing, color draining from her face. Yeah. She still did that. Anything unexpected and she braced for impact. Richard had really done a number on her. Fucking idiot.

Kayla and I exchanged a quick look while Mendy stared at the door like it might bite her. I cleared my throat and walked over, peeking through the peephole.

Huh.

I opened the door.

Three kids stood there—maybe ten, twelve at most—bundled up in coats, holding stacks of cookie boxes. The boxes were still full. Definitely their first stop.

"Hello, sir," one of them said brightly.

"We're students from Melcuin Primary School," another chimed in.

"School's out today because of the storm alert," the third added quickly, "and we're raising money so our school dog can get medical treatment. Any donation helps!"

I smiled without thinking. "Yeah, sure. How much for three cookies?"

"W-would you like to buy a whole box, sir?"

"Naah. I'm good. Thank you, though."

"Um. Three dollars, sir."

I reached into my wallet and pulled out a crisp hundred, holding it out. "Take this. Keep the rest."

All three of them froze.

"W-wow..."

"Thank you, sir!"

"Thank you so much!"

Huh. That got me five points for each woman, Kayla and Mendy. Nice, I was now 21/40 with Mendy, that meant I hit another milestone.

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WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 25 / 40★

Tessa: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Delilah: Interest: 75 / 80★★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 21 / 40★

Nala: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Penelope: Interest: 5 / 20

Minne: Interest: 38 / 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

=====

Select a woman to track progress.

The boy holding the cookie box stepped closer, and I quickly grabbed three. The group exchanged a glance, nodded at me, and moved on to the next door.

That small interaction earned me twenty positive reputation points—but that wasn't the end of it. Because my reputation was set to Villain, doing good deeds could trigger a random punishment. And this time, it did.

The punishment was brutal.

#### VILLAIN PUNISHMENT

=====

-1000c

My hard-earned credits vanished in an instant. Gone.

Damn it. If I didn't get rid of this reputation soon, I'd be completely broke by the end of the day. The plan had been simple: stay a Villain, abuse the passive bonus, and rack up credits. Instead, it had backfired. I wasn't earning anymore—I was bleeding money.

I mentally pulled up the shop screen, annoyance simmering.

#### 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: 982c

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Great. Absolutely great. Eh... at least I had my milestone reward from Mendy, which was 100 credits. But, still. It hurt.

I shut the door and turned back to the girls.

Mendy smiled. "Wow. Can I charge you a hundred bucks for that orange juice too?"

I snorted. "How about I pay in prayers?"

"I'd really prefer cash."

"Too bad."

We all chuckled, the tension easing just a little, when Mendy's phone alarm beeped. She muted it, headed back to the kitchen, and pulled open the oven.

The smell hit immediately. Homemade bread, huh?

"Bread," she said, walking back out, proud. "Trying to find hobbies."

"Homemade bread is elite," I said honestly. "My mom used to make olive bread."

Her eyes lit up. "These have olives too!"

I set the glass down. "On second thought, I'm staying for breakfast."

She smiled. "Alright. But we gotta wait—it's still crazy hot."

"Works for me," I shrugged, putting the cookies on the table. "Mind if I smoke in the back garden?"

"Go ahead."

I grabbed my juice, walked toward the back garden and slid the glass door open, stepped outside. I closed the door behind me with a sigh. Cold air kissed my face. I lit a cigarette and leaned my shoulder against the wall, watching the smoke curl upward.

At least Kayla was okay. Mendy too. I'd honestly expected this whole thing to blow up—Kayla confessing she knew about Richard, everything falling apart. Turns out... Mendy already knew. What a mess.

My phone buzzed. Cora.

"Hey," I answered, smiling. "How're you, Cora?"

"G-good, Evan," she said softly. "I... wanted to thank you again. For helping me find Esme. I don't really know how to repay you."

"No need," I said. "You'd do the same. How is she?"

"She's better," Cora said. "But... she regrets running to her room like that. She thinks she made you uncomfortable."

My chest tightened. "No. That was on me. I need to apologize properly."

"You don't have to—"

"I do," I cut in gently. "Would it be okay if I stop by tonight?"

A small pause. Then: "S-sure. I'll tell her."

"Thanks, Cora."

"N-no. Thank you."

I took another drag, exhaling slowly. "See you tonight."

"Y-yeah. See you."

I stayed out there a little longer, leaning against the railing, smoking. I took a sip of the orange juice. Cold, sharp. It helped.

Through the glass, I could see the girls moving around the kitchen—Kayla pacing barefoot, Mendy hovering near the counter, oven mitts on, checking the bread like it might explode if she looked away for too long.

Another drag.

My mind drifted, unwanted, to that fight with Richard. Right here. In this house. I still couldn't wrap my head around it—how someone I'd known could turn into an obsessive, entitled creep. The way his eyes had looked that day. Like everything he wanted was owed to him.



I exhaled slowly.

One last drag. I flicked the cigarette over the wooden railing, watching the ember arc into the snow-covered yard below before dying out.

I finished the juice, wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, and slid the glass door open.

Warmth hit me immediately.

Kayla was leaning against the counter, chewing on one of the cookies. She paused mid-bite, eyes widening just a little.

"...Huh," she muttered. "That's actually really good."

"Of course it is," I said, walking in. "I paid a hundred bucks for those."

She glanced over her shoulder at me and cracked a sheepish smile. "Worth it."

Mendy came out of the kitchen then, holding a thick kitchen towel folded over both hands. She'd balanced the bread on a wooden board, steam still rising from the crust. She set it down carefully in the middle of the table, peeling the towel back like she was unveiling a prize.

I rubbed my hands together. "Wow. Look at that."

"Right?" she said, clearly proud. "God, I'm such a perfect chef, I swear."

I leaned in, breathing it in. "That... might actually be true."

She laughed. "Come on. Sit before I burn myself again trying to show off."

We were just about to sit when my phone buzzed weakly in my hand, the screen dimming.

"Hey," I said, holding it up. "Would it be cool if I borrowed your charger? My phone's about to die."

"Sure," Mendy said easily. "It's in my bedroom."

I nodded and headed down the short hallway.

The moment I stepped inside her room, my pace slowed.

The bed was right there. Same sheets. Same place. I swallowed and shook my head, forcing my gaze away. Not the time. Not helpful.

I found the charger plugged into the outlet near the nightstand, unplugged it, and connected my phone. As the screen lit up, my eyes flicked back to the bed again, uninvited memories pressing in—her breath hitching, her hands gripping the sheets...

I exhaled sharply and shook my head again. Enough.

I unplugged the phone and left the room.

Back in the dining area, Kayla and Mendy were already seated. I slid into the chair next to Kayla, the warmth of the kitchen settling over me as Mendy started slicing the bread.

I tore a piece of bread off, steam still faintly rising from inside, the crust crackling softly between my fingers. God, it was good. Crunchy outside, soft inside, olives scattered just right. I took a bite and let out a quiet hum before I could stop myself.

"Okay," I said around the mouthful. "Yeah. This is criminal."

Mendy beamed like she'd just won an award. "See? I told you."

I washed it down with a long sip of orange juice, the cold sweetness cutting through the warm bread perfectly. Whoever decided breakfast should be a thing deserved a statue.

Across from me, Kayla reached out and grabbed another cookie. She took a big bite, crumbs dusting her fingers.

"Hey," I said, pointing at her. "That was mine."

She froze mid-chew, eyes sliding toward me. "You bought three. Should've gotten four."

I shook my head, laughing under my breath, and went back to the bread. Honestly? Worth it. Even if she ate the whole box, it'd still be worth it.

## **Chapter 325: Chapter 325**

For a few minutes, the only sounds were chewing, the faint hum of the oven cooling down, and the distant wind rattling against the windows. Outside, snow drifted past in lazy sheets, thick and quiet, like the city had been muted.

Mendy broke the silence first. "It's supposed to get worse tonight."

I looked up. "Yeah?"

She nodded, wiping her fingers on a napkin. "Storm alert after eleven. Heavy snow, strong winds. They're saying people should stay indoors if they can."

Kayla snorted. "Great. Just when I was planning to turn my life around and go jogging at midnight."

"Very inspiring," I said dryly.

She smirked. "I know."

I glanced toward the window again. The sky was already that dull gray-white, like it couldn't decide whether it was still day or already night. "This weather's been weird," I said. "One minute it's calm, next minute it feels like the world's about to collapse."

"Winter does that," Mendy said. "Everything looks peaceful until it isn't."

There was something about the way she said it that made me pause for half a second. Not dramatic. Just... factual.

Kayla leaned back in her chair, crossing her arms. "I kinda like storms," she said. "Not being in them. Just... knowing you don't have to go anywhere. Like the world gives you permission to stop."

I glanced at her. "You? Stop?"

She rolled her eyes. "Temporarily."

Mendy noticed. "You're quiet."

"Just... enjoying this," I said honestly. "Feels rare."

Kayla raised an eyebrow. "Bread does that to you?"

"Don't underestimate bread," I replied. "Bread has seen things."

That got a laugh out of both of them, light and easy, and something in my chest loosened a bit. No tension. No awkwardness. Just... people eating breakfast while the world froze outside.

Mendy poured herself some water and took a sip. "Power might flicker tonight," she said. "It happens sometimes when the wind picks up."

"If it does, I'm blaming the universe personally," Kayla said. "I already survived one blackout this week."

I leaned back in my chair, stretching my shoulders. "If it gets bad, at least you're stocked," I said, nodding at the bread, the cookies. "Could be worse."

"Could be," Mendy agreed. "At least it's warm."

That word lingered. Warm. Not just the room—the moment.

Outside, a gust of wind howled faintly, like it was testing the walls. Inside, the table was solid, the food was good, and for once, nobody was yelling, crying, or throwing up on anyone else's legs.

Silence settled again, but this time it was comfortable. The kind that didn't demand filling. Snow kept falling. The storm loomed. And for now, none of it mattered.

I tore off one last piece of bread, savoring it slowly.

I leaned back in my chair and let out a long breath, rubbing my stomach. "Okay. Wow. That breakfast was perfect, Mendy. Like... seriously."

Her shoulders relaxed immediately, like she'd been waiting for that. "I'm glad you liked it."

"I liked it," I repeated, nodding. "I'm full as hell."

"Same," Kayla chimed in, planting one elbow on the table and letting her chin rest in her palm. "I regret nothing."

I glanced at the clock on the wall and felt that familiar little jolt of reality snap back into place. "Shit. I should probably go," I said, pushing my chair back slightly. "If I'm any later, my boss is gonna get mad at me."

Kayla squinted at me. "Your boss... is Nala, isn't it?"

"Yep."

"Yeah," Mendy murmured, eyes dropping to the table. "Nala. Your boss."

Something shifted there. Subtle, but I caught it. Her fingers traced the edge of her plate absentmindedly, then her gaze flicked, quick, almost unintentional, toward the open bedroom door. Toward the bed. Then back to me.

I cleared my throat, the sound a little louder than necessary, and stood up. "Uh—come on, Kayla. I'll drop you off on the way."

She pushed her chair back with a groan. "God, thank you. I don't think I could survive public transport today."

Mendy hesitated, standing as well. "Are you two sure? You can stay a bit longer if you want."

I shook my head, reaching for my jacket. "Nah. I really should go."

Well, that was a lie. Nala had told me beforehand that I didn't need to work at the company to receive money—it was thanks to me that she'd thrown Guy out of the CEO position. But I told her no. I liked working.

After all, I'd spent most of my life doing it. And... it felt good to be in the same company as Jasmine and the other girls. It felt like home. Safe.

Kayla grabbed my coat off the hanger before I could, shoving it into my hands. "Don't forget this, hero."

We moved toward the door, and Mendy stepped in front of Kayla first. Kayla didn't hesitate—she leaned in and wrapped her arms around her in a tight hug.

"Thank you," Kayla said, voice muffled against her shoulder.

Mendy let out a small laugh, hugging her back. "Thank you... for not throwing up on my face."

Kayla recoiled dramatically, making a gagging noise. "Oh my god, why would you say it like that?"

I snorted despite myself.

Kayla leaned in again, hugged her once more—gentler this time—then stepped back. "Seriously. Thank you."

I fished my keys out of my pocket, the familiar jingle grounding me. Mendy and I met eyes for a second. Just a second.

Then I closed the distance and hugged her too.

Nothing dramatic. One arm around her shoulders, a light squeeze, a small pat on her back. But I felt her tense in surprise—and then relax.

"See you, Mendy," I said quietly.

She pulled back just enough to look at me, a faint smile on her lips. "S-see you, Evan."

♥◻♥◻♥◻

I stopped the car in front of Kayla's building, the engine rumbling to a halt as I pulled up the handbrake. The street was quiet, just the faint hum of the city in the distance.

Kayla leaned back in her seat, exhaling long and slow, like she'd been holding her breath for hours. Her shoulders relaxed, tension melting away.

She turned to me, eyes soft in the dim light. Then, without a word, she leaned over and hugged me tight, arms wrapping around my neck.

I froze for half a second, surprised, then hugged her back, hand on her back, feeling her warmth.

"Thank you, Evan," she whispered against my shoulder. "Wow... it feels like... like my chest is lighter now."

"No problem," I said, voice low. "I'll be there anytime you need me, Kayla."

Nice, that got me five points of interest from her.

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## WOMEN - INTERACTIONS

=====

Jasmine: Interest: 40 / 60★★

Kayla: Interest: 30 / 40★

Tessa: Interest: 27 / 40★

Kim: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Delilah: Interest: 75 / 80★★★

Cora: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Mendy: Interest: 21 / 40★

Nala: Interest: 100 / 100★★★★★

Penelope: Interest: 5 / 20

Minne: Interest: 38 / 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

=====

Select a woman to track progress.

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She hugged tighter, body pressing closer, then pulled back just enough to look at me. Her eyes searched mine, something unspoken flickering there—hesitation, want, maybe both. She opened her mouth, closed it, then tried again.

"You... and Mendy," she said finally. "Aren't a thing, right?"

"Nah." I smiled small. "We're not."

"Oh." She cleared her throat, cheeks pink. "Um, then... would you like to come upstairs? Have some hot coffee?"

That caught me off guard. My pulse kicked up. "S-sure. Yeah, sure."

We got out of the car, the cool night air hitting us. She led the way to the building entrance, punching in the code. The door buzzed open.

We climbed the stairs, Kayla in front. I couldn't help it—my eyes dropped to her ass, the tight pants hugging every curve, panty line visible, faint but clear, swaying with each step.

We reached her door. She unlocked it, pushed it open.

We stepped inside—and froze.

The apartment was dim, just a lamp on in the living room, the curtains were shutting off all the light coming from the street below. For a few seconds, neither of us moved. Kayla's back was to me, her breathing a little faster.

Then I couldn't hold back.

I grabbed her by the neck—gentle but firm—spun her around, and kissed her hard. She gasped into my mouth, then kissed back just as fierce, moaning low, hands fisting my jacket.

We stumbled deeper inside, kicking the door shut. Clothes came off fast—my jacket hitting the floor, her pulling my shirt over my head, my hands yanking her top up and off. Her bra was black lace, tits spilling over the cups.

"Hot coffee, huh?" I growled against her lips, hands sliding down to squeeze her ass hard. "That was a fucking lie, wasn't it?"

She moaned, grinding against me. "Yes—fuck—wanted you inside me the second you said yes—"

I shoved her pants down her hips, panties with them, exposing her completely. She kicked them off, naked now except the bra. I unhooked it, let it fall, tits bouncing free.

"God, Kayla," I rasped, pinching one nipple hard. "You've been teasing me the whole drive. That ass in those pants... knew what you were doing."

She gasped, arching into my hand. "Wanted you to notice... wanted you to fuck me—"

I kissed her again, rough, backing her against the wall. My cock strained against my pants; she reached down, unzipped me, pulled it out, stroking hard.

"Fuck—yes—" I groaned, thrusting into her hand. "Knew the coffee was bullshit. You just wanted this cock."

She moaned, stroking faster. "Yes—wanted it so bad—fuck me, Evan—now—"

I lifted her, legs wrapping around my waist, and carried her toward the couch, kissing her the whole way.

The hot coffee was definitely a lie.

And I wasn't complaining.

**Chapter 326: Chapter 326**



I sat on the couch, barely getting a chance to look around the apartment before Kayla was on me.

She straddled my lap in one fluid motion, her huge ass settling heavy and perfect against my thighs. I groaned instantly—god, it was massive, round, firm, the kind that made my hands itch to grab.

Kayla grinned, feeling me harden under her. With my help, she shimmed her pants down fast, kicking them off, leaving her in just panties that disappeared between those glorious cheeks.

I grabbed her ass with both hands, spreading it wide, fingers digging into the soft flesh. "Fuck, Kayla... you have the biggest ass of all the women I know. So thick... so fucking perfect. I could play with this all day."

She moaned, grinding back against me, loving it. "Oh yeah? You like my big ass that much? Bigger than all your other girls?"

"Way bigger," I growled, slapping one cheek hard, watching it jiggle. "Firm but soft... made for my hands. For my cock."

Kayla shivered, pushing back harder. "Mmm... keep talking like that. Love when you worship my ass."

"Turn around," I said, voice rough. "I wanna see this huge ass bounce on my cock."

She got up quick, and I lay back on the couch, pants shoved down, cock throbbing upright. Kayla climbed on top reverse cowgirl, that massive ass facing me, cheeks spreading as she positioned herself.

She spat thick on my cock, rubbing it in, then lowered slowly—the tip pressing against her soaked entrance.

"God, you're dripping," I groaned. "Fuck..."

"For you," she purred, sinking down inch by inch. "Love how you stare at it... love knowing you can't get enough of my huge fucking ass."

She took me fully, moaning loud as I bottomed out, her ass cheeks resting against my hips.

Then she started moving—slow at first, lifting and dropping, that massive ass rippling with every bounce.

"Fuck—yes—" I growled, hands gripping her cheeks, spreading them to watch my cock disappear inside her. "Look at this ass bounce... so big, so firm... love watching it swallow my cock."

Kayla moaned, speeding up. "You love my big ass, don't you? Bigger than anyone else's... made for your cock—fuck—feels so good—"

I slapped her ass hard—crack echoing, cheeks jiggling wildly, red mark blooming. She gasped, pussy clenching around me, bouncing harder.

"Again—" she begged.

I slapped the other cheek, harder, watching the wave ripple through her flesh. "Take it... love spanking this huge ass while you ride me."

She moaned louder, ass bouncing faster, the jiggle hypnotic. "Yes—spank me—love it—your hands on my big ass—fuck—"

I kept slapping—left, right, hard enough to sting, her ass turning red, jiggling beautifully with every impact. She pushed back into each one, pussy dripping down my balls.

"God, Kayla... this ass is unreal," I rasped, thrusting up to meet her. "Biggest, juiciest ass I've ever fucked. Bounce harder—show me how you take this cock."

She did, slamming down, moans turning desperate. "Evan—close—gonna cum—your cock feels so good in me—love riding you—love my big ass making you crazy—"

"Cum for me," I growled, slapping both cheeks at once. "Cum on this cock with that huge ass bouncing. Let me feel you milk me."

She screamed, body tensing—then climaxed hard, pussy spasming wildly around me, gushing hot and wet. Her ass shook with every wave, cheeks jiggling uncontrollably as she rode through it, moans raw and broken.

She panted, slowing but not stopping. "Don't stop—keep going—your dick feels so good—fuck yes—"

I slapped her ass again, thrusting up hard. "That's it... keep bouncing this big ass. Love how it jiggles when you cum... love fucking you like this."

She moaned, riding faster again. "Yes, yes, yes!"

I kept going, hands gripping, slapping, the view of her massive ass bouncing on me driving me wild.

She was already building again.

I leaned forward, grabbed a fistful of Kayla's hair, and yanked her back hard. Her cheek pressed against mine, her back flush to my chest, tits heaving with every breath.

We kissed—rough, desperate, tongues battling as I thrust deep from behind.

Kayla moaned into my mouth, breaking the kiss just enough to gasp. "Don't... cum inside me, okay? Doing it bareback... I don't wanna get pregnant."

I kissed her again, hard, biting her lip. "I won't. Don't worry."

I spread her ass cheeks wide, squeezing the thick flesh, fingers digging in. I couldn't get enough of it—biggest, juiciest ass I'd ever had my hands on.

"Tell me," Kayla panted, pushing back against me. "Tell me I have the biggest ass out of all of them. Jasmine... Delilah... the others. Tell me mine's the hottest."

"Hottest ass by far," I growled, slapping one cheek hard, watching it jiggle. "Bigger than Jasmine's, thicker than Delilah's—fuck, Kayla, this ass is unreal. Made for my cock."

She shivered, pussy clenching around me. "Yes—fuck—keep saying it—makes me so wet—"

I went harder, hips slamming, the slap of skin loud in the room. "Biggest, fattest ass I've ever fucked. So thick... bounces perfect when I pound you."

"Faster—" she begged, voice breaking. "Fuck me faster—ruin me with that cock—"

I sped up, thrusting brutal, hands spreading her cheeks wider so I could watch my cock disappear into her. "Take it... take every inch in this huge ass. You're built for this—built to get fucked hard."

She moaned louder, body rocking. "Yes—fuck my big ass—love how you can't get enough—"

I slapped both cheeks, hard, the jiggle hypnotic. "Can't stop... this ass is addictive. Gonna fuck it all night."

Kayla's breath hitched. "Evan—close—gonna cum—hold it—please—"

I went even faster, hips a blur, pounding relentless. "Cum for me. Cum on this cock while I wreck your perfect cunt."

She screamed my name, body locking up, pussy spasming wildly as she came—gushing hot and wet, legs shaking violently, ass pushing back into me as wave after wave hit her, tears streaming, moans raw and broken.

I squeezed her ass hard, spreading the cheeks, and let go—cumming deep inside her with a groan, thick ropes flooding her pussy, pulse after pulse until it leaked out around me.

We panted together, bodies slick. Kayla let herself collapse forward onto the couch, ass still up, my cum dripping down her thighs.

I grabbed her, pulled her back against me, kissed her deep.

She broke the kiss, panting. "You... came inside me."

"Sorry," I rasped, smirking. "Couldn't hold it. You were... something else."

I started moving again slow, stirring my cum inside her, cock hardening fast despite everything.

Kayla moaned. "Open the fucking window."

I kissed her neck. "Why?"

"My downstairs neighbor... old bastard. Called me a 'hag' once, said I'd never get a man. I want that idiot to hear me getting fucked."

I smirked, pulled out, and walked to the nearest window, throwing it wide open. Cool air rushed in.

I turned back. Kayla was sprawled on the couch, legs spread, cum leaking from her pussy, tits heaving, ass red from my slaps—looking completely wrecked and gorgeous.

I stood over her, cock throbbing hard again.

"Time to scream, huh?"

I grabbed Kayla by the waist, hauling her up from the couch. She gasped, legs wrapping around me instinctively as I carried her the few steps to the front door, pressing her back against it.

I lowered us both slowly, guiding her down until her knees hit the hardwood floor. Then I pushed her forward gently but firmly, until she was flat on her belly, tits pressed to the ground, ass up.

I slid one hand under her, grabbing her belly to lift her hips higher—ass arched perfectly now, knees on the floor, upper body flat, face turned to the side against the cool wood. Her ass was magnificent like this—huge, round, cheeks spread just enough to show her dripping pussy and tight hole.

I stood, spat into my palm, rubbed it over my cock, making it slick. Then I placed my boot between her shoulder blades, pinning her lightly but firmly to the floor.

Kayla moaned hard, louder than before, body trembling.

I slid my cock into her pussy in one deep thrust.

She screamed—raw, unrestrained—as I filled her completely, the boot on her back holding her down.

I started moving hard, hips slamming, cock pounding deep with every stroke. The slap of skin echoed off the walls, her ass jiggling wildly.

"Look at that ass jiggle," I growled, slapping one cheek hard, watching the wave ripple through it. "Such a fucking good girl... taking my cock like this, pinned under my boot."

Kayla screamed louder, pushing back despite the pressure. "Go deeper—fuck my tight little cunt—fuck it—FUCK ME!"

"Louder," I ordered, slapping her ass again, thrusting brutal. "Tell her! Tell your neighbor what I'm doing to you!"

"HE'S FUCKING ME ON THE FLOOR!" Kayla screamed, voice breaking with pleasure. "HIS FUCKING BOOT ON MY BACK—FUCKING ME LIKE AN ANIMAL!"

"Good girl," I rasped, pounding harder, boot pressing firmer. "Scream it—let that old bastard hear how I ruin this pussy."

She moaned wild, body shaking. "YES—FUCK—YOUR COCK—SO DEEP—OWN ME—"

I slapped both cheeks, hard, the cracks sharp. "This ass... biggest I've ever fucked. Jiggling perfect while I breed you."

"YES—FUCK MY BIG ASS—MAKE IT JIGGLE—FUCK ME HARDER!"

I went faster, hips a blur, cock slamming home. "You're my dirty girl... screaming for cock on the floor like a needy bitch."

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

"Scream so she hears it!" I growled, slapping her ass again.

She screamed my name, body locking up—"EVAN—FUCK—I'M CUMMING!"

A wet gush flooded from her pussy, soaking my cock and thighs, her walls spasming wildly as she came hard, body convulsing under my boot, moans raw and shaking.

"FUCK—I LOVE YOUR COCK!" she cried, still trembling.

I kept moving, hard and deep. "That's it... cum for me... good girl..."

I pulled my boot back slowly, letting her feel the shift, and kept fucking her like that—ass up, body flat, pussy taking every thrust.

Kayla screamed louder without the pressure, voice echoing. "YES—DEEPER—FUCK—DON'T STOP—"

I was getting closer, balls tightening.

But I held it in, pulled out suddenly.

Kayla glanced back, panting.

I exhaled, smacked her ass lightly. "Come on, on your back."

## **Chapter 327: Chapter 327**

She rolled over quick, legs spreading. I grabbed her ankles, pulled them up and over, folding her nearly in half—knees pushed down beside her head, ass lifted high off the floor, pussy exposed and dripping.

I knelt in front of her, cock throbbing, and slid back inside her cunt in one deep thrust.

The position was perfect—her folded beneath me, ass up, pussy tight and open, every thrust hitting deep. Her tits squished against her thighs, face flushed, eyes locked on mine as I started pounding.

I kept fucking her, hips slamming hard, the slap of skin echoing loud in the room. Kayla's moans were raw, unrestrained, her body rocking beneath me with every thrust, her massive ass rippling from the impact.

"Fuck, Evan, yes!" she gasped, hands clawing at the sheets, knuckles white. "Your cock feels so good, stretching me, ruining me—don't stop—"

"Love this pussy," I growled, thrusting deeper, one hand sliding up to grab her tit, pinching the nipple hard between my fingers. She arched, pushing back against me. "So tight... so wet... taking me like a perfect slut. This big ass bouncing—fuck, it's driving me crazy."

She moaned louder, pushing back harder, meeting every thrust. "Harder—fuck me harder—love how you pound me—make me yours—wreck this big ass—"

I slapped her ass again, the crack sharp, watching the thick flesh jiggle and turn redder. "This ass... biggest I've ever fucked. Bouncing perfect while I wreck your cunt. You're made for this cock, Kayla—built to take it deep."

"Yes—fuck—your cock owns me—pound my big ass—make it jiggle—love feeling you so deep—"

I sped up, hips snapping faster, balls slapping her clit with every brutal thrust. The room filled with wet sounds, her moans, my grunts. "Gonna make you scream again... gonna make that neighbor hear how I fuck you. Let her know what a noisy slut you are when you get this dick."

She whimpered, body trembling, pussy clenching tighter. "Yes—let her hear—fuck me loud—make me scream—love your cock ruining me—"

I reached down, rubbed her clit fast and rough, fingers slick with her wetness, thrusting even harder. "Cum for me again. Cum on this cock while I own you. Squeeze me with that perfect pussy."

"Oh, fuck, yes! Play with my clit just like that. Oh, fuck. Oh... EVAN! EVAN!" her voice broke, body tensing.

I was getting close too, balls tightening, pleasure building fast, cock throbbing inside her.

I roared, grabbing her leg and pushing it further back—folding her deeper, knees nearly by her ears now, ass pointing upward, pussy angled straight at the ceiling, completely open and exposed, every thrust driving straight down into her core.

I pulled out for a second, letting her feel the emptiness, then slammed back in hard—the new angle letting me hit even deeper, cock pounding straight down, balls slapping her ass from above.

Kayla screamed, body locking up instantly. "FUCK—EVAN—YES—SO DEEP—OH GOD—"

I pounded relentless, hands gripping her thighs tight to hold her folded, thrusting straight down with my full weight, cock slamming home with every drop of my hips. Her tits bounced wildly against her own thighs, pussy gushing around me with every stroke, the position letting me hit spots that made her whole body jolt.

"Take it—take every inch—" I growled, one hand sliding to rub her clit again, fingers flying. "Look at you—folded like this, pussy up for me—perfect for breeding. This ass... so high, so thick... love watching it shake while I fuck you."

She moaned desperately, hands reaching back to grab my arms, nails digging in. "Yes, fuck, love it—your cock so deep... ruining me..."

I thrust harder, faster, the angle perfect, cock grinding her front wall with every brutal drop. Her body jolted violently, tits squishing, moans turning into raw screams.

"Evan—gonna cum—fuck—can't hold it—"

"Cum for me," I rasped, rubbing her clit faster, pounding down. "Cum hard—let me feel it—gush for me, baby."

She came with a raw, piercing scream, pussy spasming wildly in violent waves, gushing hot and wet in floods that soaked my cock and thighs. Her body convulsed folded beneath me, legs shaking uncontrollably in my grip, tears streaming down her face as wave after wave crashed through her, moans breaking into desperate sobs of overwhelming pleasure, pussy milking me in endless, tight pulses.

I kept thrusting through it, drawing it out, grinding deep to prolong every spasm until she was limp and whimpering.

I pulled out suddenly, cock throbbing in my hand as I stroked fast over her face and body.

The first rope shot hard, splattering across her cheek and lips, thick and white. The second hit her chin, dripping down her neck. Another landed on her open mouth, tongue darting out to catch it. I aimed lower—ropes painting her tits, then her stomach, some streaking across that magnificent ass still arched high.

Kayla moaned with every hit, body twitching, eyes locked on mine as cum coated her skin—face, neck, tits, ass glistening with it.

I milked the last drops, groaning low, then exhaled hard.

Kayla lowered her leg slowly, body going limp as she panted on the floor, chest heaving, cum dripping down her curves.

"Now she had to hear that, huh?" I said, smiling down at her.

Kayla smiled wide, scooping cum from her cheek into her mouth, swallowing with a moan. "Yeah... she had to."

---



- Sexual Activity Completed

=====

Partner: Kayla

EXP Gained: +350

Villain Bonus: +100

Star Rating: 4.6 ★★★★★

Reason: -

=====

Bliss Multiplier: 225c

\_\_\_\_\_

She looked up at me from the floor, rubbing the spot on her back where my boot had been. "Ow, you pressed your boot onto my back, you idiot."

I buckled my pants, chuckling. "Heat of the moment. I'm sorry."

"I'm taking a bath," Kayla said, pushing herself up slowly, legs still shaky.

\_\_\_\_\_

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: 1207c

\_\_\_\_\_

I helped her stand, steadying her as she leaned on me. She glanced down—cum oozing thick from her pussy, dripping down her thighs.

"Well," she exhaled, "at least you didn't cum twice in me."

"Yeah, like I said," I murmured, brushing hair from her face. "Your pussy was just... I dunno. The pleasure took over. Sorry."

"It's fine," she said, smiling faintly. "Anyway. You still want that hot coffee?"

"Sure."

"I'll wash my hands and prepare it for you. Then I'm heading to the shower."

"Thanks."

"Grab me my panties there, please," she added, nodding toward the floor. "I don't want your cum spilling everywhere. At least my panties'll catch it. I'm gonna wash them anyway."

I leaned down, picked up her panties, and handed them over. She stepped into them slowly, pulling them up. The fabric immediately darkened, soaked through with my load leaking out.

My cock throbbed hard in my pants again, watching it.

Kayla noticed, smirking. "I just wore panties, hotshot. Tell your dick to calm down. Nothing sexy about that."

"Nothing sexy?" I asked, stepping closer. "You must be an idiot or oblivious to what you're doing to me with that body."

She jiggled her ass playfully, the cum-soaked panties clinging tight, then walked to the kitchen with a sway that made me groan. I followed, watching her wash her hands at the sink, naked except those ruined panties hugging her massive ass.

She started preparing the coffee, moving around the counter. I couldn't resist—I stepped behind her, unzipped my pants again, and pulled my hard cock out.

I pressed it between her ass cheeks, squeezing them together around my shaft with both hands.

"Damn..." I groaned. "I fucking love your ass."

"Stop, you pervert," she laughed, but pushed back against me. "I'm preparing your coffee."

I leaned in, kissed her neck slow, lips trailing. She chuckled softly, tilting her head to give me more access.

"Come join us tonight," I murmured against her skin. "Jasmine, Nala, Delilah, Kim, Tessa, Minne... you need to come too."

Kayla shrugged, still stirring the coffee. "I don't know... you really want me there?"

I squeezed her ass cheeks tighter around my cock, thrusting slow between them. "Fuck yes. I want this ass on my dick 24/7."

She smiled, glancing back. "I'll think about it."

"Though," I added, kissing her shoulder. "We have a theme tonight."

"Oh?" She raised a brow. "What theme?"

"We'll be doing anal only."

Kayla chuckled, shaking her head. "Wow. Anal only, huh? I bet you'd love that."

"You have no idea."

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

- Villainous Quest Available

=====

- Title: Extra cream

- Task: Cum inside Kayla's coffee,  
and watch her drink it.

- Reward: +999 EXP | 250c

=====

- Accept Quest? [Yes] [No]

\_\_\_\_\_

Holy shit. What kind of reward was that? 999 Experience Points and 250 credits just for... cumming in her coffee? Blegh. That sounded disgusting. I could do it sneakily—use Time Stop, finish the quest without her knowing. But no. Not with Kayla. Hell, maybe with Carrie I'd consider it. But Kayla? Never.

Still... the reward was insane.

## **Chapter 328: Chapter 328**

I looked down—her panties were soaked with my pre-cum now, the fabric clinging to her skin. I was getting hard again, fast. She was something else. The way her ass jiggled when she rode me, the way she took me... Kayla was built like a fantasy—curves for days, hips that swayed, that massive ass I couldn't stop grabbing.

"Hey," I said, voice low. "S-so... I think I deserve a reward, no?"

Kayla chuckled, finishing the coffee pour. "I think so."

"Uuh... well, I've had this fantasy for a long time," I admitted, still rubbing my cock between her cheeks. "It's... kinda weird."

She crossed her fingers behind her back, playful. "God, please not anything too weird. Not anything weird. Not anything weird."

"I... just," I cleared my throat, heart pounding. "Since you're making coffee... can I... uh... cum in your cup? And watch you drink it?"

She froze. Eyes wide. The room went silent. I stopped moving, cock still pressed against her. At least twenty seconds passed, and it felt like twenty minutes. God, I was an idiot. Why the fuck did I say that? I wanted to vanish. Rewind time. Anything.

Kayla shrugged, exhaling slow. She stared at the counter a moment, then turned to look at me—face calm, not disgusted.

"At least it's not something with kids or non-consensual stuff," she said finally.

"Jesus, Kayla—what the fuck!"

"Fine," she said, smirking now. "I'll do it. Once. ONCE, Evan. But you owe me."

"What's the price?"

"I do the same," she said, eyes glinting. "I cum in your coffee. Then we're even."

"Uh..." I blinked. "Don't get me wrong, but... my cum's kinda still swimming inside you. I don't wanna taste myself."

"I'll shower and clean up first," she said. "Deal?"

For 999 EXP and 250 credits?

I exhaled. "Deal."

She smirked wider. "Alright. Wait for me on the living room couch. I'm coming with my coffee."

I walked to the living room, the short hallway feeling longer than it should. My pulse hammered in my ears, cock already stirring at the thought of what was coming. I dropped onto the couch, legs spread, trying to play it cool even though my mind was racing.

Kayla followed a minute later, her mug in hand, steam curling up. She set it down on the coffee table with care, eyes locked on mine the whole time. Then she sat right next to me—close, thigh pressed to thigh, heat radiating off her skin.

Without a word, her hand slid into my pants, fingers wrapping around my shaft, stroking slow and firm from the base up.

"Fuck," I groaned, head falling back against the couch. "Just like that..."

She smirked, pumping me steady, thumb teasing the head on every upstroke, spreading the pre-cum that was already leaking. "Love how you get hard for me so fast... throbbing in my hand already. Big cock twitching... you're gonna fill my coffee good, aren't you? Gonna give me all that thick cum to drink."

"Yeah," I rasped, thrusting into her grip. "Gonna watch you swallow every drop... love how dirty you are for me."

She leaned closer, breath hot on my neck, hand twisting just right. "Mmm... can't wait to taste you. Hot, salty cum mixing with my coffee... gonna sip it slow while you watch. You love that, don't you? Me jerking you off like this, knowing I'm gonna drink your load straight from the mug."

She shifted even closer on the couch, her bare thigh pressing harder against mine. I slid my free hand down, gripping her thick thigh, squeezing the soft flesh, fingers digging in deep enough to make her gasp.

"Fuck yes," I moaned, hips bucking into her strokes. "Stroke me harder... milk it out for your coffee."

Kayla leaned in fully now, lips brushing my ear, then trailing down to my neck, kissing and sucking lightly. Her free hand rested on my chest, nails scraping through my shirt as she pumped me faster, wrist twisting on every upstroke.

I groaned, hand sliding higher on her thigh, squeezing harder, pulling her leg over mine so she was half-straddling me on the couch. "Your thighs... so thick... love grabbing them while you jerk me."

She moaned softly against my neck, biting lightly. "Mmm... squeeze harder. Love when you manhandle me... makes me wet thinking about drinking your cum."

I gripped both thighs now, kneading the flesh, spreading them wider as she stroked. My other hand tangled in her hair, pulling her into a deep kiss—tongues sliding, messy and hungry, her moans vibrating into my mouth.

She broke the kiss just enough to whisper, "Feel that? My hand owning this cock... getting you ready to shoot. Your balls are so heavy... gonna make my coffee creamy. You want me to taste you, don't you? Want me to swallow your cum like a good girl while it's still warm."

I thrust harder into her fist, kissing her again, biting her lower lip. "Yes—fuck—love your hand... love how you work me. Gonna fill that mug... watch you drink it all."

She kissed down my jaw, hand flying faster, slick with pre-cum. "Throb for me... leak more... I want it thick and hot in my coffee. Gonna stir it with my finger and taste you slow... swallow every drop while you watch me be your dirty little cumslut."

The words, her hand, her kisses—pleasure coiled tight.

"Close—" I grunted.

She stopped stroking, stood fast, pulling me up with her. "Not yet. Stand."

I stood, legs shaky, cock throbbing in the air.

Kayla grabbed her mug off the table, knelt in front of me, holding it right under my cock like an offering.

"Cum for me," she purred, hand flying again, stroking fast. "Fill my coffee... make it taste like you."

I couldn't hold it.

I groaned loud, hips jerking as I came—thick ropes shooting out hard, the first splattering straight into the mug, swirling white in the dark coffee. Pulse after pulse, I emptied, her hand milking me through it, aiming perfectly—some hitting the rim and dripping in, others landing direct, the mug filling with my load until it was visibly creamy.

When I finished, panting hard, body still twitching from the intensity, she stirred it slowly with her finger—eyes locked on mine, that teasing smirk playing on her lips as she swirled the thick white ropes through the dark coffee. The mug looked obscene, creamy swirls floating on top, the scent of fresh brew mixing with something far more primal.

She brought it to her mouth, blowing softly on the surface, then took a small, hesitant sip—lips wrapping around the rim, tongue darting out to catch a stray drop on the edge.

Her brows lifted immediately, surprise flashing across her face. She paused, savoring it, eyes half-closing as she swallowed slow, throat working visibly.

"Huh... not bad," she said, voice low and husky, licking her lips clean with deliberate slowness. "I swear, your cum is... different, Evan. Something's wrong with you." She took a bigger sip this time, moaning softly as it went down, the sound vibrating straight to my cock. "Fuck... it's nearly good. Nearly addictive. Warm, thick... tastes like you."

She tilted the mug, taking a longer drink now, eyes never leaving mine, a thin trail of mixed coffee and cum glistening on her lower lip before her tongue swept it away.

"God, look at you watching me," she purred, voice dripping with heat. "You love this, don't you? Your girl drinking your load like it's cream in her coffee... swallowing every bit while it's still hot from your cock."

I groaned, cock twitching hard again at the sight. "Fuck yes... keep drinking it. Taste me... moan for me while you do."

She did—another deep sip, moaning louder this time, the sound raw and needy. "Mmm... so filthy... but so good. Your cum makes it better... sweeter somehow. I could get used to this."

She finished the mug in slow, teasing swallows, tilting it back until the last drop slid onto her tongue. She licked the rim clean, eyes dark with satisfaction, then set it down empty.

"Every drop," she whispered, crawling closer, lips brushing my ear. "Swallowed your cum like a good girl... just for you."

I collapsed back onto the couch fully, watching her, cock throbbing painfully at the sight.

Fuuck. Damn. What a sight.

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Quest Completed

Title: Extra Cream

Reward: 999 EXP | 250c

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She smirked then, eyes glinting with that playful heat, and began walking toward the bathroom, hips swaying just enough to make it deliberate. "Do you accept an audience?" I called after her.

Kayla glanced back over her shoulder. "Sure, handsome." She set her empty mug on the kitchen counter with a soft clink and kept going.

I followed, pulse quickening again.

The bathroom was small but clean—white tiles, a glass shower enclosure fogged from her earlier quick rinse, a single overhead light casting warm shadows. The mirror was still steamy in patches, the air thick with the scent of her body wash.

Kayla stepped into the shower, turning on the water. It hissed to life, steam rising fast. She hooked her thumbs into her soaked panties—the only thing she was still wearing—and slid them down her thick thighs, kicking them aside. The fabric landed wet on the floor, heavy with my cum.

She stepped under the spray, water cascading over her curves, running down her full tits, her belly, between her legs. She tilted her head back, letting it soak her hair, then looked at me through the glass.

I leaned against the counter, arms crossed, watching every move.

Kayla smiled slow, knowing exactly what she was doing. She grabbed the body wash, lathered her hands, and started on her tits—slow circles, squeezing them together, nipples hardening under her palms. Water sluiced between them, dripping down.

She glanced at me, biting her lip. "Like the show?"

I didn't answer—just watched, cock stirring again.

**Chapter 329: Chapter 329**



Her hands slid lower, over her belly, then between her legs. She spread her stance a little, fingers dipping into her pussy, scooping out the last traces of my cum. She brought them to her mouth, licked them clean, moaning softly.

"Still full of you," she murmured, eyes on me. "Taste us together... so dirty."

She rubbed her clit now, slow circles, hips rolling under the water. Her other hand kneaded her ass, spreading it slightly, giving me a view.

I gripped the counter harder, breathing heavier.

She washed properly then—hands gliding over every curve, soaping her thighs, her ass, between her cheeks. Water ran clear down her body, washing away the evidence of earlier, but the sight of her touching herself stayed burned in my mind.

She turned off the water, stepped out dripping, grabbed a towel. Dried her hair first, then her tits, slow and deliberate, then lower.

Just as she reached for fresh clothes folded on the shelf, I stopped her. "You can wear those once I'm gone, right?"

She paused, towel around her waist. "You want me naked?"

"Fuck yes."

"So needy," she teased, dropping the towel. "Fine."

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SHOP [Page 2]

=====

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

- Mastery Evolve (1500c)

Credits: 1457c

She walked out of the bathroom, brushing her bare ass against my crotch as she passed, the soft flesh pressing against my hardening cock.

I smiled, following her.

She went to the kitchen, grabbed my coffee mug from the counter.

"Your turn to make me cum," she said, voice low.

I took the mug from her hand, set it on the floor, then pushed her gently but firmly against the nearest wall. Her back hit it with a soft thud, eyes widening then darkening with want.

I dropped to my knees in front of her, grabbed one thick thigh, and slung it over my shoulder, opening her completely.

Then I leaned in and buried my face in her freshly cleaned pussy, tongue plunging deep.

Evan Marlowe (Lvl 15)

Age: 21

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 75 kg

EXP: [REDACTED] 2780/6973

I thrust my tongue deep into Kayla's pussy, plunging in and out like I was fucking her with my mouth, tasting every inch of her sweetness. She was soaked, juices coating my chin, dripping down as I swirled inside her, curling up to hit that sensitive spot just right.

My fingers played with her—two circling her clit in fast, tight flicks, the other hand spreading her lips wider for better access. She bucked against my face, moaning loud.

"Fuck—Evan—your tongue—yes—fuck me with it—"

I moaned into her, the vibration making her shake. "Love tasting you... so wet for me... this pussy's mine."

I slid one finger into her asshole slowly, pushing past the tight ring, then pulling back just as slow. She gasped, ass clenching around me, heaven in her eyes.

"Oh god—Evan—yes—play with my ass—fuck—"

I remembered the old days—even after getting the system, before Pleasure as high as 45. Making women cum took forever, clumsy and frustrating. Now? I was criminally good at it.

"Such a dirty girl," I murmured, tongue fucking her harder, finger thrusting in her ass. "Ass and pussy both mine. You love this, don't you? Tongue deep in your cunt while I finger your tight hole."

"Fuck, yes, love it, Evan—keep going—oh fuck—"

Erogenous Insight lit up—a pink circle glowing right above her pussy, where hair would grow if she wasn't shaven clean. Her weak spot. I moved my mouth up, tongue tracing it, licking slow circles over the sensitive skin.

"Oh fuck—right there, Evan!" she cried, body jerking. "Play with my cunt while you lick there—yes—fuck—"

I obeyed, thumb rubbing her clit fast, fingers plunging into her pussy now, curling hard.

Kayla's legs began shaking, thighs quivering around my head. "Evan—I'm gonna fucking cum—oh, fuck—"

I kept licking that spot, kissing it, tongue pressing firm, fingers pumping her pussy relentlessly.

She was way too close—breath ragged, hips bucking wild.

"I'M GONNA... OH... EVAN!"

She screamed, body seizing, pussy spasming violently around my fingers, gushing hot and wet all over my hand, splashing into my coffee mug on the floor nearby. Her legs clamped around my head, hips grinding against my mouth as wave after wave hit her, tears streaming, moans turning into broken sobs of ecstasy.

I kept licking that spot lazily, tongue swirling slow, fingers thrusting gentle through her climax, drawing out every tremor until she was shaking uncontrollably, biting her finger to muffle the cries, eyes shut tight in bliss.

Kayla panted, body slumping, then slid lower until she sat on the ground, back against the wall. She smiled up at me, face flushed, eyes glassy. "Fuck... that was intense. Now drink that, Evan. Taste me."

I grabbed my mug from the floor, hesitated a second. I mean... my cum didn't have any piss in it, though. But for women it was different. And unfortunately, I wasn't into that kind of thing.

"Wanna taste it?"

She grabbed the mug from my hand, took a sip, eyes widening. "Blegh—your cum is way too delicious. This sucks. Let me pour it down the sink."

I wiped my forehead. "Pheeew."

"You jerk."

I smiled against her lips. "So... I'll pick you up tonight?"

She nodded, still kissing me. "Yeah."

"Good." I kissed her back deeper. "You better get that ass ready for me."

♥◻♥◻♥◻

I pulled up in front of Mendy's place and eased the car into park, engine still humming softly. Snow drifted down in lazy flakes, sticking to the curb, the hedges, the quiet little street. I checked the time out of habit, then leaned back and waited.

A few seconds later, the front door opened.

She stepped out, locked it behind her, then spotted me and lifted her hand in a small wave. I waved back, watching as she walked toward the car.

She looked... good. Casual, but in a way that felt intentional—like she'd stood in front of the mirror for a moment longer than usual. A fitted sweater that hugged her just right, dark jeans that showed off her hips without screaming for attention, ankle boots dusted

with snow. Her hair was loose, brushed neatly, framing her face, and she had just enough makeup on to make her eyes pop—nothing heavy, nothing forced. Effortless. Girl-next-door beautiful.

She opened the passenger door and slid in, pulling it shut with a soft thunk.

"H-hey," she said with a shy smile. "Um, I hope I wasn't late."

"I just pulled up," I replied, dropping the handbrake. "And even if you were, I wouldn't mind waiting."

"T-thanks." She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. "Burney's, right? I checked the place beforehand. It has, like... 4.6 stars on Google."

I scoffed softly as I pulled into the road. "It should be five. I swear the cafés around it give each other one-star reviews just to tank Burney's rating."

She blinked, then laughed. "Wait—how do you even know that's a thing?"

"I used to work as a waiter back in high school," I said. "Our boss made us create fake emails and drop one-star reviews on nearby places. Different account every time."

Her eyebrows shot up. "That's... evil, no?"

"Evil and necessary," I said with a shrug. "They were doing it too. Coffee wars are brutal."

She shook her head, smiling. "I can't believe that."

We drove on, the scenery slowly changing. Houses gave way to wider roads, streetlights lining up neatly, buildings rising taller the closer we got to the main road. The snow kept falling, quiet and steady, no wind at all—just that soft winter hush that made everything feel calmer than it should've been.

I glanced at her once, then looked back at the road before she could catch me. She was sitting comfortably now, hands folded in her lap, humming faintly to whatever song was playing on the radio. Innocent. Warm. The kind of woman you didn't want to rush... or hurt.

I could have had her in my bed if I wanted. All it would've taken was a lie or two. And that was exactly why I wouldn't.

"I would never picture myself living somewhere like that," I said, nodding toward the fading rural stretch behind us. "Like... rural areas."

"I wouldn't call where I live a 'rural' area. But, either way, of course you wouldn't," she replied lightly. "You live in a penthouse, Evan. You're probably used to glass walls and city lights by now."

"Yeah," I said, exhaling through a smile. "Guess you're right."

She looked out the window as we merged onto the main road. "It's weird, though. They kept saying there'd be a storm tonight. Feels... too calm."

"You never know," I said. "Weather people love lying."

She laughed. "True."

We stopped at a red light downtown. The streets were glowing—storefronts lit up warmly, snow gathering on window ledges, people walking past with scarves pulled high and cups of coffee steaming in their hands. It felt... cozy. Like time had slowed down just for us.

The light turned green.

A minute later, I pulled up in front of Burney's and parked. We both got out, breath fogging in the cold, and walked toward the entrance together.

The bell chimed softly as we stepped inside.

### **Chapter 330: Chapter 330**

Warmth wrapped around us instantly—coffee, baked goods, low chatter, soft music playing overhead. We found a small table near the window and sat down, snow still clinging to our coats.

I leaned back slightly, meeting her eyes.

"See?" I said. "Five-star place."

She smiled, settling into her chair. "Alright. I'll trust you."

"I'll take a lemonade. What about you?"

"Same."

I nodded as the waiter stopped by our table, notepad already in hand.

"Two lemonades," I said, glancing at Mendy. "Right?"

"Yep. Thank you."

The waiter scribbled, gave us a quick nod, and disappeared back toward the counter.

I leaned forward and shrugged out of my jacket, hanging it on the back of my chair. Mendy mirrored me a second later, slipping off her coat and draping it neatly over hers. It felt oddly synchronized, like we'd done this before.

"So," I said, clapping my hands together once and leaning back in my chair. "Ms. Mendy Argin. What's next for you?"

She blinked. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know," I shrugged. "Life stuff. Work. Dreams. World domination. You have a job?"

"I do," she said. "Customer service support. Mostly online."

"Oh, nice," I nodded. "I honestly thought you were living off your mom's money."

She snorted. "I'm not that desperate, Evan. Relax." Then she sighed. "Though adding metal bars to our windows... yeah. That one hurt my wallet."

"Yeah..." I rubbed the back of my neck. "I really wish Penelope and I had listened to you sooner. Before Richard did what he did."

"You did listen," she said gently. "Eventually. And honestly... um... if I were you, I wouldn't have believed me either. I must've sounded paranoid. Scared. I get it. Really. I get it."

"Still," I muttered. "I'm sorry."

She shook her head. "I'm actually sick of people apologizing to me, Evan."

"Right. Sorry—" I stopped myself and lifted my hands. "Forget I said anything."

She smiled faintly, then cleared her throat. "Um... how are things with you and—"

The waiter returned right on cue, setting our lemonades down with a practiced motion. Ice clinked against glass. We both murmured thanks, and he left us alone again.

She stared at her drink for a moment, then said, "Never mind."

I stirred my lemonade with the straw. "What were you gonna say?"

She waved it off. "Nothing important. The wind's picking up, huh?"

I glanced out the window. Snow drifted past slowly, streetlights glowing through it. "It does that. Comes and goes whenever it feels like it."

Mendy was outside, enjoying life. She seemed like she was back to her usual self—though I hadn't known her very well before Richard. Still, I could tell that the woman sitting across from me was the real her.

She was a social butterfly. The way she talked—to me, to the waiter, to anyone who passed by—made that obvious. It came naturally to her.

I couldn't understand how someone like her had ever ended up with a guy like Richard, who was just... a dumbass. That was true even before he showed his darker side. I guess it was in him all along. Manipulative. Calculating.

"I like it when you smile," I said without thinking.

She nearly choked on her lemonade. "Oh—" She laughed awkwardly. "That's... kind of a weird thing to say to your friend, Evan."

"Friend," I echoed with a quiet chuckle. "Right."

She looked down, fingers tightening around her glass. "It's just... that night was... weird. I don't regret it, but... yeah. Weird."

"For me?" I said. "No. But I respect what you said after. I'm not gonna creep around your place stealing souvenirs."

She raised an eyebrow. "Souvenirs?"

"Like—" I winced. "Okay, bad joke. I meant—"

She laughed, shaking her head. "I'm over him, Evan. Really. And yeah... it was kind of funny."

"Good," I said, leaning in a little. "Because neon green panties?"

Her face went red instantly. "GOD. Stop."

"I'm just saying," I grinned. "Bold choice."

"There was a sale," she protested. "Buy two, get one free."

"Thank god for sales," I said solemnly. "Neon green works on you."

"STOP," she said again, laughing this time.



I raised my hands in surrender. "Alright. I'm done."

Yeah—I hadn't been lying. I liked it when she smiled like that. I was genuinely glad she was in my life. I didn't need anything more from her to enjoy her company.

She occupied a strange space for me. Not quite a friend, not quite something more—somewhere in between. I wanted more, sure, but pushing her would only ruin what we had. Whatever happened next had to be her choice, and I wasn't about to rush it.

The table fell quiet. We drank our lemonade as a soft breeze moved through the air, filling the silence. After a moment, Mendy adjusted herself and took a steady breath. She looked thoughtful, like something was weighing on her mind.

She sipped her lemonade, still smiling. The silence that followed wasn't awkward—just comfortable. The kind you didn't rush to fill.

After a moment, she set her glass down. "Kayla... how do you two know each other?"

"Through Richard," I said. "Believe it or not."

She sighed softly. "Figures."

"They sat at my table one night," I continued. "He introduced us."

"And you convinced her to tell me the video was fake," she said quietly.

I nodded. "Yeah."

She looked away, then back at me. "I need a loyal friend like you, Evan."

"I didn't know he was like that," I said. "If I had—"

"I know," she cut in gently. "Please don't apologize."

I exhaled. "I just wish things were different. That we'd met some other way."

She studied me for a second, then smiled. "I like what we have."

"So do I," I said.

She lifted her glass and lightly clinked it against mine. "To us, Marlowe."

"To us, Ms. Argin." I replied. "To us."



I stopped the car in front of Mendy's place and exhaled slowly, my breath fogging up the windshield for a second before the heater cleared it again. The wind had picked up while we were inside Burney's, and now the snow was falling harder, thicker, the flakes rushing sideways under the streetlight like they were in a hurry to get somewhere. The dashboard clock glowed a soft blue. Nine on the dot. The sun was long gone.

I turned my head slightly and looked at her.

Mendy was already looking at me.

She smiled, small at first, then warmer. "Thank you," she said. "For tonight. I really mean it."

I shook my head. "No, thank you. I had a good time. A really good one. I hope you did too."

"I did," she said quickly, then laughed, like she was worried it came out too eager. "I really did."

Silence followed, but it was not awkward. It was the kind of quiet that hummed under your skin. I looked out the windshield again, watching the snow pile up along the curb. Beside me, I could feel her shifting in her seat. Not restless exactly, just keyed up. Her eyes wandered. Dashboard. Window. My hands. Back to the window. Nervous. Excited. I could almost feel it radiating off her.

"Um," she said, then stopped herself.

I glanced back at her. "What's up?"

She took a breath. "I actually needed help with something. If you're okay with it."

"Sure," I said. "What is it?"

"I need to move some stuff in my bedroom," she said. "The bed and the wardrobe. I tried earlier and almost crushed my foot. If you're tired or just want to go, it's totally fine."

I snorted. "And miss out on free labor opportunities."

She laughed. "I'll pay you with a beer."

I grinned. "Only reason I'm saying yes."

"Yes, sir," she said, mock-serious.

We got out of the car together. The cold hit immediately, sharp and clean, snow crunching under our shoes as we hurried to the door. Once inside, warmth wrapped

around us, along with that familiar smell of her place. Bread, laundry detergent, something faintly floral. Mendy.

"Brr." She muttered. "Come on, this way... though, you already knew where my bedroom is."

I smiled. "Uh... yep."

Her bedroom looked mostly the same as before, but stepping into it now felt different. More personal. Less like a place I was passing through and more like a space I was being allowed into.

"So," I said, rolling my sleeves up. "What's the game plan?"

"I want the bed closer to the window," she said, pointing. "And the wardrobe needs to shift left a bit. Just enough so I can actually open it without bumping into the wall."

"Alright," I said. "Bed first."

We both grabbed the frame, her hands small but determined, mine gripping the wood. We pushed and the mattress dragged against the floor with a rough scrape.

"Wait," she said, laughing. "It's stuck on the rug."

"I'm pushing," I said. "It's fighting me."

"Lift a little," she said. "On three. One, two, three."

We lifted together. Our hands brushed as we adjusted our grip. It was brief, but it sent a stupid, immediate jolt up my arm. I pulled my hand back a fraction faster than necessary.

"Sorry," I said.

"It's fine," she said, a little too fast.

We set the bed down again and shoved. This time it slid into place with a dull thump against the wall.

"There," I said. "Perfect."

She looked at it, then at me. "You're stronger than you look."

I raised an eyebrow. "Hey. That hurts."

She laughed. "I meant it as a compliment."

"Sure you did."

She turned toward the wardrobe. "Okay. This is the hard one."

We positioned ourselves on either side. I braced my shoulder against it while she pulled from the other end. The wardrobe groaned like it resented being disturbed.

"Why did I buy something this heavy," she muttered.

"For moments like this," I said. "Character development."

She laughed again. We pushed. The wardrobe moved an inch, then another. As it shifted, it tilted slightly and she stumbled forward.

I caught her without thinking, my hands landing at her waist. She froze. I froze.

"You okay?" I asked.

"Yeah," she said softly.

Neither of us moved right away. I could feel the warmth of her through the thin fabric of her sweater. Her breath hitched just a little. When she finally stepped back, she did it slowly.

"Thanks," she said.

"No problem," I said, even though my voice felt rougher than it should have.